THE QUIVER

ANNUAL VOLUME, 1904

Principal Contributors

The Venerable the Archdeacon of Westminster
The Rev. Frederick Hastings
F. M. Holmes
The Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A.
The Rev. Alexander McLaren, D.D.
D. L. Woolmer
The Rev F. S. Webster, M.A.
The Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, M.A.
May Crommelin
The Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D.
The late Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.
Howard Angus Kennedy
The Rev. J. S. Banks, D.D.
The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.
Morice Gerard
The Rev. Canon W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A.
Ethel F. Heddle
Elizabeth L. Banks
The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon
Raymond Blathwayt
The Very Rev. the Dean of Gloucester
The Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D.D.
L. G. Moberly
Scott Graham
Myra Hamilton
Professor Sir Frederick Bridge M.V.O., Mus.D.
Katharine Tynan
The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse
The Very Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick's
Harry Davies
The Ven. Archdeacon Wynne, D.D.
Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Mus.D., LL.D.
The Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D.
Richard Mudie-Smith
The Ven. the Archdeacon of London
Agnes Giberne
Sarah A. Tooley
Christopher Hare
The Rev. Canon Sutton, M.A.
The Rev. J. G. McPherson, LL.D., F.R.S.E.
etc. etc.

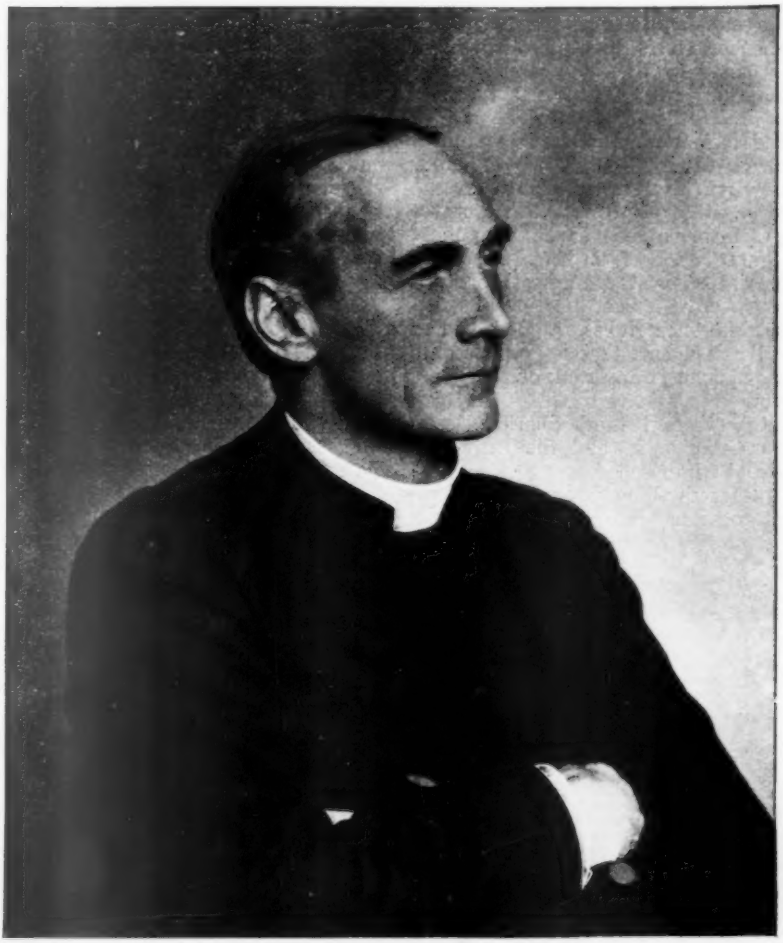
CASSELL and COMPANY, LIMITED
London, Paris, New York & Melbourne
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THE QUIVER.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON: AN APPRECIATION.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(Illustrated from Photographs, specially taken for THE QUIVER, *by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)*



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

IN the best sense of the term, the Bishop of London is a man of the world—a man of the world, however, in whom there is not the faintest suspicion of the worldly man. Nor is the distinction so subtle as it might appear to be at first sight. Dr. Ingram is a man of the world in the lofty sense in which St. Paul meant it when he became "all things to all men," that by so doing he might win souls to Christ.

A real man of the world, in his highest avatar, I take it, is a man in full sympathy with his fellow-men, a man of culture, a man

of affairs, and a man who, knowing his world, knows all and can pardon all, and is in absolute touch with all sorts and conditions of men and women around him.

Such a man is the present Bishop of London. He appeals to every section of society with equal force and entire sympathy, from the dainty and delicate lady who sits highest in the land, and whom we all so love and revere, to the crowds of rough, sceptical artisans and mechanics who throng a hall whenever it is announced that Dr. Ingram is going to give an address. It is a curious and, in some ways perhaps, a dangerous gift—that of universal popularity—and it is one of the few qualities which can be neither bought nor acquired, though now and again it is inherited.

To be the centre of attraction in a crowd of pretty, fashionable women, the most popular guest at a West-End Bohemian club dinner, the most enthusiastically applauded speaker at a vast meeting of hard-headed working-men, takes a good deal of doing, and it is a task that is possible only to a very few men of any rank or profession whatsoever.

Lord Roberts and Lord Charles Beresford are capable of it, and the Bishop of London—and who else?

I am rather dwelling upon this perhaps somewhat obvious side of the Bishop's nature because to a certain extent it helps to explain the man and his marvellous versatility. He is not, so far as I understand, a great scholar; he is not, as a very near relation of his once put it to me, particularly clever; but he is essentially sympathetic.

And he is a man right through. Most emphatically he is not, as one of his leading clergy described him to me, a man of feminine nature. Such a man could be a leader neither of men nor of women. Dr. Ingram is essentially a man, and in no way more specially so than in his outspoken horror and contempt of hypocrisy. And this outspokenness is frequently of the greatest service to him and to the cause he has so much at heart. He is a power amongst working-men, for the reason that, while he is absolutely sympathetic with them in all their troubles, whether of body or of soul, physical or mental, he is able to see straight through them and thus to dominate them.

A certain type of secularist working-men—and I know them well—likes nothing so much as to get hold of a soft-hearted and half-baked curate or Dissenting minister, or, even better, some pretty delicate woman, and attempt to shock them with his crude blasphemies. And in nine cases out of ten he succeeds. But not with the Bishop of London.

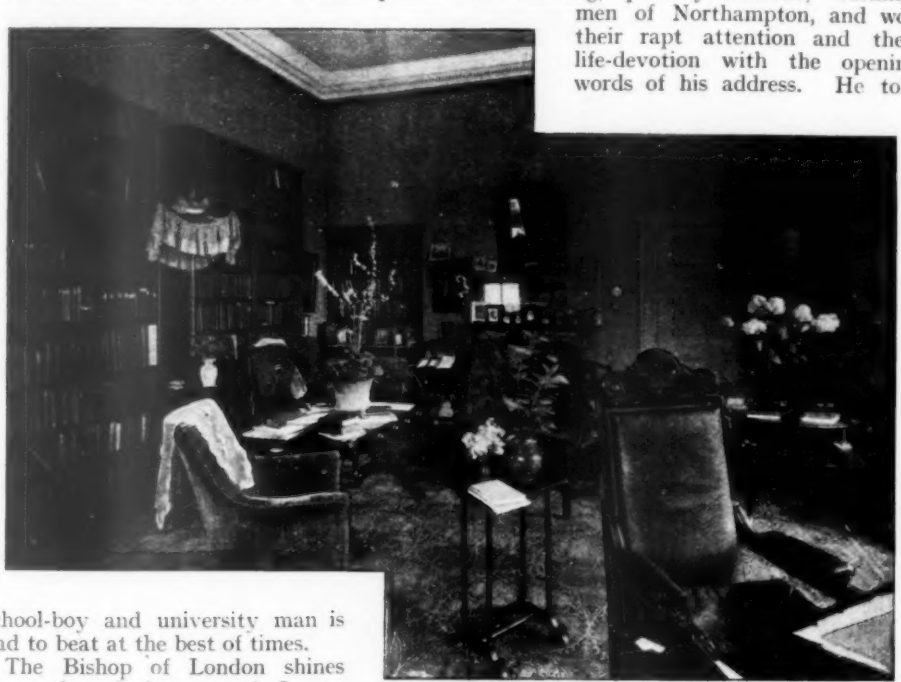
"Don't talk rot!" he once smartly cried to a blatant fool of this description; and the



THE COURTYARD, FULHAM PALACE.

man shrunk away, abashed and cowed alike by the Bishop's timely sternness and the hearty and enthusiastic applause of his secularist companions.

It is at such a moment as this that the Bishop shows himself a man of the world. And, indeed, a well-bred, well-read public school-boy and university man is bad to beat at the best of times.



THE BISHOP'S STUDY.

The Bishop of London shines upon the platform — and I use the expression advisedly, for from every point of view he presents a striking and a remarkable figure. He is a man of singularly winning personality. Tall, slight, with an atmosphere about him of eternal youth; a keen, clear-cut, clean-shaven face, humorous eyes, a clever, mobile, but well-disciplined mouth — and no feature denotes character so truly or gives away a man so fatally as the mouth, and a delightfully sympathetic, somewhat pleasantly hoarse voice—and its hoarseness is mainly responsible for its singular charm —Dr. Ingram wins his auditory in his opening sentence.

I heard him a few months ago at the great working-men's meeting at the Church Congress at Northampton, where he was, even in that hotbed of secularism and anti-clericalism, immeasurably the most popular figure among the many distinguished and world-famed men upon the platform.

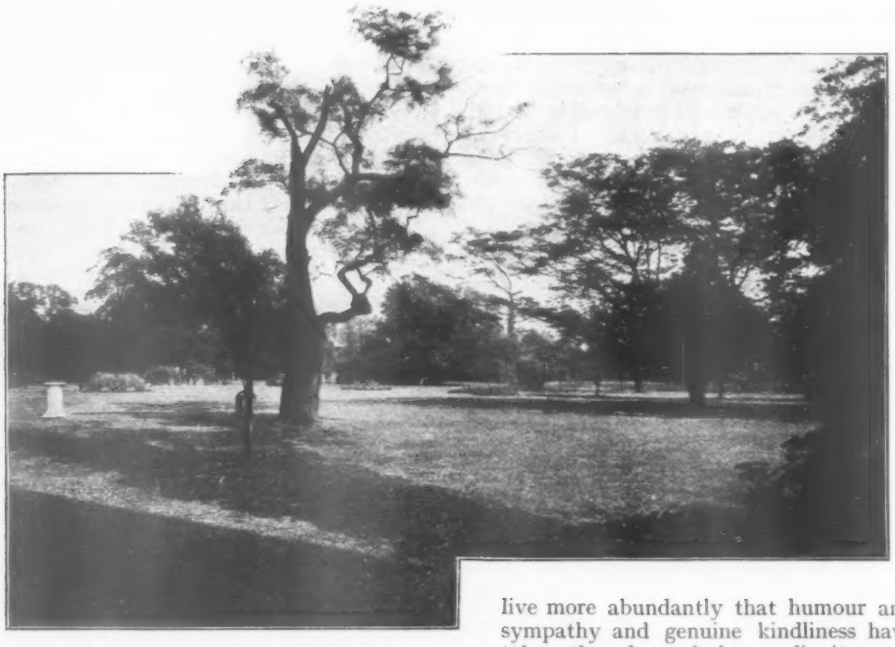
His reception was tremendous, and when the enthusiasm of applause at his mere appearance had died down, it woke up into renewed life and energy as his pleasing voice broke the sudden stillness.

He stood before the keen, hard-headed, free-thinking, possibly atheistic, working-men of Northampton, and won their rapt attention and their life-devotion with the opening words of his address. He told them, I remember, of his earliest experience of clerical work in the East of London.

"On my first Sunday," said he, "I addressed a crowd of working-men, and when I had finished, I said to them, 'What shall we talk about next Sunday?' and at once five hundred voices called out, 'Eternal punishment.'"

"'Eternal punishment'! That was a nice little subject to hurl at a young fellow 'out on his own' for the first time in his life."

The working-men screamed with delight, and with some interest I turned to see how the assembled bishops and dignitaries grouped around the speaker were taking the daring utterance, for daring it was when one recalled such men as Sydney Smith's Bishop of London, of whom he once spoke as "The Church of England and Mrs. Blomfield," or the stately figure of the Prince Bishop of Durham



A VIEW IN THE GROUNDS, FULHAM PALACE.

of the early part of the last century, or the chilly hauteur and awe-inspiring personality of a not very long dead prelate of Winchester.

But they seemed to be, as a whole, happy and undisturbed, though one or two were obviously a little startled. And the Bishop went on :

" And then, of course, we discussed ' Who was Cain's wife ? ' Well, we settled that question quite satisfactorily, and very soon we buried Cain's wife in Bethnal Green ; and there she lies to-day, poor dear, at rest at last ! "

I remember thinking at the moment how clever it all was, even if it wasn't very dignified. It was the very essence, so I thought at the moment, of clever, high-class clap-trap—and I use the word in its very best sense, for remember there is a kind of clap-trap, of which this was an admirable specimen, which is infinitely more to the purpose than all the tomes of the Fathers or the platitudes of the wise. The old order changes, giving place to the new, and Dr. Ingram, realising that under that old order the Church of England were like to die of dignity, has resolved that so far as himself and his beloved working-men are concerned it shall live, and live more abundantly that humour and sympathy and genuine kindliness have taken the place of dreary dignity, and dull, doleful donnishness.

But pray understand I do not imply for a single moment that he does not possess dignity and plenty of it, and dignity of the highest possible quality—for there is the dignity of pomposity and there is the dignity of high office nobly borne, and of great responsibility manfully undertaken ; and no one in the world can be more dignified, or more rightly and properly conscious of his great position, than the present Bishop of London.

As I have endeavoured to show you, Dr. Ingram is nothing if he is not the working-men's cleric. He has been so all his life ; he will be so to the end of the chapter. His heart is in the East End. He told me himself one day, as we sat talking amid the historic splendour and beauty of Fulham Palace, that work among the working-classes was the most fascinating, and nothing rouses him so much as to assert that working-men have no sense of religion. He will vigorously assure you that the very reverse is the case, whilst at the same time he excuses their undeniable tendency to secularism and free-thought by the assertion that working-men see so much of the misery of the world that they (more than the prosperous merchant or well-to-do tradesman) are tempted to believe that, either God cannot cure the

misery of humanity or else that He does not care to do so.

And then, again, he blames the clergy for this condition of working-class unbelief, in that they have not spoken out sufficiently strongly on the questions which are of vital interest to the poor—the housing question, sanitation, sweating, and the like.

And, again, he finds excuse for their infidelity in their extraordinary and amusingly innocent ignorance. He gives an apt instance of this.

"One day," he tells his friends, "when I had explained at some length that most New Testament difficulties arose from mistranslations or misunderstanding of the original Greek text, such as in the case of 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' 'Take no thought for the morrow.' etc. The only reply was this: 'Do you really suppose that if the Christian religion had been meant for the world, its documents would have been *written in Greek at all?*' What can you do in the face of such ignorance as that?"

But the Bishop frankly acknowledges that by far the worst obstacle in the way of the faith of the working-man has been the distorted form in which the Gospel has been only too often presented to them.

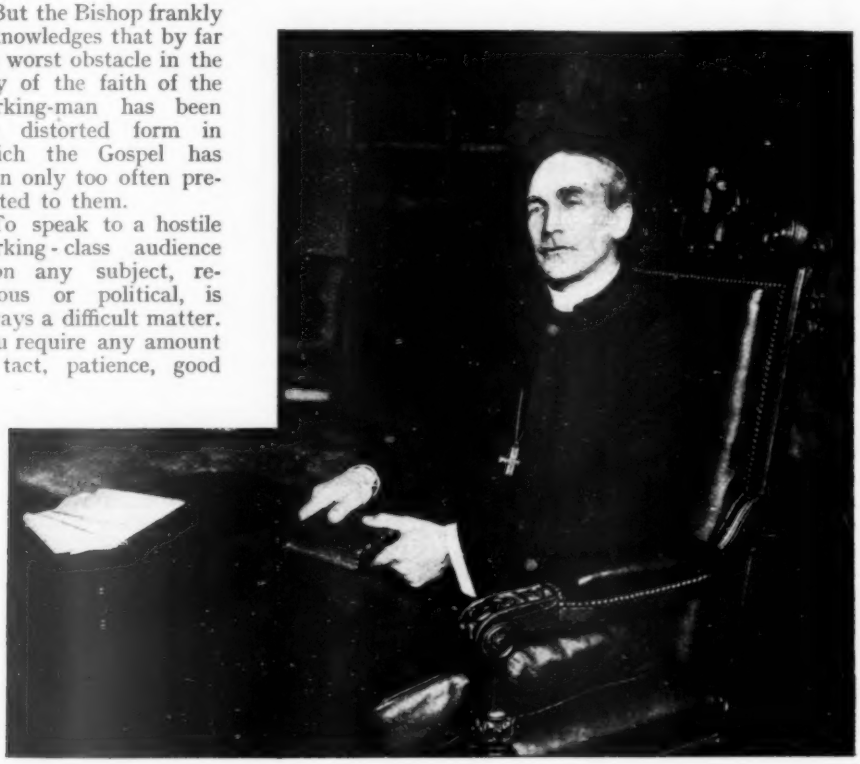
To speak to a hostile working-class audience upon any subject, religious or political, is always a difficult matter. You require any amount of tact, patience, good temper, ready repartee. The Bishop, I believe, from what those tell me who know him best, has never once been known to fail, and his secret of success has been the very obvious one of honesty and good temper.

If he has been asked a difficult or an impossible question—and a fool can ask a question that all the wise men on earth cannot answer—he would frankly say he did not know the answer. For a moment a gasp of wonder would greet his daring frankness, and then a murmur of applause would testify to the admiration of his audience for his moral courage.

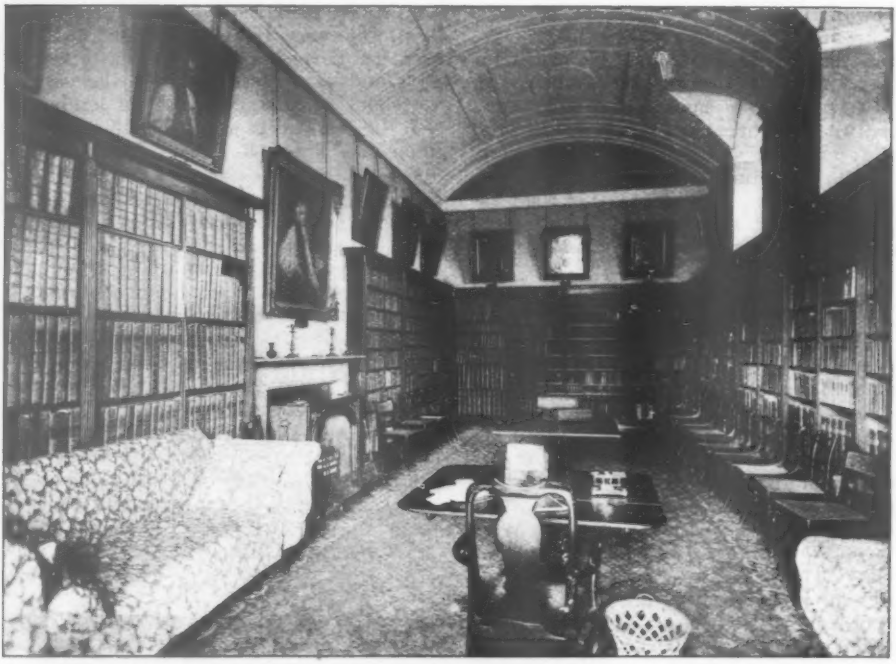
"If you don't know, say you don't!" the Bishop once advised a friend; "and if you can't keep your temper, don't go in for these open-air meetings at all."

It is interesting to note some of the difficulties of working-class men with which the Bishop used to deal in his old East-End days, and the manner in which he dealt with them.

"Who was Cain's wife?" cried out a



THE BISHOP IN HIS STUDY.



THE LIBRARY, FULHAM PALACE.

working-man on more than one occasion at these secularist meetings in Victoria Park. "Who was Cain's wife? There was no one for him to have married except his own mother, Eve."

And the Bishop would recognise the honesty of the speaker and the real difficulty of the question. So instead of withering the poor man with a glance of indignation and of wonder that by such a question he should presume to throw doubt for a single moment upon the inspired Word, he would throw around him upon his hushed and wondering auditory a glance of infinite humour as he replied:

"Ah, my friend, but how do you know there was no one else but Eve? Is not that one of those gratuitous assumptions which are so freely made by those who make use of the argument from 'silence'? According to this school of interpreters, whatever is not mentioned in the Bible is therefore asserted not to have happened. In the New Testament this argument is pressed in the face of the assertion of St. John that if *everything had been written* the world itself could not have contained the books that should have been written. In the case of these dim events in the far-off ages, of which a short and hasty summary is given in the Bible, it is still more absurd to press such an argument. One hundred and thirty years had elapsed before the birth of Seth, who apparently was born very soon after the murder of Abel. This would have allowed ample time for even one or two generations to have grown up, of whom no mention at all is made, except incidentally. Incidentally, however, others are mentioned. Cain was afraid that 'whosoever found him would slay him'; he is able to 'begin building' a city which, though probably at first only a collection of rude huts, must have involved some sort of a community, so that it is evident that there was no difficulty in Cain finding a wife."

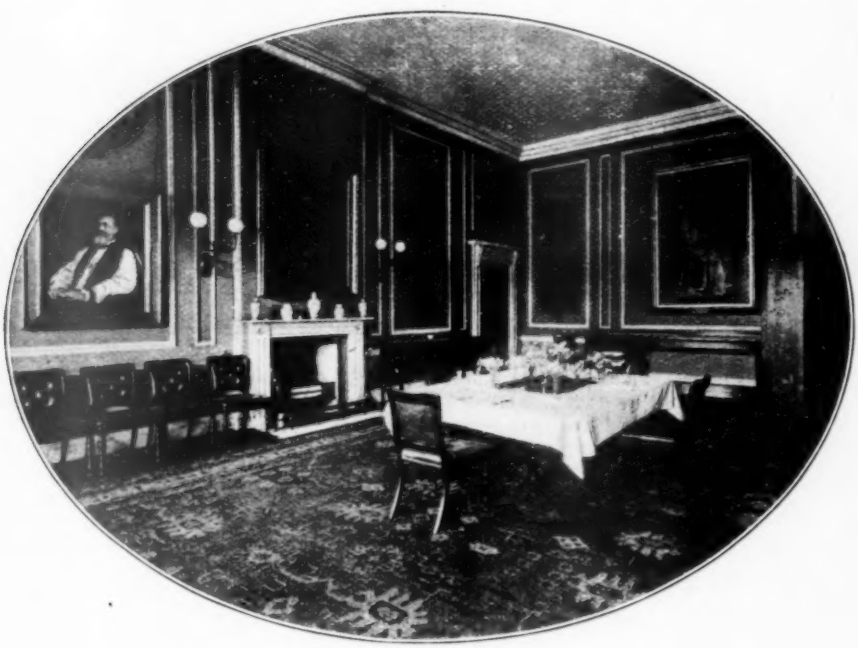
On another occasion a man asked him how anyone could possibly believe in the resurrection of the dead. "That is a very ancient difficulty," replied the Bishop. "In the very earliest days of Christianity St. Paul asked his hearers, 'Why is it thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?' But, my dear friend, does not the difficulty in believing it arise from narrowness of an imagination which

is often unable to take in even the wonders of this world? A telegram flashed to America changes in a second the atoms in 3,000 miles of wire. This is a scientific fact; but yet the imagination left to itself looks blankly and incredulously at it. Is it not natural that it should at first look incredulously at the statement that 'We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye'? 'If I have told you earthly, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things'?"

Let the above stand as fair specimens of the admirable common-sense manner in which the Bishop used to, and, indeed, still encounters the somewhat crude, albeit in certain respects shrewd objections to the facts of Christianity as revealed in the pages of the Bible.

I have hinted that the Bishop makes no pretence to wide scholarship, but that he is a well-read man, and one thoroughly versed in the controversies of the day, no one who knows him would deny for a single moment. And his reading has resulted in a broad outlook upon life and a certain modernity of mind which are singularly favourable to his acceptance at the hands of very widely differing elements in the community. Most men, for instance, whether of the working classes or of the educated, will mark with interest his declaration that the theory of evolution is in no way inconsistent with the main doctrines of Christianity, and the majority of people will agree with the Bishop that the theory of evolution properly understood only adds to their previous conceptions of the majesty and omnipotence of the Creator. "Rightly understood," says the Bishop, "Darwin's theory only brings out more clearly the *purpose* which is slowly working in the world."

The Bishop cannot subscribe to the innocent belief that is held to-day by some of his own most worthy clergy—that we are precipitated into the world, practically as we are, with neither descent nor design to account for our presence. As he once aptly described it, speaking on this very subject of evolution—"Whether the theory of evolution with regard to our bodies is true or not, it is not inconsistent either with the Christian doctrines of a Creator, or of a Providence, or of man's creation from the dust, or of a fall and its subsequent recovery;



THE DINING ROOM.

and whatever other kind of evolution may be true or not, this, at least, is true—and it is enough to satisfy the most ambitious—'Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.'" Thus spoke the Bishop to his devoted East-End working-men.



FULHAM PALACE, FROM THE LAWN.

As a theologian, of course, his views are entirely those of the Church of England, and in himself he is distinctly a high Anglican; but, as I have endeavoured throughout to show, a Churchman of broad and generous sympathies. He hates controversy, for he realises that but little good can ever come of it; but being in it, he holds his own right manfully, and with a skill and acumen which are frequently capable of withstanding the arguments of his most doughty opponents.

As a leader of laymen, if I may so term him, the Bishop stands high in the estimation of his fellows; as a father of his clergy, most of them testify gladly to his sympathy and encouraging help; it remains yet to be seen how he will conduct himself as the ruler of one of the largest, most varied, and most important spheres of religious work in the whole world.

His attitude of steady opposition towards the Romanising section of the Church is firmness itself. And it could not be otherwise, for the Bishop is pre-eminently an Englishman, and he could not understand or sympathise in the least with anything which would do away with man's individual freedom of conscience and action. At the same time, he realises that it is his plain duty to administer the Church's law with absolute impartiality; and his determination never to recognise any church wherein that law was broken, whilst it came as a shock to the extremists, greatly pleased those to whom the best interests of the Church were most dear.

But to see the Bishop at his best is to see him at home. Fulham Palace is a delightful old house, and the Bishop is a kindly and a charming host. Here in his superb dining-room, surrounded by the portraits of dead and gone prelates of the See of London—Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold; Bishop King, of James I.'s time; Bishops Tait, Temple, Creighton, and many others—he dispenses

graceful hospitality, and is foremost in witty and interesting conversation. Naturally his is a very busy and a very fully occupied life. He told me on one occasion, I remember, that he never received fewer than eighty letters a day, every one of which was answered before night. Around the palace is spread a beautiful, extensive, and delightfully old-fashioned garden, but it is on the tennis lawn that the Bishop takes most of his recreation. There are two things of interest to which he always draws his guests' attention: one is the beautiful photographic reproduction—an enormous book—of the "Log" of the *Mayflower*, the original of which was discovered a year or two ago and presented by Bishop Creighton to the American Ambassador, and the other is the portrait of Bishop Tunstall, the only portrait of a pre-Reformation Bishop of London preserved at Fulham Palace.



THE CHAPEL, FULHAM PALACE.



THE DRAWING ROOM, FULHAM PALACE.

IN THE STRAITS OF TIME



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

"Only a romance. It is only human life . . . with the ceaseless throbbing of its quivering heart, and contempt of wrong and pain and death, and the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion, and woman's love. Yes, it is only a romance. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch."—"JOHN INGLESANT."

CHAPTER I.

"MADEMOISELLE DE BEAUMANOIR, visitors await you below in the *parloir*; and Madame l'Abbesse bid me say she would have a word with you."

There was a hush of breathless excitement in the low-panelled classroom, while the sister who brought the message, stood motionless, with folded hands, within the doorway. Then a stir and a flutter thrilled the young girls, as an evening breeze might sweep across the half-fledged daffodils of an upland meadow.

All the flower-like faces of the children were uplifted from their embroidery task and set towards Gabrielle Antoinette de Beaumanoir, who at the summons had started to her feet.

A slight girl, with a small, proud head, crowned by heavy coils of dusky hair, she stood expectant for a moment, a flush of rich colouring on her cheek and a vivid gleam in the dark eyes, frank and wide. Like her black-robed companions, she was clad in the severe simplicity of the convent uniform, whose sombreness was only relieved by the glow of a broad red ribbon across one shoulder—the badge of the "red class," that of the elder girls.

The book which she had been reading aloud to the class engaged in needlework—"Devout Lives of the Holy Saints"—had fallen, unnoticed in her agitation, to the ground. One stooped to pick it up—a tall, fair girl, who quickly rose erect, straight as a willow wand, by the side of her friend, and pressed her hand with a silent grasp of sympathy.

The rays of the afternoon sun, which struck the narrow western windows, fell aslant on her braided hair, the colour of raw silk, till it shone like red gold against the dark oak-panelled wall.

"Yvonne, come with me, dear. I dare not face him alone!" whispered Gabrielle, looking up with a quiver of emotion.

But even as the words were spoken she knew how futile was her appeal; before ever the sharp, querulous voice of Madame Sainte Scholastique jarred on the still air.

"Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir, where is your obedience? How long is Sœur Petronille to wait attendance on your pleasure?"

In a sudden change of mood the young girl drew herself up with an air of defiance, and slowly moved across the room, a stately little figure, tense with energy and determination. A reassuring smile hovered on her lips as she gave one quick backward glance towards Yvonne, who watched her with wistful yearning, until the heavy door closed behind her and she was gone.

"Mademoiselle le Tellier will continue the

interrupted reading. I will request you, Mesdemoiselles, to return to your work with increased attention, or I shall be under the sad necessity of reporting you to Madame, and you will spend to-morrow's fête writing out "Le Privileye du Roi."

The cold, stern reprimand met with reluctant attention, for all feared the peevish ill-humour of this particular class mistress, the least beloved of all the teaching nuns. Young heads were bowed once more over their stitches, and the pupils dissembled their restlessness; but they no longer took the faintest interest in the doleful story of Sainte Bernardine, which went droning on in a level, monotonous voice. All their thoughts and fancies had strayed away, like swallows on the wing, and followed the girl who at that moment was the centre of dramatic interest to all her companions.

There was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement in the cloistered chamber; the very air was laden with mystery, and vague scraps of knowledge or surmise floated about, for rumour had already been busy with the future of Gabrielle de Beaumanoir.

The delicate needlework made but small progress that sultry summer afternoon, and the fretful complaints of Madame Sainte Scholastique were more than justified; but she was wont to demand the uttermost letter of the law, and her narrow soul was steeled against pity. Not until the enamelled clock on the mantel deigned at length to strike the hour with slow, unperturbed dignity did the wearisome lesson come to an end, and the order rang out:

"Ten minutes for recreation and preparation. The red class will then repair to the upper *salon* for the dancing lesson."

Even then there might be no unseemly haste. Each girl had to fold up her strip of embroidery, and put it neatly by in its appointed place, before she made her deep, sweeping curtsey and passed out demurely in her turn. But once safely outside the door, those sedate, high-bred maidens became a bevy of wild, frolicsome children, chattering like magpies and brimful of eager excitement. Yvonne was surrounded by an impetuous group.

"Tell us, Mademoiselle de la Féronniere—you are her dearest friend. It is a marriage they arrange; but who is the gentleman? Can they find one worthy of her? Is it true that——"

"Nay, ask me not; Mademoiselle will tell you herself," was the breathless answer, as she escaped from the clinging fingers and ran lightly down the long, dim corridor.

She had caught sight of her friend, and with a cry of joy welcomed her in a clasp of outstretched arms.

"Come, come quick, Yvonne! I came to fetch you. They make their adieux to Madame now—my sister and Monsieur le Duc. There is not a moment to lose. From the gallery windows you will see him pass out into the courtyard," cried th girl, and drew her on with impatient haste.

Meantime, others of the red class had caught the scent and followed up the chase. With a murmured "Hush!" they pressed their faces against the low latticed casements.

Oh, joy and triumph! they were in time. The great coach, with its four stout Flemish horses and postilions, and gorgeous footmen in green and gold liveries, was drawn up at the foot of the massive stone staircase. The door of the chariot was held open by a bare-headed major-domo. There was a low murmur of voices below; then a radiant vision, a Court lady in the height of the fashion, from the tip of her dainty high-heeled shoes to the jewel on her topknot, tripped delicately down the broad steps.

"Ah! 'tis the Marquise de Chamans, the sister of Mademoiselle!"

"Just like her, the same dark eyes; but what a style, what a toilette!"

"Look at the long train of her cinnamon-watered tabby, and her silver-wrought scarf and hood. 'Tis ravishing!"

"See! I told you a 'Sévigné' was the last mode. How it becomes her!"

These were some of the whispered comments which rustled through the air; but the next moment Madame la Marquise and all her charms were quite blotted out and eclipsed by overwhelming interest in the gentleman who followed her. A small, somewhat elderly figure, which would have been almost insignificant but for his rich attire and a certain air of dignity and distinction in his carriage. He wore a black velvet suit, set off by a gold-embroidered vest, heavy lace ruffles, and diamond knee-buckles; while his face was half hidden beneath the shade of a broad beaver hat, with a double row of plumes and a jewelled clasp.

The suppressed excitement had now reached

its climax, for all knew that this must be the suitor.

"Yes, dear; 'tis the Duc de Maillebois!" sighed Gabrielle under her breath, as she clung to her friend with a desperate craving for sympathy and protection.

Her schoolmates were hushed in dismay and looked at each other with raised eyebrows and signals of distress, when just then, either by chance or some vague Heaven-sent instinct, the Duke turned his head and caught sight of the young faces crowded at the window above. He raised his plumed hat, and did homage with a low, courtly bow and a kindly smile, as he passed on with an easy air to his coach. Little did he guess how that slight action had won golden appreciation and made a revolution in his favour.

"Ah, 'twas well done! A man of breeding!" cried one.

"A gallant bearing, and a right courteous salute, even to us little *pensionnaires!*" echoed another.

"Pity he's so old; he might be her father!"

"But what would you? One can't have all one desires in this world, and a girl with no fortune is lucky to get a husband at all!"

The last speaker was a sallow girl of about thirteen, with a freckled face and sandy hair. One of her class-mates turned sharply on her with a mocking curtsey.

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse de Gaspil! 'Tis well for you to sneer, when we all know that only your great dowry could buy you a young husband. Yes, indeed; all the world has heard the story. But for Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir, our peerless Gabrielle, she is not to be spoken of in the same day!"

Other voices quickly chimed in, eager and indignant, to echo the praise of their idol, their leader, the chosen queen of their allegiance; but suddenly the tinkle of a distant bell was heard, and all the young creatures fled in guilty haste, though one of the bolder spirits cried aloud:

"Monsieur Robert can wait; he will never scold us. And as for dear Madame Sainte Véronique, why, she will only puzzle her brains to make excuses for us."

Still, the fact remained that they had sadly wasted their ten minutes of recreation, during which they should have made ready for the dancing lesson, which the ballet master at the Opéra himself gave, three times a week, to these favoured damsels.

The poor little Comtesse de Gaspil lingered behind, in disgrace with her companions, repenting all too late of her spiteful remark. Child as she was, she could not fail to know that any such reflection on Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir came with an ill grace from her. Two months ago she had been still in the "white" class, which spent most of its time learning the Catechism; but directly after her first Communion she was taken from the convent by her guardian and married to the gay, spendthrift young Count. Immediately after the ceremony she was sent back and promoted to the red class, in which she would continue her studies, and so pass the time until she was considered old enough to take her place in society.

At the period of this story—A.D. 1684, in the reign of Louis XIV.—such a marriage was no unusual event. It was often a matter of policy to secure an heiress of tender years, or to make sure of some fickle suitor, or indeed irrevocably settle some family arrangement, in those days when parents and guardians had their own way. As in this case, the little bride could be sent back to her studies, and give no further anxiety or trouble.

Here in this famous convent, the Abbaye aux Bois, the daughters of the most aristocratic families in France received their education, and were early trained to play their part as the great ladies of the coming time. The Cistercian nuns had established themselves, some thirty years before, in the Rue de Sève, Faubourg St. Germain, in the fine old abbey, with its great gardens and wooded grounds, which the Annonciades of Bougres had just left. In the midst of Paris itself, they had all the advantages of town and country, and the pupils had a curious mixture of secular and cloistered life.

Dancers from the Opéra taught them dancing and deportment; the first actors of the day gave lessons in elocution, and prepared them to read the tragedies of Racine; and the nuns themselves were all of noble families; while the *salon* of Madame was a matchless school of manners and conversation.

Where there was such constant passing to and fro, so much intercourse with varied life, we cannot wonder that rumours from the world beyond did not always die away at the convent gate.



"Did homage with a low, courtly bow and a kindly smile."

CHAPTER II.

GABRIELLE DE BEAUMANOIR kept silence against her will all that long evening, for her one absorbing desire was to tell her friend all that had happened. The meeting in the *parloir* had been the crisis of her fate; but it so chanced that after the five o'clock snack that day, when there would have been a short time for recreation, a new pupil arrived—a little spoilt darling, who was so broken-hearted at the parting from her mother that good Madame Sainte Véronique, in despair, brought her to the elder girls to make a diversion.

"Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, you are so kind, you have such a happy touch with the little ones!" said the smiling, round-faced nun. "This is Mademoiselle Alix de Courcelles; her mother is gone, and she cries without ceasing. Will you try to comfort her?"

She pointed to the pathetic little figure, already clothed in the convent uniform—the long, black frock, with a blue ribbon, the badge of the youngest class. Alix was still loudly sobbing; but as Yvonne took her gently by the hand and enticed the small, desolate creature on to her lap, the tears soon came to an end, and presently she was placidly eating bonbons, pressed on her from all sides, and listening entranced to a fairy legend.

"You will be her little mother, Mademoiselle de la Féronniere?" said the nun, with a grateful smile. "I knew your magic would not fail, and for to-night she will sleep next to you, in your dormitory."

At this Gabrielle could not restrain an impatient gesture. Alas! when would there be an opportunity for talk, if they were always to be hampered with this tiresome child? However, there was no help for it, and she could only hope for some fortunate chance.

But in the end her time came. Late that night, when the stir and turmoil of young life was hushed in slumber, save for low, whispering voices here and there; when in the dim light of the flaring lamps the long row of white beds in the dormitory melted away, cloudlike and shadowy, then Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir told her story.

"Yvonne, dear, come quite close," she began. "Ah! what a day it has been. I saw him for the first time; but, as you know, Héloise has told me all about him, and prepared me for the meeting. Since my mother died she manages everything."

"Madame de Chamans is a good sister, and loves you well; but 'tis a bold venture!" was the whispered reply.

"What would you have?" sighed Gabrielle. "I have no dowry, for we are fallen on evil times with our estates; and my father, the Comte de Beaumanoir, has ever been given to lavish hospitality. Héloise is six years older than I am, and much of my mother's fortune went to her when she married. Then there is Réné, our only brother, who must have something to keep up the title one day. Dear lad, he is so generous; he would never suffer me take the veil for his sake; so what can I do? I must marry. And the Duc de Maillebois is a great friend of Héloise; he comes to her *salon*, and she talks to him about her little sister at the convent. One day she showed him a miniature of me, by Nanteuil, with folded hands, looking like an angel in an altar-piece! What say you to that, Yvonne?"

"That the artist was a man of humour; but tell me more about the Duke."

"He is a philosopher, living in his library like a bookworm, and, they say, has a mortal dread of the ladies of fashion who pay court to him. But with his great fortune and position he must marry; so he has this day graciously declared himself willing to take me, a simple schoolgirl, without a dowry!" She ended with a low, mirthless laugh, and for a moment there was silence.

"Dear Gabrielle! I scarce know what to say. One can see that Monsieur le Duc has a kind heart and is a true gentleman. For the rest, Madame de Chamans doubtless knows that he is above reproach. Such a life, with all its possibilities, would suit you better than the shadowed stillness of the convent."

"Oh, speak not of that!" shuddered the girl. "Think of the dreary, never-ending round of Matins and Vespers, of Confession and Mass! Fancy me a peevish shrew like Madame Sainte Scholastique; or growing at last into a fumbling, quarrelsome old hag like Madame Sainte Elbœuf, ever struggling for her rags of comfort and precedence!

"Ah, my dear! Tears fill my eyes when I think of those three charming little Demoiselles de la Roche Aymon, who are all to be sacrificed for the heir of the family. Now, it would suit you, Yvonne, if you were not a heretic; for you are the stuff that saints are

made of and, to look at, you're just like the Madonna of a shrine. What was Fate thinking of to make you a great heiress, too ?" And she stooped to sweeten with a kiss the tender mockery of her words.

"But, as you so plainly state, Gabrielle, I am a Huguenot, too; so that were it not for that same fortune and the hope of my conversion the nuns would not have me here !"

"Well, I don't know that there is much to choose; for my father says that we are all Jansenists at the Abbaye aux Bois, and I know that Monseigneur de Paris does not approve of us. I have no head for theology; but, save that you don't go to confession or Communion, it seems to me that you are as religious as any of us. This I know, that you are my dear, dear friend, and that you shall come with me to my wedding, if wedding there be. It must be this summer, Héloise says; perhaps she fears that Monsieur le Duc may change his mind. Oh, I forgot to tell you, she envies me above all things to have no mother-in-law; you have heard what she suffered from hers ?"

"Yes; but you told me that she rebelled after her baby was born, and that now she really is mistress in her own house," rejoined Yvonne.

"Ah, trust Héloise, with her brave spirit, to hold her own. She even keeps Jean-Charles in order; but then, she loves him, with all his faults."

"And little baby Jean, what a treasure he must be to them both, and a link between them !" was the murmured reply. "Tell me, Gabrielle, will you come back to the convent after the wedding ?"

"Yes, until I am seventeen, next May. Fancy me posing as Madame la Duchesse, demure and stately. Ah, dear ! no more mischief and fun. Never more shall I put ink in the stoup, or tie up the bell for early matins, till poor Madame Sainte Elbœuf thinks the place bewitched ! And Madame Sainte Scholastique will try to forget that she once decked me out with donkey's ears and hung a black tongue round my neck for calumny. Do you remember how Madame l'Abbesse came in and was so angry, and said we might be punished as became young ladies, but not made ridiculous like Egyptian idols or carnival clowns ?"

At that moment the conversation was interrupted by a piercing cry from a bed at the other end of the dormitory and a sound of hasty scuffling.

"Oh, help ! What horrible beast is this which comes to devour me ?" screamed a terrified voice.

Yvonne started up, quickly caught hold of the nearest lamp (an earthenware bowl of oil with a floating wick), and hurried to the rescue of Mademoiselle le Tellier. There was a merry outburst of laughter from those around, as a great tabby cat sprang to the ground. The noise awoke little Alix, who sat up in bed, with a piteous wailing.

"Where is my Mimi ?" She would not be soothed until Mademoiselle de la Féronniere had caught and brought back her own pussy which, in defiance of all discipline, kind-hearted Madame Sainte Antoine had suffered her nurse to take up to her bed.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," cried the girl in the excitement of her sudden awakening, "I never said my new prayer, the 'Heart to God,' which Aunt Philippine told me always to say in the convent."

She knelt on her bed, with the cat folded in a close embrace, and began, "My God, I give you my heart; take it, I pray you, that no other creature may take it or possess it but you alone." Here she paused, and then added in a very different tone of real earnestness: "And please, dear God, take care of my own pet Mimi, and don't let anybody hurt her or tease her."

"You naughty child," interrupted Mademoiselle le Tellier. "You must never talk to the good God about Mimi. Fie ! what wickedness to pray for a cat !"

"No, no; you are not wicked, dear Alix," said Yvonne softly. "God made all the creatures, and He loves them all."

"Ah, of course a heretic like Mademoiselle de la Féronniere would find an excuse for such blasphemy !" sneered the other girl.

"Mademoiselle le Tellier ! How dare you thus insult my friend ?" cried Gabrielle, in fiery indignation. "Why, 'twas your greediness made all the bother, for see, your bed is strewn with scraps of chocolate and cake. Doubtless you were having a feast by yourself, and the poor cat wanted to join in."

Upon this there arose such jeers of ridicule, such an outcry of "Shame !" and "Beg pardon of Mademoiselle !" that the nun in charge was roused from the adjoining chamber,

and came blinking in, to restore peace and to mete out punishment.

But Mimi was avenged.



"Listening entranced to a fairy legend"—*p.* 11.

CHAPTER III.

THE morrow dawned divinely bright and beautiful, the Feast of St. Barnabas. Of all the many holidays which the calendar of saints bestowed, this was the choicest of the year and the most prized by the convent pupils, for it came in the very glow and glory of early summer.

On a festival, the Mass was at nine o'clock in the morning, in the ancient chapel, whose quaint stained glass gave to many a child her first conceptions of Heaven and Hell. In the side aisle stood the splendid copper tomb of Jean de Nesle and his wife Anne d'Entragues who had founded the convent in the reign of Louis VI.

Mademoiselle de la Féronniere and two other Huguenot girls had their places assigned them somewhat apart, close behind this monument, and there was always a strange fascination for her in those moulded images, especially the face of the wife, so delicately marked with tender patience and quiet strength. Yvonne was never weary of trying to build up in her

mind the story of the Countess Anne, with wistful wondering whether her own future would bear any likeness to that heroic past, so clearly written for her in characters of stone.

Day-dreams ever held that hour; for the more simple worship to which, as a Calvinist, she had been used in former days, gave to the elaborate ceremonial of the Mass a vague sense of aloofness and unreality. As the soft, clear voices of the choir rose and fell, the girl almost fancied that she could hear, echoing back from those old walls, the sighs of bye-gone penitents and the long-stilled voices of forgotten nuns, who had been borne forth to their last rest through yonder low-arched doorway, so touchingly named "The Gate of Heaven."

After the service there was a brief instruction from one of the Directors, and then the girls were free to plan out their day's sport. The favourite game at the Abbaye aux Bois was to have a mimic stag-hunt in the spacious gardens and wooded grounds, which were enclosed with high walls, and where the children had absolute freedom.

The first and most important thing was to make choice of the two best runners as "stags," and the votes were soon given for Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir and her friend, Mademoiselle de la Féronniere. All the elder girls in the red class who cared to play were appointed "huntsmen," and then a deputation was sent to the blue class of younger girls, politely inviting them to contribute the "dogs." It was a mission which required some tact; for the dogs had all the hard work and but little of the glory in the chase, and if the children were offended, or felt themselves aggrieved by the elders, they would refuse their help, and then the game was impossible.

The middle class of the school, distinguished by a white ribbon, was so much engaged with catechism, and preparation for the first Communion, that it was not taken into account. On this occasion there was no feud between the classes; the "stags" were very popular, and plenty of "dogs" were forthcoming.

Directly after the mid-day meal the game began. Gabrielle and Yvonne had ten minutes' start, and then all the other players fluttered down the great stone steps into the garden, while the air rang with the joyous cries of their fresh young voices. Lightly they ran on, under the broad avenue of plane trees, into the wooded wilderness beyond—the children's enchanted kingdom. They passed beneath a belt of limes, with their delicate, green, shimmering leaves; by dusky hollies on the fringe of a grove; and a big gnarled elm, whose mossy branches were laden with the myriad white stars of clematis.

In the open spaces, light fell in sheets of radiance on lilac bushes pluming to the wind, the home of unnumbered bees; while beneath the quivering birches, trailing sprays of wild rose carpeted the brown earth. As the girls ran hither and thither, in the chequered shade, they crushed under their feet the wild thyme, whose fragrance filled the air.

Never before had the "stags" so long escaped their pursuit, and the whistle of a blackbird seemed to mock them from the cypress shade In truth, the two friends had made use of their opportunity to find a favourite sequestered spot, where they might continue their interrupted conversation. Hidden amidst the thick branches of the ancient yew tree, over which a clinging honeysuckle had flung its red trumpets, they crouched side by side, and defied huntsmen and hounds.

"Yvonne dear, Madame l'Abbesse sent for me to her chamber this morning. She was most gracious. I prayed her that she would suffer you to come to my wedding, and she promised. Think of that, for she always keeps her word. Then she asked if I had chosen the class-mate who would go round the school with me to announce my coming marriage."

"Ah! what did you reply? Gabrielle, you have so many other friends; I would not have you give cause for jealousy."

"So Madame said. She suggested Léonore de Brissac, whose father is in such high favour with the King. It would make a good impression; but, Yvonne, there is no one dear to me as you are."

"All the same, you need not wear your heart on your sleeve. Madame is quite right, and it will make Léonore so happy."

"That is all you think of, dear; never of yourself. Ah! when I am my own mistress, my home shall be yours always, if you will; and if you marry, we will have our town houses near by and meet every day. I could not live without you!"

"You think so now, but the future is hidden," was the quiet reply. "When you are a great lady I may be a poor fugitive, and you will be wise to forget me."



"There was no answer."

"What do you mean, Yvonne? You, with your great inheritance, will have the world at your feet. What wild fancy is this?"

"It is no fancy, dear, but sober truth. You know that the Huguenots are looked on with disfavour by the King, who is guided by Monsieur de Louvois. Cruel laws have been made against them, and already they are persecuted in the provinces. And as for my fortune, alas! it is my misfortune!"

"Surely not! Think what a difference a dowry would have made to me!" sighed the future Duchesse de Maillebois.

"Gabrielle, it would have been far happier for me if I had been a poor peasant girl in my native Poitou. You know how I was left an orphan—my dear father and mother taken from me by the fever, within a few days of each other. They had no time to take legal steps for my protection; and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, my father's half brother, became my guardian, for I was only a child of twelve, alone in the world."

"You poor dear; while I have so many loved ones—father, brother, sister!"

"It chanced that my English godmother, the Lady Elisabeth Morton, was with us in that sad hour. She was the dearest friend of my poor mother, who, on her deathbed, left me in her care. In a fond, despairing effort to protect my future, she also placed in the keeping of the Lady Elisabeth all her valuable diamonds and jewels, together with sundry title-deeds, to be given to me when I marry, if it be with her approval.

"My godmother would have taken me back

to England with her; but M. de Vaudreuil obtained an order from the Courts, and I was given over to his charge. Ours was an old Huguenot family; but he was a pervert, and vowed that I, too, should become a Catholic. That was why I was to be brought up in a convent."

"A cruel shame! Still, but for that we should never have met. How well I remember that first day when your uncle came here with you. You were so pale, so still; and yet how proudly you hid your grief from our pitiless curiosity. Then at night your bed was next to mine in the dormitory; I heard you softly sobbing in the darkness, and—so we were friends from the first, dear Yvonne."

"It was hard to lose all I loved, to be torn from my dear home. But these four years at the Abbaye aux Bois have been quiet and peaceful; you are all very good to me. Doubtless Madame hopes that time and kindness will win me over to your faith, but in my heart I know that I shall never change. My uncle will leave no stone unturned to convert me, and to marry me to his son Adolphe. Ah, but he is hateful! so cruel to his dogs, to his servants, to his little lame sister Louise! So false, so mean is my cousin I would sooner die than be his wife."

In her excitement, the girl had forgotten the game, and took a step forward beyond the sheltering boughs; when suddenly a loud shout of triumph announced that one of her pursuers was close at hand and had caught sight of her.

"Oh, what shall we do?" whispered Gabrielle. "They must not find us here and discover our secret hiding place."

She slipped softly out under the low branches and stole behind a thick clump of laurels which skirted the boundary wall. From one shelter to another they crept along in their dark dresses, without being seen, until they reached a point where a big elm tree had been blown over by some recent storm, and falling against the old wall had partly broken it down.

The pursuing party was at hand, and Gabrielle, wild with excitement, saw her opportunity. "Come, come quick!" she cried. "The dogs are close behind. We will hide outside while they pass by!"

Without pausing to think, the girl clambered over the loose stones in the gap, and with a great leap reached the ground below.

Yvonne was too late to stop her, although she was full of misgivings at the bold venture. In sheer loyalty to her friend, she followed in her steps. But as she too sprang down, she was startled and alarmed to find how much lower was the level of the lane underneath.

For a moment the girls stood and looked at each other in breathless dismay, for Gabrielle had already begun to realise what she had done.

"It was all very well to jump down," she exclaimed; "but 'tis so steep and high we can never climb up again. What is to become of us? What will Madame say?"

"We must call to the girls and tell them where we are; then some of the nuns will come round outside to fetch us!" was Yvonne's first impulse.

It was a desperate remedy, and she may have been somewhat half-hearted in her first cry, for there was no answer.

"Mademoiselle de Brissac! Mademoiselle de Seignelai!" again she called in louder and more urgent appeal; and this time there came a mocking echo of her words, in a man's voice, near at hand.

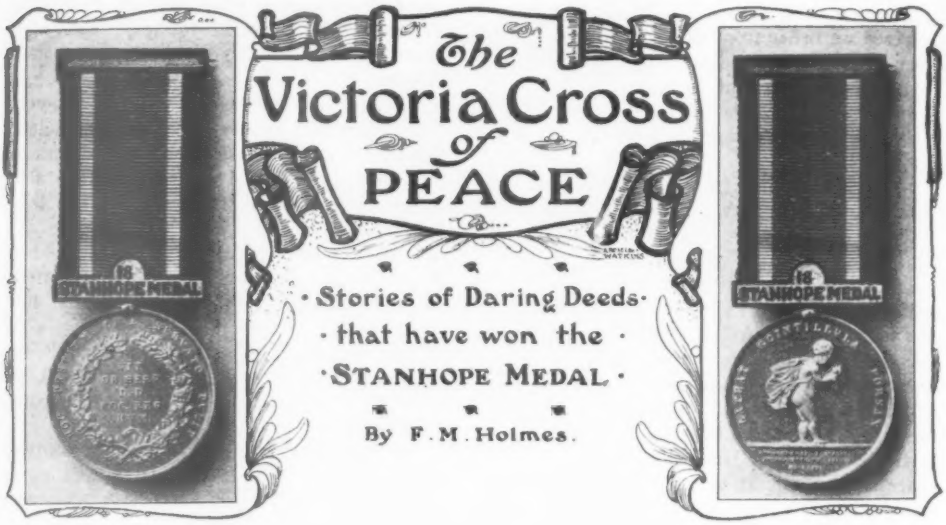
"Look, Yvonne! there are rough, common people coming up the lane, close behind us!" whispered Gabrielle, now half distracted with terror. "Oh, what shall we do? We can never let them find us here!"

"Let us take off these red badges, pull the hoods over our faces, and walk quickly on till we reach the gate of the Abbaye. Maybe they will take no notice of us!" was the trembling reply.

It is difficult to conceive what a terrible experience it was to these young girls, thus to find themselves suddenly cast adrift from the cloistered seclusion of their convent home. In their guarded lives, so carefully sheltered from every outside influence, it was the first time that they had ever found themselves alone and unprotected, and the vague unknown dangers of the world loomed vast and fearful before them.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]





THE deeds that have won the Stanhope Gold Medal will rank among the bravest records of the time. They rival the most valiant actions in war, and exhibit in a high degree the daring and the heroism which we place among the noblest attributes of mankind.

So highly prized is the Stanhope, that it forms a brilliant complement to even the Victoria Cross itself. But while the Victoria Cross is only granted for gallantry in war, and to those alone who are actually engaged in hostilities, the Stanhope Medal recognises the valour of brave deeds performed at any time, and by any person, for the saving of human life.

The Medal perpetuates the memory of Captain Chandos Scudamore Stanhope, a naval officer who was most highly respected, and who died on July 7th, 1871. Several of his friends collected a sum of money which they handed over to the Royal Humane Society, on the understanding that the committee should annually award a gold medal, to be known by the Captain's name.

The Society undertook the trust, and has admirably discharged the duty pertaining to it. The Medal is awarded at the General Court of the Society to the best silver medal instance of the year—that is, to the person who encountered the greatest risk in saving life, and to whom the Society's silver medal was presented.

Silver and bronze medals, as well as the Stanhope, are awarded by the Society, the design being the same in each case. On the front is engraved the figure of a little boy breathing on an extinguished torch in the hope that he may revive the flame—by which symbol life is represented. Beneath the figure appears the inscription in Latin—"The [Royal Humane] Society, established in London for the recovery of persons in a state of suspended animation, 1774."

The other side shows a civic wreath—the Roman reward for the saving of life—and the words in Latin—"He has obtained this reward for having saved the life of a citizen," while within the wreath is exhibited another inscription, also in Latin, "The Royal Humane Society presented this gift for saving life," a variation of the wording being made for a very brave attempt, which nevertheless may have been unsuccessful in its ultimate object.

The gallant actions for which the Medal has been awarded have often occurred in the most unlikely places, and under the most unpromising circumstances. What could appear more unheroic than a distillery of tar? Could any act of valour be found therein? Let us see.

One morning in the month of March, 1900, a certain man named Francis McLeod,

employed by the Wear Fuel Company, of Sunderland, went into a large cavernous structure about eight and a half feet deep, used for the distillation of tar. His object was to repair the still, but he had been instructed not to enter the huge contrivance just then, because it was hot from previous use, and dangerous fumes were arising from the interior.

The warning was very necessary, for no sooner had he entered the still than he was at once overcome and fell prostrate in a state of unconsciousness. But another man, named Richard Lawson, immediately followed, in order to rescue his comrade, when he too succumbed. Undeterred by the fate which had befallen these two men, a third, named John Weddle, determined to face the subtle foe, and he also entered the structure, but like the others was overpowered by the noxious vapour.

Three men were now lying insensible in the large still, the victims of the poisonous fumes; would another step forth to fight with death? Yes, another now entered the field.

This fourth man was named William Allen, and he took a rope with him. Grasping McLeod, he was able to bring him out, and entering the still a second time he was successful in rescuing Weddle. Once more he ventured in the poison-trap and was able to reeve the rope around Lawson, but was so overpowered by the fumes that he could only just struggle out himself into the open air.

Even now the rescue was not complete, for Lawson's feet had been caught in the apparatus within the still, and he could not be hauled out. So for the fourth time the intrepid William Allen entered the noxious structure and disengaged the unconscious man so that he could be saved.

Great as is the gallantry which will bear a wounded comrade from the battlefield in face of the foe, the determined valour exhibited in rescuing these three men is surely equally great, and equally deserving of recognition. Allen encountered very serious risk indeed in entering the poisonous still four times, being fully aware as he was of the great danger to which he was exposed. It is satisfactory to know that the bravery of both Lawson and Weddle was rewarded by the Society's bronze medal, while Allen received the Society's silver medal and also the highly prized Stanhope.

The act for which Constable John Jenkins



HOW WILLIAM ALLEN WON THE STANHOPE MEDAL.

was awarded the same medal was also a deed of determined courage. The policeman was on duty at Waterloo Bridge, when about a quarter to three o'clock on a July morning he beheld a man scale the parapet and cast himself into the Thames beneath.

The bridge rises forty-three feet above water, and the tide was swirling through the arches like a mill-race, while a baffling mist shrouded the river in gloom. Yet in a moment the brave constable whipped off his belt and took the deep dive.

He came up with the suicide, and spite of the man's resistance gripped him firmly, and supported him effectively, while the two men were swept along by the tide; the rescuer kept his hold bravely until at length he and the man he had saved were picked up some way down the flood by a boat sent from the Thames Police Station.

Few persons, even expert swimmers, would care to run such a risk even in broad daylight, and in the darkness of early morning the difficulty and danger must have been doubled. Yet Jenkins never shrank for a moment, but without a second's hesitation took his great plunge from the bridge.

Boys, too, are nobly represented on the Stanhope list. A few winters ago a lad named Albert Battison, aged seventeen, and belonging to H.M.S. *Impregnable*, did a deed of bravery which will rank with the best.

He was at Leicester at the time, and the river Soar being frozen over, a girl, whose name was Annie Freer, broke through the ice in an attempt to cross the stream. The river at that point was deep, measuring some fourteen feet to the bottom; and a man ventured forth to rescue the drowning girl. He failed, however, in his attempt, and returned unsuccessful. Then Battison dived under the ice, an act involving the greatest possible risk, grasped the girl, and reaching the surface, broke the ice with his head, and brought her to the shore.

Now to dive under ice for a drowning person is, in the words of Battison's commanding officer, "perhaps the greatest act of bravery that anyone can perform, the risk being so great," and in this case, he said, he could not imagine a greater risk than that encountered by the lad. If Battison "had not been able to break the ice he would in all probability have been drowned."

The suddenness with which these accidents frequently occur, and the immediate promptitude necessary to save life, form one of the most striking features of these cases of rescue. In a moment a terrible crisis arises, and the assistance must be rendered at once, or prove valueless. So promptly acted a soldier on furlough one afternoon shortly after Christmas Day, 1898, in a Clerkenwell street, that he was able to save four persons. He heard a cry and at once he rushed to render aid at the most imminent peril to his own life.

It appeared that a man named Franklin was busy in an electro-plating factory upstairs, when his wife and three little children came to visit him. In the apartment stood several vessels bearing materials employed in the work, and suddenly the room became filled with the fumes of hydrocyanic acid, more popularly known as prussic acid. So powerful was the vapour that Franklin himself and the children likewise succumbed, and sank into a state of insensibility.

His wife happily was able to escape, and cried for help. The soldier, whose name was Hall, was passing at the time, and, hearing of the catastrophe, pushed his handkerchief into his mouth, and dashing into the building, brought out the eldest boy, whom he found near the foot of the stairs; returning, he hurried up the steps three times in succession, rescuing the two other children, and lastly their father.

In bringing out Franklin, he fell at the end of the stairs, for he was greatly enfeebled by breathing the fumes, and he was helped out by his brother, who had now appeared; but the effect of the poison was so great that, although outside the house, he became for a time insensible.

As to the cause of the accident the children are believed to have upset in their play two vessels which contained, respectively, vitriol and cyanide of potassium—substances from which chemists distil hydrocyanic acid—and these two materials mingling together immediately generated the poisonous fumes. But for the great promptitude of Mr. Hall, and his courage in braving the terrible risks which he encountered, the father and three children must have perished.

Turn we now to an altogether different scene. As H.M.S. *Empress of India* was entering a channel near the island of Andros in the Grecian Archipelago, late one evening, she saw signals of distress fired by a steamer not far distant from the shore. Approaching nearer to the vessel, the *Empress* found her to be the *Charkich* from Piræus to Con-

stantinople, with passengers and crew numbering nearly eighty souls on board.

Lieutenant Lowry visited the ship in a boat, and learned that her shaft was broken.

How could the *Empress* assist her?

The captain of the *Charkich* asked to be taken in tow. Away went the boat to fulfil his request, but by the time the little craft had returned, the doomed vessel had drifted too near to the shore for this method of rescue to be practicable, and indeed she almost immediately disappeared. The hour was now about midnight, and the officers of the *Empress* judged that, as the lights of the *Charkich* were extinguished, she must have gone aground. Attempts were made to find the vessel by searchlights, but to no purpose, and the sea and wind were too high to permit the use of boats. The *Empress* therefore waited until daybreak.

Alas, the sad sight that met the eyes in the morning! The masts of the wretched vessel rose forlornly out of the water, three men were clinging to the foremast and three more were on the rocks near by, while a quantity of wreckage was tossed hither and thither on the heavy sea.

Lieutenant Lowry again manned the cutter and rowed to windward of the foremast. His object was to float a lifebuoy and line to the men, but the cross current which was running swept the apparatus away from the mast. One man, however, plunged into the sea and reached the buoy, and was drawn to the boat.

Again and again the lieutenant endeavoured to manœuvre the buoy to the mast, but without success, and at length, about seven o'clock in the morning, he sprang overboard, taking the lifebuoy and line with him, and swam to the mast himself. But as he gained it he lost the line, which became caught in the wreckage, and he found himself drenched with sea water and on the rigging of the wrecked ship, cut off from his boat and friends.

Here was a terrible disaster: effort after effort was made to reach the men in the mast, but without success. The cutter was almost swamped by the heavy sea, and boats were sent to pour oil literally on the troubled waters, but to no purpose. Grass-lines and rockets were also failures.

How were these men to be reached?

Another method was now attempted. The *Empress* steamed to Pargo Bay, and a party of her crew was landed with the object of saving the men from the coast. Returning to her previous position, the *Empress* found that the vessel had broken in two, and that one of the men had reached the shore by means of wreckage, but that Lieutenant Lowry and the other man were still in the rigging. The situation was most critical, for the mast might give way now at any minute. Lieutenant Lowry might be saved through his life-belt, but he would not leave the man he had come to help.



"BROKE THE ICE WITH HIS HEAD AND BROUGHT HER TO THE SHORE" (ALBERT BATTISON).



IN THE ANNAGHER PIT

At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Lieutenant Vereker made another effort in the cutter, Lieutenant Lowry himself directing proceedings from the mast, and a line was at last fastened between the two. By means of this line the rescue was finally accomplished, Lieutenant Lowry seeing his man safely on board before he himself entered the boat. Meantime one of the men on the rocks had gained the shore, but the other two were drowned.

For this act of persevering and determined bravery Lieutenant Lowry received the Stanhope Medal for 1901, an award to which none will deny he was fully entitled. We suppose that at almost any moment he might have saved himself with his own belt, but he remained hour after hour in his perilous position to rescue the man he had come to save.

Miners have also their share in the Stanhope Medal. One day in September, 1898, an explosion burst in the Annagher pit, county Tyrone, when four men were below. Two of these gained the bank alive, though one died shortly afterwards. But the other two remained in the mine, insensible from the choking after-damp. Who would brave the deadly vapour to save them?

The underground manager, named Francis O'Neill, promptly determined to do so. He went down the shaft, but was driven back on three consecutive occasions. The attempt seemed hopeless, but the brave man had heard the voice of Hughes, one of the men in the mine, and believing he was still alive, resolved to descend for the fourth time.

The shaft was nearly two hundred feet deep, and when O'Neill had descended but thirty feet, his lamp was extinguished, showing how deadly the mine still remained. But he persevered, and he reached the foot of the shaft. Groping in the darkness, he found Hughes, placed him in the cage to be hauled to the surface, but then became unconscious himself. Happily he was with Hughes, and the two were raised to the bank.

Recovering from his insensibility, O'Neill determined to search for the remaining miner still left below, and accompanied by an assistant, named Thomas McKenna, he once more descended into the deadly after-damp. The body was recovered, but life was extinct, all attempts at restoration proving failures. O'Neill was awarded the Stanhope Medal, which he richly deserved, for his indomitable bravery, and McKenna received the Society's bronze medal.

Numerous other instances might be given, showing the resolute bravery and the promptitude of resource with which gallant men belonging to all classes of society have hurried to the rescue of their fellow-creatures from death. Not long after the Medal was established, a landowner in Tasmania, Mr. George W. Bennett Story, of Henbury, plunged into a flooded river some fifteen feet deep, and swimming seventy yards, saved the lives of three persons who had

attempted to cross a bridge in the flood, and brought each one separately to land. He was so fatigued and benumbed with his efforts in the ice-cold water that he experienced great difficulty in gaining a friend's house about two miles distant. The river was so high that it was running over the bridge, and was actually rising higher at the time.

The spirit of true gallantry shines through case after case. Whether it be plunging into a shark-infested sea to save a man overboard, as did Mr. A. J. Cooper, of the steamship *Massilia;* or leaping from the bridge of a battle-ship, as did Captain the Hon. Edmund Fremantle in his uniform and sea-boots, to rescue a leadsman; or wrestling with a whirlpool in the Hoogly, twenty-five feet deep, as did a Baboo of Calcutta, to save a drowning woman; or struggling in a flooded sewer, as did William Mugford of Torquay, to preserve two of his comrades—the highest courage is exhibited by all. Moreover, they are specimens of others, the records of the Stanhope Medal forming a noble roll of gallant deeds.

It is well that such deeds should be honoured. True bravery is worthy of such honour and of such incentive; and among the heroic actions that stir the heart and quicken the pulse, none can take higher place than determined efforts in face of the greatest danger to save a fellow-creature from death.



"BUT AS HE GAINED IT HE LOST THE LINE" (LIEUTENANT LOWRY).

A Pinch of Experience

A Complete Story by Sydney C. Grier.



"QUITE ready, Lu? Got the money?"

"Yes, here it is. Do take it, John. I feel so dreadfully unsafe with four five-pound notes loose in my hand. Just think if I had lost them!"

"More likely to have them stolen if you grip them in that agitated way," said John, taking the little wad of closely folded notes and bestowing them in his waistcoat pocket. "I say, Lu, what a jolly hat!"

"Now, don't say it must be a new one," said Lucy warningly, "for you've seen me in it hundreds of times. Why does a man never know an old hat when he sees it?"

"Because the face underneath is always new," said John gallantly, and Lucy smiled and blushed in spite of herself, and said with great sternness that she thought this was to be a strictly business expedition. John replied that if he had known that he would have insisted on ten minutes' pleasure before starting, but that he would see they made up for it when they got home; and, this settled, they went down the street to the tram-cars, talking learnedly about dressers and washable paints and oilcloth and tiles. They were furnishing their house—or rather, the house which was to be theirs, and which was also to be a model for all married curates' houses ever after. It was most conveniently placed, close to the mission church of which John was now in charge, and at the opposite side of the great northern city to that on which Lucy's parents lived. It was so near that she could easily run home for the day if John was out and she felt lonely, and yet John would not find his dwelling perpetually overrun by young brothers and sisters-in-law, or his household superintended by Aunt Lucilla, who was wont to favour her brother's family with a large supply of unwelcome advice. The house had taught both John and Lucy a good deal already, for whereas John had imagined a room would be amply furnished when it contained a bookshelf, a table, and two chairs, Lucy had set her heart upon showing Aunt Lucilla how well a drawing-room could be made to look, no matter how cheap the furniture, if it were merely arranged with taste, and now she was finding that a certain amount of money was desirable in any case. She interrupted John at this moment in a laborious calculation of the cubic contents of the kitchen boiler, which had shown signs of leaking.

"It's the carpet!" she cried suddenly. "I don't mind anything else, for we could add a chair at a time. But a carpet stamps a room at once. Surely even you must have noticed that, John. And you can't buy it in bits. Of course, an art square is very nice——"

"And much more satisfactory than felt when you have only one servant," said John, repeating parrot-like a sentiment he had heard several times lately from Lucy's mother.

"Oh, yes, of course; but that lovely velvet pile, John! It feels so luxurious when your foot sinks into it, and it would last for ever. No room could look poorly furnished if it had that carpet."

"It might be rather difficult to live up to," suggested John, "especially if we had to

bring the kitchen chairs into the drawing-room because we had spent all the money on the carpet, and couldn't afford any others."

"I didn't mean that, of course. You are as bad as Aunt Lucilla. Oh, John, you don't know how near we were to not having any drawing-room furniture at all! When I went to see Aunt Lucilla she made me a regular speech—said that it had always been a pleasure to her to see that I could appreciate good china, and that she prided herself on having formed my taste. I knew what was coming then, and I could have wept. 'And so,' she said, 'I made up my mind to give you one of my vases,' and she looked towards those horrid Corean Cherry things which I hate, and I trembled, but she went on, 'However, it has been suggested to me that with young and untrained servants you would not be able to give it the care it needs, and I have determined to give you this instead,' and she brought out the twenty pounds. But just think of it, John! I suppose we might have managed to afford some Chinese matting for the floor, and that would have been all. The vase would have stood in the middle of the room, and we and our visitors would have had to sit round on our heels admiring it, like the people on a Japanese fan; but that wasn't the side of the case which appealed to Aunt Lucilla, you see. I wonder what she would have said if we had sold the vase, and furnished the drawing-room properly with the money?"

"Don't suggest such a thing!" said John, shuddering, half-seriously. "But we could have done a good deal more than that, Lu. Do you know that those Corean Cherry vases are tremendously valuable now? There was a man at the hotel last night who was telling me about them. He was agent for some dealer in curiosities, I think, and knew all about that sort of thing. He said that everything of that pattern—and especially if it was in that peculiar blue which you dislike—had increased in value extraordinarily of late years, and that many people had hundreds of pounds' worth stored away without knowing in the least how rich they were. So, you see, if we had had the vase——"

"We might have made the house a perfect gem, we might—Oh, there's no end to the things we could have done! Why, oh why, didn't Aunt Lucilla give us the vase?"

"Well, if she had, we could scarcely have sold it immediately for what it would fetch," said John.

"I suppose not; but why don't things happen as they do in books? Why don't we light upon one of those vases in one of the shops we go to, and buy it for a few shillings, and then sell it for several hundred pounds? Now that would be the right sort of thing to happen to one. Oh, what lovely carpets we would have!"

"Isn't the house good enough for you as it is, Lu?" asked John, in a grieved voice, and Lucy was obliged to call him a dear old stupid, and squeeze his arm as tightly as she could without attracting public attention, before she could make him believe that she was really quite content. This took some time, and before John was wholly satisfied they had left the tram, and were well on their way to a certain curiosity shop, where someone had told them a particularly covetable old oak folding table was to be seen. Lucy looked at the shop rather doubtfully when they reached it. It had no special pretensions, and the things in the window were dusty and ill-arranged.

"I wonder if it's worth while going in?" she said. "It doesn't look as if the man took any care of his stock. Why, that's Worcester!"

There was no more hesitation, and she entered the shop and asked the price of the vase which had caught her eye. John, who thought she intended to lead the conversation round gradually to the subject of the oak table, was lost in admiration of her diplomacy.

"It's absurd!" she whispered hurriedly, as the shopman went to fetch another piece of china, leaving her with the vase in her hand. "It's worth double that. He can't know the value of his things."

"Perhaps it's not genuine," suggested John, and received a scathing glance in reply.

"If you think I don't know real Worcester from imitation after all these years of Aunt Lucilla's teaching——John!" She gripped him by the arm, and her face was actually pale. Setting down the piece of Worcester, she pointed to two far smaller vases upon an unobtrusive shelf.

"Why, what is it? Not the Corean Cherry? Yes, it is really." John's voice rose as his excitement grew.

"Hush! Be quiet. Leave this to me. I rather like this pair of vases," she said, in

tones that trembled a little, as the shopman returned. "What do you want for them?"

"Let you have the three for a ten-pound note," said the man indifferently.

"I'll give you five." Lucy's voice was even less steady than before. The man shook his head.

"No, miss; please yourself whether you'll take 'em or leave 'em, but they don't go under ten pounds. I've a sort of feeling for the blue vases; they're company to me, like. I've had 'em up there so long, and I did hear as they might be very valuable one day. But then they might get broken, so if you care to take the risk and the chance both, why, you can."

"Lucy, it's not fair!" John whispered hastily, as the man turned to reach the vases down. "We know that they are valuable."

"It's quite fair. We take the risk and the chance, as he says," Lucy whispered back. "Yes, I'll take them," to the shopman. "But they are not the real blue—the very best."

"Ah, there now!" said the man. "As soon as you come inside that door I see you were a young lady that knew her way about. Now what would you say if I could put you on the track of a larger pair of vases, of the real best blue, such as it's a pleasure to handle?"

"I should be very glad to hear of them," said Lucy recklessly, regardless of John's warning pressure on her arm.

"Well, miss, it's an old lady has them, and often and often I've made her a small offer for them, through liking the articles, as you may say, and not because I expected to make anything by it. But she won't have nothing to do with dealers, she won't, and showed me the door as haughty as you please. But if she see a real lady and gentleman that had took a fancy to the vases, why, it might be different, for she's known better days, and twenty pounds or so would come in handy for her and her cat."

"I haven't as much as that," said Lucy meditatively. Then she turned to John. "John, you must let me have that five pounds you had put aside for doing up the garden. We can manage that ourselves."

"No, no!" protested John. "We can't go flinging money away like this."

"I'm going to make money, not fling it away," in an excited whisper. "Give it me at once, John. I'll never forgive you if you don't."

Unwilling to embark upon a quarrel before the shopman, John complied with sore reluctance. Something very like the gambler's fever had seized upon Lucy, he saw, and he made a vain attempt to stem it. "I believe they'll turn out to be frauds," he said.

"Really, John, you must think I am very easily imposed upon. I shall examine them most carefully, I assure you."

"And if they're genuine we shall be cheating the old lady."

"Oh, we'll put that right afterwards, of course. Now where does this old lady live?" she asked of the shopman.

"Out St. Bernard's way, miss. But if you're going up there at once, I have a bit of business to see to in that direction myself, and if you'll excuse me while I ask my wife to have an eye on the shop, I could show you the house. Not for the old lady to see me, of course, lest she should think it was a plant made up between you and me, but just to wait outside and see whether you can get round her."

Since Lucy agreed to this, John found it vain to object. The three vases were paid for, and carefully packed in a basket, which the shopman carried, and they set out. The weight of the basket seemed to be oppressive, for when they passed a cab-stand, the man suggested that they would do the journey much quicker on wheels. John demurred, but Lucy, who had refused from motives of economy to take a penny 'bus when they left the tram, was by this time far above thinking of such trivial matters as cab-hire, and they took a cab accordingly. It was a long drive, but at last they reached a terrace of neat small houses, and stopped before the neatest of them.

"She must be a nice old lady," said Lucy, as they walked up the little tiled pathway, the shopman remaining out of sight in the cab. "Look how tidy the windows are, and yet the curtains are all darned."

A very small servant, as neat as the house, opened the door, and Lucy gasped as she stepped over the threshold, for hanging in the little hall, or rather passage, was a magnificent blue plate, finer than any of those on which Aunt Lucilla prided herself. There were other plates in the little parlour, and several vases, among them the pair the shopman had mentioned. Lucy's mouth positively watered as she gazed at them. Perfect specimens, the right blue, without a crack in them—they

must be almost priceless. In her excitement she did not notice the entrance of the owner, and it was left to John to explain the object of their visit, which he did with extreme diffidence, for every shadow of suspicion fled from his mind in the presence of the little old lady before him. Such a dear old lady—with white hair lying smoothly under a lace cap, with netted mittens on her wrinkled hands, and a soft white shawl thrown loosely round her shoulders. Her black dress was old, but of excellent material, and the wedding-ring, worn very thin, was guarded by an old-fashioned mourning-ring set with pearls. It seemed almost an insult to suggest to this old lady that she should part with any of her treasures, and John was quite shame-faced as he mumbled out that they had heard she had some china she might be willing to dispose of, and they were furnishing their house, and thought——

"Quite so," said the old lady. "All this china was collected by my dear husband many years ago. He was very fond of it, and though I have had many offers for different pieces, I have always refused them all until just lately. But now my little income is much reduced, and I have been obliged——" Her eyes wandered to several empty places on the shelves of the china-cabinet.

"The plate in the hall?" gasped Lucy, but the old lady shook her head.

"That plate," she said, "I will never part with while I live. It was my dear husband's favourite piece, and I have it hung there so that I can see it from either room by leaving the door open. The other plates or the vases I should not mind so much."



"It was left to John to explain the object of their visit."

"These two?" asked Lucy breathlessly.

"Ah, you like them? Curiously enough, they have always been my favourites. It is not a fashionable taste, I know, though my dear husband used to say that fashion would come round to them, and they would be very valuable one day. But it won't happen in my lifetime, evidently," she sighed gently. "So, my dear, if you like them——"

"They are just what we wanted," broke in Lucy hurriedly, too honest to say that she liked the vases, but anxious to anticipate John, who was about, she felt convinced, to blurt out the truth; "but I don't know—we haven't much money——"

"Twenty-five pounds was what my dear husband paid for the vases," said the old lady.

"Oh, I'm afraid we can't make up more than fifteen, anyhow," said Lucy, with a beseeching glance at John. Surely he might give up his new study table? But he looked impenetrable, and Lucy gathered that he would feel relieved if the negotiation fell through on this ground.

"Fifteen pounds?" said the old lady slowly. "It would be very useful, there is no doubt. My long illness last winter—I could pay our good doctor part of his bill. Yes, my dear, you shall have them. It will be a pleasure to me to think that you appreciate my dear husband's taste."

Not daring to look at John, whose stony silence betrayed the most intense dislike to the transaction, Lucy handed over the money, received the receipt, and herself helped to empty the vases of the lavender with which they were filled. Then she took one and John the other, and, leaving the old lady bowing with stately grace on the doorstep, they went out to the cab, where the shopman received them with envious congratulations.

"Let you have 'em for fifteen pound, did she?" he remarked. "If I'd known that, I believe I'd have got a friend to go and buy them in for myself. And she kept lavender in them, by the smell. Lavender in those vases!"

"I don't think it's much better to stand them on a dusty shelf, as he would have done," whispered Lucy, as the man left them. "The old lady kept them clean, at any rate. I'm glad they're just the pattern I hate. I could never sell a piece of china I really liked."

"I feel that we are the most consummate frauds and cheats alive!" cried John vehemently. "To deceive that poor old lady——"

"Oh, but of course we'll make it up to her," cried Lucy; "and the shopman shall have something too. Just think of it, John! Of course, they must be sold in London—Christie's is the place, isn't it? You and I will go up for the day and listen to the bidding, and we shall hear it go up and up, perhaps to hundreds of pounds. Oh, won't it be splendid! Don't you feel the thrill? And we will give the old lady—how much? It shall be just as much as you think we ought, John—half, if you like. Won't she be surprised when we take her all that money? And the man—he must have a percentage, I suppose? And with the rest—oh, won't we make the house lovely? And then—why, John, we might do up the church!"

"I think the old lady ought to have it all—except just the fifteen pounds we paid her," said John rigidly.

"Oh no, John—not really! Why, think, she would have kept the vases in her cabinet as long as she lived—until they had gone out of fashion again, perhaps, and never got a penny for them. I'm sure we deserve a share for getting her such a windfall in her lifetime. But it's really dreadful to think that we have the responsibility of getting hold of it for her. If the vases got broken! John, I feel certain they will get broken. This cab will turn over, or we shall be like Alnaschar, and throw them down as we get out. I feel so horribly nervous. Can't we put them somewhere to be safe?"

"We are not far from Lewin's," said John, referring to the principal china-dealer of the place, "and we might get him to value them and house them for us. Perhaps he might even make an offer for them, and it might be as well to accept it—a bird in the hand, you know—unless you think that as trustees for the old lady we ought to stick out for the highest possible price?"

"Oh, no; it would be so nice to have the money at once. Do tell the man to drive to Lewin's, John. We will go in together, and you shall bring out one of the vases, and say, 'I have rather a nice vase here that I should like you to look at, Mr. Lewin. What would you feel inclined to offer for it?' Then perhaps he will say fifty guineas, just to try us, you know, and you will say, 'What would you say if I had a pair of them?'"

"Tableau!" said John, entering into the spirit of the occasion, as they stopped before the shop. At his request they were ushered into the proprietor's private office, where they prepared to astonish him. But the scene they had rehearsed fell rather flat, for instead of gazing with ecstasy at the first vase, Mr. Lewin merely pinched up his chin with his fingers, and asked:

"Have you any more things of this sort?"

Resenting something—she hardly knew what—in his tone, Lucy set to work to unpack the basket, and presently there were ranged on Mr. Lewin's table the two vases bought of the old lady, the smaller pair from the curiosity shop, and the Worcester vase which had first

attracted Lucy's attention. Mr. Lewin surveyed them indulgently with his head on one side, then smiled sadly as he turned to John.

"Why will young ladies do this kind of thing?" he asked pityingly. "Why didn't Miss Grant come to me first?"

"Then they are not genuine?" gasped John.

"All made at the same place in Paris less than a year ago."

"And—and—what might be their value?"

"Say ten shillings for the lot. I wouldn't give you ten shillings for them, of course, because I don't want them, but anyone that took a fancy to them might. But don't go on my word alone," as he caught sight of Lucy's stunned face. "Go to X."—he mentioned a famous London expert—"and consult him. It can't do much harm in any case, and if he says they are genuine you'll be glad you went."

"Oh, don't let us waste any more money, John!" cried Lucy, finding her tongue at last; but John's resolution was taken.

"No, Lu; I shall certainly go. You seem to forget that if these things are shams, we must prosecute the shopman and—and the old lady for fraud, and we shall need the expert's opinion."

"The old lady! Oh, John, she couldn't have known."

"What about her dear husband having paid five-and-twenty pounds for them many years ago?" asked John sternly, and Lucy was silent. It was a very crestfallen couple that smuggled the unfortunate vases back to John's hotel, and Lucy's brothers and sisters could not imagine why she was so guarded on the subject of her day's purchases that evening, or why she seemed to have nothing to say about the way in which the afternoon had been spent. The next morning John left early for London, and all day Lucy was in such a frantic state of anxiety for his return that her family thought he must have promised to bring her back something very splendid indeed. She heard his step at last before anyone else did, and rushed to the door.

"Well?" she gasped. "What did he say?"

"Said it made him sick to look at them. Asked me as a favour to take them out of his sight," responded John gloomily.

"Oh, John! But we are going to prosecute the people, aren't we?"

"I'm afraid not. The fact is, Lu, I went to my lawyer in town, and laid the matter before him, and he said that though we had most excellent ground for an action, he was afraid you—we, I mean—would break down under cross-examination."

"Why? It was all perfectly straightforward."

"Ah, but why were we buying the vases? Not to keep. It was because we meant to sell them again for much more than we gave. In fact, Lu, we meant to cheat the man, though the man succeeded in cheating us. That's where we should come out badly."

"Oh!" said Lucy blankly, then added with vigour, "If ever I trust a curiosity shop man or a nice old lady with china to sell again! But what a splendid actress she must be! Oh, John, can you realise that you and I, who wouldn't take a penny 'bus because it was too expensive, have thrown away twenty-five pounds, and got nothing to show for it but those horrible, dreadful vases? I shall never be able to look at them without feeling perfectly degraded."

"Let's get rid of them," suggested John. "The boys and I can make cock-shies of them to-night. I'm sure Fred and Tom never had free leave to destroy five-and-twenty pounds' worth of china before."

"No," said Lucy firmly; "we will keep them as a warning—against speculating and all that sort of thing, I mean—and," as she remembered John's fruitless efforts to prevent the purchase, "as a special private warning to me, too."

Hence it was that when, some two months later, Lucy was showing her drawing-room to Aunt Lucilla, the vases occupied a prominent position on a shelf of John's manufacture.

"It all looks very nice, dear—very suitable." Aunt Lucilla, who was rich herself, had naturally strict views on the subject of what was suitable for poorer people. "I am glad to see you have not over-crowded your room with furniture, and the matting on the floor looks so pleasantly cool and—and unassuming."

"Yes, it is very unassuming," and Lucy, glancing round the bare little room, heaved a sigh in memory of the once despised art square.

"But, my dear, what is that?" Aunt Lucilla's eye-glass was up. "The Corean Cherry—is it possible?"



"'They are not genuine.'"

"They are not genuine, Aunt Lucilla."

"I am sorry you should put up shams in your drawing-room, Lucy. Have as little decoration as you like, but let that little be good, has always been my motto, and I thought I had impressed it upon you. But they were one of your presents, perhaps?"

"Ye—es," stammered Lucy guiltily. If Aunt Lucilla only knew that they were *her* present!

"Who sent them? No, don't tell me, child," Aunt Lucilla interrupted herself hastily. "I am sure I could never speak peaceably to anyone who was capable of sending forged china as a wedding present. Really, I don't think you need consider their feelings so much as to exhibit the vases like that. At any rate, you might arrange a slight accident."

"No," said Lucy with conviction; "no housemaid and no cat that ever lived could break those vases. If they were genuine it would be different."

"My dear, don't I know it? What I have gone through with servants has been heart-rending. But these imitations you will probably hand down to your grandchildren."

"Yes, they will live to vex me," said Lucy lightly, but in her heart she knew that the vases stood for something more than vexation. They would be a constant reminder of several valuable lessons, such as no one wishes to receive, but everyone is the better for having learnt.

WANTED-A REVIVAL

By the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A., Rector of All Souls, Langham Place.



UT is it so? Without doubt a revival is needed. Is it desired? For when the hearts of God's people begin to desire it with keen spiritual longing, the time of spiritual uplifting and overflowing blessing is certainly at hand.

Slowly and sadly, the most cautious watchers upon the towers have been compelled to acknowledge something of an ebb in the spiritual life of God's people. Things are not as they were some twenty years ago. There are fewer conversions. Parochial missions no longer reach the hundreds of non-church-goers. The Salvation Army, then at its prime, and gathering thousands into the largest halls in London and the great cities, has now often the thinnest congregations. There is less faith in the power of the Gospel to save all sorts and conditions of men. Work for men's souls has been driven into the background, and the efforts of Christian people are directed towards clubs and entertainments instead of Bible classes and Gospel preaching. In fact, the antithesis between soul and body which was so prominent in the teaching of Jesus Christ—"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell"—is largely suppressed. Our weapons have lost their teeth. There is so little aggressiveness in our enterprise. We spend infinite pains in seeking to minister to men's bodies, but we are afraid to tell them that their souls are in danger. And while the solemn warnings of the Gospel are seldom uttered, it is equally rarely that we come across that unfeigned and exulting joy in the glory of the Gospel message which helps to win the most stubborn and unbelieving; in fact, we are more prone to apologise for our faith than to use it to save souls. There is so little of the testimony that the Queen of Sheba bore to Solomon: "I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen; and behold, the half was not told me." Our vision is dim and our testimony is lacking in power. This is chiefly due to the worldliness which has been infecting the Christian Church. Nothing paralyses the arm like impurity in the heart. An unholy alliance, based upon surrender and compromise, has sprung up between the Church and the world.

Twenty years ago, in all evangelical circles, the command, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing," was literally obeyed. Now "Puritanism" is laughed at, and many who sincerely desire to follow Christ see no necessity for separation from the questionable amusements of the world. The theatre, for example, has steadily deteriorated, the number of indecent plays has rapidly increased, and yet Christians think that as long as they select modest plays there is no harm in going. This may seem a small thing, but it is a symptom of a very serious disease. It shows a lack of thoroughness, a lack of that loyal whole-heartedness which is determined to give God the benefit of the doubt. It is a falling back upon the temporising plea, "When God shows me that it's wrong I'll give it up," instead of honestly deciding "I won't touch it until I am sure it's right." The same spirit of compromise with evil shows itself in a general increase of luxury and self-indulgence,

in reading unwholesome novels, in associating voluntarily with fast women and loose men, in Sabbath breaking, and "seeking their own pleasure on the Lord's Day," in card-playing with small stakes, pretending that there is no harm in gambling as long as one can afford to lose, and in a hundred other ways. And the result is twofold: a lack of relish for spiritual things—the giving up evening church and staying away from the weekday prayer meeting or Bible class—and a loss of power in testimony. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and those whose hearts tell them that they are not living the Christian life in all its purity and strength cannot testify against the ungodly.

As long as by a lively faith we prove the Gospel of Christ to be the "power of God unto salvation" in our daily lives, we are "not ashamed of" it, we can proclaim it with certainty and convincing power; but when, owing to some harboured sin, our salvation breaks down, like a motor-car with a burst tyre, then we are ashamed, and our testimony is silenced. Unless the Gospel of Christ prevails to cast out the love of the world, the love of ease and pleasure and self-indulgence, from the hearts of God's people, it will be powerless to win the ungodly. Strong, effective testimony can only come out of consecrated and victorious lives.

Side by side with the worldliness of the Church there is a loosening of her faith. Those who "thrust from them" "a good conscience" cannot fail to make "shipwreck" of the faith Thousands who have never studied the writings of the critics and have no idea how flimsy and unreliable are the foundations on which they rest their theories, eagerly take advantage of their conclusions and make them an excuse for abandoning all faith in "the unique inspiration and divine authority" of the Bible. In like manner, tens of thousands, disregarding the solid foundations laid by Jesus Christ for the doctrine of a real Devil and "everlasting punishment," have been led to embrace easier and more comfortable theories, chiefly in order to escape from the intense reality and infinite importance which the old orthodox faith adds to this present life in the body. So the temper of the day is more careless. "Nothing is certain, therefore nothing matters," and, the pressure of things spiritual and eternal being relaxed, society gives itself up to mere animal enjoyment. Religion, so far as it helps to give people a good time in this present world—*i.e.* religion on its philanthropic side—is patronised. True religion, in its revelation of the eternal life of the world to come and the supreme importance of keeping unspotted from this present evil world, is rejected and despised.

And yet, thank God, faith is not perishing, nor is society entirely without thought of God. There is a bright side to the picture. Three or four years ago two of the most popular London dailies published Sunday editions. The opposition was so strong, the boycotting of these papers by those who demanded that respectable journalism should honour the Sabbath, was so general, that the Sunday editions had to be withdrawn. Our English Sunday, the envy of all earnest Christians throughout the world, is not yet lost. Nor is society wholly given up to selfish apathy or infidelity. No novels are more popular than those which deal with Christianity and social problems. While the society novel, like Hall Caine's "The Christian," magnificent, of course, as a drama, is full of gross misconceptions of what true Christianity is, a much simpler book, with no special artistic merit, but far nearer to a true description of the Christian life—Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps"—gained a far wider circulation of millions of copies. A genuine desire to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God was widely shown both during the South African War and when God preached that solemn sermon without words in the tragic illness of our King.

And there are signs of an awakening in the midst of God's people. Year by year the great gatherings of the Keswick Convention are held, when thousands of Christians of all Evangelical Churches unite as "all one in Christ." Last year the Convention was full of an ardent yearning for revival, and as the result "prayer circles" sprang up spontaneously all over the world to pray for an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. Even the sad strife following upon the Education Bills of the Government was not able to mar the harmony of this year's Convention, or lessen the spiritual power of those truly pentecostal gatherings.

It is wrong, therefore, to give place to discouragement. The outlook, however dark, is always to the believer bright as the promises of God. Granted that a revival is sorely needed, it is equally certain that God is more ready to pour out His Holy Spirit than we are to pray. Do we honestly desire a great spiritual awakening?

There is strong prejudice in the average Christian Englishman against anything approaching religious excitement. It is partly due to the climate and our natural lethargy; it is partly the result of our jealous demand for reality, and a wholesome abhorrence of all that is shallow and evanescent. Consequently we like a quiet, steady-going religion, and deprecate all excitement or strong emotion.

This dread of revivals is not confined to the careless professors of religion. Many true Christians, though they know the terrible condition of the ungodly—blindfolded and enchained by the Devil and drifting to eternal destruction—and firmly believe that if not saved in this life by Jesus Christ they will be lost for ever, yet wish all the work of awakening them from their slumber and bringing them to Christ to be accomplished without excitement, without attracting any attention or making any stir. The great change of conversion—that mighty wrench whereby men are uprooted from their old foundations, torn asunder from the hopes and habits of a lifetime and led to yield to new influences, opening their hearts to the love of God and fixing their affections upon things above—a change which goes to the very foundations of a man's being, and affects every detail of his life—they desire that all this should take place without any stir or strong excitement. There is a widespread dread of everything sudden and decisive in personal religion, and a desire that God's kingdom should always go forward as quietly and gradually as the breaking of the day. So far as this dread of excitement is only fear of unreality and shallowness it is a good thing. We cannot be too careful in the midst of excitement to see that we are not carried away into saying or doing more than we mean. Any neglect of counting the cost is as foolish in the service of God as in business matters. But we must not condemn all revivals because in some of those who seem to be awakened the work is not lasting. However the seed is sown, the different kinds of soil will always be found. Shallow natures are met with, even in the course of the most sober preaching of the Gospel. The emotional hearer, who receives the seed into the outer surface of his feelings but is not in earnest through and through, will always make a great profession for a time and then fall away, through lack of depth, in the day of persecution.

We must not, then, let our dread of false religious excitement make us smother all enthusiasm in God's service. Enthusiasm needs to be guided and controlled, but without it there will be very little snatching of men from the grasp of the great enemy of souls, or lifting of God's people out of their worldliness and apathy into the spirit of joyful sacrifice and whole-hearted devotion. A certain amount of excitement will generally accompany great spiritual awakenings. The strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire are often needed to prepare the way for the still small voice. There may be strong excitement without the working of the Spirit—false fire of human energy and carnal enthusiasm, which brings no power of the Spirit with it. We must beware of this. There may be the powerful working of the Spirit without any excitement at all; as in the case of Lydia, God will sometimes awaken the ungodly as gently as when a mother rouses her slumbering child with a kiss. But frequently, as on the day of Pentecost, when strong prejudices are being overcome and proud wills yielding to God, and the fire of heaven is alighting on the sacrifice of willing hearts, there will be excitement so strong and manifest that the onlookers scoff and cry, "These men are full of new wine!"

And we need to see that the progress of God's kingdom amongst men is generally marked by a series of revivals and declensions. The forces of evil are so strong and active that it is only by a series of pitched battles, in which the spiritual energies of the Church of God are taxed to the utmost, that the enemy is driven back. We are engaged in a war, a great spiritual campaign, in which the opposing forces are so evenly balanced that the moment the Church relaxes her efforts she is driven back. For the forces of evil never slumber. We do not find in history or in Scripture that quiet uneventful progress in which souls are won without stir or excitement. Evil may spread silently and without effort, for man's fallen nature takes to it as readily as meal to leaven; but spiritual progress is all at the point of the sword. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church; the agonising prayers and sustained faith of God's people—sustained only by patient study of the Holy Scriptures—these win the day. The history of the Children of Israel is simply a record of a succession of declensions and revivals: first declensions marked by the falling into idolatry, that is, conforming to the sensuous delights, sanctioned by

religion, of the surrounding heathen nations, and then, with the advent of some great champion of Jehovah, the overthrow of idolatry and the revival of spiritual religion. It is the same with the history of the Christian Church—first trial and persecution, during which faith is strong and the hope of Christ's return bright and clear, and the Church is absolutely separate from the world; then toleration and peace, with a relaxing of the Church's watchfulness, a marked increase of her wealth and political influence, a corresponding decrease in her spiritual joy, in her unspottedness from the world, and in the convincing power of her testimony—a period of stagnation and decay.

That great revivalist, John Wesley, saw only too clearly in his own day the signs of the stagnation and deadness that followed that marvellous awakening of the eighteenth century. In a memorable sermon on the text, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is the hurt of the daughter of my people not recovered?" he examines why it is that even in a Protestant land, even in a church which knew the truth and had the advantage of a strict discipline as the Methodists had in those days, the healing efficacy of the Gospel, its power to overcome all that is evil and false in man, should be manifested to so small a degree. His answer was that luxury and love of ease, developed by increase of riches, were grieving God's Holy Spirit and frustrating the power of the Gospel. The Methodists, he declared, had decreased in fervour and power of faith in proportion as they had increased in wealth and social position. He observes that, whereas godliness necessarily tends to prosperity, unlimited prosperity tends to destroy godliness, and calls upon all who would check the stagnation that was threatening God's cause to give themselves more fully to fasting, to almsgiving, and to prayer. Is not this the immediate duty of Christians to-day? A revival is sorely needed. A revival is part of God's ordinary way of extending His kingdom—a revival, therefore, may be expected. Let every Christian at once seek to revive himself. Let every Christian pray more, give more, and fast more. I do not mean mere abstinence from food. Eating and drinking made up the whole of the simple life of the East. It is well for us to reduce our eating and drinking to the simplest forms, abstaining from wines and tobacco, and avoiding all making "provision for the flesh," but fasting is still more needed in the way of separation from the false excitements and unwholesome pleasures of the world, fasting from the materialistic, pleasure-worshipping spirit of the age But this only in order to lead to clearer vision and closer communion. Our eyes must "see the King in His beauty."

The true Christian is one who has God as his companion and the world under his feet. The one is impossible without the other. No monastic discipline can exorcise the love of the world, but it vanishes before the all-satisfying love of Christ. Get a revived faith, a revived sense of the sinfulness of sin, and the tremendous pressure of Eternity, a revived assurance of the marvellous love of God, a revived joy in the triumphs of His grace in your own salvation, your own daily deliverance from sin. When you are revived yourself, others will be revived through you. Fire must spread, but fire is easily choked. Remove at once anything that is choking the fire of your devotion, get a clear draught heavenwards, and an adequate supply of the fuel of the Word. It is the Church's own fault if she is feeble and impoverished. Heaven is not bankrupt. The riches of God are inexhaustible. Amidst all the complaint of our straitened condition the Master's word comes to us, opening out the sure way of revival: "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." But the asking must be "in His Name," and this is impossible unless the daily life be also "in His Name." For our prayers are homogeneous with ourselves. Seek to be filled with the Spirit, so that the lordship of Jesus Christ shall be a reality in every detail of your daily life. Then the prayer of faith, rising up continually from consecrated lives, will surely open the windows of heaven, and blessings more than we can contain will be poured out.



THE NEW CURATE.

A Story of the Irish Coast by W. M. O'Kane.

THE entire village was tremendously excited at the prospect of obtaining a curate. There never had been such a person in Tramore, yet the villagers, and indeed some of the "quality," with true Irish instinct, insisted upon speaking of the coming individual as "the new curate."

Dr. Kelly, the rector, had begun to feel that his work was getting beyond his powers. He had private means, and could, consequently, afford to consider the interests of his parish rather than his own. When he found that he was compelled to resort more and more to his old sermons, and that visitation of his people had become a burden almost too grievous to be borne, he wisely decided to call in help in the person of a young curate-assistant.

Tramore is a peculiar place. It is in the north of Ireland, but bears a strong family resemblance to the Galloway villages that lie opposite across the Channel. There are not many Roman Catholics resident in Tramore, but Presbyterians are quite as numerous as Church people. Presbyterian influence is accordingly strongly experienced. The people, and especially the men, are keenly interested in the "sarmon." The service may be slovenly and careless, but let the discourse be good, and all else is forgotten. Now the rector had fallen off in his preaching, and the people had fallen off in their attendance. Hence the necessity for the curate, and hence also a lively curiosity as to his gifts and graces.

In addition, the storms and controversies of the outside world had so far affected the former calm of Tramore as to produce in the bosoms of the ancient guardians of orthodoxy a fear that any young man might easily be tainted with either advanced views in matters of faith or ritualistic tendencies in matters of practice. Hence a certain attitude of mental armed neutrality towards the new curate—whoever he might be.



"'Men! this boat goes into the shed only over my body.'"—*p.* 39.

Amongst the female parishioners the interest was keenest. The advent of another "man buddy" into a community only too destitute

of that particularly desirable commodity was indeed something to talk about and speculate upon. Two of the younger members of village society put up their hair immediately. One young lady who was about to go to a situation as governess decided to postpone her departure for a couple of months. Several who were hesitating between the shop and the dye-works determined to risk new costumes. Almost the only girl who appeared insensible to what was about to happen was Muriel Kelly, the rector's only daughter. Perhaps, as some of the other girls suggested, she was as excited as any—if she were, she had, at all events, the art to conceal it.

The rector met the curate on his arrival, and walked with him through the village to his lodgings.

"Quite a busy little town," ventured the curate, after they had passed the third bevy of well-dressed young ladies.

"Well, it is not always so lively," replied the rector, with a twinkle in his eyes. "This seems to be shopping-day for most of the ladies."

"Oh!"

Before the rector left he invited his assistant to the rectory to join Mrs. Kelly and himself at their evening meal. He made no mention of Muriel, a circumstance that proved unfortunate for poor David Lyle.

On arrival at the rectory David was shown into the drawing-room. He bowed to the lady, who rose at his entry.

"Please do not light up," he requested, as she moved towards a standard lamp. "The fire-light is so charming."

The lady seated herself in an easy chair, just within the shade thrown by the fire and just without the shortened focus of the new curate's eyes.

"I think I knew your son at college," timidly ventured the curate, as the lady did not seem particularly disposed to open the conversation.

"Indeed!" was the abrupt response.

"A very nice fellow he was too, and a great kick at football."

"Really!"

This was painful. The rector's wife was evidently a contrast to her husband in geniality. Had the light been a little better, or had he himself been less diffident, he might have wondered at the curious sparkle in the eyes; but then, had the poor fellow looked into those eyes he would have known that they belonged to a young and angry girl, and not to an elderly and circumspect matron. It was almost a relief when the lady rose to her feet and walked towards the door. The curate turned the handle with a queer sinking sensation at his heart. He was beginning to suspect. As the light from the hall fell on the wavy hair and pretty face of Muriel Kelly his sensation became actually painful.

"I am afraid," he stammered, "that I have made a mistake."

"I am afraid you have," was the withering reply, given with an appropriate glance. Then she added, as she swept across the hall, the now superfluous information, "I am Miss, not Mrs. Kelly."

At dinner the curate thought it his duty to apologise for the mistake he made, and he was not a man to shirk any duty, however disagreeable.

"I am very sorry indeed, Miss Kelly, that I didn't know you weren't your mother."

She looked at him with eyes of great bewilderment.

"You see," he added lamely, "you were practically in the dark."

"You might have known from my voice," she retorted, with that lack of logic which is one of the chief charms of her sex.

Of course, it was in the curate's mind to reply that she had merely uttered two short exclamations, but he wisely refrained from going deeper. Although all inexperienced, his instinct told him that the proverb concerning sleeping dogs refers primarily to angry girls.

On the first Sunday of the curate's ministry the church was full—a circumstance that was not repeated for some time to come. He only read the lessons and preached, but he made mistakes in his reading, fumbled in turning the pages (of course, both lessons required this), and actually stopped for a full minute in the sermon.

"Whut d'ye think o' him?" asked the churchwarden.

"Think o' him!" echoed the treasurer. "Naething, sir—naething. He reads like a boy in the second book, an' can prache as much as a cuddy!"

"Whun the doctor has naething tae say he talks Greek, but whun he has naething tae say he jist says it," added the churchwarden.

Margaret, his wife, was standing near. She

evidently felt for poor Lyle, and joined in the conversation to some purpose.

"John Thompson," said she—and when Margaret used both Christian and surname she was usually listened to with some attention. "John Thompson, the first time you pulled an oar you fell on your back in a basket o' codfish."

It soon became painfully evident that the new curate was anything but a success. Always a student, he had all a student's shyness and diffidence. Physically he did not appeal to the men whose lives were, for the most part, spent in taking from the unwilling sea spoil for daily bread. Many of the women, with superior spiritual instinct, clung to him and supported him bravely, but most of the men were becoming rare visitors to church, and some had been known to assert openly their contempt for the new arrival.

However it happened, it was to Muriel Kelly that David Lyle went for sympathy—and got it. Their inauspicious beginning had been forgotten, and Muriel, who knew the village people better even than her father, became the very stay and support of the curate. For his part Lyle liked the place and he liked the people. If only these big-boned, large-muscled, red-faced men could gain the necessary respect for him, he felt that he could do much to sweeten and beautify their lives. Muriel advised him simply to go on doing his duty, and his chance of gaining their respect would come

Summer passed into autumn and winter came upon the land, and still things were not much better in Tramore. Lyle had improved greatly in his preaching, but the men remained prejudiced against him. Muriel was of opinion that the prejudice would have to be broken down suddenly or remain for ever.

The first big gale of the season was late in coming. Christmas was at hand before the waves leaped the grass-grown rock tops and the wind lifted the corn-stacks from their pillars. The boats were made safe, and the men, gathered in a group, watched with feelings of satisfaction, seeing that all was right, the waves break over the head of the pier. Night gathered down upon them, and the sea became grumbling darkness. Suddenly the storm cloud over the sea was cut by the curved line of a rocket. Instantly all eyes searched the gloom. When another streak of fire rushed out the men shook their heads ominously, and murmured, "Aye, it's the Ship Rock again!"

The Ship Rock lay just off the village, and derived its name from the number of vessels wrecked on the reef. The tide set strongly in on the rocks, and helped the north-east gales to bring many a stout ship to destruction. The men of Tramore in the old days, when wreckage was loot, looked upon the Rock as a special gift of Providence. Indeed, it was said that many of the present generation had, when lads, been taught to pray at their mothers' knees, "God bliss ma an' da an' sen' a ship on the Rock afore mornin'." Yet these same lads, despite the assumed downward tendency of the age, had become men who often risked their lives cheerfully to save the life and property of others.

To-night there was anxious debate A vessel was on the Ship Rock, and the rocket apparatus was useless to throw a line so far out to sea. The lifeboat was brought out into the wind and blinding spray, but for once the coxswain hesitated and the crew hung back. It was not to be wondered at. The night was heavy and dark; the wind tore fiercely into the mouth of the little harbour; the sea rushed and roared as though driven by all the furies. It would be a hard task even to launch the boat. But what would it be to reach the reef? Not often did the women complain, but to-night they, weeping, entreated their husbands and brothers not to venture out.

David Lyle stood alone and watched the discussion. No one thought of consulting him. When work was to be debated a weakling could have little to say. The rector and his daughter stood a little apart. Muriel kept an eye on the curate. Something, she knew, was going to happen.

At last Lyle saw, with a feeling of almost exultation, the men begin to drag the boat back towards the boat-house. He placed himself directly in its path. The rector made a movement to pull him aside.

"Let him alone," Muriel exclaimed imperiously, placing a firm hand on her father's arm. "He has got his chance at last. See if he can make the most of it." Somewhere behind the flash of her eyes was the jubilant feeling that he would "make the most of it."

"Men!" he exclaimed—and his voice rang clear above the hiss of the wind—"this boat goes into the shed only over my body. There are fellow-creatures perishing out there on the reef. It is our duty, as men and Christians, to help. I will go in the boat with any others,

but I will not permit the life-boat to be withdrawn."

The men were astounded. This was a new *rôle* for the curate. Perhaps his words sounded a little bit mock heroic, but they did not notice. In the glare from the coastguard blue light, as he stood in the track of the boat, he looked nobler, more manly, than he had hitherto appeared. It must be confessed that several of the women forgot their former anxiety for their husbands in a feeling of pride for their clergyman. Another pause came in the roar of the tempest.

"You are no cowards. You have faced death before now. God will keep us! Who will go with me?"

"I'm ready," bluntly exclaimed the old salt who had steered the boat since she had first come to the coast.

His example was soon followed by men who were but half-hearted in their defection, and at the next lull the boat was rushed into the rolling waters. The curate stood at the stern wearing a life-belt a dozen sizes too big for him. The old steersman had entreated him to remain ashore, but he was not to be persuaded.

Then followed the period during which those who tarry earn their reward. It seemed as though days had passed before the boat again appeared within the light shed over the yeasty sea by a huge bonfire built in a sheltered rock hollow. With joy unspeakable she was drawn ashore, and the shipwrecked crew taken possession of. And then it was found that the wrecked vessel was a coasting schooner, and had amongst her crew two young fellows from Tramore itself. One of these had been pulled aboard the boat, in a half conscious condition, by the curate himself.

The lad was tenderly enough lifted from the boat, and the crowd gathered round, each one eager to help. The curate alone hung back. As he stole off into the darkness he was conscious of a quick flash from eyes brighter than flames of fire, and the soft swish of a skirt, as a girl turned again to see how the operation of restoring the half-drowned youth was progressing. The curate had received his "Well done."

The following Sunday will long be remembered in the village. The morning congregation was much as usual. Just now it seldom varied, wet or dry. The real test of a clergyman's power was the number who thought it "worth while" to come in the evening. The rector now seldom appeared at evening service, and the congregation had dwindled to the meagrest dimensions. This Sunday, however, there was no room for complaint regarding either the number or the attention of the congregation.

When David Lyle entered the church what seemed a perfect sea of faces met his astonished glance. Tramore knew how to appreciate courage as well as theology, and there was not, in consequence, a seat to be found for full thirty people who stood throughout the entire service. The Presbyterians, who usually came surreptitiously at harvest-tide or Christmas, showed themselves boldly. Poor Lyle was completely nonplussed. When he looked at the crowded pews and thought of their former emptiness, his nervousness was increased a hundredfold. Never, perhaps, since his first sermon had he preached so badly. But there was no sign of weariness or impatience. Perhaps most of those present heard only the roaring of the wind and sea, and saw only this delicate-looking lad leaning over the side of the life-boat to bring to safety one of their number.

Lyle waited long in the vestry that the people might have time to disperse. It was lost time, because when he appeared the little God's acre was crammed with living men, women, and children. The curate hesitated, and had there been light to see, those near him would have observed tears in his eyes. Hats and caps were raised as he passed with downcast eyes; many a murmured "God bless you!" reached his ears. When the pillars of the gate loomed through the darkness the confused cleric began to breathe again, for he thought that deliverance was near. But all was not yet over. Before he left the crowd behind, a thin, piping voice rose clear and distinct on the night: "Three cheers for the new curate!" And the quiet of the Sunday eve was broken by three great cheers that might almost have roused the dead sleeping around.

The churchwardens, on the following Wednesday evening, gravely discussed this unwonted outbreak.

"Siccan a thing was nivir heerd tell o' in Tramore afore," exclaimed Gilbert Dalzell.

"Aye, aye," acquiesced John Thompson. "'Twas a scandalous thing tae dae, I'm afeerd. *But, man, Gilbert, for the life o' me I cudna' help joinin' in.*"

David Lyle is now the popular rector of the parish, and Muriel still rules in the rectory.

PUBLIC MEN IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

By A. Wallis Myers.

THE centenary of the Sunday School Union, celebrated this year, is an event which, if it does not stir the nation's interest like the jubilee of a monarch, at least stimulates the imagination of a great army of Christian children. From the day that Raikes employed his first four teachers to instruct a handful of bairns gathered from the back streets of Gloucester, the Sunday school has gradually grown into a national institution, the members of which in various countries now total up to twenty-five millions, the scholars in the schools of Great Britain and Ireland alone falling little short of seven millions. Taken by themselves, these figures are an immediate proof of the welfare and hardihood of the movement; taken in conjunction with the unnumbered instances of reclamation and social good bestowed on its adherents, the success of the Sunday school system is certain.

The romantic story of Raikes's first Sabbath school in the West of England, and of shoemaker Kemp's first class in Hoxton Street, London, is familiar to all readers of THE QUIVER. Who has not heard how James Kemp trudged all the way from Hoxton to Gloucester to hear from the great pioneer's own lips the methods which he had so manfully adopted; and how that Kemp returned to London stimulated with pious zeal, bent on opening the doors of his own house for the instruction of the youthful scalliwags of his district?



(Photo: Florman, Stockholm.)

PRINCE BERNADOTTE.



(Photo: Florman, Stockholm.)

PRINCESS BERNADOTTE.

Since those early days of inception many men of note and distinction in public life have given at least one day each week of their busy lives to Sunday school work, often foregoing hours of well-earned repose in order that the spiritual welfare of little children may be furthered. It is a pleasure, and not an irksome duty, in

which they engage; but it may safely be said that Sunday school teaching and Bible class instruction by celebrities has demanded, and will continue to demand, the sacrifice of many of those secular luxuries which other men would fain attain.

In Sweden, for instance, we have one striking example of a Royal Prince renouncing his rights as possible heir to the Throne in order that he might marry a Christian lady, who is now the Princess, and follow his desire to engage in religious and philanthropic work. When the Rev. F. B. Meyer had been staying with the Prince and Princess Bernadotte at their home, he recalls that their last words to him on Saturday night were: "Will you excuse us if we have breakfast an hour earlier on Sunday morning? because it is our custom to go with our children to our Sunday school, which is always preceded by a prayer meeting for half an hour, and that we never miss." It has been a beautiful thing to see the Prince and Princess and their four children depart early in the morning to attend these services. Their English guests do not accompany them, and know nothing by personal observation of what is actually done at the Sunday school. But Mr. Meyer, for one, says that his admiration and love for them grows as he knows them better. Their home life is ordered so simply and beautifully that one cannot but be impressed with the perpetual presence of God under their roof.



(Photo: E. Bieber, Berlin.)

COUNT A. BERNSTORFF.



(Photo: Lafayette.)

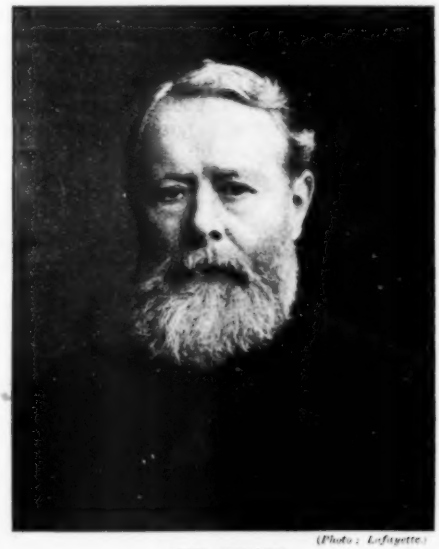
LORD OVERTOUN.

Before we leave the Continent, some reference is demanded to the splendid work organised by Count A. Bernstorff, who has been connected with the Sunday school movement from the very beginning. When in November, 1863, the veteran Sunday school missionary Mr. Albert Woodruff, from Brooklyn, New York, came to Germany, he soon interested the Count, who was then a young man of nineteen in Sunday schools. A year later the latter largely helped to start the Sunday school of the Evangelical Society, and ever since has remained a warm friend of the cause. He is still the superintendent of a Sunday school containing about two hundred children, for whom he built a hall in his own house in Berlin.

After the death of Pastor Prochnon, in 1887, Count Bernstorff was elected President of the German Sunday School Committee—a post he still occupies with great distinction, and as such he has taken the chair at six national conventions. When it was initi-

ated, the Sunday school movement met with much opposition in Germany, every kind of lay work being unknown ; but, thanks chiefly to the zeal and tact of Count Bernstorff, it soon conquered all prejudices and made itself at home and even appreciated. In the beginning there were only four children's services in Berlin, nothing being done in the rest of the churches to bring the little ones to Christ, such efforts being left entirely to the family. At the present time there is no parish in Berlin without at least one Sunday school ; in most of them there are several. All the great missionary agencies have their schools—even the Young Men's Christian Association—in order to give their members experience of spiritual work. Count Bernstorff has visited both of the World's Conventions in London, and was recently over here for the centenary celebration of the Sunday School Union, of which he is a Vice-President.

Cases where peers of the realm have regularly taught in the Sunday school are, it is to be feared, sufficiently rare to attract attention ; but it may not be generally known that three past Lord Chancellors—Earls Hatherley, Selborne, and Cairns—were all zealous workers in this department, while the late Lord Herschell, before he became such, taught for several years in the school connected with his father's chapel in



(Photo : Lafayette.)

LORD KINNAIRD.

John Street, Edgware Road. To-day we have Lord Overtoun, Glasgow's premier

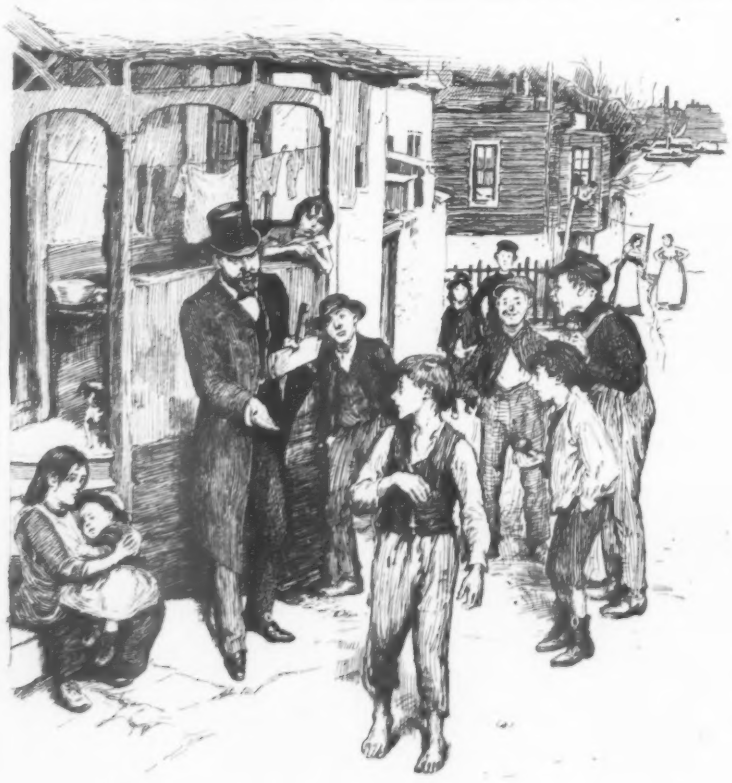


LORD KINNAIRD AND THE SHOEBLACK BOYS

citizen, as one of the few noblemen taking an active part in the furtherance of the Sunday School Union ideals. Although a millionaire, furnished with every opportunity to make Sunday a day of secular pleasure, Lord Overtoun has sedulously devoted himself on the Sabbath to instructing a Bible class of five hundred young Scots, among whom he is immensely popular. With the welfare of young men his lordship is closely identified, and, among other good works, he pays a well-known Scotch minister a round sum a year to devote his energies to preaching the Gospel. Lord Overtoun thoroughly believes in athletics for young men. He is a keen sportsman himself, fishes with zeal, and is not to be despised at golf. But none of these recreations finds a place in his Sunday programme. In that respect, as in many others, he sets a practical example.

Lord Kinnaird is of course, another peer who has given his best to the children on a Sunday. For the last thirty-six years he has been a ragged school and a Sunday school teacher, his instruction principally taking the form of a service for shoeblack boys, to whose welfare he is so keenly devoted. Lord Kinnaird, whose interest in young men is a byword, appreciates the supreme importance of Sunday school work as the chief hope of keeping in touch with each succeeding generation of boys and girls. It is thus that he strives, whenever possible, to bring himself into close personal touch with his scholars.

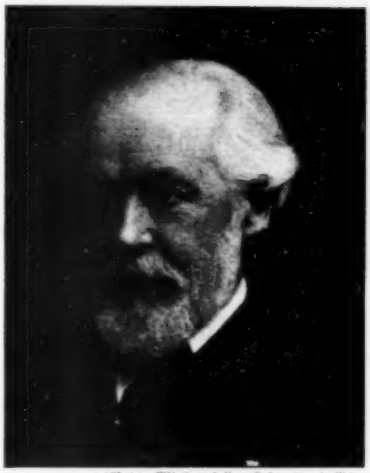
Although three Lord Chancellors have taught in Sunday schools, there is apparently no Judge now sitting on the Bench who personally conducts a class, although the present Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, was a teacher in his youth, and still cherishes a warm sympathy for the work. It is perhaps only natural the Lord Chief Justice should be unable to find the time at present,



SIR J. McDOUGALL AT GREENWICH.

though we remember that the late Mr. Thomas Ellis (the chief Liberal whip) once left a meeting of the Cabinet in order that he might not disappoint his assembled class.

Another very busy man whose interest in the Sunday school has ever been real and sincere, is Sir John McDougall, last year's Chairman of the London County Council. Sir John was one of a large family reared in Manchester, and first began to teach in Sharp Street Ragged School when he was quite a youngster, his first charges being infants. It was here, as he himself has said, that he first learnt his intense love for children;



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

SIR J. McDOUGALL.



(Photo: Mault and Fox, Piccadilly, W.)

MR. GEORGE WHITE, M.P.

here that that love had full scope. A gentle yet firm disciplinarian, Sir John McDougall soon earned the affection and trust of every child. Those were the dark days before the passing of the Act of 1870, and the ill-fed bairns had to be taught the rudiments of reading and writing before the Bible became anything like a potent factor in their lives. Sir John was one of the first to persevere in the educational task, and he also devoted all his leisure moments to procuring meals for his young pupils. When, at the age of twenty-five, the ex-Chairman of the London County Council came to London, he almost immediately became honorary secretary of the West Ham School Board, the first to be established after that of London. Simultaneously he threw himself into Sunday school work in connection with the Wesleyan body. Removing subsequently to Greenwich, Sir John started a school of ragged street arabs whom he himself collected in the side streets of that riverside town. Having secured the use of a building, he would sally forth alone, and, diving into the lowest quarters of Greenwich, would capture little



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MR. F. F. BELSEY.

torn and shivering lads and lassies, provide them with warmth and clothing, and then instruct them in the Divine truths of the Gospel.

Sir John McDougall has put on record the fruit of his experience as an active teacher. "I think," he says, "the need for Sunday schools is as great as ever, but the schools should be so adapted to the tastes of the scholars that they may enjoy learning to be and to do good. To my mind, the great things to enforce are the love of



(Photo: H. J. Whitlock and Sons, Ltd., Birmingham.)
MR. GEORGE CADBURY.

God and the kindly service of one to another. I do not think the superintendent ought to be responsible for the ordering of the whole school; his discipline should not be that of a jailer in a prison. A kindly, affectionate discipline is what is required, and a sense of humour is to be encouraged, so long as it does not develop into boisterous mirth."

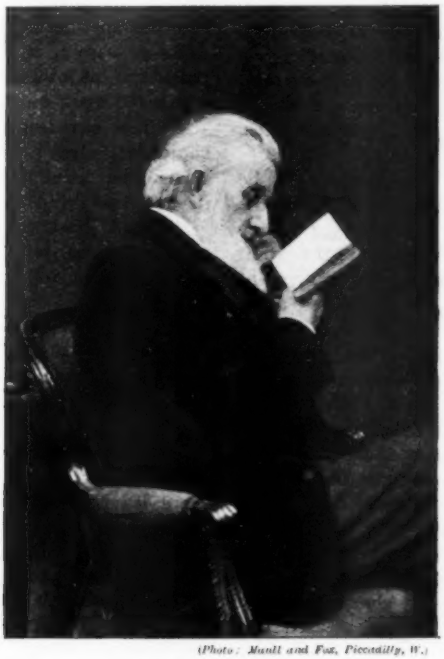
Among members of Parliament who take an active part in Sunday school instruction are Mr. J. H. Whiteley and Mr. George White. The second is most indefatigable in his weekly duties at St. Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich, with which, remarkable to relate, all five partners in the firm of which Mr. White is chairman are connected. For some years Mr. White has been superintendent of the Sunday school and leader of the first day adult school for men, and in his devotion to the work he has been an example to all. It was no light programme that he carried through for years—to begin with the men's school at nine o'clock, which involved a walk of nearly two miles from his house to the chapel; to be at the reading desk at the morning and evening services in the sanctuary; and at the Sunday school in the afternoon. Mr. White's manner in the Sunday school is like the man—straightforward and businesslike. He is respected by every man, woman, and child, for his character is absolutely above reproach. Moreover, he has never failed to regard his duties at the Sunday school as equal in importance to those he fulfils as Chairman of the School Board, as magistrate, or even in the House of Commons.

The Sunday school has commanded the energies of many another gentleman who has held high municipal office, but none who have devoted so much of their daily lives to its welfare as the present President of the Sunday School Union, Mr. Francis Flint Belsey, J.P. It is difficult to bring within our limits a record of Mr. Belsey's strenuous life. A native of Rochester, he has done much for the town, twice filling the mayoral chair and twice contesting a Parliamentary election. He also founded a workmen's club when none was available in Rochester, and subsequently, when two others were started, converted it into a branch of the Y.M.C.A. and a temperance hotel. Of his Sunday school labours it would be impossible to speak too highly. For forty-five years he was connected with the Vines Sunday School at Rochester, which under his superintendence reached a membership of seventy teachers and seven hundred scholars. His preparation classes for teachers, two of which he conducted every Saturday evening, effected much good, and are remembered to-day with grateful pleasure. Gifted with great organising capacity and tact, Mr. Belsey was soon brought into official contact with the Sunday School Union, and at the request of its council he attended the International Convention at Toronto in 1881, and subsequently he became Chairman of the Council and one of the trustees of the Union—honourable positions which he now holds by annual re-election. Mr. Belsey was President of the World's first Sunday School Convention, held in London, and it was his privilege to take the chair at the meeting at which Dr. Clark first unfolded his scheme of Christian Endeavour to an assembly of English Christians. But why go

on? Mr. Belsey's name is too well known in every Sunday school to need prominence here. Suffice it to add that the President of the Union has specially interested himself in promoting the increased efficiency of the schools and the improvement of the teaching. He was one of the first to employ the blackboard in the Sunday school.

It may not be generally known that one of our greatest living scientists was once the superintendent of a Sunday school, this being Sir William Huggins, K.C.B., President of the Royal Society. Another well-known public man and a great naval architect, Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, has been a teacher in the Sunday school for sixty years, and has been the superintendent of his present school at Lee for more than half that period. A devout Christian and a passionate lover of children, Sir Nathaniel is never happier than when taking a class of youngsters, and, though he is one of the last to court recognition, yet he is not a little proud of the diploma recently presented to himself and seven colleagues as the result of twenty-five years of service in the same institution. "Whoso would know the crowning delight of life," says this eminent naval architect, "let him spend himself in helping to make the lives of the children beautiful."

One of the richest men in the Midlands, Mr. George Cadbury is also one of the simplest livers, and for more than forty years he has never failed to rise every Sunday morning at six o'clock in order that he may conduct a Bible class in Birmingham, which numbers many hundreds of men and youths. In the winter months the road is dark and dreary for his five-mile journey, and often it is in a very dangerous state; but, no matter what the weather may be like, this eminent philanthropist arrives at the school on his bicycle in time to breakfast with the teachers of his branch classes. From half-past seven till eight a friendly discussion is held as to the various needs of individual scholars and the work of the school; then the classes are convened, and at their conclusion Mr. Cadbury cycles back to his home.



(Photo: Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.)

SIR NATHANIEL BARNABY.

ONE PERFECT YEAR.

A Complete Story by E. Burrowes.

"HOW long do you give her?"

The man's voice was hoarse and shaken, but the great doctor's eyes met his unflinchingly. Perhaps he was only too well accustomed to such a question, and such a case.

"One year," he said briefly. "No more. I am sorry, but you had better know the truth at once. Do as you think best about keeping it from her, or telling her. She'll probably find it out in any case."

"Yes. She'll find it out in any case. Thank you, doctor. I suppose there is nothing to be done? Nothing you can suggest to make things easier for her?"

The words were difficult to say, but the doctor must have understood. There was a queer, hard gleam in his eyes as they met those of the other man—the husband.

"Nothing of consequence," he said evenly; "she will not suffer much, and you can let her do what she likes, and go where she likes. It will not matter."

The words rang in Wygram's ears as he stumbled out into the glaring sunlight of the July afternoon. *It will not matter!* They had been married barely two months: that was the horrible cruelty of the thing—he fought against it in vain, as he walked along the hot pavements, seeing no one, and heeding nothing in his misery. He remembered how she had treated it as a joke at first: laughed at him, and called him fussy, and an old molly-coddle, because he insisted that a doctor must be sent for. He knew that there must be some cause for the lassitude and languor which had overtaken her already when their honeymoon was scarcely over. They had laughed at it together, and that very day she had been in the highest of spirits. When she consented to see a doctor she insisted on choosing her own; but he was pleased that she chose the one man in London who would surely understand her case and do what was needful. The name of Haviland was one to conjure with just then; but young Mrs. Wygram fixed on him because he was a friend of her childhood. So to Haviland she went joyously and light of heart, and he listened to her tale of weakness and languor, and looked at her with the attentive eye of the seeker after mysteries, and then told her to eat well and take care of herself, and to go into the country if she liked it better than London, and then he dismissed her with a smile. That was all.

But there was more behind. Wygram guessed as much, and paid a private visit to Sir James Haviland, and heard dully, and with a horrible sickening clutch at his heart, the words of doom.

One year.

When he reached home she was looking out for him from the flower-filled balcony, where pink geraniums hung their heads in the heat. In her white gown she looked like a flower herself, and he was struck afresh by the wonderful colour in her soft cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes. She looked so well—so happy, smiling down at him, as he pulled out his latch-key, but those two ominous words fell upon him as a bolt out of the blue.

"Where have you been all this time, Giles?" she asked, when he joined her on the balcony under the awning. "I thought you were never coming in!"

"I had business in the City, dear," he answered evasively. He could not tell her! He would not tell her: it was cruel—it was unspeakable. Why should there not be some mistake? Doctors were not always infallible, his heart cried out to him as he chattered gaily; and he answered her at random and with miserable, averted eyes.

* * * * * *

Three months later they were in the country. Shooting parties had come and gone. Visitors were leaving every day, and Wygram knew that he and Helena would at last be alone together again. He longed for, and at the same time dreaded, that *solitude à deux* which but a little time ago he would have hailed with joy. Now a shadow stood between them, for he had not told her yet. As each month, each week, each day passed he knew the hour was coming when that most difficult of things

must be told; and then one morning Helena looked up from a letter she had just opened, and unwittingly solved the terrible problem for him.

"A letter from Sir James," she said; "he wants to come to us for a few days' rest, Giles. I believe that he makes an excuse to bother me with treatment or something; but, of course, he must come. It will be nice to have him."

So Haviland was coming down. Then let *him* tell the horrible thing. It was inhuman to leave the dreaded task to him: to expect him to tell the being he loved most on earth that only nine short months of life remained to her. He shuddered, and looked forward to the coming of the doctor with relief.

When he came he was the only guest—everyone else had gone, and there were just those three: the husband, the doomed wife, the doctor whose fiat had gone forth three months ago. He was overworked, he said, and tired out; a few days' complete quiet and rest in the country would work wonders; and he was anxious to see how Helena was getting on—this with a smile at the girl at the head of the stately table. He had known her ever since she was a mite in short white frocks, and tumbling curly hair. He told her with a smile that he was a privileged person, and that therefore he was quite entitled to prescribe for her as he pleased. Wygram looked on and listened to the ghastly pleasantry with set face. She must be told, and Haviland must tell her.

He sought him out a day later, and called him to his study. Helena was singing in her boudoir—he could hear the soft sound of the piano in the distance as he shut the door, and turned to the physician.

"Will you tell her?" he said abruptly. "For I—I can't."

Haviland shot a questioning glance at him. "Tell her?" he said. "That——"



"Wygram waited in silence."

"Yes; you know what she must be told. Heaven help us both! She does not know it yet; I've never had the pluck to break it to her, and you must do it for me. Isn't it too much to expect of me?"

He turned away and looked out of the window, and Haviland watched him with a curious gleam in his keen eyes. He had just come from a prolonged interview with Mrs.

Wygram; he had insisted on it half laughingly, half seriously, and the result had startled him.

For a moment there was silence; there was something suggestive of cool deliberation—a careful balancing of pro and con—in the doctor's attitude and thoughtful air. Once he opened his lips to speak, and stopped short with the words almost trembling on his lips. Finally he said:

"I have just seen Helena again. You may remember that I expressed a wish to have another examination later on. . . . I have just made it."

Wygram swung round.

"And——" he said eagerly, new hope springing to life in his face.

Haviland looked searchingly at the other man's set white face—at the lines which were beginning to show on his forehead, telling of anxiety and care.

"I can but hold to my first opinion," he said slowly, and Wygram bowed his head in silence. There was, then, no hope, and the one year had now dwindled to little more than eight months.

"As to telling her," said Haviland presently in his slow, even tones, "I must leave it to you. She may know it already; there is something akin to the marvellous in a woman's intuition; where we ponder and hesitate to believe, she *knows*. I cannot help thinking that it is so with Helena."

So the precious time passed. Haviland left, refreshed after his short holiday, and the Wygrams settled down alone for the winter. There was some talk of wintering abroad, suggested by Wygram in the wild hope that a warmer climate might prolong the precious life over which he was watching; but Helena would not hear of it—Haviland had said nothing mattered, that she was to do as she liked—so Wygram gave way. He wondered a dozen times a day whether Helena knew—whether she guessed—whether he should tell her. But he put off the evil day, and thrust it from him fiercely. The agony of suspense lay heavy enough upon him—let him bear it alone. It was when the fateful year was drawing all too rapidly to a close, and Wygram dreaded to see a change in the girl's loveliness, that she said to him one sunny April day:

"Do you know we shall soon have been married a whole year, Giles? Just think of it!"

He tried to meet her smiling glance without flinching.

"Nearly a year, darling. So we have. It has flown, hasn't it?"

"On wings," she said happily, "and it's been just perfect, Giles. Whatever happens now, we shall be able to look back upon one perfect year."

"One perfect year! He looked at her quickly. Did she know, then? Had she guessed?

"Whatever happens now, we shall have had one perfect year."

She looked down at him with a smile.

"How solemn you are," she said gaily; "you have been so for such a long time, Giles. Is there anything the matter? Or were you worried about me? Why, I'm ever so much better; I'm getting quite fat, and as strong as possible. I thought I was going to be very ill at first, but I'm nearly well."

He winced at her words. Either she did not know, or she was purposely trying to deceive him, thinking perhaps that *he* was in ignorance of the doom hanging over her head. Whichever it was——

The door opened and a maid came in with a pile of letters on a tray.

"Three for me, four circulars for you, Giles, and a letter; oh! and a newspaper."

Wygram got up; his fingers closed on the letter; he knew the handwriting. It was from Haviland. The rest of his correspondence he thrust into the waste-paper basket.

"I must do a little scribbling before tea, dear," he said; "I shall not be long."

He felt he must get away to read the letter alone; he could not bear her smiling eyes upon him, and he shut himself into his study and opened the letter.

At first he hardly understood the meaning of the clearly written words which covered nearly a sheet. He read it twice before he took in their complete sense. The letter was dated the previous day, and addressed from the house in Harley Street in which the dread fiat had been given out.

"DEAR WYGRAM,—You will read in to-morrow's paper of the accident, which must result in my death, probably in a few hours' time. Therefore I need not mention it in this letter; time is short, and I have something to say to you which must be said before I shuffle off this mortal coil. I don't ask your forgiveness, nor do I excuse myself. I simply

make a confession to you, which is this: I told you some nine months ago that Helena was doomed—that her indisposition came from a perfectly incurable disease, and that she had only a year to live. *It was a lie;* it *is* a lie. She is now practically well, and I knew it when I was with you in the autumn. You will naturally wonder what reason I had for treating you in this manner, and for perjuring my immortal soul—as some folk would call it. I ask you, Have you never heard of revenge? Or jealousy? Or unsatisfied love? These were the motives that prompted me to lie to you. Ever since I can remember her I have loved her; once I thought I should win her—though she never, I think, guessed my secret; then you came, and my dream was shattered. I—I hated you, and when Helena came to me and asked my advice and treatment, I saw with a flash of devilish lightning a way by which I could crowd into one year of your life all the unspoken agony and pain and grief which was given to me to bear. I did it. I knew it had the effect I meant it to have, and—enough. I'm at the end of my tether, and somehow I fancy I shall make a better exit from the world if I—confess. That's all I have to say; tell her or not, as you like; it doesn't matter much either way. In an hour or so I shall be beyond the power of human fury or forgiveness.

"James Haviland."

For a long time Wygram sat motionless with the letter before him. He was stunned. By slow degrees he began to realise what this letter meant; what a load of darkness and grief it lifted from him; what a rose-coloured future it showed him—for him and Helena.

He sprang to his feet.

It had all been a lie! All the nine months of agony fell from him—his face lightened, grew younger; it was as if a sponge had been passed over his countenance, erasing all the lines and signs of anguish and haunting fear which he had been at such pains to hide from Helena. And then another thought flashed upon him. He need never tell her! She need never know of the horrible thing which had crushed him during those nine months.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered brokenly. "*Thank Heaven!*"

And never once did he think of the man who had wrought this havoc in his life for revenge. He had no room for any thoughts but those of Helena—and the new and wonderful future before him.

He turned again to the table and looked at the letter; perhaps the hand that had penned those lines was now still for ever. The thought sent him in haste to the daily paper; he searched its columns, and then his eye was arrested by a paragraph which stated that the eminent physician, Sir James Haviland, had been knocked down by a hansom while crossing the Strand the previous morning, that the injuries were of such a nature that no hope was entertained of his recovery.

Wygram dropped into his chair. A revulsion of feeling swept over him. What he had suffered, for nearly *one* year, the dead man had suffered for—how many?

The door opened softly, and Helena slipped into the room. She saw her husband, with his head bowed on his arms, sitting at the table; she saw an open letter at his side. She recognised the handwriting, and instinctively she thought she knew what had happened.

"Giles, dear," she said, her hand on his shoulder—and she felt how he started under her gentle touch—"Giles, dear, I know all about it; you need not have hidden it from me. I think I guessed."

He looked up, with such joy shining in his eyes that she drew back startled.

"You know—*what?*" he asked.

"That—I am more ill than you thought," she said bravely. "I guessed there was something like that when you looked so grave, and Sir James came down again and—let me see his letter, Giles—yes, I must; you shall *not* keep it from me any longer."

She tore the letter from his hand, and read it through. Wygram waited in silence; after all, *she* would not judge the dead man hardly.

He waited five minutes—six—then——

"*Giles!*"

He caught her in his arms, and hushed her sobbing as one would soothe a child.

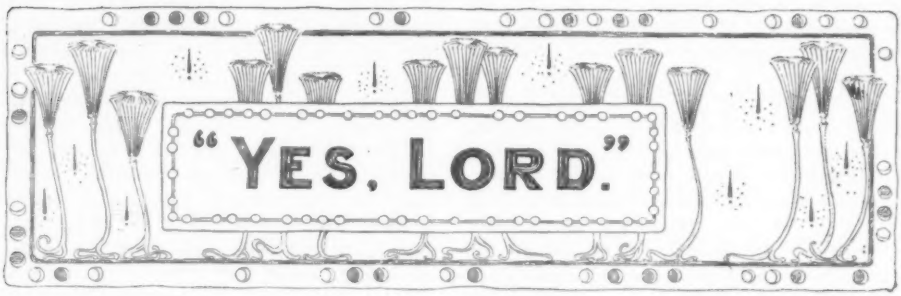
* * * * *

Wygram was right. Helena was not hard on the dead man.

"I never knew—I never guessed," she said pitifully, "but—can I ever forgive the pain he made you suffer?"

But I think she did in time. For she says that perhaps if it had not been for that dark shadow which had hovered over them, that one year would not have been so perfect.

"Whatever happens now, Giles," she said, with her hand in his, "we shall always be able to look back on *one perfect year.*"



By Thomas Spurgeon, Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

AT a recent meeting for prayer and testimony, an experienced Christian told of how the words "Yes, Lord," on the wall of his room had helped him to a devout and trustful frame of mind. Hearing of this, I began to reflect on the advantage of having such a motto hung in my heart, enclosed in the golden frame of a sanctified memory. Moreover, I commenced to contemplate the questions that my Lord might put to me, and to wonder if, in every case in which the reply ought to be in the affirmative, I could unhesitatingly answer, "Yes, Lord." Naturally enough, my mind reverted to the golden days "when Jesus was here among men," and to the occasions on which the disciples and others responded thus to the Lord's inquiries. To five of these I propose to ask the attention of my readers, in the hope they also will have a "Yea, Lord" ready for each of their Master's questions.

1. "And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed Him, crying and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on on us. And when He was come into the house, the blind men came to Him; and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto Him, Yea, Lord. Then touched He their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you" (Matt. ix. 27–29).

This is the "Yea" of unquestioning faith in Christ's power. These afflicted suppliants knew the secret of prevailing prayer. Somehow or other, they had discovered that, whereas without faith it is impossible to please Him, there is nothing that delights Him more than absolute trust in His love and power. Their eyes of faith were open, though natural vision had been denied them. It is better to see the things that are invisible than the things that are temporal. Faith's far-seeing eye perceived that the Son of David could do this mighty deed, and with a word unlock to sealed eyes the beauties of earth and sky. There were two blind men, but there was only one voice, and that said solemnly and certainly, "Yea, Lord." What magnificent faith this saying proved! for there must have been some inward promptings to fear and unbelief.

Oh, for such sublime and simple confidence! The "Yea" of absolute and unquestioning trust declares that there is nothing too hard for the Lord, and sweetly sings, "I know that Thou canst do everything."

Do we seek the opening of the eyes for ourselves, or for others? Let us not limit the Holy One of Israel; let us cherish no doubt that He Who has come to give both life and light can open the eyes of the understanding, and make those who were sometime darkness to be henceforward "light in the Lord."

> "Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
> Thou canst make the blind to see;
> Witnesser of Jesu's merits,
> Speak the word of power to me!"

The faith of these seekers was specific. They believed for "this." That they might receive their sight was the one thing that they desired of the Lord, and after that they sought with a direct and definite faith.

It is just here that we often fail. Our petitions are far too vague and indefinite. "Generalities are the death of prayer."

We should have a well-defined longing in our hearts; then we shall be better able to return a decided "Yea, Lord," to the inquiry which tests our faith. Let our dealings with our God be prompt, pointed, and personal—I had almost written businesslike. Above all, we will rest assured that He is able—gloriously able. Then He will honour our trustfulness. "Those who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true."

This "Yea, Lord," was triumphant. It demanded and secured the boon. There could be no refusal to such "firm and lasting" faith. Nor could there be long delay. "Then touched He their eyes," and His touch immediately poured celestial day upon the eyeballs of the blind.

That touch has still its ancient power, and so has the "Yea, Lord," of unstaggering faith. If we say "Yea," He will not say us "Nay."

Moreover, it will be with us as it was with these sightless men of Palestine, to whom it was done according to their faith. We have the measuring of our own mercies. Only when the wife of the prophet could borrow no more vessels did the oil stay. It is ever so. The blessing exceeds our utmost wants. "He giveth more grace." The fountain is always overflowing. Methinks I see a crowd of thirsting souls hastening to the well-head with vessels "not a few." They are of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions; but the sparkling water fills them every one. And still the fountain gushes with refreshing streams. There is enough and to spare. Much of it seems to run to waste. So do we gather around the "Fount of every Blessing" with our "empty vessels." We ask and have. If we are straitened, it is in ourselves. To every "Yea" of confidence on our part our mighty and merciful God replies with His own "Yea" of abounding blessing. His favour is the echo of our faith, and the echo is always sweeter than the voice.

> "To praying souls He always grants
> More than they can express."

2. "Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto him, Yea, Lord" (Matt. xiii. 51).

We have here the "Yea" of intelligent acceptance of Christ's teaching. The "Good Master" had been speaking in parables concerning the kingdom of heaven. "Without a parable spake He not unto them; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, I will open My mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world." The parables of the sower, the tares, the mustard seed, and the leaven He had spoken unto the multitude. Having sent the people away, He explained some of these to His disciples, and spoke the additional parables of the hidden treasure, the pearl, and the draw-net. It was then that He inquired if they had understood His teaching. There was need for the question. It is more than possible to follow a story but to miss its sense. Allegorical pictures must be looked carefully into if their meaning would be found—a glance will not suffice. One may admire the illustrations in a volume without at all grasping the purport of the book. We do well to welcome the question of our wise Teacher as He seeks to discover if we have truly received His instruction; and if His types and emblems have been more to us than are the engravings in a book to a thoughtless child or a casual reader.

Christ asked if they had understood *all*. Everything He said had its meaning, and bore an important relation to the rest. To miss some might be to mar all. All that He provided was worth receiving. There was no husk in His wheat. Well might He say, "Have ye understood *all these things?*" We ought not to be content with mastering the main drift of any spiritual matter, or with remembering the gist of the Lord's message to us. The details are not trifles. We are to live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Be it evermore ours to pray, "That which I know not, teach Thou me."

To this inquiry, so heart-searching and so full of meaning, the pupils replied unhesitatingly, "Yea, Lord." We do not wish to do them an injustice, but we cannot repress a wonder as to whether they really did. Perhaps they were not so lowly as they might have been. Yet, as Jesus did not rebuke them, we will cherish no suspicions. Certain it is that there was no disposition to reject His teaching. They showed a commendable willingness to learn, and they doubtless supposed that they had proved apt scholars.

Thus does the gracious Master still deal with those who sit at His feet. He tells to them His truth, and explains what is mysterious. How patiently He toils! What infinite pains He gladly takes to impart His wisdom! Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. He questions and cross-questions, gives oppor-

tunity for the mention of a difficulty or for further inquiry, and teaches to profit all the time.

Happy are those learners in the school of Christ who can honestly say, "Yea, Lord; we have entered into all the secrets. Thou art so apt to teach, that we could hardly fail to understand. Thou hast broken it so small that we had little difficulty in digesting the truth." The lessons have proved so delightful that the learners were charmed into comprehending them. Then will He say to us as He did to them, "Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." We are taught that we may teach. If we understand these things, happy are we if we do them.

3. "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world" (John xi. 25–27).

We will term this the "Yea" of personal acknowledgment of the person, and office, and work of the Messiah. We have the Gospel here from the lips of the Saviour Himself. Life and resurrection are in Him. They are ours by faith in Him. For this purpose came He into the world. Those who are physically dead live in eternal blessedness through Christ, and those who are still in the flesh shall never die spiritually if they believe in Him.

The solemn question that comes to each of us is, "Believest thou this?" Do I credit it, not in a general sense, but particularly and personally? The Redeemer puts the inquiry to us as we weep over the havoc that sin and death have made. Do we believe Jesus of Nazareth and of Bethany to be indeed the Christ? Do we believe that believing in Him secures eternal life? "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

Martha's confession was a bold one; she did well to answer so promptly to so sudden and searching a question, although she hardly knew the full import of her reply, for her views of the Messiah's character and office were necessarily imperfect. What privileges we have "upon whom the ends of the world are come." Our "Yea" ought to be unequivocal and full of meaning. When Christ Who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory. "I know *Whom* (not, in Whom) I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

4. "For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of Him, and came and fell at His feet: The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation; and she besought Him that He would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto Him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs" (Mark vii. 25–28).

Let us consider the "Yea" of admission of Christ's verdict. This sorrowing woman had had a strange experience. Jesus had dealt with her as He had treated no other applicant. First she met with dead silence: "He answered her not a word." Next came what must have sounded like blank refusal: "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Reproach followed refusal: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs."

With what splendid faith the seeker urged her suit! What seemed like reproach she turned into a mighty plea. It must be noted that the Revised Version renders her "yet" by the word "even." She quite agrees with Christ. "Yes, Lord, I am no better than a dog. I have no such special claim as have the daughters of Abraham. Thy verdict is absolutely correct. I accept Thy comparison. I accept it the more willingly, for the little dogs are not denied the fallen crumbs. On Thine own showing there are crumbs for the pets under the table, dogs though they be. Perchance there is a stray dog among them sometimes. Well, then, I will be *under* Thy table if I may not be at it." There was no contradiction, no murmuring, no pride. And thus the boon was secured.

For salvation and the gifts that follow we have but to take the place that Christ assigns. We shall get crumbs, at all events; and Christ's crumbs are better than the devil's loaves.

Oh, to say "Yes" even to His rebuffs—indeed, to all He says! We want more and more of the spirit of children who have been trained not to contradict. Christ's estimate

is always true. I love the lad, of whom J. B. Gough used to tell us, who had such confidence in his mother that when his companions sneered at her decision concerning a matter in dispute he answered, with his blood at boiling-point, "If mother says it is so, it is so *if it isn't so!*" "Yes, Lord—yes, Lord; all Thou sayest I endorse. Inclination and outward circumstances may seem to run counter to Thy statement, but I assent to it at all hazards."

Verily, I am beginning to see how good a thing it is to have this motto, "Yes, Lord," hanging before my mind's eye all the days.

5. "So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My lambs" (John xxi. 15).

We close with a consideration of the "Yea" of fond affection. Note that Peter did not resent the inquiry. When it was repeated thrice he felt hurt, though he need not have done so. Whom the Lord loveth He questioneth, as well as chasteneth. I never read that He asked Judas if He loved him. At the first putting of this question Peter received it gladly. I think he was grateful for an opportunity of declaring that his Lord was still dear to him. In whatever form the inquiry reaches us — for Christ still questions by His Holy Spirit—let us never dream of complaining that it is put.

Peter did not hold his peace. Silence is golden sometimes, but not always. Brass filings have been recently substituted for gold dust, and Satan tries to make us mistake brazen sullenness for golden silence. When self-examination is prompted within us, or opportunities are given for secret questionings, it will not do to be dumb. Come, come, my soul; Jesus demands reply.

Moreover, Simon did not evade the question. Some have a special gift in this direction. They will not come to close quarters. But so plain a question demands a plain answer. "Do I love the Lord or no?"

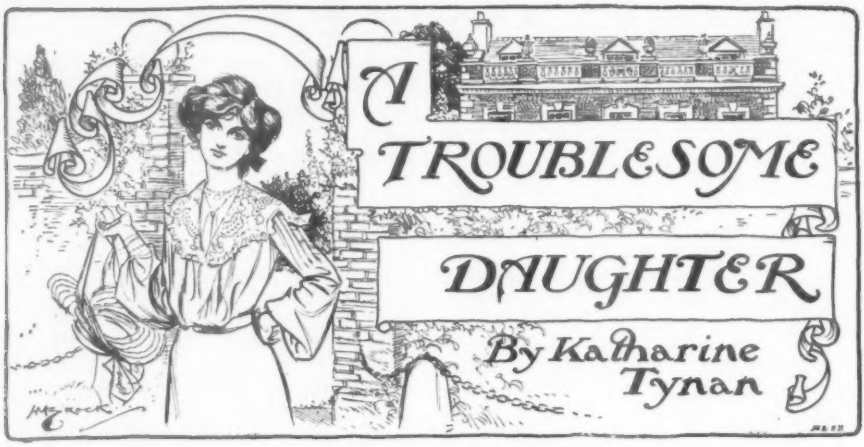
Nor will it suffice to refer to Christ's knowledge. Simon did so, it is true, but not until he had answered "Yea, Lord." Some do not pray, because "God knows all about it." That is a reason for, and a great inducement to, prayer. We are not breaking the news to God when we tell Him of our wants and woes. He knows, and sympathises ere we approach His seat.

Who could have wondered if Simon had hesitated? The memory of his fall might have inclined him to pause. At least it might have made him preface or qualify his statement. Thank God, it did not do so. It is as if he said, "Yes, Lord, I love Thee, despite my shameful sin. Truth to tell, I loved Thee all the time, deep down in my heart of hearts." Oh, ye who have slipped and failed, take heart from this experience! Here is one who had blistered his lips with oaths and curses, and had thrice denied his Lord; yet he can truly say, "I love Thee"; and Christ accepts his declaration, and commissions him to most important service. Fear not to say, "Yea, Lord," however black the past, if it has been truly repented of.

It is true that Peter substituted another word for that which Jesus used for love. Christ's reference had been to love of a high, holy, and heavenly sort, like that which angels have to their King, and which Jesus cherished for Martha and her sister and Lazarus. When Christ, in solemn tones, asked him, "Dost thou, in full determination of will, and in profound reverence and devotion, love Me?" Peter, perhaps, felt that he could not soar so high; so he employed another term. His word for love indicates something more human—the love of lovers, and of parents, and of children. Or was it that, wanting to express the warmth and ardour of his affection, he spake of a more emotional love? "I love Thee dearly, Lord; Thou knowest it full well."

By this "Yea" Peter confessed that Jesus was dearer to him than aught beside. "Lovest thou Me more than these?—more than these fish?—these boats?—this gear?—these means of livelihood?" "Yea, Lord!" "Lovest thou Me more than thou lovest James, and John, and Nathanael, and Thomas, and the rest who were standing near?—more than thy friends and comrades?" "Yea, Lord; Thou art the dearest of the dear."

Reader, what is thy reply? "To love Jesus best of all" is true religion. And if thou lovest Him so certainly, give proof of it. To say "Yea, yea" is not enough. There are lambs to be fed, and sheep to be tended, and a cross to be carried. True love, like Jesus', cannot be hid.



A SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER I.

JUDY, A TOMBOY.

IT was more than a month since Judy Evelyn had come home from her French finishing school to the Red House—one of those imposing old red-brick houses behind high walls, of which there are two or three along the high road where it runs through the village of Stannington.

Thirty golden evenings had passed since that one when Judy had made a sort of royal progress around the Green, beginning with Mr. Jupp, at the post-office—who was not a Stannington man, and was dour to all the world except Miss Judy—going on to Miss Stone, the dressmaker, and Stocks, the socialistic postman, and ending with Mrs. Foulser, at the Green Dragon, who had a deal of live-stock as well as two little new grandchildren to exhibit to Miss Judy.

Judy's *aide* on that occasion was Master Jack Winstanley, the only child of Major Winstanley, of whose abilities all Stannington was proud, and Lady Mary, his charming invalid wife. The Court, Major Winstanley's place, stood cheek by jowl with the Red House. A green private road under beautiful overhanging elm trees divided the gardens of the two houses. Each garden had the same little iron gate, the same three moss-grown steps ascending to it. It was like a glimpse into Paradise for the tired wayfarer to ascend those steps and peer between the iron bars of the gate into the formal Dutch garden of the Court, with its peacocks and swans and ships in full sail cut in the yews and holly; or into the gayer, less ordered sweetness of the Red House garden, with its stretches of velvet turf, its beds of sweet old-fashioned flowers, its arches of roses, and great clumps of hollyhocks.

That summer afternoon, when Judy had made her triumphal progress around the Green, Master Jack Winstanley had been at home from Harrow, and amiably willing to carry Judy's basket of gifts from Paris in her wake. Judy had forgotten no one, and the pride and joy of the recipients may be imagined. Only once had Jack grumbled, and that was when Judy had included in her benefactions Stocks, the postman.

"He won't go to church," grumbled Jack, "and he won't take off his hat for 'God Save the King.' I don't think you ought to encourage Stocks, Judy. I don't mind Mrs. Stocks and the kiddies; but, hang it all, I can't stand Stocks! He sings out 'Good morning!' as cool as you like when he sees me, without a 'sir' to it, or as much as touching his hat. I'll punch Stocks's head to teach him manners one of these days. I shouldn't mind so much for myself, but he treats the Pater just the same."

"Never mind, Jack," Judy had said, laughing. "Stocks is a good fellow at heart. It's only his way of showing his independence. He's polite enough to me"

"If he wasn't—if he ever isn't," Jack had said fiercely, "just let me know, Judy."

Then, because he would not approach the Stocks domicile, he had taken a stroll round the Green, his hands deep in the pockets of his snowy-white cricketing trousers—there had been a match that day. He knew that he was the cynosure of all eyes on the Green, where he was almost as much beloved as Miss Judy Evelyn herself, and where his grown-up ways were a source of great delight to people who had known him for the thirteen years which separated him from babyhood.

Presently he had drunk a glass of cowslip wine at the Green Dragon, and had given his opinion on the fat Berkshire boar with as knowing an air as Farmer Brodie himself.

Alas, the end of the triumphal progress was that Judy was late for dinner—the very first evening, too.

"What shall I do, Jack?" she had asked in a flutter, when the clock at the Manor House pealed the half-hour. "I shall never be dressed and in the drawing-room by a quarter to eight; and, see, it has grown quite dark while we have been talking to Mrs. Foulser."

"You won't get into trouble the first evening," Jack had said consolingly. "Besides, your father is sure to stand up for you; and I can't imagine anybody being afraid of Mrs. Evelyn, either."

"Mother only looks grieved," said Judy ruefully; "and that is what I dread so much, for, you see, I *adore* mother. I always have, Jack; and I believe I have always been grieving her ever since I was born. She can't know how much I care. Mabel and Bertha never grieve her. Odd, isn't it, Jack? Yet I don't believe they'd mind half as much as I if they did."

All that, however, was ancient history, and Jack Winstanley would soon be back at Harrow.

"A very good thing, too," said Mrs. Evelyn, in one of her private talks with her husband. "That boy seems to think Judy has nothing to do but run all over the place with him, as though she were still a little girl with her hair down her back instead of nineteen years of age."

"Running about with Jack won't do her any harm, Helen," said Mr. Evelyn easily. "It's good for her. I wish Mabel and Bertha would take to running about with Jack Winstanley. They sit too much at their embroidery and flower painting. They haven't got half the complexion of Judy, although she is brown and they are fair. They are indoors too much."

"Their tastes are so feminine," said the mother. "I can't imagine them running about with Jack Winstanley. His tastes—of course they are all right for a boy"—Mrs. Evelyn was one of the women who give a wide latitude to a boy—"but I can't imagine Mabel and Bertha sharing them. Where do you suppose he took Judy yesterday?"

"I know," said Mr. Evelyn, with a grin. "Ratting! Ju told me. Jack's mad about that new terrier of his. The rat escaped. Ju said she was very glad; and Jack thought it very low of her not to take the dog's point of view."

Mrs. Evelyn did not smile.

"You encourage her, Marmaduke," she said. "Poor little Judy. I wish she had the calm and sweetness of her sisters. She is so undisciplined."

"She worships you, Helen."

"I know. Even her love is extravagant."

"Do you remember when she was a small child, and she had been naughty and afterwards sobbed herself asleep; and we found that her little arms were closed over an old shoe of yours for comfort?"

The mother's eyes filled with tears.

"Poor little Judy! I remember."

"You always speak as though Judy somehow were to be pitied."

"Because, poor child, she hurts herself. She is passionate and rebellious and undisciplined."

"Never with me, Helen."

Mrs. Evelyn turned away from the discussion as though there had been many such; as, indeed, there had been.

"I know she has a noble nature," she said; "but she needs training, pruning. She is too luxuriant, too apt to stray over her proper borders."

"You won't get her to keep to a groove, Helen."

"A groove is the safest and sweetest place for a woman," Mrs. Evelyn answered immovably; "and I've made up my mind, Marmaduke, that Judy had better go back to the schoolroom and do another winter's work with Miss Meredith. I shall arrange for music and singing lessons twice a week at Upminster; but for the rest, the discipline of the schoolroom will be useful to Judy."

"Ah!" The father's voice had a note of disappointment. "It will be a blow to Ju. I thought she was to hunt with me."

"That can wait. Why not the other girls?"

Mr. Evelyn shrugged his shoulders.

"They can't ride. If I was a young fellow and in love with Mab or Bertha, I might be content to miss all the good runs and go round opening gates for them. Judy rides like a—like a man."

"Poor Judy!" said the mother again. "But she mustn't run wild for the sake of the hunting. Next winter, Marmaduke."

Mr. Evelyn looked thoughtful.

"Have you forgotten that Judy's fate may be settled by next winter?"

"You mean your cousin Peter's will? I haven't forgotten it. I must say I don't like the idea of a young man walking in and selecting one of my girls. It seems an indelicate thing to me."

"I know, Helen. Still, the dear old fellow was thinking of you when he made his eccentric will. He had so fallen in love with you—and no wonder—that he wanted his boy to marry one of your daughters."

"Maurice may have seen someone he likes before now," Mrs. Evelyn said, almost hopefully. "He is nearly twenty-five. It isn't likely he has gone heart-whole all this time."

"If so, he will not come in June," Mr. Evelyn said.

"It is so awkward springing a cousin on the girls after all these years. If they had grown up together, it might have been better for the realisation of the old man's wishes."

"I don't know. They might have been too sisterly and brotherly. I have made inquiries, Helen, and I hear nothing but good of Maurice Evelyn. He is a handsome, attractive fellow, too, I am told; and—no one could resist your daughters. We are not likely to secure that additional ten thousand pounds apiece for the girls which Maurice was to give up if by his own choice he does not marry one of them."

"The girls don't want it," said Mrs. Evelyn. The will of old Mr. Peter Evelyn was always a fretful subject with her. "We have enough of our own."

"Then Judy must marry him."

"He is certain to choose one of her sisters."

"Dear me, how awkward it would be if he were to like one who didn't like him, while another would have been willing to take him. It's a subject for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera," said Mr. Evelyn, with what his wife thought an unbecoming levity.

"We can put the whole disagreeable business out of our minds for some months at least," she said a little coldly.

"I must confess it would be pleasant to have a lad about the house," Mr. Evelyn said; and then, seeing his wife's eyes fill, added hastily, "My dearest, I am so sorry; I forgot."

Mrs. Evelyn went to the window and stood looking out, as though to recover herself for a moment, then came back and kissed her husband.

"You are always good to me, Marmaduke," she said, "and you must not think I repine at the will of God."

The Evelyns' only son had been drowned at twelve years old in a heroic attempt to save the life of a schoolfellow. In her heart Mrs. Evelyn kept a room, swept and garnished, set apart for that proud and poignant memory. She believed in keeping narrow ways for her daughters. She would have given much latitude to a son. And for the sake of the schoolboy who had come running back to kiss her that morning of the day which was to prove the most terrible of her life she had a yearning over all boys. Else, be sure, Jack Winstanley would never have led Judy into all the unladylike scrapes which had punctuated her girlhood.

So Judy went back to the schoolroom. At first the sentence had no very terrible sound The mild social round of Stannington life did not appeal to her. She did not grudge her sisters the few parties which were likely to come their way that winter. For all her tomboy ways, she was a lover of books. She supposed she would be allowed to take whatever course of reading she would; and she was dearly attached to her old governess, Miss Meredith.

Judy, who found unexpected attractions in all manner of things, saw the winter in rosy colours. Even if hunting with Papa was postponed for a year, yet she and Merry together would make the kingdom of the schoolroom a delightful place. She would read all manner of books. She would take long afternoon walks with Merry, and come home in the gloaming to a schoolroom tea, where they would make their own toast; to which Cook, who, in common with all the servants, adored Judy, would send up weird dainties such as appeal to the untroubled digestions of the young. She and Merry would read together and talk together, and have music together; and Merry would tell her over again that love story which Judy had known these many years, in which the principals were Miss Meredith herself, of twenty years ago, and her cousin Willie in the

merchant service, who had broken a sixpence with her and given her a ring and a locket with a coloured photograph—an unbelievably artless thing—in it; and, after all, had married another woman

Alas, for Judy, these visions faded like a dream. Mrs. Evelyn had mapped out her little girl's days for her in quite a different fashion. There was to be no desultory reading. Mrs. Evelyn's choice of books for Judy was such as she herself would have been satisfied with at Judy's age. A half-hour of music, a half-hour of German, a half-hour of astronomy, a half-hour of French, a half-hour of needlework, a half-hour of painting. When Judy had gone through her routine, she might find recreation in such writers as Emma Jane Worboise and Miss Sewell, and in the less exciting novels of Miss Charlotte Yonge.

"But I can't," cried Judy in despair. "I can't make my life into a sort of tesselated pavement. In half an hour I couldn't get interested in anything."

When Miss Meredith repeated this speech to Mrs. Evelyn she merely remarked that the constant giving up must be a useful discipline to Judy's spirit. She was a very devout woman at heart; her own trend was rather towards detachment than attachment, and, though her loves were fond and faithful ones, she held her attachments in a certain terror, as though they were only tolerated, and never quite blest.

"But I can't," cried Judy again. "I can't go on like this. My mind is full of rags and tatters, beginnings without endings, endings without beginnings. I want something to break my teeth upon, Merry. And I can't read those frumpish books; they don't entertain me, they don't rest me. Those half-hours are knocking my nerves all to pieces."

There had been some six weeks of Mrs. Evelyn's *régime* by this time, and it was the first suggestion of nerves in her own case Judy had ever made.

Miss Meredith was troubled. She wanted to do the best for Judy without offending Mrs. Evelyn, to whom she was deeply attached, as all her dependents were. The opportunity came when Mr. Neville, the Vicar, who had once been a Harrow master and was a very distinguished classical scholar, after a talk with Judy, offered to teach her Greek. "Something to break her teeth upon"—it was the very thing Judy wanted. And the proposition coming from the Vicar must be an unexceptionable one.

She carried it to Mrs. Evelyn with very little trepidation, to have it refused with as much vehemence as Mrs. Evelyn's gentle nature was capable of.

"Greek!" she said. "No; it is the key to the Pagan world, to all manner of undesirable knowledge. What have we Christians to do with such things? I suppose a scholar like Mr. Neville looks at things differently; but I should be very sorry for any girl of mine to learn Greek."

Miss Meredith brought the refusal back to Judy sorrowfully. Judy looked as though a door beyond which lay unending delights had suddenly been slammed in her face.

"Never mind, dear," said Miss Meredith consolingly. "Your dear mother must know best; and, after all, it is only for a little while, Judy. Can't you bear it for a little while because it is the will of the mother you love so fondly?"

"Oh yes, I can bear it," said Judy, her face brightening. "Supposing I try to cut my life up into the tesselated pavement, and do it without grumbling, do you think mother will approve?"

"I am sure she will, Judy."

Judy did try, and was rewarded by the sight of her mother's pleasure.

"Why isn't my little girl always like this?" asked Mrs. Evelyn, with a hand on Judy's bronze curls.

"I would have cut myself into little squares," said Judy, with characteristic exaggeration, "to have mother speak to me like that."

CHAPTER II.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

FROM the upper windows of the Red House, where they had not been built up in the days of the window tax, you saw the Green, dark and soft as velvet, lying beyond the fine avenue of elm trees that is the high road as it runs through Stannington.

Across the Green are many houses embowered in trees; two or three houses of gentlefolk, with their humbler neighbours creeping close to them, all, gentle and simple alike, surrounded by their little gardens packed so close with flowers that they are mosaics of colour. Beyond the Green is the park of the Manor House, with its spreading trees and dappled, silky-skinned deer feeding in the glades. Beyond the park is the Hill, which Stannington is very

proud of, because it is so high and beautiful in its clothing of gorse and heather above the pine woods, and looks over so many counties that it may almost be called a mountain.

Almost opposite the Red House, across the Green, is an old-fashioned, diamond-paned house—The Cottage—where Lady Flora Lindley, the widow of the late Squire Lindley's brother, lived. The daughters of the late Squire, Miss Primula and Miss Rosamund, still lived on at the Manor House, although Lady Flora's only son was Lord of the Manor of Lindley, and the Manor House had come to him in tail male after his uncle's death.

He had not chosen to dispossess his cousins. Some people said it was because he was too poor to keep up the place as it should be kept; others, again, that it was his old kindness for Miss Rosamund that would not let him evict her sister and herself from the home they were so tenderly attached to. People said he owed little kindness to Miss Prim, who had assisted Lady Flora in keeping him from marrying Miss Rosamund years before. The breach between the two branches of the Lindley family was, indeed, the little sensation of life at Stannington. Some said Lady Flora had been in love with Squire Lindley before ever she took his brother. Those same gossips would have it that she had planted herself down at The Cottage, cheek by jowl with the almshouses, in order to flaunt her poverty in the Squire's face. If that were so, said others, why didn't she induce her son to let her reign at the Manor House, of which she was now mistress by rights? To which the others replied that the Misses Lindley paid a handsome rent as their cousin's tenants, and everyone knew how poor the present Squire was; besides, Captain Philip Lindley was not one to be browbeaten by his mother, even though in that matter of the old love affair between him and Miss Rosamund his mother and Miss Prim had somehow done him out of his sweetheart between them.

In these days Judy thought more than ever about the Lindley romance, over which she had dreamed dreams from her childhood. When she was supposed to be reading Emma Jane Worboise for recreation her eyes and thoughts wandered from the pages, which she had irreverently called "frumpish," to the high, twisted chimneys of the Manor House, and lost themselves in conjectures about the lovers.

Sometimes she saw Lady Flora setting out across the Green with her troop of dogs at her heels, all barking furiously. In her youth and prime Lady Flora's features had been almost too pronounced for beauty. Her expression had lacked the womanly tenderness and softness. In old age she was a very magnificent-looking person. Her white curls framed a face with a healthy colour in it yet, and a pair of sparkling dark eyes that seemed to see everything that was going on. Lady Flora always dressed in black with a high widow's cap, and walked with a gold-headed cane. She came and went in all weathers, and except at church no one ever saw her with any protection on her head except the widow's cap. She had made herself the undisputed Queen of the Green, and went into every house with barely the formality of knocking at the door. When she saw a stranger she had a way of regarding him with her piercing eyes, as much as to say, "Who are you, and what is your business?" so that harmless cyclists whom she came upon in the bar of the Green Dragon were apt to put down their bread and cheese and glasses, and murmur a hasty apology for they knew not what.

She had effectually put the Misses Lindley out of court as ladies bountiful; which was a bad thing in a way for the people, as they had more to give than Lady Flora, and were—at least Rosamund was—ever so much softer-hearted.

But as the years passed Miss Prim secluded herself more and more in the Manor House, and only paid a visit to the Red House, or the Court, or to Sir William and Lady Hunter at the Moated Grange, when she was sure Lady Flora was not to be met with. Not but what Prim, if she did meet her old enemy, could give her as good as she got—unlike poor Miss Rosamund, who, having one day accidentally encountered Lady Flora in Mrs. Evelyn's drawing-room, nearly fainted as the old lady swept haughtily by her.

Lady Flora was Judy's godmother, but had taken extremely little notice of her since she had given her her christening-cup, with one exception, and that was the last time Captain Philip was at home, when she had swooped down on the Red House one day and carried off sixteen-year-old Judy to lunch at The Cottage.

Judy was dreadfully shy of the tall, dark, handsome, stern-looking soldier, whose face, however, had softened wonderfully as he looked down at Judy's head, the rippling waves

of which were exactly like the coat of his own red Irish setter.

Lady Flora had been effusively affectionate to Judy that day, but had forgotten all about her again as soon as Captain Philip had left. Everyone knew that Captain Philip and his mother were estranged over the old trouble about Miss Rosamund; but there was no sign of it apparent to Judy's eyes, except that he was almost too polite and attentive to his mother for happy love.

In Stannington so little happens that people remember things. Elsewhere, so long ago was it since that short time of bliss when Philip Lindley and his cousin had been betrothed lovers, people would have supposed that the old feeling was over and done with, if, indeed, they remembered it at all.

Why, Miss Rosamund—Miss Rosamund must be thirty-seven or thirty-eight, although she had such a girlish look, with her tall, slender willowy figure; her pure oval face, delicately tinted; her kind, faithful, short-sighted brown eyes; her hair that rippled still so prettily, and had not a grey hair in its soft, gold-brown masses.

But sometimes the shadowy romance failed Judy for comfort. As the winter turned round, and she was still bound to the schoolroom, every hour of the day planned out for her, Judy grew sick of mental inanition.

She had her days of flat rebellion, when she would fling some unoffending book from her into the fireplace, to be recovered with difficulty by Miss Meredith. These were the days her mother thought of on the good days when she said, "If you were always like this, little girl!"

Not that Judy played pranks with her books in her mother's presence. She would become listless, and cradle her hot forehead in her hand after such outbreaks, till Miss Meredith began to wonder whether Judy were really going to be ill.



"Setting out across the Green with her troop of dogs at her heels."

Everyone was more or less dispirited in those days, when the blackest news was coming from South Africa, and one blow followed another so fast that people had no time to lift their heads after one till another was dealt them.

Lady Flora walked about the Green with her head higher than ever in those days, and

paid special visits to the mothers of one or two young soldiers, the wives of one or two reservists who belonged to Stannington, and was kinder and softer than people were used to know her.

During the days after Christmas, when the days seem shorter and blacker than ever, although they are really lengthening, Judy got influenza. Hardly one of the household escaped, but it left in Judy's case a very miserable depression.

Miss Meredith was very unhappy about her charge.

"Couldn't you lose yourself in a book?" she suggested.

"I might," said Judy grimly, "if I had a book."

Miss Meredith went to Mrs. Evelyn, again without result.

"You humour Judy too much," she said; "I will speak to her."

She read Judy a long, gentle lecture on the desirability of rousing herself and not yielding to moods, which left Judy more profoundly unhappy than before.

"If anyone would only give me a finger, Merry," she said, "it might pull me out of the slough, but I am quite unable to of myself."

Stannington was filled with wet fog right on into February. All the damp pastures smoked incessantly; every standing pool of water gave out an unwholesome breath. The world was thoroughly sodden and wretched, and Judy took to sitting silent an hour at a time biting her nails, an unbecoming habit which she had left behind her in her early childhood, impelled thereto by copious applications of what she had called "Bitter Alice" to her finger tips.

She was too old for "Bitter Alice" now, and so perturbed was Miss Meredith by this new symptom that she was about to appeal on the sly to that power behind the throne, Judy's father, when something unexpected happened.

One morning Lady Flora walked unannounced into the drawing-room, where Mabel and Bertha were huddled over the fire, coughing their influenza cough, and their mother was cutting out baby garments for the mothers' meeting, and announced that her son had been wounded.

Three dismayed faces looked at her with sympathy and eagerness for more news.

"Not dangerously," she said; "but he'll be out of it for the rest of the campaign. He carried his colonel out under fire. He's recommended for the Victoria Cross, and he's got his majority."

She stood in the midst of them, her proud old head erect, her eyes bright and defiant.

"Don't you envy me, Helen Evelyn?" she asked.

Mrs. Evelyn turned away her head.

"So far as we're permitted to envy anyone I do envy you," she said.

"Where's Judy?" the old lady asked next.

"In the schoolroom."

Lady Flora lifted her hands.

"How much longer is she going to be kept there? Why, Judy must be—yes, Judy must be pushing on for twenty. Time for these girls to make way for her."

Lady Flora was often rather rude, and except for a heightening of her colour Mrs. Evelyn betrayed no feeling at this speech.

"I want Judy," said the old lady, tapping on the floor sharply with her cane.

But before anyone could summon Judy the door opened, and Judy herself came in in the tumultuous way which had often excited her mother's disapproval.

"Oh, do you know that we have a real hero in Stannington, mother?" she cried. She was carrying the newspaper in her hand, and held it as though it were a banner. "Captain Lindley——"

"Major Lindley, if you please," corrected Lady Flora. "I've brought my own good news. To think that none of you had seen it in the paper but this child!"

"Marmaduke went off at seven o'clock to Upminster," said Mrs. Evelyn apologetically. "I did not know you read the paper, Judy."

"Papa said I might——"

Judy's colour began to fade again.

"What have you been doing to yourself, child?" asked Lady Flora, seizing her by the wrist. "You're as yellow as a China orange."

"I can't get out of doors," said Judy dolorously, "to shake off this wretched influenza."

"Stannington is pestilential just now. None of us ought to be in it. I've a fine jaunt for you, Judy. What do you say, Helen? I'm off to the seaside for a month or six weeks—St. Mary's Cove. I was there years ago. It is full of the sun and roses and butterflies to-day, while we are steaming. I want my godchild. She wants a change. Let me have Judy."

Mrs. Evelyn looked half unwilling, but she caught the longing look in Judy's eyes, and

for once did not think of the duty of denying one's self. It was true Judy wanted the change; and, besides, Lady Flora kept Mrs. Evelyn, as well as everyone else, in wholesome awe of her.

They put up at a pretty little hotel under the chalk cliffs, which seemed flooded with sun all day long. The Cove was indeed full of roses and butterflies and the songs of birds. In the Cove spring had already come. The sunshine on her face awoke Judy the morning after her arrival. They breakfasted in a bay of the pretty dining-room, with a window open, and blinds half drawn against the brilliant sun.

Even the first day Judy's shadowy troubles seemed to fall away from her. She basked in the sun and the sea-wind, she lay among the sun-warmed pines on the hillside, till the joy came back to her heart, the vigour to her limbs. She had the joy of the convalescent. The world and life were so much sweeter and more precious to her because they had been cold and empty.

Lady Flora let her alone, let her wander where she would over the high wind-swept downs, let her find health in the little flowery nooks on the cliffs that presently would be splendid with bee-orchis and carpeted with almost every wild flower known in England.

"It is nearly time to go back?" Judy said one day, meeting the bright old eyes fixed on her curiously.

"You want to go?"

"Not yet."

"Ah, I thought not. I am the fairy godmother, child. It is the way of fairy godmothers to neglect their godchildren for quite a long time, but to be very good to them in the end. Enjoy your days, child. We are here till April, till Philip comes home."

"Not really, godmamma?" cried Judy in incredulous delight. "But what does mother say?"

"I have her permission."

"Mab and Bertha ought to have a chance. They had the influenza, too."

"They don't happen to be my goddaughters."

It was a blissful time. Slowly, brightly, the days turned round till at last they were on the very edge of April.

"I shall be so sorry to leave the Cove," said Judy.

"It will be very gay at the big hotel," said Lady Flora; "and presently there will be Philip."

"Of course. How glad you will be to get him back again!"

"We are going to be very gay, little Judy, I can tell you. I am going to take you to a grand military reception at the Castle. Lady Waldersee has sent a card for you. Philip will be by your side."

"Mother will say 'No.' I am not yet out," said Judy, with wistful eyes.

"Hoity-toity! Has a godmother no rights? Your mother has consented, miss."

"I have no frock fine enough," said Judy.

"It is the privilege of fairy godmothers to provide Cinderellas with frocks. We go to town to-morrow."

Judy lived in a whirl of delight and anticipation. The next day they went to town. Lady Flora had heard that Liberty's was the place to provide a charming frock for a young girl.

"I have a nest-egg," she said, "which shall be squandered for you and me. Silver-grey brocade for myself, and my Honiton. Philip must not be ashamed of his mother. White satin, thick and creamy, for you. I don't know anything about Liberty's, I always went to Jay's myself. I remember Caroline Glastonbury——"

Lady Flora was off on some reminiscence of early days and the great lady of the countryside, who had left Stannington behind her long ago, and, being widowed, with a grown-up son, had gone to live among the poor in the East End.

After the frocks were bought on that bewildering day, there were still three hours to train time.

"What shall we do?" asked Lady Flora. "There is the Tower, there is the National Gallery; you have never seen the Abbey; you are perfectly new to London. Where shall it be, little Judy?"

"The Duchess of Glastonbury," cried Judy, with sudden inspiration. "I remember her as though in a dream. I was sitting in my white silk frock on a footstool at mother's feet. There was a tall boy in a velvet suit. The Duchess was like a queen. I have always wanted to see her since."

"Why, so you shall. I should never have thought of it myself, but I remember that I used to be very fond of Caroline Glastonbury. She was a very human creature, if she was heavenly. Even I felt her beauty of holiness."

"*Even* you, godmamma!" said Judy, with a radiantly grateful glance, which pierced

Lady Flora's hard old heart, and made it feel quite soft with pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS.

THEIR way lay for a time between great rows of glittering shops, through the thick of the traffic, along Oxford Street and Holborn, through the City, crowded with frock-coated, top-hatted men, all scurrying along with mental absorption written on their faces. Scarcely a woman was to be seen, and when there was one she looked as preoccupied as the men—some typewriter or female clerk hurrying back to her desk after snatching a hasty meal.

The rubber-tyred hansom rolled smoothly over the asphalted pavements. Judy, leaning forward, glanced eagerly from side to side at the black human stream that overflowed the pathway and walked in the road; at the ornate buildings, palaces of business; at the blue sky so high overhead; at the names over the occasional shop-doors, the names of the streets on the corner houses.

She was thrilling with excitement. The stir of busy life in the air communicated itself to her. Even the fearless sparrows in the streets delighted her as they picked up a living with the fearlessness of the London child. She could put associations to the historic streets, and chattered like a magpie to Lady Flora, who was looking so amiable that Stannington would not have known her.

"Newgate, child!" she repeated. "And



"'My mother sent me out to find you.'"

Christ's Hospital! Where did you learn about the places? Perhaps I learnt myself in a time that is now ancient history, and have forgotten. How could anyone suppose you would know so much about places where you have never been before?"

"I didn't think I should know so much. Perhaps I learnt it in a former life! Perhaps I picked it up in desultory reading, for I have done some desultory reading, although mother bans any reading that is not useful and systematic. Oh, do look, there is the Mansion

House. Do you suppose we might call on Gog and Magog? Oh yes, godmamma, there's no doubt I've found time for desultory reading, in this life or some other. Miss Meredith says I suck up the knowledge that pleases me as a sponge sucks up water."

They had left the Bank behind and passed Aldgate, and were in the broad Whitechapel Road, where Judy declared she could smell the river.

She looked about her a little disappointedly. "It doesn't look so miserable," she said; "I've seen parts of London much more miserable, although they were thoroughly respectable. One thought of the East End as being without the sun and the moon."

They turned into a narrow street, sordid and miserable.

"This is better," she said, drawing a deep breath. "Do you suppose the Duchess lives in a place like this? It seems as if only criminals ought to. Oh, I hope there are no children here. Did you see the faces of those men carrying the bags? They looked downright criminal. Now, this is something like the real East End."

"I'm glad your imaginations please you," said Lady Flora, looking amused. "I daresay the criminals are no worse than foreign Jews. Ah, there is a church. That looks civilised. And here is the Duchess's street—River Street. Isn't that what's written up, Judy? Tell the man, 'No. 45.'"

This was another dingy street. The houses were high enough to shut out a deal of the sky and the sun, and the thoroughfares were so narrow that the windows looked into each other. The roadway was full of children playing, and slatternly women stood and gossiped at the doors. The houses showed many broken panes of glass, and had apparently, when last they were painted, been done in soot or something equally black.

"And to think of Caroline Glastonbury living here!" said Lady Flora under her breath.

No. 45 stood out from the rest of the street by means of clean curtains, a green-painted door with a brass knocker, and a general air of smartness.

The door was opened to them by a little hunchbacked dwarf of a man, who had a look like a redeemed Caliban. His ungainly smile was friendly when they asked for the Duchess. Yes, her Grace had come back last night. If they would be so kind as to wait, he would take up their names.

He showed them into a little parlour, the dingy age of which had been made bright by a band of pale yellow distemper above the worm-eaten wooden panelling of the walls. The room had very little furniture. A square of cream-coloured matting on the floor added to the lightening of the room, which had a suggestion of sunshine. There was a table, some chairs, a blotting book and writing materials on the table, with a copy of the "Imitation of Christ." Else the room was bare, except for a vase of narcissi on the mantelshelf.

While they waited Judy sat smiling at Lady Flora, who noticed her sniffing delicately, as at some pleasant odour.

"The flowers smell sweet?" the old lady asked. "They are too faint for me."

"It is not the flowers," said Judy, with a little air of rapture; "it is the odour of sanctity. I smelt it the instant I entered the house."

As she spoke the little hunchback appeared to conduct them to her Grace's presence. Lady Flora had sent up no name.

They followed him up a steep staircase, dark by reason of the dark panelling it possessed in common with all the rooms of the house; but the way was brightened by the engravings of sacred subjects from the old Italian painters which went with them all the way.

At the top of the second flight of stairs the man opened a door and stood holding it for them to enter. The room beyond was very like the room downstairs, only that it possessed three windows, and so was lighter and brighter.

At the upper end of the room there was a large businesslike desk. Behind it sat the Duchess, facing a formidable heap of papers.

There was one other person in the room—a young lady, simply and elegantly dressed in grey, and wearing a large hat with white feathers.

The Duchess looked up expectantly as they came in; then left her desk and advanced to meet them, peering a little at them from beautiful large, velvety brown eyes, which had, Judy thought, a heavenly compassion in their expression.

"*Not* Flora Lindley?" she said, her face altering and growing joyful. "*Not* really Flora Lindley! To think you should have found me out in the Far East! And this child—who is this child?"

"Judy Evelyn," said Lady Flora, holding

the Duchess's two hands and shaking them vigorously. "Marmaduke Evelyn's little girl, my god-daughter. I should never have dared to come, only Judy persuaded me."

The Duchess relinquished Lady Flora's hands to draw Judy to her and give her a warm kiss.

"Why, I remember you a little girl with a bronze head of curls," she said. "And, now I come to look at you, the head is not very much changed. Little Judy! Dear me, to think of little Judy as a young lady. I believe I was to present you, Judy, and I'll do it. I shall be presenting someone else on her marriage soon, and we might do the two things together. Come here, Violet, my dear."

The girl in grey came to her side, and was introduced as Miss Wyndham.

"She's going to be married in four weeks' time," the Duchess explained, "to my son, the Duke. You remember Caradoc, Flora, though I believe he was a little lad on a Shetland pony the last time you saw him. I remember quite well that last visit to you. I haven't been to Stannington since. I am so much obliged to Violet, who is going to make me a dowager. I've had too much coming and going between River Street and Grosvenor Square. Violet is going to take all that off my hands. Once Caradoc is married, I shall never leave River Street any more."

"As though we should permit that," said Miss Wyndham, blushing and sparkling.

"Violet is in retreat with me here," went on the Duchess, "as a preparation for her marriage. I can only keep her a week. There will be so many preparations, so much to be done, before our young couple can marry."

She drew down Miss Wyndham's face to hers with the most tender affection. The girl was standing behind her chair, looking down at her with almost adoration in her pure face. It was the loveliest face, Judy thought, the features so delicate, the colours so shining, the large grey eyes so full of dreams and visions.

"I wish I could stay all the time," she breathed in a rapturous way.

"Poor Caradoc!" said the Duchess. "He is already distracted enough, with a *fiancée* who will disappear into the murk of the East instead of lighting the West for him. And now, child, these friends of ours will have some tea. Will you see about it? We do most of the work of the house ourselves," she explained to Lady Flora, who wore an amazed look. "We are quite a little community. You'd be surprised at how many are willing to help. What is it, Violet?"

Miss Wyndham had paused when she reached the door, and turned a radiant, questioning face in their direction.

"Would Miss Evelyn like to come and help?" she asked.

"I should love to," Judy said.

"You'd better send us some tea here," said the Duchess.

"If it's all the same to you," interjected Lady Flora, "I'd like to drink my tea in whatever way you're in the habit of doing it, Caroline."

"It will mean sitting down with some fourteen young women. So many of the regular workers here were accustomed to making a meal of their tea that I have changed my hours to suit theirs. We dine at two o'clock, tea at 4.30, and supper at nine."

"I should like to sit down with the fourteen young women," said Lady Flora. "If you are doing a thing, why not do it thoroughly? And it will be heaven to Judy. There, run away, child. It's amazing how many things Judy finds heavenly."

"She looks a dear child."

"She is. Helen doesn't appreciate her. She's a little outside Helen's experience. By the way, I congratulate you on the future Duchess. She is very beautiful."

"She is as beautiful in her character as she is in her face. And as simple as a child. My son is romantically in love with her, and no wonder. They will be very happy. She will be in the world, yet not of it. I have no belief in laying down the duties of the station in which God has placed one. It is sometimes possible to belong more truly to the other world because one keeps a firm grip of this."

"Yes!" said Lady Flora, with comically lifted eyebrows.

"Oh, I am of the world, very much of the world. Caradoc had a great reception last night, or, rather, I had. I wore rose and gold brocade and the family diamonds. I shall appear once more—at Caradoc's wedding; then I shall be free."

"And the young Duchess. Is she also of the world? She looks it more than you."

Lady Flora gazed reflectively at the Duchess's black serge robe, cut like a nun's, and the deep white collar, that made the most shining frame for her still beautiful colouring.

"Last night Violet looked like a—like a queen."

"She looks like a Duchess-elect to-day."

Meanwhile, Miss Wyndham had led Judy to the back room on the first floor—a long, narrow room with a window overlooking a poplar tree which, amid all the dinginess, was like a green flame at this moment. The room was furnished plainly as a refectory, with a long, narrow table and wooden seats.

Judy looked on with delight while Miss Wyndham took a coarse but spotless linen cloth from a drawer, and, covering the table, proceeded to set on it the materials for a substantial tea.

"Can't I help?" she asked eagerly. "I can cut bread and butter. Do let me try."

The tea service was of the plainest possible white china; but the spoons were silver, and everything radiant with cleanliness, and there were plenty of flowers about the room.

"The Duke has them sent up from Glastonbury," Miss Wyndham said, with a bright blush; "and our bread and butter and honey and cream come from there. Of course, the shops are not good here, else the Duchess might consider it her duty to deal with them. And so many of our helpers are not over strong—the London kind, you know, wiry enough, but not often hungry, and requiring to be tempted to eat."

"I wish I could stay here always," said impulsive Judy.

"We are all like that," said Miss Wyndham. "I wish you could come and stay a little bit. The poor are very poor about here. You can't imagine the things the Duchess does for them; and we learn from her example not to be squeamish about what we do. I know while the Duchess has been at Grosvenor Square Hilda Trevanion, who's devoted to her, has been looking after some of her patients. There were some disagreeable things to do; but, as Hilda said, "What wouldn't one do for the beautiful Duchess?"

"I feel just like that," said Judy.

"Oh, but you mustn't," said Miss Wyndham, with a quaint seriousness. She was ladling jam into a preserve dish. "You must just do it for God. She won't let any of us show any attachment for her."

"But we must feel it all the same," said Judy, with a rapt upward gaze.

"Now I think everything is ready, and I'm going to ring the bell. I do wish you could stay a few days, Judy. I may call you Judy, mayn't I? I should take you round to such queer places. Of course, we have to be very obedient, and we're not allowed to go to really bad places—she does that herself—or where there's infectious disease; and one of the elder women always comes with us."

She was interrupted by the quiet entry into the room of a number of women, young and old. Some few were quietly but beautifully dressed girls of their own class of life. Others, again, were apparently dressmakers, shop assistants, perhaps superior servants. Judy thought they all looked very contented, with a tired look under the content, as though in some other world they had had a bad time.

The Duchess came in and took the head of the table behind the teapot, while Lady Flora sat at her right hand.

Judy was introduced to the women who sat on either side of her, both of the working class, and fell to talking to them shyly and eagerly, while Miss Wyndham smiled at her between the plates of brown bread and butter which Judy had cut of a shadowy thinness.

She said afterwards to Lady Flora that she had never, never enjoyed anything so much.

"Caroline Glastonbury was always a charming woman," said Lady Flora, "and she carries her atmosphere with her. I don't approve, as a rule, of sitting down to meals with working women. It makes them uncomfortable, even if it does not make us. I am bound to say that Caroline's working women seemed perfectly at their ease."

"I want to go back there and stay," said Judy.

Lady Flora smiled a wise little worldly smile.

"My dear," she said, "you will change your mind in a little while. Wait till you have come out at Lady Waldersee's reception. I daresay those girls—the ladies I mean—really enjoy the work for the sake of contrast. Of course, Caroline does it thoroughly; but then Caroline is a saint!"

"Why did she do it?" asked Judy in an awed whisper.

"Why, because she was a saint, child. She made a beautiful wife to the Duke, and a beautiful mother to Caradoc; and always was, and always will be, a great lady. That's what I like about Caroline. I am not a religious woman myself; but I've seen a deal of religion which was arrived at by way of a broken heart. But Caroline—Caroline has always been religious, and with her religion meant pure joy. You can see that she is the happiest woman alive."

"Oh, I can see it, I can see it," said Judy, trembling with excitement. "I do wish I could be with her, and learn from her. I should be perfectly happy."

"My dear," said Lady Flora, "seeing what I've been doing for you to-day, I consider you an ungrateful minx."

Judy flew at Lady Flora and hugged her. Perhaps she was the one creature in the world who would have dared to hug Lady Flora. And the old lady, pretending to repulse her, seemed all the time highly pleased.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HERO.

MRS. EVELYN did not withhold her permission for Judy to go to Lady Waldersee's reception. She gave it, indeed, quite graciously, and Lady Flora handed Judy the letter to read.

"You see," she said, "that you need not have been so alarmed. I was quite safe in buying the frock before I had permission for you, after all."

"Ah, no," said Judy, shaking her head over the letter. "It has been just a touch-and-go thing, godmamma. I can read between the lines that mother has been in agonies, and that they have not yet ceased. She has been discussing the matter with papa, and they have argued it out for days; and papa, who is easy-going, has said at least a thousand times, 'Let Ju have her fun'; and when it has all seemed settled mother has had another horrible spasm of misgiving because I'm not out, and because Mabel and Bertha have not yet had a season and been presented."

Lady Flora laughed.

"I don't know where you find it all, minx," she said; "but I daresay you're right and it is there. You're a horribly clear-sighted child."

Judy suddenly flung herself at Lady Flora in an agony.

"Oh, don't say that," she cried, "don't say that. It seems as if I had been finding out something I oughtn't to about mother. And she is such an angel. It's only that I'm not worthy of her at all, and that I am always grieving her."

"Whirlwind!" said Lady Flora in consternation. "Why, you are always the most loyal child."

"I oughtn't to go to Lady Waldersee's at all," sobbed Judy, "because I know it distresses her; and I wouldn't, only that I've let you buy that beautiful frock."

"Now you're talking nonsense," said Lady Flora in an alarmed voice. "Hadn't you better read your own budget? I see you have quite a big letter there."

"From Lady Mary Winstanley," said Judy, drying her tears. "Oh! and she is in London. If we had known it, we might have gone to see her when we were up. Perhaps it is just as well, for then we shouldn't have seen the Duchess, and I wouldn't have missed the Duchess for anything. Still, I should have loved to see Lady Mary."

Since Judy had been with Lady Flora the election for the seat which the death of old Mr. Knox had left vacant had taken place, and Major Winstanley had been returned. It was a matter of immense interest to Judy. Now the Major, instead of being tied up at Stannington, wasting himself on the business of a magistrate and a country gentleman, would have scope for his great abilities. How proud and happy Lady Mary would be! And how Jack would swagger! And how proud Stannington would be of its member!

Judy had forgotten her recent tears, although they still hung undried on her long lashes. Lady Mary wrote in high spirits, for her. It was delightful to be in the midst of life again, and to see the change in Hugo. They had a house with balconies overlooking the river, and Lady Mary really found the air more invigorating than that of Stannington. And old friends had found them both out; and great personages had called, and prophesied things of the Major that had made Lady Mary's heart beat high with pride and pleasure. When could Judy come to her for a long visit? They would have a carriage, and drive round the town. Lady Mary had actually been for more than one carriage drive. She was longing to see Judy. As soon as Lady Flora could give her up she must come for a long visit. The Major would take Judy to Harrow for the Speech Day, and think how delighted Jack would be; and much more to the same purpose.

It was the morning of the day Major Lindley was to arrive that these things happened. Long before the boat could possibly be in sight they were on the Admiralty Pier. It was a beautiful day, and Judy had put on the one frock purchased by Mrs. Evelyn of which Lady Flora thoroughly approved.



"'Mother!' he said with an air of grave gladness."—*p.* 70.

It was a thin cloth of a pastel shade of pale grayish green, and nothing could have become Judy's prevailing tints of red-brown better. She was wearing some red-brown pansies, and when she joined Lady Flora in the drawing-room of the hotel the lady held her at arm's length, surveyed her critically, and then nodded emphatically several times.

"You look well, child," she said. "We must wear our best to do honour to Major Philip."

She herself was wearing a huge bonnet of brown, somewhat Early Victorian in style, with nodding white feathers. She had a beautiful fichu of old lace about her black silk shoulders, and over it a sable stole which she carried over her arms in a way reminiscent of the Books of Beauty, of which there were many at the Red House. In these fine feathers she looked a very grand old lady indeed.

"How fine you are, godmamma," said Judy. At Stannington Lady Flora's black was often rusty, having borne the brunt of many suns, of much wind and rain.

"The old modes are coming in again," said Lady Flora calmly. "Did you think no one but you was to have a new gown? . . . Ah, there is Philip!" she cried, catching at Judy's hand, as the boat glided by the pier. "There is Philip. Do you see him? He is half a head taller than all the others, although the others are tall—some of them. See him there, looking over the side. No wonder you do not recognise him, child. Why, he is gone to skin and bone, my boy!"

Her agitation was piteous. As Judy held the trembling little hand in her own firm young grasp she realised that they were all wrong about Lady Flora. Judy was recasting her old impressions, was getting a glimpse of the tragedy behind the estrangement which the indomitable old spirit had borne with so brave a face.

Now the boat was steady. The sailors were fastening the ropes round the posts on the pier. There was a commotion among the passengers on the boat. They were crowding to the gangway, laden with all manner of small parcels. The gangway was down. They were coming off. Ah, here at last was Major Philip.

"My boy!" said his mother, so inaudibly that Judy wondered if he had heard.

"Mother!" he said with an air of grave gladness, stooping to kiss her cheek.

Then he turned and looked at Judy. They had withdrawn a little apart, out of the rush of the crowd.

"And who is this?" he asked, a pleased recognition dawning in his eyes. "Not little Judy? Why, how you have grown, little Judy."

"One does grow in five years," said Judy, blushing at his gaze; "but I've done growing. I promise I shall not surprise you again."

"I am not so sure about that," he said, with a humorous gleam in his eyes, which made Judy feel, all of a sudden, less frightened of him. "You always did surprise us. Do you remember when you carried Jack Winstanley's tin of bait for him to church, and spilled it in the pew during service?"

Judy made a face.

"I should object now as much as mother—poor mother—did then. One outgrows one's toleration of live bait."

Judy's dainty little shudder seemed to fascinate the Major.

"Well, we'd better be getting on," he said, withdrawing his gaze from her slowly. "I see the porter has taken my things. Let us walk; it is only a little way. It is delightful to breathe English air again."

"'Oh, to be in England now that April's there!'" sighed Judy, not so low that he did not hear her.

"Ah, Browning knew what he was about," he said, with a quick glance at her; "yet I'm not sure that the most delightful thing of all is not to see the faces of English ladies. How well you look, mother! Her recklessness about wind and rain agrees with her, Miss Judy."

"It agrees with everyone," said Judy fervently.

"I snatched her away from sitting over the fire at the Red House, Philip. She had had influenza, and was approaching a nervous crisis, I think."

"Poor little Judy!" said the Major as he might have said it to a child.

For this day—just for this one day—the impalpable barrier between Major Lindley and his mother seemed to be broken down. Judy hoped, with all the fervour of her affectionate heart, that it would never be rebuilt.

"And when shall we return to Stannington, Philip?" asked Lady Flora as they sat at lunch amid the mosaics and marble of the hotel dining-hall. "They are waiting to

welcome you there with 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.'"

"I hope they're not so foolish," said the Major. "If I thought they really were, I should hesitate about going back. Indeed, I'm in no hurry. I want to pick up as quickly as I can. Let us stay here for a few weeks. The place seems full of the sun. Stannington is a dear place, but one does not pick up there."

"No, one does not," assented Lady Flora. "I shall, of course, do as you wish, Philip. *You* need not be lonely. The Waldersees will be glad to have you here, and you will have the garrison."

"Of course." Major Philip dismissed the Waldersees and the garrison with a certain indifference. "I want to get up there on the chalk cliffs and bask in the sun, and when the wind is not too violent I want to get out over the Downs."

"I could never climb up," said Lady Flora.

"No, dear; but Judy can. I remember Judy's prowess in the matter of exercise. We shall live out of doors."

"I ought to go back—after the reception," said Judy hesitatingly.

"I shall write to your mother to-day," said Lady Flora with decision; "she will not refuse me."

"I oughtn't to let you write, godmamma," said Judy; "for, of course, mother will consent, but only because you are the autocratic sovereign of Stannington, and she knows very well that she dare not refuse you."

"And a very good thing for you, too, Miss Judy," said Lady Flora.

"Too many beautiful things are happening to me," sighed Judy. "I know I shall have to pay for it one of these days."

She was not really very anxious to get back to the schoolroom and the little repressions of her daily life, and she could not help feeling proud, if a little frightened, to think that she was going to be Major Lindley's companion, as he had suggested.

Perhaps, however, as he found out friends in the place he would discover someone much more congenial and interesting than Judy Evelyn, who was not yet even emancipated from the schoolroom. She did not know whether the thought brought her relief or not. It would be great and glorious to be the companion of the hero who was presently to receive the Victoria Cross from the King's own hands; but, then, on the other hand, what should she find to say to him that would be worth hearing? Would he talk down to her as he would to a child? Would he weary of her?

However, Judy's misgivings were set at rest very soon. After lunch she left mother and son together, and wandered out to the sea front with a novel. Mops and Chloe, the dearest of Lady Flora's rabble of dogs, who were taken everywhere with their mistress, accompanied her.

She was sitting with the book unopened in her lap, looking out to the line where the sky and sea met, thinking, if the truth must be told, how much more interesting life was—that is to say, life away from Stannington—than a novel, when Major Lindley sat down beside her.

"My mother sent me out to find you," he said. "She wanted her afternoon nap. She said we need not be in a hurry to return, as she meant to have a good nap. She suggested that we might wander over the Downs, and have tea at a village inn, if we could find one."

"What a lovely plan!" cried Judy, dimpling and sparkling. "But I hope Lady Flora is not tired. An afternoon nap! Why, she never takes such a thing."

"She expressed her wish for it this time, at all events. I daresay the excitement of our meeting has tired her. Shall we take that path? It looks particularly inviting. I think I shall be able to manage it, though I'm not quite my own man yet."

When they returned, with only just time to dress for dinner, Judy's arms were full of flowers, notably the bee-orchis, which nodded in her hat and was stuck in her waistbelt.

"Well, my child," said Lady Flora, when Judy hurried to assist at her toilet—Judy had taken the place of Lady Flora's maid—"has it been pleasant?"

"Lovely," said Judy. "Such a dear inn. We had tea in the garden under the apple trees. There were beehives and black pigs and canaries and ferrets. And such old red twisted chimneys! And oh, godmamma, I thought I should have been so afraid of Major Lindley, but I shall never be afraid again."

"Ah!" Lady Flora turned away her head. "That sternness of aspect is not really natural to Philip. He was the sunniest boy."

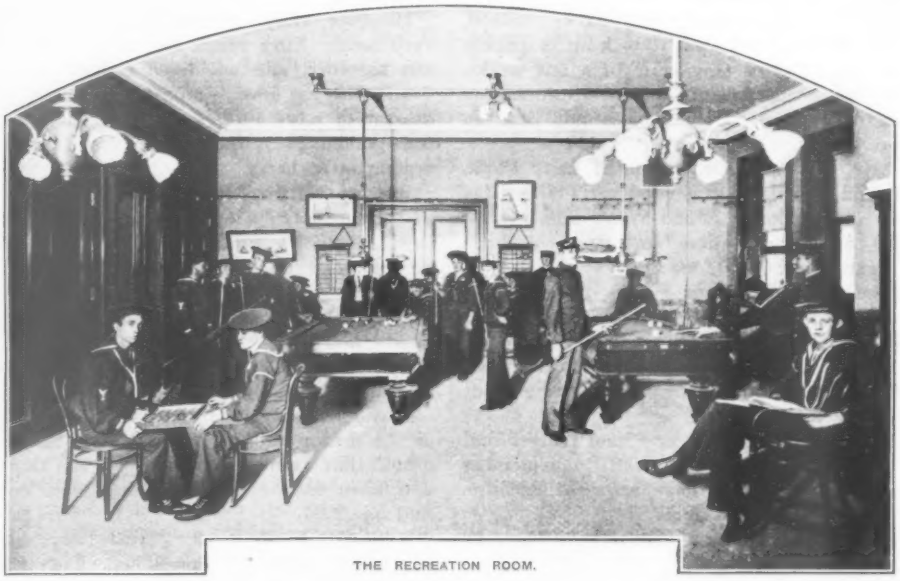
"Why, I think," said Judy, "that the sunniness is coming back."

[END OF CHAPTER FOUR.]

XUM

AN AMERICAN WELCOME FOR SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

By Day Allen Willey.



THE RECREATION ROOM.

WHEREVER the flag flies above an American warship, whether lying in the harbour of New York or on the other side of the world in Manila Bay, one can hear the sailors speak of an American woman who is more esteemed by the men who wear the blue jackets than any other of her sex. The sailors and marines in the United States service, as well as the soldiers, have good reason to think of Miss Helen Gould with affectionate regard, for she has devoted much of her time and energy to ministering to their needs and providing ways and means to brighten their lives, and at the same time lift them up morally and mentally.

Miss Gould is one of the wealthiest women in America, and for that matter in the world, and the money at her disposal has been liberally used in a way which has benefited thousands. Realising the isolation of those who have enlisted in the American military and naval service from the rest of society, and the many temptations to which they are subjected when not confined to duty, one of the principal plans pursued by Miss Gould has been to establish places here and there where they could have a diversity of innocent amusement, as well as shelter and other privileges, so that it would not be necessary for them to visit saloons and the lodging-houses which are too frequently centres of vicious influence. Thanks largely to her efforts, several of the principal seaports of the United States, as well as towns in Porto Rico and the Philippines, have been provided with social clubs, which indicate by their attendance the way in which the men who carry the rifle and cutlass appreciate what is being done for their welfare.

The principal resort of this kind was recently opened in the city of Brooklyn, and is probably the finest building erected for its purpose in the world. It combines the features of social club, hotel, savings bank, temperance saloon, and even has a department devoted to gymnastics.. In fact, the tar who has shore liberty can find more forms of recreation here than if he were to visit a dozen different amusement resorts. It is devoted exclusively to sailors and marines, and is under the management of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. This struc-

ture, when equipped with all its appointments, cost nearly £50,000, all of which was the generous gift of Miss Gould. It is an imposing edifice in appearance, rising to a height of seven storeys above the street, including the roof garden which surmounts it. The architecture is very attractive in design, and the garden referred to is really an ornamental as well as a useful feature. Open every hour during the day and night, sometimes the visitor may see a line of fifty or more of Uncle Sam's men formed in the lobby on the ground floor waiting to register for a room, as they would at an ordinary hotel. It frequently shelters 250 persons in a night, and at times is so crowded that the attendants have been obliged to place cots and mattresses in the corridors and apartments outside of the sleeping rooms to accommodate their guests.



AMERICAN SAILORS' AND SOLDIERS' HOME, BROOKLYN.

On entering each man is required to register his name, and is then assigned a room or a berth for the night. This is the only formality required, and as long as he desires to remain he is welcome, provided he behaves himself in a proper manner. It may be said here that the guests seldom abuse their privileges, and if one comes into the place under the influence of liquor, uses bad language, or acts in any other improper way, the other sailors frequently take a hand in removing him from the building, for they realise that it is their home, temporarily at least, and are as desirous of maintaining order as the superintendent and his assistants. But it can be said that it is necessary to eject very few of the visitors, and that the decorum which prevails would do credit to many a gathering of men in the higher walks of life.

Suppose the reader of this article accompanies the writer on a little tour of the building. Perhaps the most interesting feature will be the appearance of the men themselves. Representing many nationalities, the register bears signatures which are written in a remarkably legible hand, showing that not a few of them are well

educated. A very small number are so ignorant that they are obliged to have the clerk register for them. Coming and going almost continually are not only native-born Americans but sturdy sons of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, Germans, and an occasional Frenchman; but the greater portion of the naval force is made up of the Anglo-Saxon class referred to. Naturally the most interesting time to visit the building is just after the arrival of a warship in the harbour. The men having "shore liberty" enter in squads, sometimes a dozen or a score at a time. They well know the popularity of the place, and hurry thither in order to secure rooms before all are taken. Having registered, some of them pass across the marble reception hall to the neat restaurant, joining the throng already seated at supper and enjoying the luxury (to them) of fine linen and good service. Others enter the "game room," where the click of billiard balls and an Æolian piano playing the latest popular airs are heard. Beyond the game room is a bright room with broad fireplace, furnished with long correspondence tables, with pens, paper, and ink supplied in abundance. The number of letters being written by bluejackets on the correspondence paper with the little red flag, and the frequent trips to Uncle Sam's letter box in the reception room indicate that this combination of facilities is resulting in the gladdening of many hearts all over the land with letters from the "boy" in the Navy. This busy scene before us is not an unusual one, for, upon glancing over the register during a lull in the registry, we are surprised at the totals indicating each day's business: 113, 156, 218, 227, 195, 130, 236, 228 guests—this is the way they run on the list on the last used pages of the big book.

While studying the register, an interesting conversation has been going on between a big sailor, with three red stripes and an eagle on his sleeve, and the man behind the desk, in which the words "allotment," "paymaster," "safe keeping" are frequently used, ending with the man leaving with the clerk a big roll of bills and signing his name on a card evidently prepared for the purpose. From the clerk, who was himself once a sailor, we learn some interesting facts about "allotments." It seems that a sailor can "allot" a certain part of his



A GROUP OF SAILORS IN THE HALL.

wages, if he so desires; that is, he may have any amount up to a certain percentage of his salary sent each month to any specified individual. So much confidence is placed in the Naval Association that the monthly check from the pay director of the Navy to the secretary of the association to cover



GAMES ON THE ROOF.

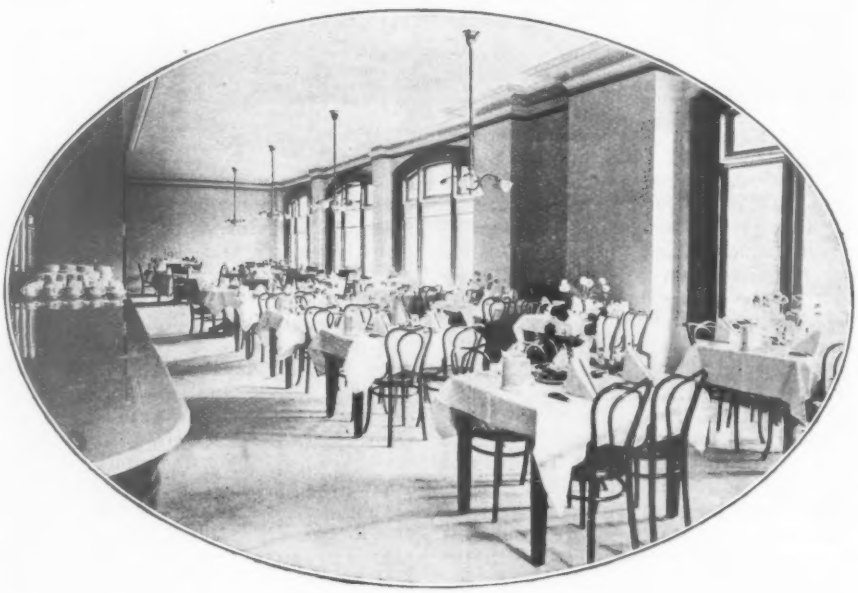
the various allotments amounts to over $3,000. This is placed on interest at the bank. This system is teaching the men to save, and enables them to draw their money whenever desired. Over $21,000 has been handled for the sailors during three months in these allotments and for safe keeping.

Noticing a sailor carrying a long, peculiarly shaped bundle on his shoulder, we follow him to the floor below, and there find that it has been placed in storage in a large room full of compartments already well filled with these bundles. The man in charge informs us that these are sailors' hammocks, and bags containing their clothing, and numerous small, square, well-built boxes termed "ditty boxes," in which the sailors keep all kinds of small articles on board ship. Adjoining this room is another one containing nearly 500 lockers. These are nearly all taken and used by sailors, some of whom are "at the ends of the earth," for storing their clothing and belongings. Glancing into the plunge-bath room, where are several sailors having a swim, we descend to watch a spirited game of bowling between picked teams. After enjoying this animated scene and watching the shooting in the rifle range adjoining, we take the elevator and go to the seventh floor. Here we find the blue again in evidence, seated around small tables on the brilliantly lighted roof garden, smoking, playing games, and reading. At the farther end of the building, a completely equipped Troy laundry is placed, and is doing a rapidly growing business in bundle work for sailors, as well as turning out the innumerable sheets, towels, pillow cases, etc., which roll in daily in papier-mâché carts from the various floors of the bedroom system. These bedrooms, which occupy the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh floors, are 8 by 10 feet in size, and are neatly and comfortably furnished, light, and well ventilated.

Perhaps an hour or so has been spent in

the tour of this home for Jack ashore, but what we have seen is well worth the time and effort. One of the most interesting features is the manner in which everything is systematised. It may be said that the various departments are run like clockwork. In the restaurant the food is not only of good quality, but properly cooked. The beds are amply supplied with clean linen and blankets, although the building is heated by steam throughout, so that during the coldest weather a proper temperature is maintained. It is lighted by electricity; and, although considered fire-proof, is provided with means for the men to escape in case any portion should ignite. The gymnastic and other apparatus is of the best quality which can be procured, and there are enough appliances to allow the men to stretch their muscles in any manner desired. The average sailor is naturally fond of music, and during the regular meal hours an abundance of it is furnished, which greatly adds to the enjoyment. During the summer season the roof garden is, of course, one of the most popular portions of the building, and here the sailors and marines frequently get up an impromptu concert, singing solos and choruses which attract an interested audience in the street below.

In thus providing for the comfort and enjoyment of the sailor Miss Gould believed that much could be accomplished from a religious standpoint, but the building is open to all no matter what their creed. Prayer meetings, song services, and Bible studies are conducted several times a week, and those who desire to attend are cordially welcomed. On Sunday the services are naturally more elaborate in character. It can be said, however, that the meetings both on week-days and Sundays are very largely attended, and the majority of the men manifest a deep interest in them, while the records show that not a few conversions have resulted. One of the greatest results of the establishment of this sailors' home is that thousands of men yearly make use of it during their time on shore, in preference to visiting the saloons and other questionable resorts, thus squandering their money and often ruining themselves morally and physically. It is perhaps needless to say that the institution has the hearty encouragement of the commanders of the warships, as well as the approval of the United States Navy Department, on account of the work it has already done for the moral and physical welfare of the men-of-war's men.



THE DINING ROOM.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

By the Very Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."—1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 13.



T. PAUL has been speaking of the diversity of the Spirit's gifts, of the variety of the endowments and talents and opportunities which God has given to man to be used in His service. One man's gift is not another's; that he has the greater gifts, as he supposes, is no reason why he should despise his brother, who has the lesser, for all alike are needed if God's purposes for the world and for humanity are to be fulfilled. We may not condemn or undervalue that which we do not understand. But, although the gifts of God to man be thus diverse, and although every talent has its use, as St. Paul explains, he does not permit us to make the mistake of supposing that all gifts are of the same value, or that one is as good as another. "Covet earnestly the *greater* gifts" is his counsel. And it is of the three greatest gifts which have been bestowed upon human souls that we are now to think.

In one of the collects we are taught to pray that God would give us all the increase of faith, hope and charity; and when we put these three together we are following the teaching of St. Paul. Not only in the text—although there very plainly—does he join the three, but in epistles to other churches besides that of Corinth. When writing to the Colossians he commends their "faith in Christ Jesus, and the love which they have to all the saints, because of their heavenly hope." * So, too, he speaks of the "work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope," † which were conspicuous among the Thessalonians. The panoply of the Christian warrior includes, for his imagination, "the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation." ‡ It is, then, not a mere trick of phrase, but the deliberate expression of his thought when he declares that faith, hope, and love differ from all other gifts in this, that they abide, while others pass away and are forgotten. The knowledge which enriches mankind, the powers of speech which exert so wide an influence, whether for good or evil; the gifts of prophecy and of speaking with tongues—all these and their like are indeed great gifts, to be used with serious thankfulness to God Who gave them, but they do not last. "Whether there be prophecies or tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away." They are the endowments of man in his progress through this world; but it is not upon earth that man's ambitions can be perfectly realised or his ideals fully accomplished. Such gifts as these are the equipment of man in that first stage of his education through which he passes on earth. But he does not bring them with him into the higher stages of being into which death introduces him. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I put away childish things." They are among the endowments of the human race in its infancy. But some gifts there are which endure, which are essential to any true human life here or hereafter. St. Paul tells us what they are. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three." These remain; these follow men into the unseen world beyond the grave, for without these in some measure they would cease to be worthy of the name of men.

Perhaps it seems at first a strange saying, and yet the longer we reflect on St. Paul's words the more true we perceive them to be: These three—faith, hope, love—are essential endowments of humanity; and we cannot conceive of ourselves as alive in any real sense without using and enjoying them all.

Faith abides. Do we say that the Apostle is here using rhetorical language, and that, in fact, faith is just the one virtue which shall be least needed in the next world? Is it not the very trial of this life, one asks, that faith is demanded at so many points? Will it not be the very blessing of blessings of the next life that faith will be replaced by sight, when all the puzzles and perplexities which trouble us here shall receive their answer in the unclouded vision of God? And yet, however legitimate it may be to hope that the larger knowledge of the next life may relieve us from many embarrassments of belief which the narrowness of our present circumstances imposes upon us, I do not know why we should suppose that the life of the future shall be entirely destitute of the exercise of faith. Would anyone really desire such an existence? A life in which each step was unerringly marked out for us, in which rigid demonstration and scientific evidence took the place of trust and loyalty and the ventures of faith which friend makes for friend, and rejoices that he is called to make them! I do not think that any of us would desire to live such a life. For the fact is that faith is an

* Col. i. 4, 5. † 1 Thess. i. 3.
‡ 1 Thess. v. 8.

essential characteristic of human nature, and it cannot be eradicated without a maiming and impoverishment of our personality. Faith is a widely different thing from credulity. The one is the offspring of ignorance; the other, in so far as it has to do with our fellows, is our inheritance from countless generations of men who have gone before, associated in the intimacies of social life, and trusting each other for mutual support and inspiration. Nay, further, faith is a necessity of our intellectual existence; for, go back as far as we may in our quest for truth, we must reach at last some first principles, which we accept as axiomatic and which we cannot prove. A life lived without faith in *something* is an impossibility; even as a life lived without faith in our fellows would be a life lower than that of the brutes. Nay, the life of the future must rather be a life in which faith shall reach out towards its objects with a surer confidence than our present experience can permit us even to imagine. For belief in God is a deeper emotion of the soul than can be satisfied by the most unerring demonstrations, whether of sense or of logic. It is not because God is unseen that we are called upon to believe in Him, but because the instinct of faith can never be satisfied by the conclusions of the intellectual faculty. Faith abides, and must abide, if we are to live our fullest life.

And so with *hope*. Is it said again that in a perfect condition, such as we suppose the condition of the blessed to be, there will be no room for hope in the security of attainment? We know very little about the future life, but if it be a life in which there can be no joyful anticipations of happiness to come, it would not be a life to which men could look forward with much eagerness. The hopes of continual progress, of growth in the love of man and of God; these hopes we cannot suppose to be absent from the life of the blessed. It was with a true instinct that Dante wrote, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," not over the gates of Paradise, but over the gates of Hell.

And *love abides*. We do not need that anyone should tell us that. That is the most permanent and the most enduring thing in life, the thing for which men will give up all else, even life itself. And a future without it, without the communion of soul with soul, without the interchanges of love and charity, would be a consummation from which every thinking person would earnestly pray to be delivered. Love abides, for it is the greatest thing that man and nature have reached. This is the most splendid product of that wonderful history which we call the evolution of humanity; it cannot go to waste. Rather let us say that God does not despise or confound the work of His own hands. Herein is that saying of St. Paul confirmed: "Now abideth faith, hope, love; but the greatest of these is love."

These are the three essential graces of human life as we know it. I have said nothing about the special forms which they assume when the light of the Gospel is thrown upon them. That is not difficult for us to understand. But it is worth noticing that, as they are the essential qualities of all human life, so in their perfection, transfigured and glorified by the teaching of Christ and in the person of Christ, are they the essential qualities of the Christian life—of the life of the Church, which is the Body of Christ. We need to fix our attention far more than we do on these essential things, not on the side issues of religious controversy. And these are the essential things for a church as for a man—*faith, hope, charity*.

The first is *faith*—a steadfast clinging to the unseen, an assurance that what we see is not half of the reality of things, in some respects less important than that which we do not see, a conviction of the reality of the supernatural gifts which the Lord Christ is ready to give to us, and does give to us, for strength and blessing. It is the question of *faith* in any form which is the test question at this moment for the churches of Western Christendom. For whatever may be said of the aids to the acceptance of religion which are afforded by the elimination of its supernatural core, we may be quite certain that the resulting forms of belief will be something widely different from the religion of Christ and His Apostles. You cannot dispense with the supernatural, for it is at the heart of Christianity. Faith in God, in His power, and in His compassion, abides, and must abide. It is an essential characteristic of the Christian life.

And so of *hope*. A church which does not look forward is doomed; its decay is only a matter of time. Hope is at the root of all vigorous effort for national or ecclesiastical reform. As with a nation, so with a church. If it content itself with looking back on a golden age in the past, on forgotten glories and long-lost privileges, it must at last lose its place and its station in the Kingdom of God. The inspiration of hope provides the one permanent impulse towards progress and achievement and victory over the souls of men. And the Church can find the inspiration of hope nowhere but in the figure of the risen and glorified Christ, Who rules powerfully in her midst as her Master and King.

"Faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these is *charity*." The charity which, unenvious and tolerant, is long-suffering and kind, patient in its quest for souls, which never fails, for it is the spirit of the Master Himself, Who in resourcefulness and pity is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

MOLLY'S HUSBAND: AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

IT certainly was the strangest "romance in real life" which *I* ever came across. Molly was such a fine high-spirited girl. She had all the young men of the village at her feet long before she was out of her teens, but she showed no intention of settling down in married life for many a year to come. I don't mean to say that she actually allowed her admirers to propose to her, and then—as I've seen some girls do in my day—laughed at their folly, and declared she meant to stay single all her life, they needn't be troubled to think any more of her. No; Molly was not one of that kind, she was really no flirt. She did not plan or endeavour to make men in love with her; but she had that unconscious fascination of manner which *will* attract, and, attracting, often awakens deeper feelings. Molly's sweet, childlike manner seemed to appeal for help and protection, and the hearts which longed for the right to offer both were always of a certain noble kind. Molly was a country flower, pleasant to the sight of all true lovers of the country, but possessing no attractions to the town-bred, who value nothing that has not had hothouse cultivation. It seemed always the more staid sort of folk who made love to her. It was a wonder to everybody, the talk of the whole country round, when, without any warning or preparation, it was announced that Molly was engaged to young Joe Maclean, who was on a visit to the old country from Australia, where he had made money and reputation as a sheep farmer. He was ten years older than Molly; a fine fellow to look at: open brow, clear blue eyes, hair which glittered in the sunshine—"decidedly *red*" the young fellows called it who had been in love with Molly, but his mother would have described it, had she been living, as "rich auburn." He had broad shoulders and a wide stretch of footstep as he walked—a kind of colonial tread, as if the village pavement, with its narrow confines, was no village pavement at all, but an open prairie. To see Molly by his side in courting days was a sight. It was a real picture—the big strong man, bronzed with colonial sunshine; and Molly, round of limb, compact in form and feature, a trifle pale, but with a perfect wealth of sunlight shining about her face, and stepping out beside him with short, decided little steps. It was a sight to make one say, if you had a heart at all inclined that way, "God bless the two!"

And their wedding day was for all the world a real fair day in the village. Everyone brought out their best, and the gay colouring in bonnets, hats, and sashes looked like Nature's flowers among the green of spring fields and trees and hedges.

Molly's first trouble came when she found her husband had no intention, after all, of going back to the Colonies. He wanted to try his hand at shopkeeping; so he settled down in the nearest town, and our village maiden went through new and trying experiences. She loved her husband with an honest, whole-hearted care, and that carried her over all ordinary troubles. Babies, one, two, and three, were born, and Molly looked radiant with happiness. Then a shadow crossed her face, and her laughter seemed to have lost its joyous ring. She worked early and late, helping her husband in the shop, an elderly woman acting as her servant, glad of a home, unmindful of wage; but about the fifth or sixth year the business fell off—prosperity waned, troubles threatened. Molly knew the cause, but hid it away. No one guessed that the reason lay in the fact that her Joe had grown unsteady. I know how she would plead with him to return to sober ways. I know how she gave up her supper beer to keep "the hateful thing" out of the house; but Joe was fascinated . . . and the steps downwards were easy . . . Oh! how she wished for her poor mother, and still thanked God that she had not lived to see the day of her Molly's misery. Her father—long ago married again and with a young family springing up—ventured to interfere, but it only made matters worse for Molly. Joe accused her of babbling about home matters outside. As a true wife she was in honour bound to silence—and so forth.

Molly's little Agnes—her third child and

only girl—was in her fourth year when Joe had to give up business and take a situation. He moved further off from Molly's friends, and she, poor girl, had a rough time in consequence. But she held on her way until her very patience and forbearance seemed to indulge her erring husband rather than to check him. Many a time would she pour out her troubled heart to me in a letter; and I was lying so helpless on my couch or I would have fled to her side. (It was quite twenty years since I had lost the use of my legs, and I was fit for nothing but to live in my little almshouse, and count up God's mercies to me. I could use my hands and write back words of comfort. This I did to the best of my ability, you may be sure.)

Joe was spending his earnings more and more from home. He was an industrious man and a good workman. Poor Molly found it was pretty well slavery working as she did to keep things going, and at the same time earning necessary funds for clothing. So one day she had a talk with Joe and said: "Will you agree to a separation? I'll get a home for Agnes" (a nice motherly woman had offered to take her at a charge Molly meant to meet by her own earnings), "the boys can shift for themselves with your help, and I'll go out to service. It's a pity for us all to drift down-hill together. We're losing to-day what a lifetime cannot get back for the children."

Joe was very quiet, but treated the proposal with a high hand; and Molly, explaining that she was going to service to work for herself and Agnes, father would help them, parted from her boys one evening, bidding the brave little fellows to "mind and say their prayers, never to touch strong drink, be punctual at school, and always to go to church on Sundays."

Joe made as if he did not mind. He kept the house sweet and clean—sparing time which otherwise would have been spent in a public-house—and cooked at night for the morrow's meals. He even managed to stitch on tapes and buttons, and all seemingly went well. Molly used to hear at first from the elder boy; but these letters ceased in time, and she had no news. And this is what happened: Joe got tired of doing housewifely duties, and then things suffered.

Molly paid a flying visit one day when he was at work, and found a sadly neglected home. Her two little sons were out—at school, where they took their dinner and spent the day. She got in through a neighbour's house, had a good spin round, brushed up the little coats and trousers of her boys, washed out the soiled linen and hung it up to dry; then made off again before the return of her people.

They came home to think that an angel had visited them; but the lads said nothing, and the father kept silent. And again and again, always once a week, this happened. Joe thought it was some neighbour "fussing" round; he was too proud to acknowledge his obligation, and so the matter drifted.

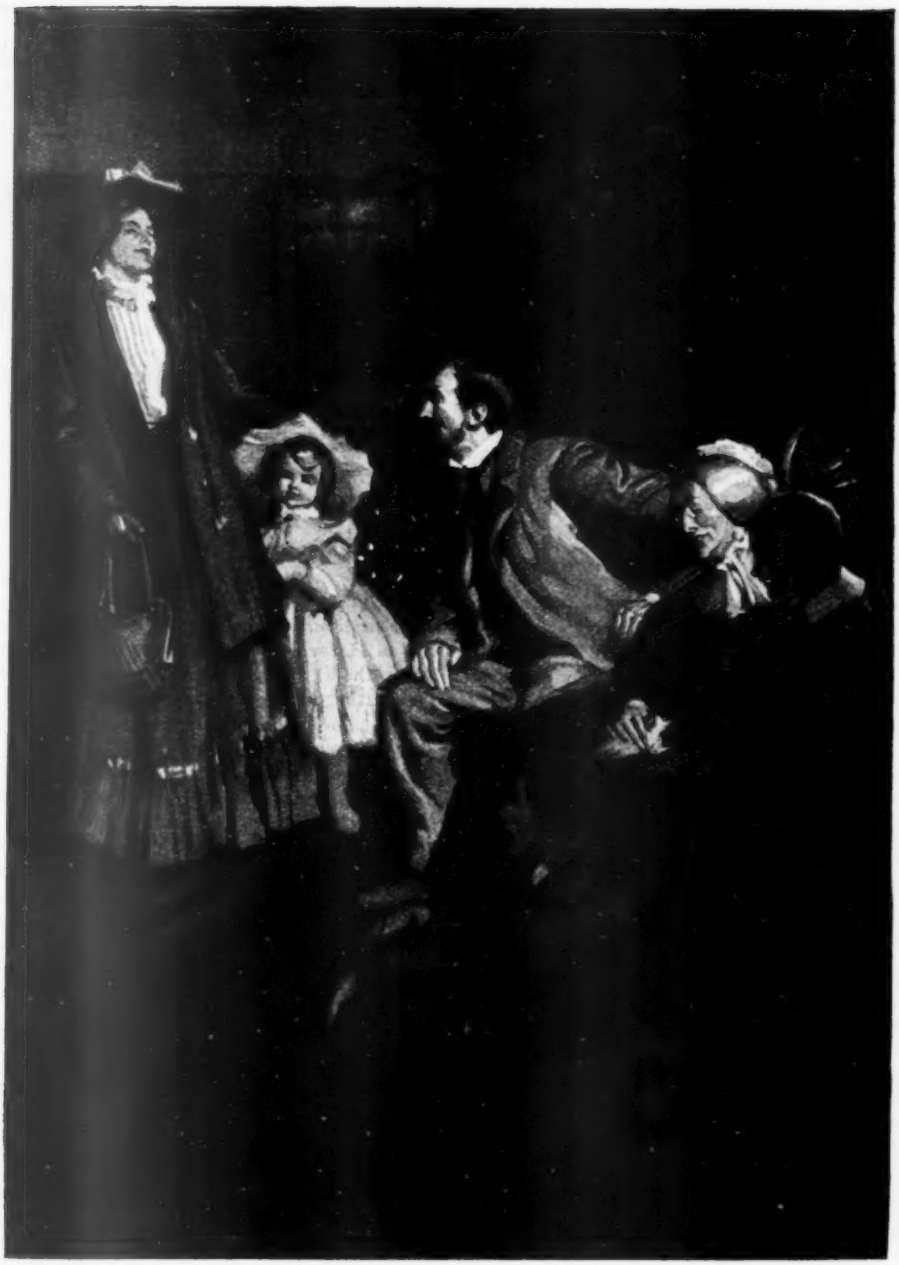
But there came one day when Molly found her eldest born—a little fellow of twelve—lying alone in the house suffering from debility; no fever, but the waste of insidious decline. In a moment her heart was broken. How could she leave the child? How stay?

Another plan suggested itself—she would take him away. But where? As housekeeper to an invalid gentleman where one servant was kept, she had managed these special weekly visits, planning her journey by suitable trains; but it was another thing to find time to take her little boy where he could be under her care. Then it was she thought of poor Aunt Margaret, and she came and asked my help. Might Harry stay with me? A little planning and it was done, but Joe's consent had to be gained. I wrote for Molly; he took no note of my letter. Meanwhile the poor mother was distracted with grief. She gained leave from her master to visit her boy daily, and one evening (being loth to leave him) Joe came in and found her on her knees.

Poor Molly had, like many another, found her only hope and comfort in this hour of trouble was with God, and out of her heart's need she was praying aloud for help and blessing.

Joe stepped out of the house, he thought unnoticed. He wandered up and down—passed and repassed his favourite public-house, had no care or longing that way, so never thought to enter.

So that was the ministering spirit who for weeks past had kept the home so "spick and span." Fool that he was never to make sure it was a mother's hand that did such service for the youngsters! And she had found out how ill the boy was. Would she make sure it was his neglect had caused it? Aunt Margaret had written, and he had been churlish and had not answered her letter; but



"And upon this the door opened, and Molly came in with little Agnes behind her."—*p.* 82.

he would go home and tell the wife she could have the boy away.

When he got back he found young Harry all alone, sobbing his heart out. Mother had torn herself away to go back to her duties. Then Joe lifted the crying boy on his knee, for he was thin and frail, and bid him check his tears, brighter days were coming. To-morrow he could take a holiday from work, and the two would pay Aunt Margaret a visit, and take Willie with them.

* * * * *

And so the three arrived all unawares to me; and Joe was gentleness itself, and wept over his misdeeds and told again the story of his love, and wished he could go back to sober days and win Molly as he won her then.

Shall I ever forget his face as he spoke of finding her in prayer, and how he knew he'd be a better man if he had kept his Sundays and turned away his steps from public-houses? And for comfort I said to him a rhyme I had learnt from his Molly's grandmother, my own dear mother:—

"If you've forgotten to be good,
And taken up with sinning,
Begin again, begin again,
All life is a beginning."

And then, while we were talking, who should pass the window but Molly.

"Shall I go?" said Joe, standing up and turning red. "She'll maybe not care to see me."

"Keep your seat," I answered. "Molly's too true a wife to be other than glad to meet her old fond husband. It was the cold and neglectful Joe she schooled her heart to leave!"

And upon this the door opened, and Molly came in with little Agnes behind her.

Never to my dying day shall I forget the tender look which came into her face as she saw us all together there. Joe rose and stepped up to her as she stood surprised.

"Come, Molly, forgive an erring husband and find room for him once more in your noble heart," he said; and then he broke down and sobbed. And Molly took his bowed head between her hands and kissed his curly hair, and wept soft glad tears as she said something about, "You've never left my heart, Joe. It was your *other* self I had no room for."

Oh, what a tea we had! Joe went out and bought us things—he said, having had a shop, he best knew how to cater; and the invalid, why he seemed to get almost well again with the joy of it all.

Of course, he wasn't well for all that, because it was on his account that Joe went back to his sheep farming in Australia. Not that Molly minded going. She was overjoyed to begin life afresh in a strange land with her husband as she knew him in those early married days—the same, but changed. He was to-day a sober man of prayer.

Yes, there's the family group they sent me last Christmas; I hang it where I can see it. Molly doesn't look a bit like ten years older, but she is for all that; and Joe looks so dignified and nice, you could see at a glance he was used to ordering servants about. And Harry, that broad-shouldered fellow, who could have believed that he was once that delicate, consumptive lad! I don't wonder they count Agnes a beauty, she looks a real open-air living lassie; and Willie is almost as big as Harry. As to the other three, I don't know them, you see, except as they favour their father and mother. Funny though, isn't it, that Molly should have called their last born little girls Peace, Hope, and Joy? There's something quaint and something picture-like about the thought. Joe wanted them called Margaret after me; but Molly said she knew I'd like the other way best, and in truth I do.

Ah! it's all mercies along the road I tread. It's no trouble to me, though, to feel I'll not see Molly again, perhaps, this side of Heaven. The good Father's got us all in His keeping, and all life's roads which run along the "narrow way" lead on to Him, whether they pass through the Old Country or the Colonies. I am content. I love to go over my sweet Molly's story. It's for all the world like it was at the Creation—darkness before light. "The evening and the morning were the first day."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

BASED UPON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

NOVEMBER 15TH.—**David's Trust in God.**

Passage for reading—*Psalm xxiii.*

POINTS.—GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE.
1. In life gives food and guidance.
2. In death cheers by His presence.
3. In eternity provides a home.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Father's Guidance.** A little boy sat on a saddle in front of his father, and held the reins which controlled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed round him and were also held firmly in the father's hand. The father saw occasion to pull one of them. With artless simplicity, the child looked round, saying, "Father, I thought I was driving; but I am not, am I?" How often in David's life was God holding the reins and directing his way! He took him from the sheep-fold and sent him to Saul's court. He brought about his friendship with the King's son which stood him in such good stead. He gave him wisdom to rule, and patience under trial. He, by His Spirit, restored him after his great sin and brought him back to Himself. God's goodness and guidance were with him always.

No Fear of Death. Among the few remains of Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic explorer, there was a leaf of the "Student's Manual," by Dr. John Todd—the only relic of a book. From the way in which the leaf was turned down, the following portion of a dialogue was prominent: "Are you not afraid to die?" "No." "No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "Because God has said to me, 'Fear not. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" In this faith Sir John Franklin lived, and in this faith, amid frozen seas and rivers, he died; and this leaf is preserved in the Museum of Greenwich Hospital.

Heaven Our Home. In the last dreadful civil war in America, troops of the Federals and Confederates were on one occasion encamped on opposite sides of the same river, and one morning the brass band of the Northern troops played their national air, and all the Northern troops cheered and cheered again. Then on the opposite side of the river the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then all the Southern troops cheered and cheered. But after a while one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain; and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals, all together united, as the tears rolled down their cheeks, in one great "Hurrah! Hurrah!" "Well, my friends," said Talmage, the American preacher, as he told the story, "Heaven comes very near us to-day. It is only a stream that divides us—the narrow stream of death—and the voices here and the voices there seem to commingle as we sing praise to God; and the chorus of the united song of heaven and earth is 'Home, sweet home, for ever with our God.'"

NOVEMBER 22ND.—**The World's Temperance Lesson.**

Passages for reading—*Proverbs xx.* 1; *xxiii.* 20, 21; 29—35.

POINTS.—DRINK. 1. In the present is deceitful.
2. In the future leads to misery.
3. Is always harmful.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Signs of Intemperance.** I remember the case of a man, whose face had become quite changed. He had given way to secret drinking. His whole appearance told what a miserable slave to drink he had become. On a certain occasion a friend said to him, "May I speak with you?" "Certainly you may," he replied. "Well, friend, the truth is you have given way to drink, until, unconsciously perhaps to yourself, you are a victim of intemperance." "I?" said the man with surprise. "I am not, indeed; you are mistaken." "No," said the faithful friend, who was not to be put off or cheated by this deceitful denial, "you have but to look in the glass. Nothing but excessive drinking could produce your present appearance. Eight years ago you looked clean, sober, healthy; now you have the testimony of your own experience and the faithful witness of the mirror against you." This is the glass that those who drink should look into.

Habit. Far above the falls of Niagara a man may row down the river and turn back whenever he will; but further down there comes a point beyond which he cannot turn. He cannot tell the exact place, as the tides and currents are so treacherous. So also is it when anyone forms the habit of excessive drinking. He cannot tell the exact time when the point is reached beyond which he is helpless and on the swift road to ruin.

NOVEMBER 29TH.—**David's Charge to Solomon.**

Passage for reading—1 *Chronicles xxviii.* 1—10.

POINTS. 1. He must serve God with all his heart.
2. He must take heed to God's commandments.
3. He must build a sanctuary for God.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Rules for Life.** Make God's will the first and last of all you do. So begin your work that you may have Him at the

end ; otherwise it would have been better not to have begun. Wealth, as a rule, hinders rather than helps the way to Heaven. Let your care be how to "live well" in God's sight, and you may be sure that you will not die poor. So live with men as remembering always that God sees you. So pray to God as if every man heard you. Do nothing which you would not have God see done. Desire nothing which may wrong God's honour to grant. Bear trials as wholesome medicines good for the soul. In a word, "be in the fear of God all the day long." This it is to serve God with all your heart, and those who thus act need fear no evil, for "blessed is the man that feareth the Lord."

Obedience and Faith. A captain is bringing his vessel from the Mediterranean, an almost tideless sea, to one of our inland ports. When he gets to the mouth of the river a telegraphic message is flashed to him, "Lighten your ship ; be ready at a certain hour, and the tide will bring you in." When the hour comes the sails are ready, the anchor weighed, the cargo lightened ; and as the result he sees the wide wastes before him filled with water, his ship floated over the harbour bar, and carried safely into port. So in matters of salvation and eternal life. If we are to be saved we must be ready and willing in the day of God's power. That carries us at last into port with no effort of our own, and leaves us safely harboured there throughout eternity. To fear God and keep His commandments is the whole duty of man.

DECEMBER 6TH.—**Solomon's Wise Choice.**

Passage for reading—1 *Kings iii.* 4—15.

POINTS. 1. The King's humility.
2. His moderation in asking.
3. His wisdom in his choice.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Humility a Source of Honour.** In the evening of the day that Sir Eardley Wilmot kissed the hand of his Sovereign, on being appointed Chief Justice, one of his sons, a youth of seventeen, attended him to his bedside. "Now," said the father, "I will tell you, my son, a secret worth your knowing and remembering. The elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my *humility*, to my not having set up myself above others, and to a uniform endeavour to pass through life void of offence towards God and man."

Humility and Cheerfulness. "The peculiar characters of grass which adapt it specially for the service of man are its apparent humility and cheerfulness—its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service, appointed to be trodden on and fed upon ; its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is the stronger the next day ; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful ; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth, glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colourless and lifeless as they. It is always green, and is only brighter for the hoarfrost." Solomon, in his moderation in asking, showed a humble and contented spirit, like the grass.

DECEMBER 13TH.—**The Dedication of the Temple.**

Passage for reading—1 *Kings viii.* 1—11.

POINTS.—THE TEMPLE. 1. Finished and furnished for God.
2. Dedicated with sacrifices to God.
3. Accepted with glory by God.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Blessedness of Giving.** A merchant of St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported several native missionaries in India, and gave liberally also to Christian work at home. On being asked how he could afford to do it, he replied, "Before my conversion, when I served the world and self I did it on a grand scale and at the most lavish expense ; but when God, by His grace, called me out of darkness, I resolved that Christ and His cause should have more than I had ever spent in the service of the world. And as to giving so much, it is God who enables me to do it ; for at my conversion I solemnly promised that I would give to His cause a fixed proportion of all that my business brought in to me ; and every year since I made that promise it has brought in about double what it did the year before, so that I can easily double my gifts for Him." Nothing is too much or too great for the service of God.

Gifts and Prayer. In mining operations, the full and empty carriages and vessels being connected together, those which have been emptied are from time to time raised up the ascent by the descending of those that have been filled. So let the descent of God's mercies and the gifts bestowed out of His fulness raise your empty vessels to receive from His inexhaustible treasure all that you need.

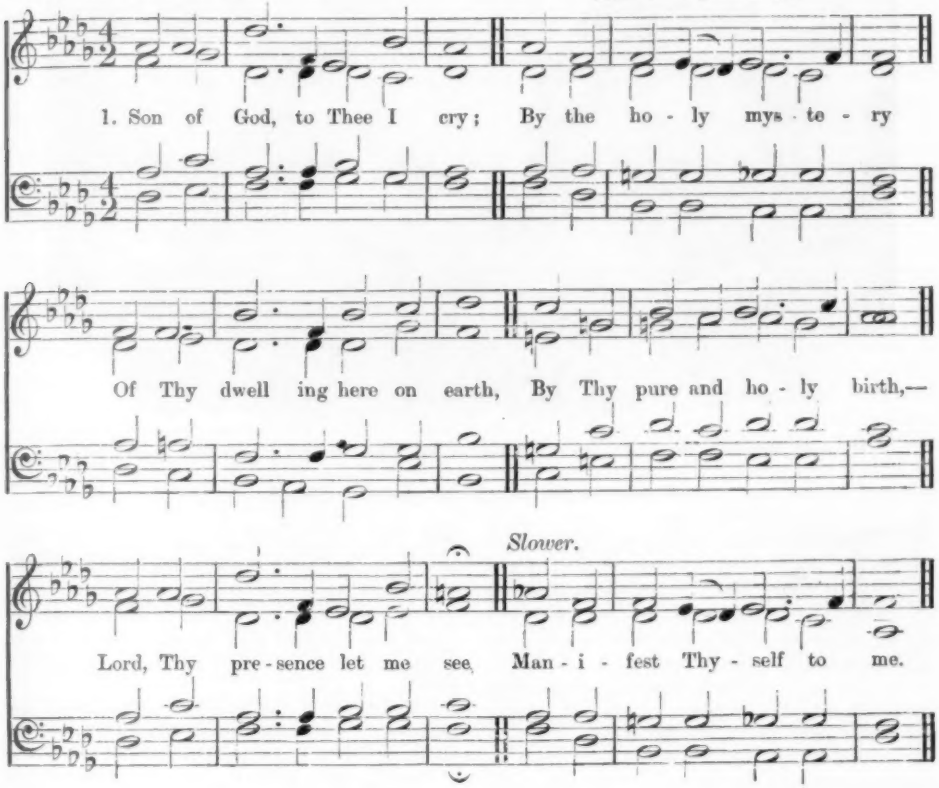
God's Glory. The Roman Emperor Trajan could not conceive how God could not be seen by mortal eye. "You say," said he to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere. I should like to see Him." "He is indeed everywhere," said the Rabbi, "but no mortal eye can behold His glory." The Emperor insisted that it must be possible to see God. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we go first and look at one of His ambassadors." The Rabbi took the Emperor out at noon, and bade him look on the sun, blazing in meridian splendour. The Emperor could not see, for the light dazzled him. Said the Rabbi, "Thou art unable to bear the light of one of His creatures ; how, then, couldest thou look upon the Creator ? Would not such a light annihilate thee ?"

XUM

"Son of God, to Thee I Cry."

Words by RICHARD MANT, 1831.

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus.
(Minor Canon of Canterbury.)



2. Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3. Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.



"'My dear,' she said, and there was an odd little catch in her voice, 'have you quarrelled?'"

A Complete Story by F. H. Sweet.

THE girl gave a pitiful sob as the train curved away from the station, showing through the car windows the rugged slope of Hog Back, with the few isolated cabins in their little clearings among the pines. High up toward the ridge, and above all the other cabins, a tiny wreath of blue smoke curled over the trees and lost itself in the clouds. That was from Herk's chimney, and he was cooking his dinner. Then the girl's shoulders straightened suddenly, and her gaze left the window.

The woman in the next chair had drawn her skirts a little closer when the figure slipped past and dropped into the seat; but as the girl turned, and she saw the sweet, wistful face in the depths of the big sun-bonnet, her fingers relaxed and the folds of the skirt fell back into their former graceful curves. At that moment the conductor entered.

He came straight to the girl, for she was the only passenger who had taken the train from the mountain station. As he stopped beside her chair she held out a handful of small coins. Then the woman noticed that the eyes beneath the sun-bonnet were large and beautiful, and that the long lashes were wet with the tears that were being resolutely held back.

"Where to?" asked the conductor; then, without waiting for a reply, as his eyes swept down the coarsely clad figure, "Haven't you made a mistake, my girl? This is a parlour car."

"I reckon hit's all right," answered the girl listlessly; "the man outside said for me to git in quick. Here's yo' money."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhar the train stops; hit don't matter 'bout no partic'ler place, so long's thar's houses an' people an' a chancet to get work. You all needn't bother 'bout no extra stoppin' on my 'count."

"Well," doubtfully, "this money will take you as far as Ridgeboro, thirty miles. That is considerable of a place. But suppose we go into the next car. You have evidently made a mistake. This car is extra. And, anyway, the chair you are in has already been taken."

"My brother is enjoying his cigar and will not be back for an hour or so," spoke up the woman suddenly; "let the girl have the chair, conductor. I am glad to have her occupy it."

The conductor looked from her to the girl undecidedly, then slipped the coins into his

pocket and walked away. The girl turned to her neighbour.

"How's he mean extra?" she inquired. "I never ast no price an' I give him my money."

"Perhaps he thought you might not want to give any more than was necessary," the woman suggested. "Passengers have to pay extra for using the chairs in this car."

"O—oh!" The girl half rose. "Don't ye reckon he took hit out o' my ninety cents?"

"No, I don't think he did. But it doesn't matter. The chair is mine."

But the girl was standing now.

"I don't want nobody to give——" she began, when the woman reached out and touched her on the arm.

"Sit down, my dear," she smiled pleasantly; "you are my guest, you know. If I should go up to your home on the mountain, wouldn't you let me have a chair to sit on?"

"Of co'se; but——"

"That is all I am doing now. The chair is temporarily mine, and it is unoccupied. I am glad to have you make use of it."

The girl remained standing for a few seconds, then sank doubtfully upon the chair, and soon after turned to the window. A rugged, pine-wooded slope was sweeping by, and on it were small clearings and cabins, and blue smoke losing itself in the clouds; but it was not *her* slope and cabins and smoke, and presently her gaze came back mistily into the car. The woman was gazing out at the slope also, for it was wild and good to look upon. Then in the reflection on the window glass she saw the girl's hand go to the bosom of her dress and draw out a small tintype such as were made by cheap, wandering photographers. The woman at first saw without observing; then realising what she was doing she suddenly turned her chair so as to shut out the reflection, but not before she saw the tintype raised passionately to the girl's lips. It was only when she heard a low sob, instantly checked, that she swung her chair back again, sharply.

"My dear," she said, and there was an odd little catch in her voice, "have you quarrelled?"

The girl started, her eyes opening wide. "Y—yes," she hesitated; "but how'd ye know?"

"Oh, women have a way of divining such things, perhaps. Is he nice?"

"Nice? Herk nice?" The girl drew a long ecstatic breath, which ended in a sob. "He's the best man on the whole mount'n, the strongest an' best-lookin' an' best-workin'."

"And you—quarrelled?" There was a low, retrospective note of sadness in the woman's voice, which she did not appear to realise herself. "Quarrelled," she repeated. "Was Herk to blame—altogether?"

"N—no, not all," confessed the girl, frankly. "I—I started it. But Herk's a strong man, an' ought to give in."

"Men are sometimes stubborn, even when their hearts are breaking. It is the woman who should give in, especially if she's a little in the wrong. Love means so much more to her, and—and it is so easy for one's life to be ruined. You must go back and make it up with Herk, dear."

"I can't," shortly.

"Would you like to go through all your life without seeing or hearing from him, just living for yourself?"

"But I wouldn't," with sudden alarm in her voice. "Herk's plumb sure to come an' look for me arter a while." She half rose as the train began to slacken speed, her face flushing. "Hit's Brant's Bridge," she explained; "seven miles from our place, an' whar I airned my ninety cents sellin' calamus roots. Herk bought my ring here, too. Oh, yes, he's plumb sure to come for me."

"Perhaps," the strained lips were forcing themselves to say; "but don't wreck your life on such a chance, my dear. That's right," as the girl rose with sudden resolution in her face; "go back and explain to him. If he is a good man—as I think he is—he will understand and meet you halfway. And you must allow me to advance you the fare back—you can repay me some time, you know. I am glad for you, dear. I once knew a quarrel like this, and there was no making up. The man went across the sea and never came back. He never will come——"

She stopped abruptly, her lips parted, her eyes wide. Her brother was approaching from the other end of the car, and behind him, crowding by him, was a tall eager man whose face was glowing, whose arms were outstretched towards her. As in a dream she felt the girl grasp her hand and kiss it, and heard a broken, joyful, "Good-bye. No'm, I can't take yo' money. Hit's only seven miles, an' I can walk hit easy. Good-bye. Hit's the fust time I was ever in a train, an' I won't never forget ye." Then the girl was gone; and then—the man was beside her.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

ON USING THE PRESS.

AMONG the small band of Temperance workers keenly alive to the power of the press as an aid to Temperance work, a foremost place must be given to Mr. H. J. Osborn. More than a quarter of a century ago, when he was prominently identified with the work of the Western Temperance League, the official organ of that association contained many contributions from his pen urging a more persistent circulation of Temperance literature. After his removal to London he became associated with Mr. Arnold F. Hills in the work of the United Temperance Council and the Ideal Publishing Union. Upon the changes consequent on the transference of the National Temperance League's publication depôt to the Ideal Publishing Union, Mr. Osborn undertook the direction of the depôt, and more recently still he has become the proprietor of the National Temperance Depôt, with



(Photo: W. S. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.)
MR. HENRY J. OSBORN.

its varied stock and valuable copyrights. His intimate knowledge of the different phases of Temperance effort, his lifelong experience as a practical worker, and the high respect in which he is held by all sections of society, make him essentially the right man in the right place at the head of this historic Temperance publication concern. It is his ambition to cater for every department of the movement, so that those who, on the one hand, wish to purchase whole libraries for their Temperance societies, or who, on the other hand, only want a supply of leaflets for a mission, can have their needs promptly met. Mr. Osborn is a leader of the Temperance forces at Southend-on-Sea, and was elected to the Borough Council some few years ago by a very large majority. The contest mainly turned on the Temperance question. He was formerly the editor of *The United Temperance Gazette*, and is now the editor of *The Temperance Mirror*, and also of *The Temperance Register*, a new monthly which is calculated to do good service in reaching the thoughtful and cultured classes.

TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

The return of Temperance Sunday in the Free Churches, which occurs this month, once again presents an opportunity for arousing the interest of religious people to the paramount evils of intemperance. There is still a great lack of knowledge among the upper and middle classes as to the claims of the Temperance question. The pulpit affords a splendid opportunity for quickening the interest in our work. There should be a Temperance meeting on a week night following Temperance Sunday, and a definite attempt thus made to enlarge the membership of the local Temperance societies.

THE TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

The custom of having a Christmas collection in the various Bands of Hope in aid of the Temperance Hospital has stood the test of twenty years or more, and although some of the adult societies have joined in the effort, they are but few in number. The hospital just now stands in pressing need of energetic support, and, with the War and Coronation out of the way, it is hoped that this year's collection will break the record. If those who have never joined in the effort will do so this time, and if those who have hitherto collected try to get "half as much again" as they sent in last year, the hospital authorities will be cheered and encouraged in their labour of love.

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

The newspapers have recently given some deplorable instances of ruined homes as a result of female intemperance. In the neighbourhood of Paddington a lady who has for many years conducted a large Mothers' Meeting,

has recently invited qualified speakers to pay a kind of surprise visit to her meeting and give the mothers a friendly talk on the subject. Many of the women cannot get out to the ordinary evening Temperance meeting, so that this special effort may be the means of influencing some who have not been reached hitherto.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES.

In connection with many places of worship there seems to be a disposition to revive the literary and debating societies which were such a power for good in the 'seventies. Such societies afford a fine opportunity for discussing the Temperance question. A good, vigorous debate on the compensation question, or a paper on the present state of the licensing laws, will serve to spread the light among the future electors and heads of families. In view of the next General Election, Temperance workers should be on the alert to educate public opinion by any and every available means. Another good subject for a young men's society would be "The Early Heroes of the Temperance Reformation." The story of the men who laid the foundations of the cause is full of deep interest, and presents many lessons of faith, perseverance, and endurance, with which the young men of to-day will be all the better for being brought into touch.



(Photo: W. H. Selby, Gold Coast Colony.)

CHIEF ZACCHÆUS COKER OF CAPE COAST CASTLE.

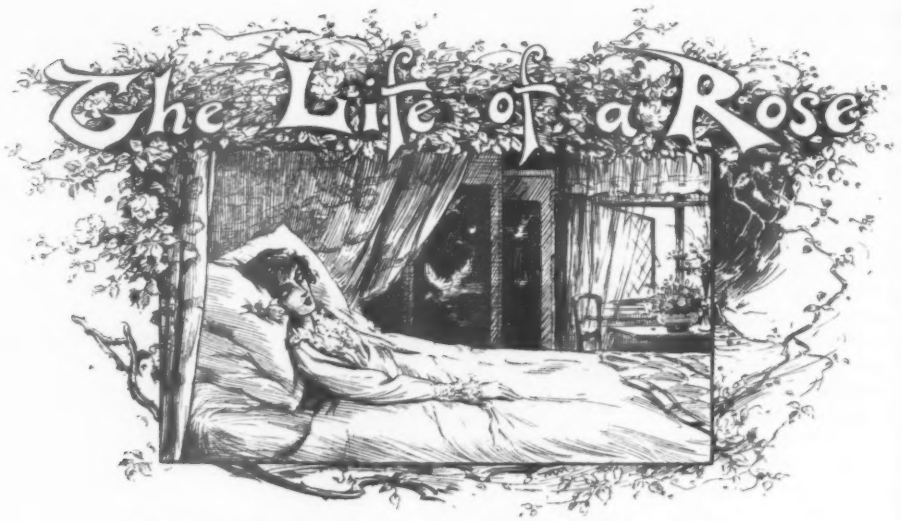
A COLONIAL WORKER.

The hereditary chief Zacchæus Coker, whose portrait we present this month, is a recruit of the Independent Order of Good Templars. He is attired in the native costume of Cape Coast Castle, as he appeared when waiting upon the late Colonial Secretary prior to the Coronation. He is fully sensible of the great evils which have resulted from the demoralisation of the native races by the liquor traffic, and takes a very warm interest in the promotion of the Temperance cause. The marvellous way in which Good Templary has proved to be of service to all sorts and conditions of men, in all sorts of climates, is one of the most interesting features of present-day work. Mr. Joseph Malins, J.P., the Grand Chief Templar, has from the first developed the missionary aspect of the Order, and its plantation in our colonial possessions has always been very dear to his heart.

POOR LAW SCHOOLS.

The development of Bands of Hope in the Poor Law Schools of the country is a most encouraging sign of Temperance progress. To equip the children of the State so that when they are turned out into the world they may be able to withstand the temptations to drink is clearly a Christlike thing. The Chase Farm Schools, Enfield, has a most successful work conducted by Mr. C. W. Garrard, who constantly receives deeply gratifying letters from boys and girls who have been trained in Temperance principles in the Chase Farm Schools Band of Hope, and are now earning their living in different parts of the world. At the Hornchurch Cottage Homes in Essex a similar work is also conducted by Mr. Garrard, with like encouraging results.





An Allegory for Young and Old by Flora Schmalz.

THE June sun's rays were warm and fervid; they had travelled round the large, old-fashioned garden until they reached the quiet corner where the rose-bush stood alone in the shade. And now the fresh green leaves were flecked with flickering lights, which danced hither and thither in a perfect frenzy of joy and wonder.

It was a memorable Midsummer Day, for to-day the solitary rose-bud which the tree had borne was opening her petals, one by one. Words cannot picture the delicate fragrance of those unsullied, blooming petals. No wonder that the sunbeams were waiting to kiss them into life! No wonder that, as each curling beauty was gradually disclosed, the buoyant zephyrs hurried to the spot, longing to fan and brace up the flower into the fulness of strength and of absolute perfection.

The heart of the rose quivered and palpitated, in sympathy with the leaves that surrounded her. It thrilled with gratitude towards the sun and the breeze; it went out with good will, as she realised her kinship, and was in ecstatic harmony with every living thing.

Yet, as evening drew nigh, a strange sense of loneliness made itself felt. The great sun-power had withdrawn his beneficent influence. There was hardly a movement in the silent, dew-laden air. Every bird had gone to roost; at least, so she thought, until a sudden burst of unexpected melody turned the stillness into music. Then she listened, as if in a dream, while the nightingale related to her the old Eastern love-story of his early ancestor and the primeval rose. It was all so new and strange to her that, when the bird went on to sing her own praises, she grew pinker and pinker in the moonlight with a blush that never left her again.

The song came to an end with a superb shake—an epitome of the burden which it had conveyed.

"Life is love;
Love is life."

The rose shivered; she knew not why, save that she was born into a world of suffering, and had learnt what sorrow meant. Her lover was gone, and she now divined that she should never see him again. The song had spoken of life; it had likewise revealed to her that she must die. But love, it transpired, was eternal, and to give herself for another was to live for ever.

On the following day the sunbeams returned to caress her. The summer ether brought a message of expectancy, as it fluttered through the foliage, until it reached the rose, in all her fresh young loveliness, and stirred her once more into rapture.

A few days later it became evident that she had attained the zenith of her beauty,

XUM

and yet she experienced a feeling of vague disappointment; she still yearned for that which had not come to pass.

Once in the garden she had caught the sound of a hitherto unknown voice, the ripple of happy, childish laughter. A glimpse had been granted her of a being, new and marvellous—of an exquisite human flower. It was a little maiden of six summers, whose eyes were deep blue, like the violets, and whose hair had threads of gold in it, like the sun.

But since this happened so long ago it seemed as if the garden had been wrapt in a deeper stillness, and as if the house in the background were sunk in sleep. A feeling of indescribable sadness, of dim foreboding, began to haunt the place; the sun's visits appeared to grow shorter, and the shadows fell dark and thick. Could it be purely imagination, the rose conjectured, or was the hour of tragedy at hand; that supreme hour of which the nightingale had warned her in his song, and to which all nature, in this teeming summer pageant, was slowly tending? For the culmination of each leaf and flower was reached and past, and already their outward beauty was assuming a subtle and inner meaning.

In the sun's fierce heat the rose commenced to droop and hang her head. The gardener had become oddly negligent of late, and the root of the plant lacked moisture, which the dry earth failed to supply. As the day declined the conviction seized her that the edges of her petals were ever so slightly crinkling up. What if, before very long, they should be tinged with brown? What if she should be left here, in this isolated corner, until she were over-blown? To wither, perchance to mildew, and then, sad fate! to die alone—her fragrance wasted, and her life uncrowned!

The shades of twilight were gathering round, when the sound of a child's sobs struck on the heavy evening air—those long-drawn, heart-wrung utterances of a grief so profound and unavailing, that the memory of it in after years will still cause a pang.

The sobs came nearer, and with them a patter of childish footsteps on the gravel walk. It was the little maiden, who had sought this silent corner, to weep out her heart alone. Now and anon she would pause, as if exhausted through emotion; then, with a passionate cry of "Mother," a fresh paroxysm would ensue. Until, spent at length, she perforce grew calmer, and when the church bells in the distance rang the hour of prayer, lifted her head to listen.

The next moment she spied the rose, blushing, beautiful, and radiant, as if with a newborn hope.

"Take me, pluck me, dear little one!" the flower would fain have cried. "I can suffer with thee—I will dry thy tears."

And, as if in answer to this unspoken petition, the little girl advanced, and stooped to inhale the rich aroma, sweeter and more potent than in her brief existence she had ever known.

"Mother loves roses," the child whispered to herself. "I will take her this one, and perhaps it will make her well."

So she stretched out her hand and pulled at the rose, until the stalk snapped, and the flower was severed from the tree.

Then a strange tremor ran through the sap of the rose. She glowed and thrilled in the child's warm clasp, though she knew that her own life was over. But before her lay a vision of great possibilities, for her act of self-renunciation was begun, and she was willing to give herself for another. Yes, she was fading, and would soon fade faster, but the precious perfume remained, and the rose was persuaded that this essential part of her being would never die.

A splash of water came to relieve her faintness, which she at first mistook for dew. But presently she knew it to be a tear-drop, which had fallen from the violet eyes so wistfully fixed upon her.

Then the little maiden went back to the house, and sped up the stairs to her mother's darkened room. She entered on tiptoe, and, gaining the bed, softly laid down the rose on the pillow—close to the girlish face so white, and wan, and sorrowful.

The sufferer's eyelids flickered in her state of semi-consciousness. She had not heard her child approach, though she at once became aware of the presence of the rose. And, as the flower exhaled her life-giving essence, memory bore her back to that idyllic Roseland, where the roses never lose their freshness, but blow for ever, with a perennial bloom. It was there she had first met her soldier-husband, when, in the vicarage garden that was her home, he had asked her for a rose. Life since that moment had grown real and earnest, sanctified and complete. It was not until he left her to fight for his Queen and country that she feared lest her time of roses should have passed away. And it was to

this wearing suspense concerning his fate, that the illness was due which had prostrated her.

But now she dreams, as the rose's exhalation penetrates both heart and brain, that she is back in Roseland again. Her loved one is with her; she feels his warm breath on her cheek, and listens once more to his tender words. It was the scent of the rose that had brought her so much happiness, and though the rose thirsted for water in vain, not a single sigh of complaint escaped her



"So she stretched out her hand and pulled at the rose."

When the trained nurse, who had been watching, saw that her patient was asleep, she wandered out into the garden. Then the child knelt down by the bedside, and repeated all the prayers that her mother had ever taught her.

Through the open window could be heard, in the distance, the wondrous trill of the nightingale. And the rose knew that, as he had come to sing a love song at her birth, so had he returned to chant a dirge over her untimely end.

In her sleep, the invalid hovered between life and death. Yet if her dreams were sweet, how much sweeter was the reality which awakened her!

"Father—dear father!" was the jubilant cry of the little maid, when she was lifted from the ground by a pair of strong arms, which her childish instinct told her could only belong to one.

A kiss upon her lips, and the girl-wife opened her eyes, to behold the face she loved best bending tenderly over her. Health and hope came stealing gently through her veins, for the shock of a great gladness had galvanised her back to life, and the dread borderland was left behind.

"Don't be afraid, dear," she whispered in the wish to calm his fears. "Your return is not too sudden: it was the rose that told me you were coming."

Then she raised the rose, all pale and parched, and, after pressing it to her lips, held it against those of her hero, who kissed it in his turn.

So the heart of the rose rejoiced, and passed away into Roseland, whence it came. But the withered husk of the flower was consigned to a secret drawer, where it is still preserved, by those whose Roseland she had restored to them, as a most precious relic of the past.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

OUR CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

THE December number of THE QUIVER will, as in past years, be a double Christmas number, for which several special features have been arranged. First and foremost among these features we would place the Presentation Plate, which consists of a handsome Rembrandt photogravure of the great picture by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., entitled "Her Mother's Voice," which is now in the National Gallery of British Art. The painting is reproduced in a large size for framing, and will, no doubt, be a welcome addition to many homes. The number will also contain four other Rembrandt photogravure plates, entitled respectively, "A Yuletide Carol," by Percy Tarrant; "In Time of Trouble," by Edward S. Harper; "Christmas Morning," by Percy Tarrant; and "Charity," by Walter Langley, R.I.



(*Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*)

MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(*The painter of* "HER MOTHER'S VOICE.")

New Stories.

In addition to instalments of the two serial stories which we begin in the present number, there will be found in our December issue an enthralling Christmas novel of one volume length, entitled "The Hill of Difficulty," written especially for this magazine by Mrs. C. E. C. Weigall, whose work is familiar to every reader of THE QUIVER, and illustrated by Sydney Cowell in a series of full-page plates. Short stories will be contributed by Morice Gerard, Scott Graham, G. E. Farrow, and other well-known writers.

Other Features.

Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce writes on "Why I am an Abstainer," and a seasonable devotional paper is contributed by the Rev. Alexander McLaren, D.D., while Sir Frederick Bridge sends a new musical setting of a favourite Christmas hymn. The Dean of Gloucester contributes the first of a series of articles on "The Makers of Modern Christianity," the subject of his paper being "St. Jerome the Scholar." There is a paper on Mr. Andrew Carnegie and "The Secret of his Success"; and, while Mr. Frederick Dolman writes on "Christmas in Recent Art," Mrs. S. A. Tooley takes us "Round the World with Santa Claus."

"The Quiver" Series.

WE draw the special attention of our readers to the announcement in our advertisement pages of this issue of the first two volumes in "THE QUIVER Series," which it is intended to associate very closely with this magazine, and which is to consist of works which will appeal particularly to those among whom THE QUIVER circulates. "The Life and Work of the Redeemer" and Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "The Holy Land and the Bible" open the series, and the price at which the volumes are issued is one which brings them within the reach of every QUIVER reader.

A Bishop's Chair.

THE pending resignation of the Bishop of Manchester gives point to the accompanying photograph, which shows the beautiful carved oak chair presented to Mellor Church, Lancashire, by Mr. R. A. Yerburgh, M.P., the lord of the manor. The chair, besides the Bishop's mitre in the centre, bears two full-length figures,



THE BISHOP'S CHAIR.
(Beautifully carved oak chair with figures of two bishops.)

excellent likenesses, of the late Bishop Fraser of Manchester and the present Bishop, who is just about to resign.

"Trespassers will be Prosecuted."

PROBABLY this is only a builder's formality, but it always strikes us as a singularly incongruous motto to put up outside any house of God which is nearing completion. It especially jarred upon us during a country walk on an evening of last summer. It was Sunday night, and the crude, staring placard seemed harshly out of tune with the prodigal bounty of nature, the green boughs bending over us, the honeysuckle in the hedges, and the holy Sabbath calm. It was the Greek philosopher who graved above the portico of his temple, "Let no uneducated person enter"; but it was Someone greater Who said, "Come unto Me."

Search the Scriptures.

WE Protestants can never be too thankful for the blessings of an "open Bible," and we are always encouraged in freest private access to the Word of God. There is no excuse amongst us for the lamentable and ludicrous ignorance which prevails where the Bible is practically a sealed book to the laity. It would be about the middle of the eighteenth century that Dr. Johnson told Boswell he had met an Italian gentleman in London, of distinction and education, who had observed to him, "We have in our [Romish] service a prayer called the *Pater Noster*, which is a very fine composition. I wonder who is the author of it?" We cull an illustration, apparently authentic, from *The Evangelical Magazine* for 1807. A "professor of the Gospel" and his family were driven, by reason of a fire which nearly destroyed the town of Chudleigh, to take shelter in a farmhouse, the master of which was a Roman Catholic. To comfort his distressed visitor, the farmer kindly bade him remember what the Bible said about Hercules telling a waggoner, who was in difficulties, to put his shoulder to the wheel and push, and promising that if he *then* failed to get the team along he would help him. "My dear," said the hostess, who was a Protestant, "that tale of yours is not in the Bible." "Yes," replied the consoler, "it is in Isaiah or Jeremiah—I don't know which." R. L. Stevenson, in his "Vailima Letters," describes how two Samoan Roman Catholic priests endeavoured to entertain him during a call, in no very reverent manner, with details of the Gospel stories, which they evidently supposed would have the interest of the absolutely unknown. We happened once ourselves to be under the care of an Irish manservant, who was certainly not remarkable for his knowledge of the Scriptures. "When I was young," he once said to us, "I attended a gentleman through Palestine, and we stayed at —— and ——" (mentioning two of the best-known scenes of New Testament history). "If I had known *then* what happened there as I do *now*" (this with conscious pride), "I should have taken a deal more notice of things than I did." Again let us Protestants be grateful for our scriptural privileges, and avail ourselves of them to the full. Without the Bible every soul must remain starved and stunted, and no nation has ever continued stable and great.

"The Quiver" Heroes' Fund.

THE latest act for recognition by THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund comes from Preston, where, on the night of August 1st, Richard Young heard cries proceeding from a house near his own on Mill Hill. When he reached the place he found that a quantity of clothes had caught fire, and that the kitchen was filled with smoke so suffocating that, to make a way into the place, Young had to crawl on his hands and knees. In the kitchen had been left a five months' old baby, in a cradle near the fireplace, and some of the burning clothes had actually fallen on to the little one before he reached it and carried it outside. Entering the house again, he went upstairs and rescued another child, aged eighteen months, and made his escape with it by breaking the bedroom window. The little baby was so badly burned that it subsequently succumbed to its injuries, but the older child was none the worse for the adventure. This case having been reported

to the Editor of The Quiver, investigations were kindly undertaken on the spot by the local authorities, and when it was decided to present the silver medal of The Quiver Heroes' Fund to Richard Young, Mr. Alderman Greenwood, the Mayor of Preston, was good enough to make the presentation at the police court on the morning of August 28.

A Hint from the Pearl.

When our Lord compared the Kingdom of Heaven to a jewel so lovely as a pearl, did He perhaps intend to express the beauty, as well as the preciousness, of real religion? If so, there are many Christians who might add the virtue of winsomeness to their other undoubted merits. It is not by sourness of disposition that we shall commend the Gospel we profess. Let us not melt *our* pearl, as Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, is said to have done when she drank a health to Antony—in vinegar.

"It will Spoil the Congregations."

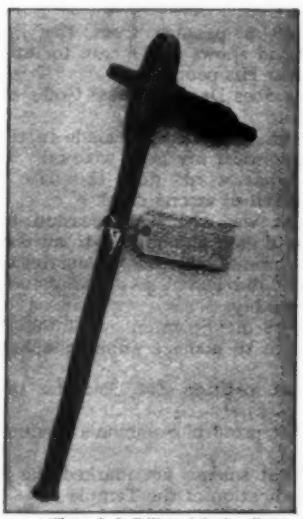
When an observation such as this is made to a minister in connection with the fact that, owing to alterations, the organ cannot be played for a few Sundays, it sets him sadly wondering what (if his friend's supposition be a sound one) can be the precise value of the worship which some people profess to render to Almighty God. Do we come to church or chapel to get the same æsthetic delights from music (only more cheaply) that we should expect in a concert room, or do we come to offer to our Creator the best that we can of ourselves—our attention, our prayers, our praise, our alms—because we feel that we love Him, and that we owe Him all? So far as music has cost love, labour, genius, money, it may worthily be presented to the gracious Giver of good; but so far as it is merely intended to tickle our own ears and feed our selfishness, it is worse than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The most passionate lover of music, whose heart is right in the sight of God, has never been kept away from His house because the organ has not been played. A congregation of true worshippers is never "spoilt."

The Cross that Conquers

In one of the letters which he wrote home during his American tour last summer the Rev. R. J. Campbell describes his visit to Plymouth Rock, the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. He reminds us how during the bitter cold and hardships of the first winter in New England about half died, within six months, of the one hundred and one pilgrims who had come out in the *Mayflower*. Those who survived left the graves of their comrades levelled and unmarked, so that the Indians might not guess how busy death had been in their brave little company. As we look at Mr. Campbell's pathetic picture we reflect on the mighty and stalwart nation into which those few half-starved survivors have grown, and how the Indians, who were such formidable adversaries, are a well-nigh vanished race. It was the faith brought by those poor, persecuted pioneers from our inhospitable shores which gave them a heritage in the land of their adoption, and which is the most potent factor in progress and civilisation. Those fifty graves were the first outpost of victory, as a valley of dry bones may become "an exceeding great army."

A Slight Distinction.

A certain society, which is doing an excellent work amongst girls, has, as one of its professed objects, the "promotion of temperance and thrift." "Do you know what 'thrift' means?" asked a lady lately of a class of young maidens who are in training to be admitted as members. For some time there was no answer. At last a diffident hand was put up. "Well, Maggie, what is thrift?" "Please, miss, taking that as doesn't belong to you!" The words "thrift" and "theft" are certainly somewhat alike; but the ingenuous damsel's reply warns a teacher not to take too much for granted, for there are many "locked doors to knowledge."



(Photo: S. B. Hollings, Calverley, Yorks.)

THE AXE THAT KILLED JAMES CHALMERS.

The Martyrdom of James Chalmers.

A painful interest attaches to the photograph of an axe which we reproduce with this note. The weapon was given to Captain Mackay, the harbour master at Brisbane, by

Captain Harvey, with the explanation that it was found by the punitive expedition which visited New Guinea after the murder of Mr. Chalmers, and with it were a skull, some bones, and some remnants of clothing, which were identified as those of Mr. Chalmers. With the aid of an interpreter it was ascertained that the axe belonged to the chief Turotere, the actual murderer, and beyond a doubt must have played its part in the tragedy of 1901.

As Sand upon Shore.

AT a favourite seaside resort it had been a golden afternoon; the blue waves were dimpling in the July sunshine, and scores of little castle-builders, with their spades and buckets, and grand sand bulwarks, and large stones fetched by big brothers from the beach, had been particularly busy. Really, two or three of the turreted and moated mansions looked quite imposing structures. But this day the small labourers were not fortunate with the tide, and lost the fun of demolition. Heavy eyelids had drooped over tired eyes before the grey and ghostly waters (for the weather changed at nightfall) crept up to work their inexorable will. We wandered to the shore, and beneath sombre and sullen skies, while a keen wind blew and the darkness deepened, we watched castle after castle surrounded, dashed down, overwhelmed—and the flood rolled on. And as we gazed at what a few hours before had been the bright playground of happy children, we thought how our works, which seem so stable, and are sometimes decked with such rainbow hues, would soon vanish and be forgotten. And Time, "like an ever-rolling stream," flows on.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from August 25th, 1903, up to and including September 29th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* "A Working Woman," 10s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £1, 17s. 6d., 10s., 5s., 3s. 6d., £1 2s. 6d.; "Omnerwood," £1; L. R., Newcastle, 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct:—"Gracedieu," £1; "Lochalsh," 5s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* G. J. T., Rochester, 10s.; B. M. P., 5s.; Alice Bush, Clifton, 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

1. Quote a passage from the Psalms in which David shows God's care for and watchfulness over His people.

2. How does David express God's care of us in the hour of death?

3. To what is reference made in the words, "Thou anointest my head with oil"?

4. In what words does the wise man set forth the evil of strong drink?

5. What was the last occasion on which King David gave an audience to all the princes, nobles, captains, etc., in his dominions?

6. What did David give to Solomon at this great assembly?

7. Where did Solomon go at the beginning of his reign to make a public thanksgiving to God?

8. What petition did Solomon present to God?

9. What proof of Solomon's wisdom is mentioned?

10. What solemn act marked the beginning of the dedication of the Temple?

11. In what way did God show His acceptance of the Temple as His sanctuary?

12. What portion of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple was long after remembered by the Jews?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1212.

133. "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." (Psalm li. 3.)

134. To the ceremony of cleansing a leper. Before the leper could return to his home the priest took a bird and killed it, and with a bunch of hyssop sprinkled the blood upon the leper as a sign of his cleansing. (Psalm li. 7; Lev. xiv. 1; etc.)

135. That God would altogether forsake him, as is expressed in the words, "Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me." (Psalm li. 11.)

136. Psalm xxxii. 3.

137. To the cities of refuge, to which the offender might fly and be hidden from his enemies. (Psalm xxxii. 7; Num. xxxv. 6.)

138. Psalm xxxii. 10.

139. "Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel." (2 Sam. xv. 6.)

140. He got David's permission to go to Hebron with a bodyguard, under the pretence of fulfilling a vow, and there he had himself proclaimed king. (2 Sam. xv. 8–11.)

141. Ahithophel, one of the chief counsellors of David, of whom it is said his counsel was "as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God." (2 Sam. xv. 12, and xvi. 23.)

142. In the wood of Ephraim, which was a source of great danger to Absalom's army. (2 Sam. xviii. 6, 7.)

143. Absalom was slain while hanging by his hair from one of the trees, and his followers then fled. (2 Sam. xviii. 9, 14, 15, and xix. 8.)

144. The greatness of a father's love, even for a rebellious son. (2 Sam. xviii. 33 and xix. 4.)

XUM





A YULE TIDE CAROL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY
PERCY TARRANT, BY PERMISSION OF
C. W. FAULKNER & CO., GOLDEN LANE, E.C.,
THE OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.

XUM



By Sarah A. Tooley.

"Ho! Santa Claus—our own since Infancy—
Most tangible of all the gods that be!—
As first we scampered to thee—now as then,
Take us as children to thy heart again."

SANTA CLAUS is undoubtedly the fleetest traveller in history, and as the children's patron saint he is careful not to risk his reputation by disappointing his devotees. It would be dreadful to contemplate the distress occasioned if Santa were to fall over a precipice while crossing the Alps, lose his way on the western prairies, be stopped by icebergs in the North Sea, overcome with heat in Australia, or, worst of all, turn lazy. But he has never failed us yet, so we may accompany him on tour with confidence.

It has not been ascertained, I believe, where Santa Claus reposes after his supreme effort at Christmas, and consequently we do not know where he starts on his beneficent round of the globe. He himself, however, began life in the fourth century as a model baby, named Nicholas, who was so pious that he refused on fast days to take the nourishment offered by his mother. As might be expected, he became a great Bishop. He ruled over the diocese of Myra, and eventually was canonised as Saint Nicholas, the "patron saint" of children and sailors. Hundreds of churches were erected to his memory, and his day, December 6th, has continued to be observed in various countries. His name was gradually corrupted into Santa Claus.

The connection of St. Nicholas with the giving of surprise presents began in this way, according to legendary history: A nobleman of Padua, unable to provide marriage portions for his three daughters, was about to adopt a desperate course, when St. Nicholas went secretly to the



"THE YOUNG QUEEN . . . DELIGHTS TO AID SANTA CLAUS IN SELECTING PRESENTS FOR THE CHILDREN ABOUT THE COURT."

house one night and threw a purse of gold through an open window. It fell at the feet of the father, who straightway used it to portion his eldest daughter. St. Nicholas repeated similar gifts on two successive nights to provide dowries for the other daughters, but on the last visit the nobleman caught the mysterious benefactor by his garment. St. Nicholas, however, made him promise that he would not reveal his identity to anyone—hence the secresy which has surrounded the good saint even to the present day.

A further quaint legend is told concerning his compassion for the young. In the course of his travels St. Nicholas came to the house of a wicked butcher-man who had murdered three innocent boys, and kept them in pickle for seven years. When the saint made his appearance the butcher offered him refreshment.

"Will you have of ham a slice?
I will not, for it is not nice!"

* * * * *

"Of this veal you'll take a bit?
No! I do not relish it!

* * * * *

"Give me of the little swine,
For seven long years have lain in brine!"

The butcher turned white and fled, and the saint, discovering the pickle tub, waved the lid open and raised the murdered children to life. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford is preserved a fifteenth-century illuminated manuscript which has a figure of St. Nicholas in ecclesiastical robes, holding a crozier in the left hand, while he extends the right in benediction to three boys who are seen rising from a tub at his side.

It was probably on account of his popularity with sailors that the cult of St. Nicholas became so firmly rooted in the maritime country of the Netherlands. He is the only saint who has survived the Reformation in Holland, so we will imagine Santa Claus to begin his tour in that little kingdom. On St. Nicholas Eve, December 5th, every Dutch child prepares for his coming. They know that during the night he will arrive on his white horse, bringing presents for all good children, so they put their shoes by the chimney, which he is believed to descend and strew carrots upon the hearth. In the morning the carrots are gone, having, of course, been consumed by the white horse of Santa Claus, and the shoes are filled with presents. Naughty children only get a birch-rod, and Santa has been kept informed of their behaviour by his black boy—a very unpleasant person who sneaks in the chimney. A famous painting by Jan Steen, entitled *San Nicolaas*, illustrating this custom, is in the State Museum at Amsterdam. In the foreground the good child is shown holding a figure of Santa Claus in its arms and surrounded by gingerbreads and good things, while the naughty boy stands in the background crying because there is only a birch-rod in his shoe, and the maid is holding it up in derision.

St. Nicholas Day is devoted to honouring Santa by all kinds of merrymaking, and is practically the Dutch Christmas festival. True, both December 25th and 26th are called Christmas Days in Holland, but they are observed as Sundays. The young Queen from her earliest years has kept St. Nicholas Day in good old style, and delights to aid Santa Claus in selecting presents for children about the court. Her Majesty also keeps December 25th, with all its popular customs.

In the neighbouring kingdom of Belgium Santa Claus has a busy time, and it is said that the Christmas stocking first originated there. In Brussels, as St. Nicholas Day approaches, the confectioners' windows present row upon row of boy bishops in chocolate. Many are made in a block, representing St. Nicholas in mitre and robes, blessing the three little children whom he is supposed to have raised to life, as in the picture at Oxford already referred to. No matter what other presents Santa puts into the stockings or shoes of the Flemish children, they are not satisfied unless they get a chocolate bishop!

In Germany St. Nicholas or Santa Claus visits each home as Christmas approaches to inquire into the behaviour of the children. He is sometimes, according to the old custom, accompanied by his *Knicht Klaubauf*, personated by someone who knows the children. The good are rewarded with sweetmeats and asked what presents the *Christkind* shall bring them; while the naughty are put into the pannier of *Klaubauf* and carried away to punishment. From time immemorial German parents have threatened refractory children that St. Nicholas would have them carried off at the end of the year. In North Germany bands of young men used to go from house to house in December to carry off the naughty children, but the shrieks and terror occasioned became a scandal, and the authorities of Munich and other places had to forbid

the practice. Santa Claus was very pleased at this, for he would much rather be regarded as the *Christkind* who comes to fill the stockings which the children place for his gifts. It is he, too, who inspires the delightful family gatherings which take place in every home of the Fatherland on Christmas Eve, when the children dance round the magic tree with its coloured lights and glittering presents. In some parts of the country tables are spread and lights left burning during the entire night of Christmas Eve, so that the Virgin Mary and the *Christkind*, who pass through the house when everybody is asleep, may find refreshment.

But Santa cannot stay longer in Germany, for he has to assist at similar functions in Denmark and Scandinavia. There he becomes the Woden god of Norse mythology, a cheery, hearty old Father Christmas, who showers gifts from firs and other evergreens upon his favourite children who pass beneath. However, as it is not always pleasant to walk in the woods in December, Santa Claus visits the young fir trees on the parlour tables on Christmas Eve and showers his gifts from them. King Christian always commands Santa Claus to be present in the Knights' Hall of the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen, on Christmas Eve, to distribute gifts to an eager throng of little royalties. In the country houses of Denmark the children put sheaves of corn on the gables for the refreshment of Santa Claus's white horse.

In Sweden, too, there is a great deal of surprise present-giving, and, of course, it was Santa Claus who inspired the custom of putting sheaves of corn on posts outside the farmhouses for the birds, because they cannot conveniently hang up their stockings.



"IN THE COUNTRY HOUSES OF DENMARK THE CHILDREN PUT SHEAVES OF CORN ON THE GABLES FOR THE REFRESHMENT OF SANTA CLAUS'S WHITE HORSE."

Our fleet-footed traveller does not spend long in Russia. He finds it an awkward country to travel in, and there is so much fuss about passports. The Emperor's little daughters are well acquainted with him, and so are a few other children in St. Petersburg, who look for his coming on their Christmas Eve, which is January 6th (Old Style), according to the usage of the Greek Church. But the majority of children in Russia know nothing of his delightful surprise visits. If Santa Claus went amongst the peasantry he might be suspected of treason, and get whisked off to Siberia in the middle of Christmas night with his parcels for the remainder of the globe undelivered!

Santa Claus is generally supposed to be a genial old bachelor, but in Switzerland he becomes a married man. As he goes his rounds in the land of William Tell distributing his gifts on St. Nicholas Eve he is accompanied by his wife "Lucy," in peasant dress, with high cap and short petticoats,

who carries presents for the girls while he takes charge of those for the boys. Switzerland is, I believe, the only country in which Santa Claus divides the honours of almoner in chief.



A BELGIAN CHOCOLATE CHRISTMAS BISHOP.
(By permission of Vve. Meyers et Fils, Brussels.)

In Austria a curious custom survives in the south, of young men going from house to house personating St. Nicholas to examine the children in their catechism and award gifts according to merit. On going to bed the children place baskets or dishes on the window-sills for his gifts. In Austria, too, Santa Claus suffers a diabolical association. He is supposed to bring a saintly figure of himself to good children, while to the naughty he gives a demon, or *krampus*. But such is the depravity of human nature that many boys and girls prefer to get a *krampus*. Saints and angels are good and prosaic, but the toy imps are delightfully grotesque. The finest ones are as big as a child of eight, and are covered with black fur. Their faces are hideous, with red lips, and red tongues hanging out of the mouth, and they carry birch-rods in their hands and a further supply in a basket on their back. Early in December the St. Nicholas markets open in Vienna, and the stalls are covered with figures of angels and *krampuses*. A kind of gingerbread, called "liver" cake, is also a speciality of the season.

Nowhere does Santa have a gayer time than in France. At midnight on Christmas Eve, when all the clocks of Paris are ringing chimes, and friends and neighbours exchange greetings as they leave the churches after the midnight service, he comes to every house as the little Jesus, Jean Noël, and fills those myriads of shoes, some of them dainty bottines, others only poor little sabots, which the children place on the mantelshelves or on the hearths. In every home the grand Christmas supper or *réveillon* is served on tables covered with wax lights, flowers, and bonbons; even the poorest manage to have a festive meal. After it is over, and the games are done and the guests departed, Jean Noël descends the chimney, and with his luminous hand fills the children's slippers with bonbons. The New Year, too, is a busy time for Santa in Paris, for he becomes the good old "January," who peeps out of the bags of sweetmeats which everybody gives to everybody, presides over the wondrous toy fair in the boulevards, and slips presents under the children's pillows at night.

We must, however, accompany Santa into provincial France to see him engaged in the older and more picturesque as well as superstitious customs. In remote parts of Brittany and Berry, the great Yule log *cosse de nau* is still dragged to the house-place with mirth and song. According to tradition, it should be cut from an oak at midnight, or it may be a trunk of olive wood. On Christmas Eve it is placed in the great open fireplace, sprinkled with holy water by the head of the house, or by the youngest member of the family, and as the village bell rings the midnight hour, is lighted with a brand saved from last year's log. Then the children retire to a corner and repeat their prayers. Meantime loving hands place presents and packets of bonbons on the two extremities of the great log, and then the children are called to see what Jean Noël has brought them. A



THE AUSTRIAN "KRAMPUS"

prettier scene cannot be imagined than the little ones clustering around the hearth in the light of the blazing log, dancing with delight over the Christ-Child's gifts. Games



"AS HE GOES HIS ROUNDS IN THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL DISTRIBUTING HIS GIFTS ON ST. NICHOLAS EVE HE IS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE 'LUCY.'"

are played and *Noëls* sung, and so the *Cri de Joie* is celebrated. To-day it is becoming the fashion to hang the gifts on little trees, *arbres de Nau*, standing on the hearth, but this lacks the picturesqueness of the old custom of hanging them on the ends of the Yule log.

In Rome Santa Claus places his gifts in an urn, from which the children draw presents by lots, while the Christmas log burns brightly on the hearth. In olden days, and still in some of the country districts of Italy, Santa Claus is an old woman called *Befana*, who may visit every child on the eve of January 6th, which is the old style New Year's Day, rewards the good with presents, and carries off the naughty children to her subterraneous dwelling. At midnight the walls of the houses turn into cream cheese to admit *Befana*, and after her departure they return to stone. The little Italian children address all kinds of letters and petitions to *Befana*, and while they are asleep on the eventful eve, parents steal to the bedside and there place the desired presents. The next day all classes exchange gifts, and there is much merry-making. Long ago the Cardinals came to the Pope's palace to celebrate *Befana*, when *latto* was played, and wine and dainties put up for prizes.

In the Italian villages, too, the children

listen at Christmas time for the *pifferari*, wandering musicians, who play the old melody which—so the people tell us—the shepherds sang on their way to Bethlehem. The air has never been written in musical notation, but handed down from one *pifferari* to another.

The grandees of Spain—another home of superstition—are not superior to our good friend Santa Claus, and December 24th is observed as a half-holiday to prepare for *Pascuras de Navidad*. On the following day Christmas boxes are freely given, but no Spanish child would be satisfied unless Santa Claus bestowed some *mazapan*, an almond paste which is sold in great quantities in the streets of Madrid. The young King always had a magnificent golden manger in the palace on Christmas afternoon, when the sons of the nobles came to pay their homage to his youthful Majesty, dancing round the manger playing castanets and tambourines. Santa, too, was busy in the palace distributing gifts from the Christmas tree.

Santa Claus, like the Christmas tree, is a comparatively modern institution in our own country, and I am inclined to think that he was popularised here by that charming American story-writer Miss Wetherell. In the 'fifties and 'sixties all the young people were reading "The Wide, Wide World" and "The Christmas Stocking," in which books the mysterious visits of Santa Claus are described. It was about that period that English children first began to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and the custom has gone on increasing until Santa Claus is looked for in every household. He has given his name to a society for providing gifts for poor invalid children, and he appears in character at all our great hospitals to shower books and presents upon the suffering ones. Still, Santa Claus is only our Old Father Christmas under a German name. With his white beard, holly-crowned head, and flowing robes, he is in appearance the same beneficent character who appeared in the Mummers' Plays in mediæval times to distribute Christmas cheer. I have seen an old representation of him riding a goat. He has the time-honoured hoary head, with a holly wreath. In one outstretched hand he carries the wassail bowl, in the other a loaded basket, while from under his arm peeps the face of a little child. However, we are quite prepared to welcome Father Christmas under his newer name of Santa Claus.



"THE CHILDREN ARE CALLED TO SEE WHAT JEAN NOËL HAS BROUGHT THEM"

We must tarry no longer in Europe, but cross the Atlantic, and there we shall find that the Dutch colonisers of New York firmly established the children's friend, *San Nicolaas*. Even Puritan New England, with its rooted antipathy to



"HE APPEARS IN CHARACTER AT ALL OUR GREAT HOSPITALS."

"saints," could not resist Santa Claus, and opened its heart to receive him. So each Christmas Eve he harnesses his reindeer, loads up his sleigh, wraps himself up to the eyes in buffalo skins, and visits young America. He finds a perplexing postbag awaiting him, for his devotees in that country have a decided way of asserting their wants, and send him copious epistles. New York postmen have a perplexing time trying to deliver letters to "Mister Santar Clause, No. 1, Air Street," or at the "North Pole, Siberia," or the "Green Mts., Vermont," where the Christmas trees come from.

In the Southern States Father Christmas has reigned since the days of Washington. The woolly-headed piccaninnies know him well, and come to the houses of the white folks early in the morning, crying, "Chrismus gif'! Chrismus gif'!" and are rewarded with presents. All day long they scamper about, letting off crackers and blowing rams' horns, until Father Christmas threatens that there will be no more "gifs" if they make so much noise.

In Canada the children listen for the sleigh bells of Santa Claus as he comes over the snow-bound roads with his cargo of good things. In lonely farmhouses of the distant prairie, stockings are hung in the inglenooks ready for his coming; sometimes he gets delayed, like the English mail, and the stockings are kept waiting until the New Year. In the French settlements by the St. Lawrence River, Santa becomes Jean Noel, who rains bonbons on the hearth under the arms of the blazing log.

When he comes to the Tropics Santa would gladly throw off his furs and greatcoat and don "ducks" and a panama, but the children of Australia and New Zealand will not hear of this. Though it is true they keep Christmas camping out, having boating parties on the river, or going expeditions into the country, still they must have the same old Santa on Christmas Eve who filled the stockings of their parents in the Homeland.

IN THE STRAITS OF TIME



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–III.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Two young girls of noble birth—Yvonne Elisabeth de la Féronniere, of a Huguenot family, and Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, who is betrothed to the Duc de Maillebois—are being educated at the famous Abbaye aux Bois. In the midst of a game with their companions they outpass the convent grounds, and suddenly find themselves adrift in the streets of Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the very heart of Paris, Gabrielle and Yvonne were like wanderers in a strange land. They had known no other entrance to the Abbaye aux Bois than the approach through the great courtyard, from the Rue de Sève, and the lane at the back of the grounds was to them an undiscovered country.

When by their own rash deed they found themselves outside the protecting walls, their only impulse was to hurry on and escape from those dreaded footsteps behind them, never doubting that a few minutes would bring them safely home. Clasping each other by the hand, with throbbing hearts and downcast eyes, they pressed forward; but in their ignorance they took the wrong turning, and went farther astray. To these cloistered children every unwonted sound was a menace. Each passer-by might be a deadly foe, as they realised at length that their startled flight was taking them at every step farther from their sanctuary.

In that darkest moment, suddenly there was a clashing of the great cathedral bells, and straightway a distant belfry clock chimed the hour. It was four o'clock—the hour for vespers in the quiet convent chapel—and the girls looked at each other with the dread conviction on their pale, awestruck faces that now their absence must be discovered, and all hope was at an end. They had hurried blindly on until they found themselves in a dark, narrow street, with houses stooping forward across the way overhead, and almost touching at the eaves. Over the rough cobblestones men and women passed backwards and forwards, seemingly bent only on their own business or pleasure, and quite unconscious that heaven and earth had been shaken to their very foundations.

A dim feeling of relief began to creep over the two friends. In that motley crowd there might be some kindly soul who would take pity on them, and they began to look about for someone who would inspire enough confidence for them to dare ask the way back to the convent. Just then a mongrel cur from the gutter smelt at them suspiciously, and, as Gabrielle drew aside in haste, her hood fell back. Some feast-day revellers, lounging at the door of a *cabaret*, caught sight of the fair young face, and rushed forward, with unseemly jests, to bar her advance. The terrified girls, feeling that all their worst fears were realised,

XUM

did not venture to retreat or cry out, only clung together in frozen fear and dumb despair.

But in the hour of their deepest need a friend was at hand. A tall, venerable-looking man, with white hair, clad in a sober suit of black, was passing on the other side. At a glance he saw their peril, and, with ready presence of mind, crossed the narrow street and took Gabrielle by the hand.

"Come, my children; 'tis well I met you. We will go home," he quietly remarked, as



"The terrified girls . . . only clung together in frozen fear and dumb despair."

though they belonged to him. "Excuse me, Messieurs," he added, as he elbowed his way through the bullies, who, taken by surprise, let them pass, and a moment later were engaged in a noisy brawl amongst themselves.

Not a word was spoken for some minutes, as the girls hurried breathlessly on, trying to keep pace with the long steps of their protector. They were too much overwhelmed with fear and shame to offer any explanation, and started with fresh alarm when, in a low grave voice, he asked:

"Where are you two young girls bound for? Your friends ought to know that the streets of Paris are not safe for you!"

Yvonne could not restrain a little cry of surprise, for the voice and manner seemed strangely familiar to her. She took courage to look up. Ah, it was impossible to mistake that thin, deeply lined face, the sensitive mouth and mild eyes shadowy with thought. The sudden exquisite sense of relief was almost more than she could bear, as she found breath to cry aloud:

"Monsieur de la Forêt! Is it possible that you should have come to our rescue? And I never knew that you had left our dear Poitou! How are they all at Croizette? You know me, Monsieur le Pasteur?" she added eagerly, as she pushed back her hood and stood before him, impatient to be recognised.

The Huguenot minister looked earnestly at her, with ever-growing dismay.

"Can it indeed be Mademoiselle de la Féronniere? But this is no place for you, we cannot talk here," he added with anxious haste, as he noticed that passers-by were turning to look and listen. "Come to my lodging, Mesdemoiselles—it is close at hand—and tell me how I can serve you."

He led the way, and they followed a few steps down the street, then beneath a low archway into a barely furnished room, where an inkhorn on the table, and a few books with worn leather binding, bore witness to the habits of a scholar.

"There are friends of mine from Croisette, members of my flock in bygone days, who dwell here and are ever ready to receive me. Should you need help or advice at any time, you will always find a sure welcome from the André Migaults, 97, Rue des Sabatiers."

"I will remember; but, tell me, Monsieur, have you been long in Paris?"

"Not many days. I came here on a private mission, under the protection of Eleanore, Duchess of Brunswick, sister of the Duc d'Olbreuse, to see Madame de Maintenon on behalf of our persecuted brethren. She was brought up in our faith, and now, when we are threatened on all sides, her influence might be most precious."

"Have you seen her?" asked Yvonne eagerly.

"Yes; Madame granted me an audience only yesterday. She listened to me with much courtesy, spoke of our trials in the kindest and most sympathetic manner, and in the end dismissed me with vague regrets.

"Alas! there is no help there," he added with deep emotion, "for Madame owned that the King was set against us, and that she durst not speak in our favour. My chastisement is just. I came hither contrary to my better judgment, for what saith the Lord: 'Put not your trust in princes.'"

There was a moment's silence; then the old pastor spoke again with his wonted calm.

"Tell me, my child, how has time dealt with you since you were taken from us? We heard that you were placed by your guardian in the Abbaye aux Bois? Have you passed unscathed through the unreal, enervating atmosphere of convent life, amid all the allurements of an alien faith?"

"Ah, what can I say?" sighed Yvonne, and her eyes filled with tears as the memory of her past years rose up before her. "I seem to have been ever a looker-on, with no part of my own to play. It has been a time of deadness for my soul. I have lived on from day to day, with scarce a thought above this earth, absorbed in the routine of study and amusement, careless of my religion, careless of my God."

"My poor child! you judge yourself severely. Think how a flower springs up and blooms, all unconscious of its own growth. Trust me; you have but slept awhile under the watchful care of your Father in Heaven, who has never forgotten you. When He calls, you will awake, strong to do His will."

"Monsieur, she maligns herself!" exclaimed Gabrielle impulsively. "Everyone will tell you that she is a pattern to us all—so good and true, with never a thought of self. There is no one like her; and this adventure to-day, it was all my fault!"

"At least Mademoiselle has a warm friend," was the courteous reply. "But I am still in the dark. Tell me, what has brought you into the streets of Paris?"

It was Gabrielle who told the story from the beginning of their game, the great hunting party and its disastrous end, taking all the blame upon herself. She casually added that this piece of folly was the more unfortunate in her case, as she had recently been betrothed to the Duc de Maillebois.

Monsieur de la Forêt listened with a grave face.

"Mesdemoiselles, I fear this is no light matter. Even a childish frolic may have grave consequences, and by this time there must be great anxiety at the convent with regard to you. Gladly would I take you back myself, but I fear that I should be no welcome ambassador. Have you no friend of influence and position who would plead your cause with Madame l'Abbesse, and obtain her pardon for this rash escapade?"

"Why, surely yes!" cried Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir eagerly. "There is my sister, the Marquise de Chamans, whose hotel is in the Rue de Varennes, which cannot be very far off. She will take us home to the Abbaye aux Bois, and make our peace, if anyone can!"

"Then I perceive that we must not lose a moment in finding your sister," said the Huguenot pastor, in a tone of relief. "I will conduct you at once to her house. In a delicate matter of this nature a woman's tact is much to be desired."

The little group of anxious pilgrims set off without delay, and made their way through the narrow, crowded streets, until at length, after much wandering, they reached their destination.

The stately mansion of the Marquis stood back from the road, and was approached through great iron gates and a spacious courtyard. A carriage was drawn up on the shady side of the quadrangle, but in the absorbing anxiety of the moment no one took much notice of it. Under the arched portico stood a lacquey in blue and white livery, who watched the new arrivals with an insolent stare.

This was not the style of visitor he was accustomed to admit—this old man with his well-worn, sombre suit, not even relieved by orders or decorations; and the two girls in plain black gowns which a serving-maid would scorn to wear. Trudging on foot, too, dusty and travel-stained!

"Can I see Madame la Marquise de Chamans? Is she within?" asked the pastor, with quiet dignity.

"That's as may happen! If she is, I'll lay a pistole that Madame won't see you!" was the sneering reply.

But the man had presumed too far. Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Beaumanoir took a step forward, and turned upon him with an imperious tone and manner, which belied the outward humility of her school-girl attire. No convent training could make that daughter of a noble house forget that she was one of the ruling race, born to command, who for generations had looked upon their domestics and inferiors as the dust beneath their feet.

"How do you dare thus to answer a gentleman who does your mistress the honour of calling upon her? Trust me, she shall know of your insolence if you do not conduct us straight to her presence!"

The serving-man started at the voice, so like that of Madame; and it flashed upon him that this must be her young sister from the convent, who had come home with her only the other day. But he resented the sharp reproof, and resolved to be even with her yet. He remembered the visitor who was at that moment with his mistress, and felt that the game was in his hand.

In all great households every detail of the family history seems to be known at once by the merest scullion, and the man made a shrewd guess that there was something wrong here. With suspicious alacrity he made a cringing bow, and led the way into the lofty panelled hall, hung with coats of armour, where a knot of gorgeous footmen loitered about with unsuppressed yawns, or beguiled the time with petty games of chance, in mimicry of their betters. One or two looked up, with careless indifference, as the little party passed up the grand, polished staircase and through the first chamber, hung with rare old tapestry.

A sudden doubt assailed Gabrielle, for through the embrasure of a window she had caught sight of the carriage waiting in the quadrangle below. "Stay!" she exclaimed. "Is Madame la Marquise alone?"

"Madame receives to-day, and Monsieur le Duc de Maillebois is with her," replied the lacquey, as he advanced with alacrity to open the folding doors of the *salon*.

But the young girl was too quick for him.

"Then announce only Monsieur de la Forêt, Pasteur of Croisette. We will await him here." She spoke in a tone of command, and the man obeyed her, somewhat to his own surprise.

Madame de Chamans rose to meet her visitor; then stood wondering at the tall, venerable figure, a perfect stranger to her.

"Madame, I pray you to pardon my intrusion," he began; "but we have urgent need of your help."

Full of his own kindly purpose, the old man was undismayed by the sight of this young and beautiful woman, surrounded by all the magnificence, which seemed a meet setting for her. Yet he paused, slightly embarrassed by the presence of a third person, a gentleman past middle age, in elaborate court dress, who sat negligently leaning back in a great carved ebony chair, and raised his eye-glass to examine the new-comer.

"Would not, perchance, a letter have sufficed, Monsieur?" asked a clear, crisp voice, with a faint touch of haughtiness. "I presume that you appeal to me on behalf of some charitable work?"

"I do, indeed, venture to claim your charity, Madame la Marquise. Will you graciously permit me to tell you a short story?"

He did not quite understand what complications might have arisen, but his instinct told him that no diplomacy would avail like the simple unvarnished truth. There was a subtle charm about this Huguenot preacher, whose life was spent in the guidance of men and women, and whose delicate touch could finger the human heart-strings like those of a lute.

The great lady's interest awoke. She courteously signified her consent, and motioned him to a seat. But Monsieur de la Forêt preferred to stand, and thus he told his tale.

"It so chanced, Madame, that to-day being the name-day of Barnabas the Apostle, there was holiday at a great convent school In fantastic mimicry of life and sport, the young girls chose to perform a hunting scene, and selected two of their number to play the part of stags. These were fleet of foot and eager to win the game, in the course of which they came upon a gap in the high encircling walls of the garden, caused by the fall of a tree. Being closely pressed and only intent upon present escape, the foolish maidens gave no heed to consequences, and sprang down to the lane outside, in full assurance of returning when their pursuers had passed by."

Here Madame de Chamans interrupted with a startled exclamation, and gave a quick, anxious glance across the room at her companion. But in a moment she recovered herself, and awaited the end of the story with ill-concealed impatience.

"I regret to say that when these two young ladies found themselves without the wall they were startled to see that their return the same way was impossible, for the stone barrier was too high and steep to climb. The outside world was so strange and terrible to these cloistered maidens, that when they failed to make their voices heard by their companions they were utterly at a loss. Startled at the sound of passers-by, they hurried away in search of the convent gates, but not knowing which way to turn. So they wandered on, going further astray, when by good fortune I met them and——" He drew a long breath, and considered how far it was well to speak of Mademoiselle de la Féronniere's recognition.

Now all this time the door towards the antechamber had been left half open, and at the moment of Madame de Chaman's startled cry her glance had happened to rest on a little round mirror hung on the tapestried wall opposite. What was the pictured face that met her eyes? Surely it could not be—and yet, there was no doubt, those were the sparkling eyes, the clear-cut, delicate features of Gabrielle her sister!

In one flash her quick instinct had filled out and completed the whole adventure. She saw it all, and boldly decided at once on her own plan of action. When the story was finished, she rose from her seat with languid ease, and stretched out both hands towards her visitor.

"What a delicious escapade!" she laughed. "How can I thank you enough, dear Monsieur, for bringing the truants straight back to me?

"Come, my dears," she added, throwing open the door and going to meet the two girls, "do not play hide-and-seek any longer!"

Then lightly kissing her sister on both cheeks, graceful and self-possessed as ever, smiling she led her forward.

"Monsieur de Maillebois, you must be the judge. How shall we punish these naughty girls? Shall we send them to the Bastille?"

The Duke had risen with a deep bow, to meet the blushing Gabrielle.

"Indeed, Madame, the young ladies need all our sympathy and comforting assurances after this untoward adventure, for which their courage and high spirit was alone to blame!" was the chivalrous reply.

"Now, that is exactly what I shall tell Madame l'Abbesse when I take these children back to the convent, this minute!" cried Madame de Chamans, in supreme content. "And I will quote you, Monsieur!"

"But as Mademoiselle Gabrielle is here by this unlooked-for chance," he pleaded, "may she not first tell me her wishes with regard to the setting of her diamonds, about which, Madame, I came to consult you?" And he waved his hand towards the glittering jewels, spread out on the table by his side.

"Not to-day, Monsieur le Duc," was the decided reply. "We have the honour of wishing you good-evening." And Héloise swept a low curtsey.

"At least, Madame, you will favour me by making use of my equipage, which waits below in the courtyard?" was his humble petition. "I will return home on foot; but first, I too would express my deepest gratitude to this gentleman for his timely aid."

He turned towards Monsieur de la Forêt, who had taken the opportunity of having a few last words with Yvonne. Then, with mutual compliments, the whole party took leave together, swept away by the impetuous haste of their hostess.

As she drove back to the Abbaye aux Bois, with the two girls, she scolded them well herself, and made them understand the full enormity of their behaviour. But she was as good as her word, and pleaded their cause so cleverly that Madame l'Abbesse, overwhelmed with joy and relief at the safe return of her



"'Monsieur de Maillebois, you must be the judge.'"

lost children, was disposed to receive them with pity rather than blame.

In the convent itself Gabrielle and Yvonne became quite heroines of romance. Their escapade was a nine days' wonder, and then slowly faded away into dim tradition, to be spoken of with bated breath in long after years.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE CHÂTEAU DE BEAUMANOIR.

IT was more than two months later—a glorious day of early autumn, when the Château de Beaumanoir looked at its best, a mellow pile of grey walls rising high amid encircling woods Light blazed on narrow mediæval windows beneath sloping gables of roof, and the fret of turret and quaint chimney stack made a jagged, picturesque outline against the sky.

On the south front, where the magnolia blossoms opened out great silver cups amid the glossy leaves, was a broad stone terrace, in a belt of sunlight, guarded by black-boughed cypresses.

Here a solitary figure, in a hunting coat of russet velvet, paced to and fro, pausing each time at the top of the balustraded steps, to look out into the distance with a wistful, yearning gaze. There was a charm of airy vastness in the view over the flat landscape, where long, low shadows lay across the fertile meadows, parted by hedgerows bronzed and polished with the summer sun. Near by, the blue gleaming of a lake, through a belt of tall white poplars, gave the last touch of beauty to the landscape. Northward the great forest of Marly, the delight and frequent haunt of King Louis, bounded the sweeping wooded grounds of the chateau.

But the Comte de Beaumanoir gave no thought to the beauties of Nature around him. His eyes were fixed on the long, straight road, a legacy of Roman conquest, which seemed to stretch away till it was lost in the distant horizon. Surely he could discern, a long way off, a moving speck, a cloud of dust. But so many times had his eager hopes been doomed to disappointment that he scarcely dared to murmur:

"Is it Réné at last?"

Ah, this must not be! He would no longer suffer the suspense to unnerve him, and with a strong effort he turned away. His steps unconsciously led him round an angle of the terrace, towards the north side, whence a hum of life rose from the stables. Here there was a busy stir of expectation, for many guests were expected on the morrow, the eve of his daughter Gabrielle's wedding. With this thought in his mind, he looked round with something of uneasiness, unable to conceal from himself that an air of neglect and desolation hung heavy on the old place—at least, so it would strike a stranger.

Rank grass grew amid the cobblestones of the courtyard, the windows seemed to be bulging out, doors hung half-rotten on their hinges, and even the walls showed signs of decay. Yes, times were bad. There had been no money to spend on repairs; but now a change would come. Once his daughter was married, every crown should be spent on the old home, for Réné's sake!

Cheered by these good intentions, the Count's genial temper quickly shook off the momentary depression, and he turned with a gay word of encouragement to the peasants, who were bringing in stores of straw and provender. But all the time, in his own despite, his heart was on the watch, and when the sound of wheels caught his ear, he knew that this time his instinct had not deceived him.

A post-chaise lumbered into the yard, someone sprang to the ground with a cry of joy, and father and son were in each other's arms.

"Ah, Réné, I knew you would come! 'Tis a long journey from Toulon, as I well know, yet I had looked to see you these two days past," exclaimed the older man when they were alone together on the sunny terrace.

As he spoke he held his boy at arm's length to have a good look at him, and, in truth, the sight for which he had hungered so long was one to gladden any father's heart. A tall youth, in the gallant uniform of a naval officer, square built, with a candid, vigorous face bronzed by exposure, and radiant eyes brimming over with mirth and good temper.

"'Tis good to be at home again!" he cried, in a tone of conviction. "And, father, I should have been here twelve hours sooner, but that my mare broke down at Anvers, and I had much ado to hire even the sorry beast I drove hither. Jacques I left behind to bring on Rouge-gorge by easy stages."

"Well, you are in good time, dear boy, for the guests only arrive to-morrow, and the wedding will be the day after."

"Ah, yes, so your messenger brought me word. Dear little Gabrielle, I can't fancy her

a bride—a duchess, too! But you are quite satisfied, father?" he added, with a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"'Tis a splendid match, Réné, and holds good promise for her happiness," was the steadfast reply. "The Duc de Maillebois is one of our old nobility, and has great wealth to keep up the honour of his name. He is a man of high repute, who has led the quiet life of a scholar, and in his dealings with us has played the part of a chivalrous gentleman. His only fault is in the date of his birth!"

"Ah, so I heard. Too old for such a child. What says Gabrielle herself?"

"Need you ask, Réné? Do you take me for a tyrant to my children? Of course, it is her own free choice!" was the prompt rejoinder. "To tell the truth, I had no hand in the matter. Héloise arranged it all. You will see both your sisters here to-night. They have lingered in Paris till the last moment, absorbed in chiffons and diamonds!"

"The doing of Héloise, say you? Well, she has ever had her way since we were children, when she led all the games and ruled us with a rod of iron."

"Believe me, my son, in this matter she has done well. Monsieur de Maillebois is generosity itself. He asks no dowry, the *corbeille* is immense, and as for the jewels—but that will not interest you. Tell me about yourself, Réné. You have your promotion? I hear, too, of your gallant charge at Genoa, from one who has the best right to speak," he said, with a meaning smile.

"Father, have you seen the Admiral? I know he is in Paris, but that you should have such good fortune!" was the eager cry.

"Yes, I met the Sieur du Quesne a few days since. He has come to the Court to make his report to the King's Majesty. And what think you? He has promised to come to the wedding!"

"This is joyful news! How proud we shall be to have him here—the greatest seaman France has ever known, the glory of our age!"

"Ah, my son, I know you of old. Once on the subject of your hero, there will be no end to it!" interrupted his father, with a smile. "Trust me, we shall have no lack of distinguished guests. Héloise has seen to that But what am I thinking of? While we talk, you must be well-nigh starving after your long journey Come, Réné."

As he took the lad's arm with tender pride, and led him to the house, he felt that such a happy moment almost repaid him for the long weary months of absence.

An hour later young Beaumanoir was alone in the great solemn hall, where the lengthening shadows fell athwart the polished floor. No longer dusty and travel-stained, he lay lazily stretched at full length on a bear-skin couch, revelling in the delicious sense of rest and leisure after the hurry and fatigue of many days. He looked up dreamily at the faded tapestry of the walls and the half-effaced painting of the coats-of-arms on the carved ceiling. How well he remembered it all! Nothing was changed since his boyhood, save that everywhere was the sign of fading and decay.

Was it like this in all great houses? And was it the common lot of nobles to be for ever in lack of money, like his father? A shadow passed over the young man's open brow as he suddenly recalled words of which he scarcely took in the full meaning when they were spoken: "The Duc de Maillebois asks for no dowry."

Could it be that here was the true reason of this marriage, that his sweet sister Gabrielle was to be sacrificed for the honour of the impoverished family? To save the remnant of the estates for him, the heir? Stung to the quick at the mere suspicion, he started up, his whole frame rigid with resolve. This must never be! Heaven forbid it!

At that moment a near sound smote his ear, and, turning, he saw that the door towards the terrace was pushed open, and a flood of light poured into the sombre place. Framed in the setting of the doorway, stood a tall, slight figure of a girl in softly-flowing white drapery; her delicate profile was outlined against the sunset sky, and she was crowned with coils of fair hair, the colour of ripe corn, in the ruddy glow. He gazed awestruck for scarce one breathing space on the enchanted vision; then all seemed blurred and blotted out, as in the light of common day, when two young girls tripped with dancing step across the threshold. The merry ring of a familiar voice sounded in his ears.

"You see, Yvonne, I told you this was the quickest way round. Come and look at this dear old hall. Ah, what games we used to play here when I was a child. Why, who is this?" she cried, as her eyes became accustomed to the dim light. "Réné, you have come?" And forgetting all else, his sister sprang forward to throw her arms round his neck.

"Where is Héloise?" he asked presently, when the first excitement of their eager greetings was over.

"Oh, poor dear, she is overwhelmed with affairs. She has everything to arrange, you know. I left her in the midst of a crowd of her own servants, whom she had sent on beforehand, unpacking bales of arras hangings and silken cushions, and such like, to transform the old place; but, above all, she has brought her famous cook, Ledru, who has vowed to outdo himself at this great picnic, as he calls it!"



"Framed in the setting of the doorway, stood a tall, slight figure."—*p.* 111.

There was a pause, and her brother looked round towards the new-comer.

"Oh, I forgot you, Yvonne dear I entreat your pardon. Allow me to introduce my brother, the Chevalier Réné Gaston de Beaumanoir, to Mademoiselle Yvonne Elisabeth de la Féronniere, my dearest friend."

She spoke the names in the clear sonorous tones of a herald, with an air of solemn formality which was so unexpected that the two looked at each other with a sudden smile and were friends as once.

Gabrielle was in a mood of joyful unrest.

"Oh, Réné, how I have longed to see you again!" she cried. "Tell me all about everything, all your fighting since last we met. Why, it must be nearly three years ago."

"No, surely that is impossible!" he replied. "I was at home for a few weeks just after the Algiers expedition."

"But don't you remember that Madame l'Abbesse would not let me have my *sortie* then, for it was the time of my first communion? It had been put off for a year. Why was it, Yvonne? How had I got into trouble? Was it about the chapel bell?"

"No, dear," replied her friend with assumed gravity. "It was the penance when you all rebelled against Madame Sainte Bathilde, and barricaded yourselves in the classroom."

"Ah, yes, you are right, and we never should have yielded, but the nuns were mean enough to send for some of our mothers, and Héloise came! Oh, how she scolded me! But she would have done it herself. What fun it was!" exclaimed the girl.

"You seem to have had no lack of adventure yourself. Was Mademoiselle de la Féronniere also amongst the rebels?" asked Réné with interest.

"Unfortunately, she missed it all, for she was ill in the infirmary; but she would have been certain to counsel submission, and then take all the blame when her advice was not followed. Now, don't waste any more time, my dear boy, but tell us what you have been doing," pleaded his sister.

"Where shall I begin? Would you like to hear about the corsairs of Tripoli?" he asked.

"Yes; that sounds interesting. Do begin quickly!" said Gabrielle eagerly.

"Well, I must go back three years when, after endless piracies on the high seas, a strong party of these corsairs actually had the audacity to attack and carry off a French ship from the coast of Provence. We got wind of this through a fishing-boat, and under Admiral du Quesne set sail at once to pursue them, although we had but four men-of-war and three *chaloupes*. The pirates had the breeze with them, and sped so well that they reached the seas of Greece and took refuge in the port of Chio.

"I was sent straightway to the shore in a *chaloupe*, with a trumpeter, and a letter to the Pacha of Chio, that he should give us aid and compel the corsairs to release the French vessel; but he treated us with contumely, and actually fired on our *chaloupe*. Thereupon, when we returned to the Admiral and told him how we had fared, he gave orders straightway to blockade the port and to cannonade the corsairs and the town of Chio. It was my first taste of warfare, and I shall never forget the wild joy of that hour, the flash and thunder of the bombs around me, the reckless audacity of it all! It was life indeed!"

"Ah yes!" said his sister, half under her breath. "I know the mood—just what we felt when we thought the nuns would send for soldiers to fire on us!" The others laughed.

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle! You ought never to have been a girl! But the best of my story is to come. The Pacha of Chio sent for help to the Sultan, Mahomet IV., and the great man fell into a mighty rage against us, a mere handful of Franks, and despatched forthwith a fleet of eight-and-thirty galleys to make an end of us. But when they came towering down upon us in their pride, what think you? Why, we blockaded them, too——"

Here the story was abruptly interrupted, for at this exciting moment there was a tapping of high heels on the polished floor, a rustling of silk, and the Marquise de Chamans came floating in through the gallery door with a beaming smile on her face.

She had already heard of her brother's arrival, and hastened to meet him with delight; for, woman of the world as she was, Héloise had a soft place in her heart for this gallant young fellow, for whom she had so long schemed and laboured, and whose career she had watched with so much pride and interest.

His coming thus opportunely, in time for the great event, gave the final touch of perfection to all her elaborate plans. The young Chevalier Réné de Beaumanoir, fresh from his well-earned laurels, would be another centre of interest to the distinguished company of wedding guests whom, by her tact and skill, the young Marquise was about to gather together in her father's ancestral home.

A sudden thought had flashed through her mind as she came unawares upon the young hero of many fights and his spell-bound listeners.

Héloise was a born diplomatist, and her quick instinct had not failed to note her brother's warm enthusiasm, and the eager upturned face of the young girl by his side to whom his words were addressed, and who drank them in with such naïve admiration and delight. The watchful elder sister could never forget how low had fallen the Beaumanoir fortunes, and that Réné could only look to inherit in the future the ruined mansion and poverty-stricken estates of his forefathers.

Why should not this chance meeting bring him fortune and happiness in the days to come?

She remembered that Mademoiselle de la Féronniere was a great heiress, and that her broad, sunny lands in fertile Poitou were a dower which might well tempt even a peer of the realm.

With Madame de Chamans to think was to act, for she knew that one hour of friendly intimacy in the home would outweigh a whole decade of formal meetings. With a bewitching smile, she glided forward and stretched out her hands in impulsive greeting.
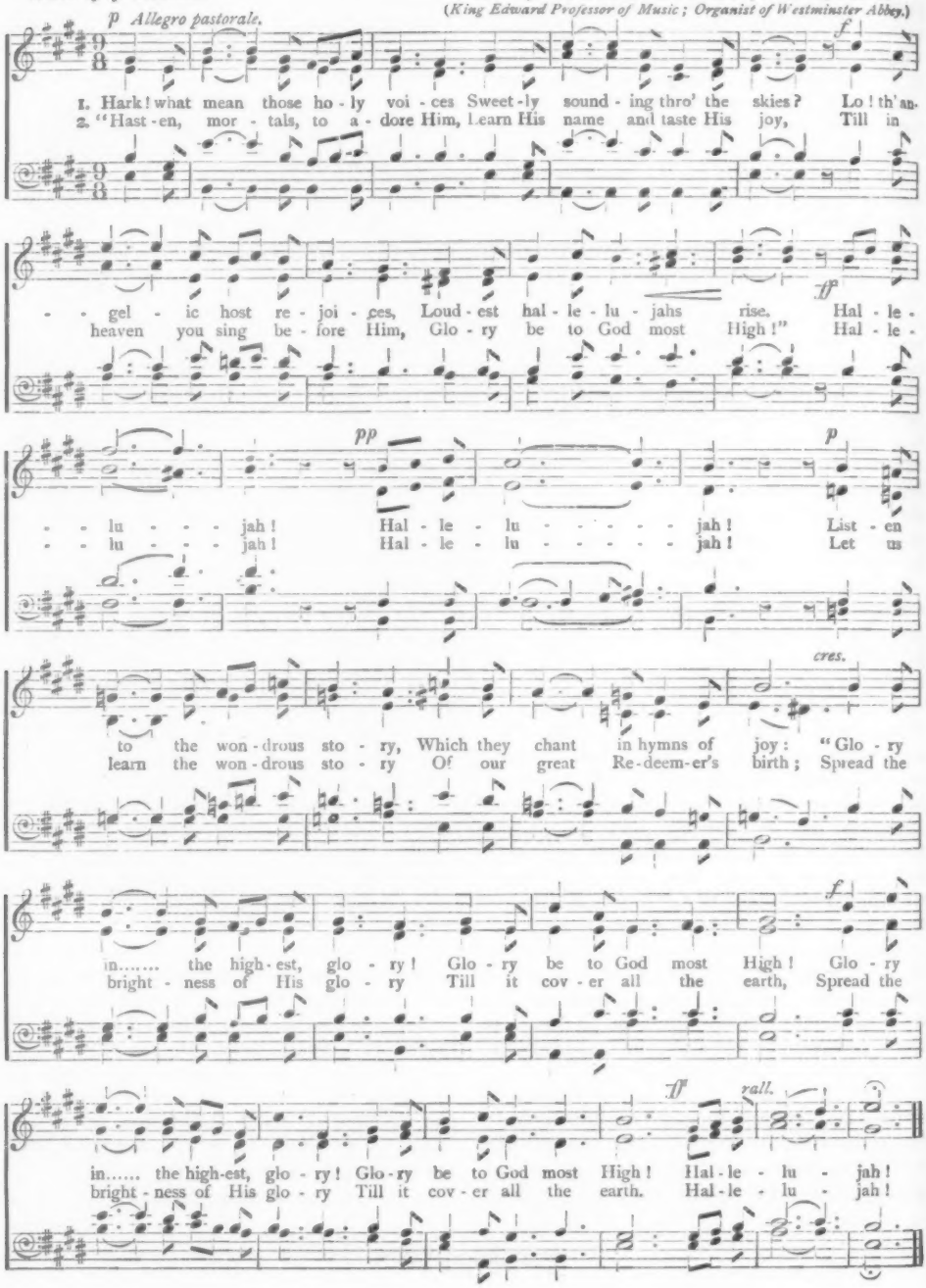
"Ah, Réné, my good friend! How well you have timed your coming! We are a family party until to-morrow, and there is work for us all. Our dear wilderness of a garden is at least rich in flowers, and you must help me to deck the old house with gay blossoms, and make it ready for the *fête*. Come; there is no time like the present, before the evening dews have fallen. I will lead the way!" she cried, and lightly caught Gabrielle by the hand.

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE.]

Christmas Carol.

Words by J. CAWOOD.

Music by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, M.V.O., Mus.D.
(*King Edward Professor of Music; Organist of Westminster Abbey.*)



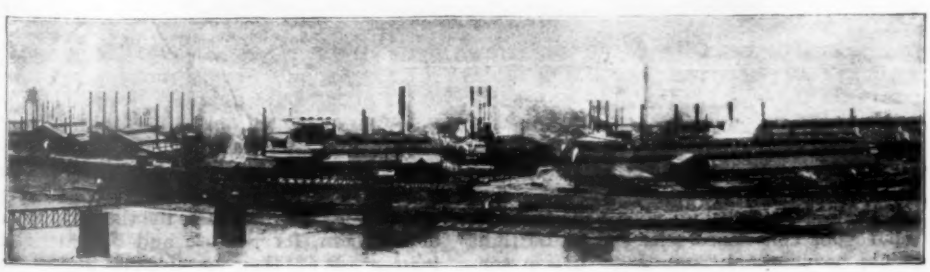
THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

SOME GOLDEN RULES OF MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

By E. Bruce Low, M.A.

ENORMOUS energy, of inflexible will, with the keenest business capacity, Andrew Carnegie has raised himself into a position unparalleled in history. Where shall we find, in the whole range of human biography, the case of a lad, driven by sheer want from his native land, resolving to become the trustee for the thrifty poor, and devoting fifty millions sterling and the vast knowledge of human experience, gained by a strenuous struggle from poverty to affluence, to the service of humanity?

To understand the motives and aspirations of the man, we must regard him not as the powerful Steel King, employing 40,000 workmen, and able to bring the magnates of the Billion-dollar Trust to accept his imperious terms on shortest notice. Our quest must take us to the humble weaver's cottage in Fife and to the modest home of boyhood at Pittsburg, for there we shall find the mainspring of Andrew Carnegie's lifework. In the daily struggle of the honest poor, the spectre of approaching old age is seldom absent from the bread-winner's mind, and dark indeed is the prospect for the widow and children when death enters the home and earnings cease. It was for the sake of his widowed mother that Carnegie, while but a lad, resolved to seek wealth, "so that her old age might be spent in comfort and in peace." To-day he cherishes the memory of his humble home, and, above all, the vision of his "mother—holy name—his nurse, teacher, guardian angel, saint, all in one," to use his own words; and he adds, "I know how sweet and happy and pure the home of honest poverty is, how free from care, from quarrels, how loving and united its members." And it is to multiply such homes, to spread a higher and healthier tone through our educative systems; to give to every boy and girl desirous of developing the intellect the opportunity to do so; to break down the senseless barriers to promotion which class privilege, intolerance, and the snobbery of wealth have hitherto succeeded in erecting, so as to reserve to



A PART OF MR. CARNEGIE'S WORKS, NEAR PITTSBURG.

mediocrity hereditary emoluments and preferments; to bring within the reach of the poorest the highest thought in literature and the soul-awakening influence of music and art; in such and a hundred other ways to strengthen the forces of social improvement in the community, and to instil the habits of self-help and self-respect in the individual—these are among the objects which this new species of plutocrat has set before us in life. How vastly different from the life of the motley crowd of money-makers who have groped their selfish way in bygone centuries! What a glorious tribute to pay to the hard-working, warm-hearted mother, who endowed him with her own unselfish love for her fellow creatures!

The writer had occasion lately to ask Mr. (now Dr.) Carnegie for some advice for the benefit of certain young men in whom he was interested, and this was his answer: "I know of no line of all that has been written by man for man more precious than this, from our own Burns:

'Thine own reproach alone do fear.'

If any man, young or old, wins the approval of his own conscience, he is on the right path, sure." On another occasion, referring to the same line of Burns, he said, "Let me commend that as your rule of life. What your conscience tells you to be right should be your only standard; action contrary thereto, your only wrong. The court in which the lawgiver speaks directly to the conscience of man is the kingdom of God within man. I beseech you to keep this ever in mind."

In all his work we find that character for honesty and solid worth are preferred to all else, and the necessity, which exists in all careers, of weighing our actions and projects by the approval of conscience is insisted on. It is worth while here to review the heights of success to which this great practical rule of life led the humble cottar's son. When he retired from business, he was undisputed king of the iron and steel industries. He was the largest employer of labour in the world. His Steel Company, with its capital of twenty-five millions sterling, owned ten great works. Two hundred thousand persons depended upon him for their sustenance. One subsidiary concern—the Coke Company—was the largest of its kind in the world. Its coal-fields extended to 40,000 acres. Every day the railway waggons required to carry the coke to the foundries covered five miles in length. The plant in the steel works alone was capable of producing 3,000,000 tons annually. The profits for one year amounted to nine millions sterling. Never before in the history of our planet was the inertia of Nature overcome and converted on such a gigantic scale, by the strong will of one man, for the use and benefit of his fellows. It is, then, of supreme importance that the views of so powerful a mind re-



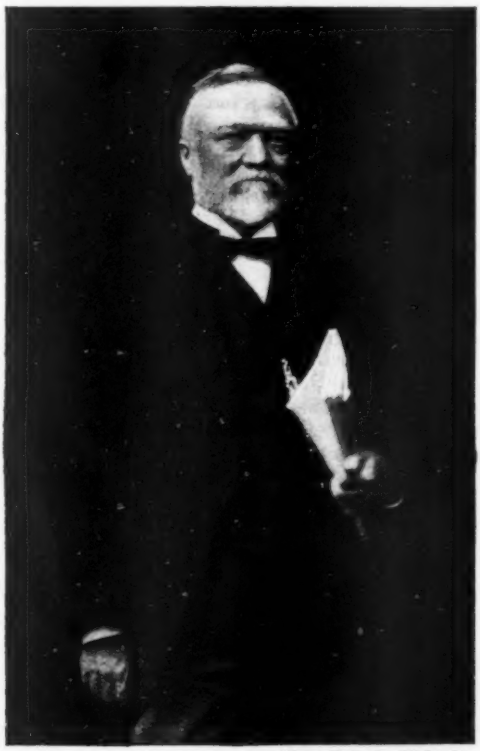
(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE.

garding the conduct of life should be weighed, and, as far as possible, followed by the rising generation.

We have shown that the mainspring of his business career was his laudable desire to provide for the comfort in old age of his beloved mother. The same noble simplicity runs through all his ambitions. Not long ago the writer had the opportunity of handing to Mr. Carnegie a letter, written in 1825, by George Dempster, then proprietor of Skibo Castle, of which the Scoto-American became owner in 1895. The letter, besides containing an account of life at Skibo, went on to identify among the writer's acquaintances several of Sir Walter Scott's characters in his latest novel. With great modesty Mr. Carnegie wrote in reply, "The autograph letter of the former laird of Skibo is highly valued, and will have a permanent place among the records pertaining to Skibo. Mr. Dempster was one whom the present laird takes for his model, and only hopes he can approach him, who lives still in the memory and affection of the people."

If further evidence of warm-heartedness were required one need only cite the incident which is told by Mr. Carnegie himself—with a laugh at his own expense—of his visit, along with another American millionaire, to hear one of London's famous preachers. After an eloquent sermon came an appeal for contributions to some charitable object. At first the two strangers smiled to each other, thinking that such matters are common to both sides of the Atlantic, and selected a modest coin to meet the case. As the speaker proceeded, however, the appeal struck such a responsive chord in Mr. Carnegie's heart that he emptied the contents of his purse into the collection plate. On reaching the street after the conclusion of the service, he was about to



(*Photo: W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*)

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

call a cab, when he turned to his friend to inform him that he would have to pay the fare, as he himself was penniless. "What! Did you give him your last dollar?" said the friend. "So did I." They determined to conceal their poverty and excess of charity by walking the distance—some miles—to their hotel.

With the proofs already given of filial regard for the aged mother, who was his constant companion and care till the day of her death at the age of eighty, and the evidence of the total absence of self-conceit exhibited in the letter which we have quoted and in his life generally, together with his many acts of charity and benevolence, our impressions of Andrew Carnegie, the keenest man of business among the smartest mercantile community of the world, become strangely transformed. While we retain our conviction of his enormous will-power, strength of intellect, and commercial insight, we discover an unsuspected joy in life and almost youthful optimism which are only to be found among those who have lived wisely, having escaped the pitfalls of early life—thanks to the attractions of home and their own high standard of self-respect—and who have consistently struggled to follow the dictates of conscience in the varied relations of life. We know from his own lips that the great step which he took, in resolving to devote the prime of his life to the cause of humanity, was inspired by the words of the Founder of our religion, addressed to the young man burdened with riches, who came to Him for guidance in the conduct of his life: "Sell all and give to the poor."

When discussing the best fields for philanthropy he made the confession: "The gospel of wealth but echoes Christ's words; it calls upon the millionaire to sell all he hath and give the highest and best to the poor, by administering his estate for his fellow-men, before he is called to lie down and rest upon the bosom of Mother Earth. So doing, he will approach his end no longer the ignoble hoarder of useless millions; poor, very poor indeed, in money, but rich, very rich, in the affection, gratitude, and admiration of his fellow-men; and, sweeter far, soothed and sustained by the still small voice within which, whispering, tells him that, because he has lived, perhaps one small portion of the great world has been bettered just a little. This much is sure, against such riches as these no bar will be found at the gates of Paradise."

It is from actual experience of life among the honest poor that Andrew Carnegie has seen that the road to Heaven lies not by the barren path marked out by the directing posts of religious sects, creed, or ceremonial, but by the narrow way and the strait gate of conscience, charity, and self-abnegation; and he has satisfied himself that it is not by "vain repetitions" of formulæ, or by ostentatious frequenting of the synagogue, that the purpose of life is fulfilled, or the assurance of the eternal blessing secured; but only as the reward of work done for the elevation and social and spiritual advancement of humanity. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." For all such workers the kingdom is prepared "from the beginning of the world."

Fortunately for the young men of his time, Andrew Carnegie has set himself to lay down for their benefit certain rules which he has found essential to success, and they are particularly addressed to those who, like himself, begin on the lowest rung of the ladder of life. To the son of the thrifty working-man, who must begin to earn his living in his teens, he awards by far the highest chances of outstanding success. All the chances, he thinks, are with an early start in business. College education is by no means essential, for he notes that everywhere it is the poor boys of the past who are the successful men of to-day. Out of a long list of the founders of the greatest businesses, it was found that not one had a college training, although many college graduates were filling subordinate posts as assistants of the practical men at the top.

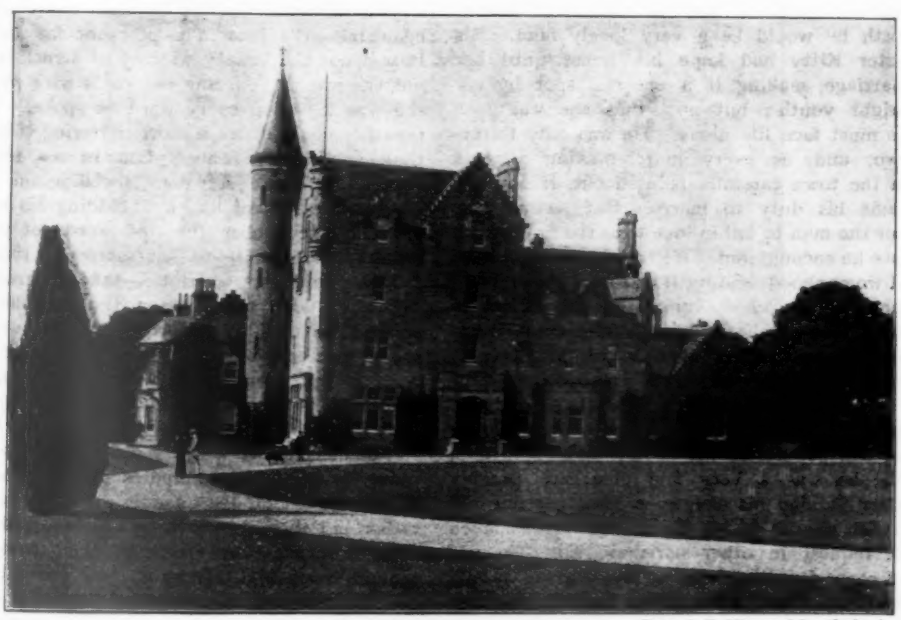
The necessary elements of business success are the same in all careers, from medicine to dry goods. These principles are thrift, energy, concentration, and "brains." To lads about to make a start in life the watchwords are supplied: "Begin low. Avoid alcohol. Never speculate nor become surety." In office or workroom show a willing disposition. The first step is to attract attention by special industry. In particular, should opportunity occur to save the firm from loss by pointing out certain risks or errors unnoticed, take a stand early. Give your reasons. You may be wrong in part, or your warning may not be accepted; but your anxiety will not be forgotten. In Yankee parlance, "You have begun to boss your boss." You have shown that certain business may be trusted in your

hands. Some day it will arise that the head of that branch is absent. You are sent for. It is a sure indication that your services have been recognised. Promotion must follow. One sure test applied by every employer is, "Does a young man live within his income?" If so, his credit is assured. Lay by. When credit is needed, it is at hand. It is always the making of the first hundred pounds that tells. For every hundred saved, your banker will gladly give another on loan. Thrift is always recognised. There is ever a "boom in brains." The first condition of progress is concentration. Your energy, thought, and capital must be settled on your business. Do not be impatient. Carnegie endorses Emerson, "No one can cheat you of success but yourself." Above all, aim high, respect yourself, consult conscience.

Such are a few of the maxims, culled from his writings, which this great captain of industry has offered to the young men of his time. In him we find realised the supremacy of conscience in business. In his works, "The Gospel of Wealth" and "The Empire of Business," all may learn —whatever their sphere in life—how the sternest features of honest poverty may be, perforce, relaxed into the smile of prosperity, through the application of the Golden Rules chosen by him:

"Thine own reproach alone do fear."

and that other, which he has adopted as his personal crest (emblazoned, appropriately for this son of Vulcan, with the symbol, a right hand holding the thunderbolt), the sublime command, "Dread God."



(Photo: G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.)

SKIBO CASTLE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE MR CARNEGIE'S HOME.

THE MARRIAGE OF BISHOP BRANDON.

BY SCOTT GRAHAM.

A Complete Story.

I.

THE pretty bride and her soldier husband, Captain Cree, had just started for Brindisi, *en route* to their future home in India; and Arthur Brandon, vicar of the important Northern town of Wheelsworth, and Mrs. Cree's only brother, realised with a sudden sigh that henceforth he would be a very lonely man. His sister Kitty had kept his house until her marriage, making it a cheerful spot by her bright youth; but now that she was gone he must face life alone. He was only thirty-two, and, as every match-making mamma in the town carefully pointed out, it now became his duty to marry. But Arthur was not the man to fall in love with the first pretty face he encountered. He had a very high ideal of womanhood, and until he found the embodiment of his ideal, complete and perfect in every respect, he was resolved not to marry. Wherefore the fair maidens of Wheelsworth had long angled for him in vain.

He was already a man of mark in the diocese. He held strong views on many social questions; he was popular in the town; and, more than all, he was a very fine preacher. Sunday after Sunday his eloquence filled the fine old parish church to its doors, and he was much in request in other parishes also. The sea of eager faces confronting him seemed to lend him inspiration, his sensitive, clear-cut features lighted up, and he spoke as one who feels he has a message to deliver, a commission from on High to help those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. It was a very common-sense and practical doctrine that he preached, and one very suitable to the hard-headed citizens of that grim Northern town: the Gospel of honest work, the Gospel of getting up and going on, the Gospel of truth and honour in all business dealings. Many a merchant of Wheelsworth, ashamed for the first time of practices which would not bear the light of day, dated his conversion to a higher standard of commercial morality from some trenchant utterance of the great preacher at St. Mary's.

It was one sunny spring morning, when the great church was crammed as usual, that Arthur from the pulpit became aware of a beautiful girl's face in a pew not far away. It was not the beauty which first struck him, but the intense, burning eagerness with which she was following every word he spoke. No preacher could desire a more flattering tribute than such intense absorption in his utterances. He was, just then, dwelling on the discouragements of life, and bidding his congregation remember the fine words of poor dying Anne Brontë to her sorrowing sister: "Take courage, Charlotte—take courage." When we look round upon the bewildering sorrows, the maddening disappointments, which crowd this sad earth of ours, we do indeed need to take courage, if we would not sink in despair altogether. Some good people, he added, made light of the trials of this life, and saddened their already disheartened comrades by perpetual reminders of the punishment reserved for the ungodly; but he would rather bid them try to take courage, and do their best. If they spent all their days in the castle of Giant Despair, how could they ever hope to reach the Celestial City?

It was just then their eyes met—his and hers. He knew nothing about her, not even her name; but something in the thrilling glance of those dark eyes made him feel that the others in the huge congregation were mere accidents—he had preached to her, and her

alone, and had been understood by her, and her alone.

Thereafter, half unconsciously, Sunday after Sunday, he looked for the beautiful face, which was always there, and preached with the certainty that at least one hearer was in complete sympathy with him. Others might come to the parish church because it was respectable, because a stirring sermon gave them something to think of on a dull day, because they wanted to criticise other people's clothes and display their own; but this girl, he felt sure, came to St. Mary's because she was crushed beneath the burden of some terrible sorrow, and needed somebody to console her, if that were possible.

"That young man will be a bishop some day," prognosticated Mr. Attrill, the Vicar's churchwarden, as he walked home one Sunday with his wife. "That sermon of his just now, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' was the finest thing I ever heard. Why, you'll hardly believe it, but he made me feel as if I could actually be sorry for the very criminals in our gaol! Eh, Maria?"

But Maria did not answer. Her mind was running on many things which that sermon had placed in a very different light. And when she reached home, Sunday though it was, she at once sought out a poor, timid, downtrodden nursery governess to whom she had given notice for some trifling fault; telling her she had changed her mind, and she need not leave. Poor Miss Norris, crushed by the thought of her few accomplishments, and dreading to become a burden on her slenderly endowed widowed mother, was quite touchingly grateful for her employer's kindness and condescension. But it seemed to Mrs. Attrill, as she thought over some sentences heard that



"'Oh, you don't know what you ask!'"—*p.* 122.

morning, as if she could never be harsh to a subordinate again.

That same week Arthur made Mabel Stanley's acquaintance. He held a Bible class at a large girls' school, whose principal, Miss Oakley, was his friend. Amongst the governesses, sitting in a little knot apart from the long table round which the pupils sat, was his attentive hearer at church. Afterwards, as he lingered for a little talk with Miss Oakley, she introduced him to the stranger.

"This is Miss Stanley, my music mistress—and an old pupil," she said kindly. And they shook hands.

After that they met fairly often, at the Bible class, at the breaking-up party, when the girls gave a concert, at the Town Library, or in the streets. Always, when he could, Arthur endeavoured to talk to her, but was conscious of a shrinking reserve which pervaded everything Mabel said and did. She did not live with Miss Oakley, but in apartments; and, after hours, gave private lessons on her own account. Thinking she must often feel very lonely, he offered to introduce her to some of the leading ladies of the congregation, and invited her to join the choral society, the working party, and a tennis club which had been formed for the young people of his flock. But nothing could draw her out of her shell. She refused all suggestions, and declined all invitations. She did not want to know people, she said; it—it interfered with her work. And she continued to live a solitary life in the busy town, as though all the ordinary desires and aspirations of youth were dead within her.

Without in the least knowing why, he felt vaguely sorry for her. Miss Oakley hinted she had seen better days, and she was so entirely out of the common groove that she interested him more powerfully every time they met. He himself, now that Kitty had gone, was conscious of being a very lonely man. It was well enough to spend his days, as he did, in a continual bustle of work; but there were many hours when he was shut up alone in the quiet Vicarage, and he yearned for a sympathising woman's voice and smile. Her life was lonely too. Why should not the two solitary ones combine to make a cheerful whole? True, he knew almost nothing of her history; but she was a cultivated gentlewoman, and Miss Oakley vouched for her socially, so no more was needed.

He overtook her one day in a secluded nook of the umbrageous Botanical Gardens; and almost before he was aware he found himself asking her to be his wife. An expression of absolute terror dilated her beautiful eyes as she listened. "Oh! you don't know what you ask!" she shivered. "But it's all my fault for coming here under my maiden name! Miss Oakley thought it would be better, as, if I called myself 'Mrs.,' people would naturally wonder why my husband isn't here——"

"Your husband!"

"Yes! Forgive me for not having told you I was married, but I—I never thought it would matter! He is in Portland Prison, undergoing five years' penal servitude for forgery."

Accustomed as he was to hearing sad tales of sorrow and suffering in going about his large parish, for a moment the magnitude of her burden struck him dumb. So young, a mere girl, and gently born and bred—to be fettered for life to a convict!

She went on, with a kind of strange composure which struck him as more pathetic than any amount of tears. "Don't pity me too much! It's all my own fault, for I would have him, in defiance of all my friends. I was only a girl—indeed, I had only just left Miss Oakley's—when I met him at a garden party. He was a young solicitor, and we both fell in love at once. I am what people call 'well connected'—my father is a country squire, and my uncle is member for Compton; and, altogether, we are accustomed as a family to think a good deal of ourselves. I was silly and inexperienced, and I thought it fine and romantic to defy my father when he forbade Hugh the house. He disapproved of him personally, not liking tales he had heard about his fondness for billiards and cards and late hours; but I wouldn't believe a word against him, and in the end we made a runaway match. My people cast me off instantly, but I don't know that I should have felt that so much if only Hugh had been—been different. But I soon found out he was—not a good man. He drank, and had a taste for low amusements. I can't tell you all I went through until—until one day he was arrested for forging a client's name, and tried, and sentenced to penal servitude. My family were more furious than ever at my disgracing them so; and I tried several ways of earning a living until kind Miss Oakley came to the rescue with the offer of a post with her."

He was silent a few minutes, and then said: "How long is it since—since——"

But he could not finish the sentence.

"Since my husband was sent to prison? Nearly four years; he will be released on ticket-of-leave before long, and I shall have to go back to him! Oh, when you preached that sermon quoting 'Take courage, Charlotte, take courage!' I could almost have believed you knew my story, and meant to encourage me. I shall need to be very brave in the future, I'm sure."

He thought what it must be for a woman of her refinement to look forward to spending the rest of her life with a man evidently unprincipled by nature, and still further debased by the vile companionship of a convict-prison, who would find every avenue of honest employment closed to him. Death, he felt certain, would be an infinitely preferable alternative to one of the proud Stanleys

"God help you!" he burst out passionately.

She looked straight before her with a set, white face. "It's all my own doing—I try to remember that! I *would* marry him; and I've no right to complain if, having sowed the wind, I have to reap the whirlwind!"

"But you were so young," he urged pityingly. There was a lump in his throat which prevented him adding more.

They were close to one of the gates, and, stopping, she held out her hand. "We must part here," she said. "I have never thanked you for the great honour you have done me in asking me to be your wife. I feel it more than words can express. Henceforward, if we meet anywhere, let it be as mere acquaintances. In any case, I shall soon leave Wheelsworth. When my—when Hugh is released, I must go to him, and probably he will try to earn a living in London. So good-bye, and—and go on preaching sermons to comfort people and lift them up! I shall never forget some of the things I have heard you say at St. Mary's! You will be a great man some day—you deserve it; and when you are think sometimes of a humble friend—a convict's wife—who learnt from you that to sit wringing one's hands in the castle of Giant Despair isn't half so fine a thing as just getting up and going on!"

She turned away abruptly, her face wet with tears, and hastened out at a great pace. He stood looking after her like a man in a dream.

A few months later Mabel Lovell sat in a London lodging, trembling at every footfall on the stairs, lest it should be that of the erring husband, whose return she had looked forward to much as the condemned criminal awaits the day of death. Presently he came in; and one glance at his face dispelled any lingering spark of hope she had left. Nevertheless, sunk and brutalised as he was, she forced herself to greet him kindly, with her arms about his neck. So Arthur Brandon would have had her receive the wandering sheep, she was sure.

Thenceforward Hugh Lovell's course was steadily downwards; and, tied to a degraded sot, Mabel had to endure being dragged from depth to depth. She tried to do her duty by her husband, but what it cost her no words can express. There are some pictures of human misery too painful to dwell upon; and her case is one.

II.

TEN years had passed, and Arthur Brandon, after being for some time head of a theological college, was appointed bishop of the important diocese of Culminster. When it transpired that the new bishop was not only unmarried, but apparently proof against female fascinations, there was much fluttering amongst the many eligible maidens who would have dearly liked to date their letters from "The Palace." But he decidedly avoided general society. Dinner-parties and "at homes" saw him not, but in the city slums, or wherever there was good work to be done, he was indefatigable; whilst on Sundays his silvery voice, ringing through the arches, crammed the great cathedral to its very doors. His was still much the same message which he had delivered at St. Mary's; only deeper, fuller, more penetrated with the insight derived from a great sorrow and wider comprehension of life.

In making acquaintance with his people, he was especially struck by the frequency with which the name of a Mrs. Clayton occurred on subscription lists and on charitable committees. He learnt she was a widow, and doing a great work amongst the factory girls and shop assistants of the city. She gave up all her time to furthering the welfare of young women; but when he expressed a wish to meet her he was told that she never accepted invitations or paid calls. She was not a Culminster woman, but had settled in the city some years before, and little was known of her

own personal history, except that she had brought introductions to one of the clergy of the place.

One day Bishop Brandon, who was fond of doing unconventional things, decided to pay a surprise visit to a small orphanage for crippled children he had often been asked to inspect. The door was opened by a juvenile maid, who, evidently overcome by the magnitude of the occasion, left him standing on the hall mat whilst she flew to summon the matron. From a half-open door on the right came the sound of gay tunes played on a piano by a master hand.

"No, children, no; I can't stop to play any more now," said a woman's voice, as "Caller Herrin'" concluded amid loud applause. "But I'll come again to-morrow, and teach you some more nursery rhymes—if you're good."

"We're always good!" rose a shrill chorus; and then the door was opened, and, with a start, Arthur Brandon found himself looking into those beautiful dark eyes which had so thrilled him years ago at Wheelsworth. Older, sadder, her dark hair slightly touched with silver, the one love of his life was still strikingly handsome. He had seen and heard nothing of her since she left the North. But before either of them had recovered their presence of mind the little matron came bustling forward, and whisked the bishop away before he knew where he was. He went through the house like a man in a dream; but before he left he asked for the name and address of the lady who had been playing to the children, and was told she was Mrs. Clayton, who lived in a small house on the London Road.

He lost no time in seeking out the little band-box which she merely used in order to eat and sleep. Her story was soon told. Her husband had been dead five years, but her family was still implacable, her uncle the member having been raised to the peerage. Her godmother had bequeathed her a thousand a year on condition that she assumed her name of Clayton. Oh, yes, she was quite happy and content, she added, in reply to a question, though it was a trial to be still estranged from her family. She had chosen Culminster as her abode because nobody knew her story there, for, her kind old friend Miss Oakley being dead, she had no ties left in Wheelsworth.

"I was a lonely man as vicar of St. Mary's; but I'm ten times lonelier here, in my great echoing palace, with nobody but my chaplain to talk to," said the bishop, after a pause. "I shall never marry anybody but you. Now that there is no obstacle between us, promise that you will be my wife before long. Our aims and hopes are the same, and—and I have always loved you, and shall love you till I die."

But she shook her head. "It can never be! As Bishop Brandon you are still more hopelessly out of my reach than as vicar of St. Mary's."

"But why, my dearest?"

"Because I am the widow of a convict, and the stigma must cling to me as long as I live!"

"How could it? You yourself are personally blameless; by family and education you are entirely my equal; and your unfortunate marriage, when you were an inexperienced girl, would only make people sorry for you," he urged eagerly.

"A bishop's wife should be beyond cavil in every way. If I married you, every malicious tongue in the diocese would say that I had entrapped you in order to rehabilitate my stained name through your unassailable social position. People would probably cut me, and certainly such a marriage would not win approval from the other bishops."

"I should be the last man to sanction deception of any kind; but need anybody in the diocese ever know the story of your first husband?"

"I may escape comment now that I am only Mrs. Clayton, of no special importance to anybody. But the instant a marriage was talked of between us every gossip in the place would begin to ferret out my antecedents; and the fact that my husband was a convict would be discovered immediately, for discreditable secrets always do leak out, by some marvellous agency. You know what the pride of birth and breeding is in these cathedral cities, and probably people would refuse to call upon the convict's widow. Though neither you nor I care for what is generally called society, still it would hurt you if the ladies of the place ignored your wife, and a bishop is not at liberty to flout all his people's prejudices."

"There might perhaps be some unkind tittle-tattle at first; but we should soon live it down."

"There are some things that can never be lived down. And, Arthur, believe me I love you far too well to drag you down and cripple your usefulness by giving scandalmongers

occasion to say you have married beneath you."

And from this resolve nothing could move her, though he pleaded long and eloquently. At last he went away, though with the firm intention to renew his suit at the first opportunity. But he little knew the strength of words had done them, and he listened with a wan smile. But he knew the ache in his own heart could never be stilled.

One morning he was at the station, waiting for a train, and idly watching the antics of a couple of small boys from the bookstall, who, from opposite platforms, were calling to



"Awakening from a fevered dream, he beheld a beautiful vision."—*p.* 126.

will given to a woman who loves. In a few days the little house was denuded of all its furniture, and Mabel, with scarcely a farewell to anybody, departed to join a band of workers in a London East End settlement.

To Arthur Brandon a double desolation seemed to settle upon his great lonely house. But his sermons grew more inspiriting than ever, for he was preaching to himself now; and he needed comfort as much as the poorest and saddest amongst his vast congregation. People came and told him how much good his

each other and playing monkey tricks, as such young imps love to do. Accustomed to rush across the rails a hundred times a day, instead of going over the bridge like the passengers, familiarity with danger had made them careless, especially as the officials took no notice of their pranks. Just after a pilot-engine had come snorting and puffing through, one ordered the other to bring him a *Times* from the bookstall, to which the derisive answer was that he might come and fetch it himself; whereupon the insulted lad instantly started to cross

the metals, meaning to inflict dire punishment upon his disobliging friend. He would have reached the other side safely had not the driver of the engine, which was merely being shunted, suddenly reversed his levers to run backwards through the station. He could not, of course, see the boy, his back being towards him; and when a horrified shout arose it was too late to attempt to pull up. In another second little Giles Todd would have been battered out of all recognition, had not Arthur Brandon, with a wild leap, jumped from the platform and fairly hurled the child out of the way. But, even as he did so, the buffer caught him, and the shuddering spectators turned away their eyes.

* * * * * *

He did not die, though he lay in mortal danger many weary weeks. And oh! what a wail went up, not only from Culminster, but from many another place, when the doctors reluctantly pronounced that the great preacher, the earnest reformer, would never walk, or even stand, again. His mental powers were quite unimpaired; but, a shattered wreck, he must from henceforth live the secluded life of an invalid.

He was very human, and for a time after hearing this dread sentence it seemed to him death would be far preferable. It was too cruel to be cut off from active life in the very fulness of his powers—to see so much good work waiting to be done on all sides of him, and to be obliged to leave it to others. He had never been a slothful or unprofitable servant. Why, then, should he be thus turned out of the great vineyard in the heat of the day? He closed his eyes with a groan. Not for one minute did he wish little Giles Todd—who had been incessant in his inquiries during his illness—had been crushed by the engine instead of him; but oh! to see the ripe grapes hanging in great clusters in the vineyard, and not to be able to lift so much as a finger to gather one!

He had seen very few visitors, both because he shrank even from the tenderest sympathy and because the doctors wished him kept very quiet. But one day, awakening from a fevered dream, he beheld a beautiful vision: Mabel, standing by his couch, with a smile of divinest tenderness on her noble face, a smile which somehow made him think of his mother, though she had been dead many a year.

"'Take courage, Charlotte—take courage,'" she murmured softly, laying her cool hand on his hot fingers. "Once upon a time you helped me along a very stony bit of life's road; and now I'm going to help *you* in my turn! I've been here some time, but they wouldn't let me see you before. Oh, yes, I know all about it! I can understand how hard it all is; but, dearest, I'm prouder of you as you are than I ever was before!"

"A poor, broken, useless wreck," he murmured despondently.

"A man whose bravery has done more good than all the sermons he ever preached! Twice you asked me to marry you in vain; but now I come to propose to you myself! Arthur Brandon, will you marry me?"

"Darling, it would not be right to tie you to a wretched cripple who will never walk again! And I shall be no longer bishop of this diocese. Well-meaning friends have urged that I need not resign my see, as I can have a suffragan to travel about and do the really hard work, and I might still preach and attend the services in an invalid chair specially made for the purpose. But I feel that would not be right. This diocese requires a strong, active man, and I will not take its revenues without doing its work. So, dearest, I shall be a very poor man. My private income is small, and I cannot consent to become a pensioner on the bounty of my successor. So it is out of the question for me to allow you to sacrifice yourself for life; for the doctors say I may live for many years."

She stooped and kissed him. "As for money, thank Heaven, I have enough for both. And as to the rest—I owe you a debt I can never repay, and my whole life is too little to give to the man who rescued me from the castle of Giant Despair!"

* * * * * *

The spiteful busybodies of the city, unable to say that the convict's widow had angled for a home in the bishop's palace, in order to regain her social position, turned their venom upon Arthur himself, expressing surprise that he could be so selfish as to ask a beautiful woman, still young, to share his pitiful existence. But it did not strike the very few privileged to attend the eight o'clock wedding in the cathedral—which the bridegroom had insisted upon, though the doctors advised a marriage by special licence in his own house—that either of the contracting parties looked as if they needed much pity. As the bride

came down the nave, after the ceremony, beside her husband's invalid chair, she looked like a happy girl; and his face, as he was wheeled slowly along, his hand fast clasped in hers, expressed a bliss seldom granted to mortals.

The proud privilege of pushing the chair had, at his earnest entreaty, been granted to little Giles Todd, who wore a white bow of huge dimensions in his buttonhole in honour of the occasion. The bishop had become the object of his deepest veneration; they had had a long talk together, and now he no longer cheated customers out of their change, or gave impertinent answers to his superiors, or listened with a laugh when older men, who should have known better, indulged in coarse jests in his hearing. He had quite settled it in his own mind that he was going to be a good man when he grew up; and, if Arthur Brandon had never done any other good deed than this, surely it was worth while to have lifted even a little ignorant bookstall boy an inch nearer the stars!

The newly married pair went at once to The Hermitage, a quaint, old-fashioned house on the outskirts of the city, standing in a lovely garden, which Mabel had chosen for their future home. A suite of rooms on the ground floor, with French windows opening on to the sunny terrace, was assigned to the invalid; and, though he never left the precincts of his home again, he none the less was surprised to find how much of solace life still held. Finding he fretted at the change from consuming activity to long hours spent on the sofa, wise Mabel thrust a pen into his hand, and bade him write the message he could no longer deliver verbally. A charming volume of essays on social questions was the result, the composition of which beguiled many weary hours of pain. And thereafter whatever an eloquent pen could do to lessen the crying evils of our time his did. The wise, well-considered writings of Bishop Brandon on all the burning questions of the day became a distinct social force, though their author lived the life of a recluse. It was understood that the Brandons never received ordinary callers; but many a perplexed clergyman and weary parish worker, distracted by the painful problems which beset the earnest reformer, came to the bishop, and beside his sofa learnt such lessons of wisdom, moderation, and true charity as sent them back to their work new men. And every Sunday Arthur gathered round him a number of that class who are proverbially the hardest to reach, and yet who *must* be reached if England is not to sink into wickedness and unbelief altogether—lads from sixteen to twenty, who seldom entered a place of worship, but who responded in a wonderful manner to the cultivated gentleman who talked to them as his equals, giving them higher ideals of life than they had ever known before. And yet they would have indignantly resented the supposition that they went to The Hermitage to be preached at; they had a friendly chat with the bishop, and nothing more.

One warm September evening Mabel, who had just returned from visiting one of her pet institutions, stood on the terrace looking down upon the old city spread out beneath her feet. An intense peace brooded over the whole scene. The sun was setting in an absolutely cloudless sky, and all the west was a wide arch of purest gold. It seemed impossible to realise that storm-clouds could ever gather again in that serene sky. To her it seemed like an allegory of her own life. How bitter, how stormy, had been her youth! How often had she prayed God, in her blindness, that she might die, and thus find an escape from her misery! But now all that rending heartache had passed away, leaving nothing behind but the most exquisite peace!

Her husband, who, as usual on fine days, had been wheeled out on his sofa to the terrace, gazed at her motionless figure, as she stood there absorbed in deep thought. "Dearest, what is interesting you so profoundly?" he asked at length.

"I was thinking how many people there are nowadays who deny that there is any answer to prayer," she responded slowly, her eyes still fixed on the radiant west. "I can only say that if God *had* granted some prayers of mine—wicked prayers—I should not be here to-day, perfectly happy and content, save for—for your lifelong deprivation, Arthur."

He sighed for a moment, as she turned and laid her hand tenderly on his, and then his brow cleared. "To have you always with me is sufficient compensation for all earthly ills, Mabel," he said softly.

And, hand in hand, they watched the stars gradually come out, one by one, to shine calm and golden above the strife and din of this perplexing world.

CHRISTMAS IN RECENT ART.

By Adrian Margaux.

OUR grandfathers and grandmothers are fond of comparing the Christmas of their young days with the sort of Christmas which has to content the present generation, much to the disparagement of the former. To some extent the national festival has doubtless lost its more picturesque aspect since the introduction of railways and the migration of the people to the towns. At any rate, it is difficult to account otherwise for the small part which Christmas has taken in the art of recent years. From being one of the most fertile Christmas has become one of the most barren of subjects for the painter's brush. Several years have now passed since the exhibition of the Royal Academy has contained a single picture relating in any way to the greatest anniversary in Christendom. Christmas, in its picturesque aspect, seems to be in danger of sharing the fate of May-day.

The illustrated papers still issue their Christmas numbers, but they have ceased to be an important manifestation of Christmas in art; the engraving or coloured plate which has the slightest reference to the season has become conspicuous by its rarity. Until the last year or so, however, these Christmas numbers led not a few artists



(By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, 58, Baker Street, W., Owner of the Copyright.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN.

(J. M. Thomson.)

XUM

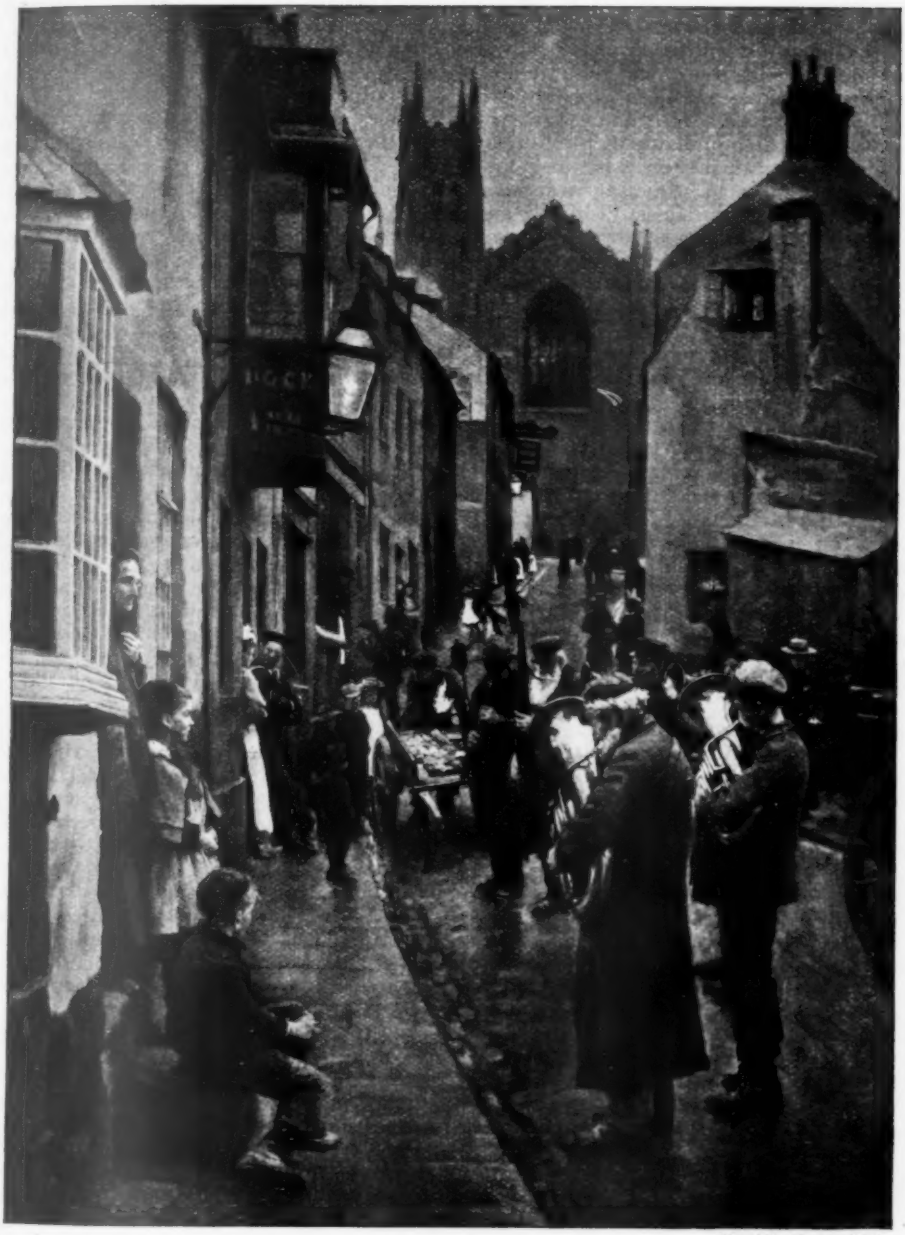


CHARITY.

FROM THE PICTURE
BY WALTER LANGLEY, R.I.

UNIV. OF MICH.

XUM



(Copyright: Virtue and Co.)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(From the Picture by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.)

to endeavour to give form and colour to the popular feeling for Christmastide as a religious festival, an opportunity for family reunion, an occasion for merry-making, and a period generally of peace and goodwill. The most distinguished of this number among present-day artists is probably Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A. Mr. Storey was commissioned by the proprietors of the *Graphic* to paint the principal subject for their first Christmas number in 1874. It was called "Grandmamma's Christmas Visitors," and represented two or three little boys and girls bursting into an old lady's room in high glee with sprigs of mistletoe in their hands, the subject being suggested by the then editor of the *Graphic*, Mr. W. L. Thomas. After its reproduction in the Christmas number the original picture was purchased by a great Sheffield manufacturer, whose fancy it had taken as a reader of the *Graphic*. It was eventually presented by him, with other pictures, to the municipal art gallery at Sheffield, which bears his name. In the Mappin Art Gallery it still hangs, an interesting souvenir of mid-Victorian sentiment on the subject of Christmas. Mr. Storey painted another picture for the second Christmas number of the *Graphic*, but this had a less definite association with the Christmas season, its title being "A Minuet, or the Dancing Lesson."

Another well-known artist of to-day, Mr. J. C. Dollman, did several similar pictures for the purposes of reproduction—usually in colours—for the *Graphic* Christmas numbers. Their character is, perhaps, sufficiently indicated by their titles—such as "A Christmas Dinner in Danger," a child bringing home the Christmas dinner with several dogs still prancing around her, and "The Squire's Christmas Box," a bluff old gentleman in hunting-coat, knee-breeches, and top-boots, riding through the village distributing *largesse* among the children as they run and caper in the snow. The former incident was such as might still be witnessed in many a town, but the latter, it is to be feared, almost belongs to a bygone order of things.

The artist nowadays has difficulty in finding any Christmas custom or episode which possesses a real living interest. Even the weather—in popular belief, at least—of late December has radically changed from the weather of tradition; the snowy landscape and the flaming log have alike ceased in consequence to form practicable backgrounds. On the other hand, nothing has taken their place as distinctive features of a Christmas picture. People wondered over the title of Sir John Millais's picture, "Christmas Eve," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888, a picture in soft autumnal tints, of the old castle of Murthley, in Scotland, until it was explained that the work was so named merely because it had been finished on the preceding December 24th. The daring action of the distinguished artist was significant of the fate which had befallen the traditional Christmas picture.

In these circumstances Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., and Mr. Joseph Clark must be accounted fortunate in having discovered for representation on canvas Christmas customs that have survived the nineteenth century. Mr. Forbes, who has made Newlyn, the quaint little neighbour of Penzance, his home for many years past, depicts the lingering Cornish custom which sends forth the musicians of every town and village to serenade their neighbours on December 24th by way of welcome to Christ's natal day. Mr. Forbes's picture, which, like Sir John Millais's, is simply named "Christmas Eve," shows the musicians of Penzance performing in one of the oldest and most picturesque streets of that town, all the figures being painted directly from life in accordance with Mr. Forbes's invariable practice when painting Cornish subjects like this. The picture was painted when the young artist, although not so well known as he is now, had already won the liking of the Cornish folk among whom he lived, and had, therefore, no difficulty in persuading the Penzance musicians to give him the necessary sittings. It will be noticed that no attempt has been made to give the scene the aspect of severe winter: in the far end of Cornwall traditional Christmas weather is really of the most rare occurrence.

Mr. Joseph Clark's picture, "The Christmas Dole," may be said to be representative generally of Christian benevolence at this glad season of the year. But it had its origin in a charity of the village of Hazelbury, in Somersetshire, where part of the artist's earlier life was spent. As a tablet in the village church records, Mrs. Mary Mountford in the year 1817 gave the rent of two and a half acres of land in the parish for the maintenance of her tomb, and provided that the surplus should be distributed in bread for the poor at Christmas-time. The sur-

plus, notwithstanding agricultural depression, is still large enough to provide a goodly number of loaves for many of the poorer villagers. The place of distribution is the baker's cottage, and seated at the table are the squire and parson, giving the tickets and checking names. The figures of the villagers were all painted by Mr. Clark from the actual recipients of the dole. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889, and purchased by Mr. G. Dibley.

In "The First Christmas Morn," by the late J. K. Thomson, we have presented the religious meaning, apart from the festive associations, of the day. The beautiful symbolism of this work, together with that of a companion picture, "The First Easter Morn," has given it in black and white reproduction a world-wide circulation. Mr. Arthur Lucas, the art publisher, had rather a curious share in the origin of both pictures. A few years ago Mr. Lucas purchased from Mr. Thomson a picture which the artist had exhibited at the Royal Academy under some Greek title. The subject it suggested to Mr. Lucas when he saw it at Burlington House was "The First Easter Dawn." The artist consented to make the small alteration necessary to transform the Greek myth into a piece of Christian symbolism, and to re-christen the picture in accordance with Mr. Lucas's view. The reproduction achieved so great a success that Mr. Lucas was led to commission Mr. Thomson to paint "The First Christmas Morn" as a companion picture. The two subjects have undergone five distinct forms of reproduction with the *imprimatur* of Mr. Lucas, the publisher spending upon them altogether upwards of three thousand guineas—to say nothing of piratical reproductions in America and elsewhere. Judged by the number of prints sold, it is Mr. Lucas's opinion that "The First Christmas Morn," with its companion, has had the greatest popular success of any religious subject picture during the past quarter of a century.

This was the only success of its kind, it may be added, that Mr. Thomson, who was an art teacher in the North of London, ever achieved. Mr. Lucas gave him commissions for several other religious or semi-religious subjects, but none of them ever "caught on" with the public. Painting portraits, for which he had some local reputation, and holding classes in his own house as well as at some of the middle-class schools of North London, Mr. Thomson had probably not sufficient leisure to do full justice to the talent which "The First Christmas Morn" undoubtedly shows him to have possessed.

There is no falling off in the fervour with which Christmas is celebrated in our churches, and in his recent pictures Mr. Percy Tarrant has shown practical recognition of the fact. With the old traditional Christmas the village church is inseparably associated, but nowadays the towns contain vastly more people than the country, and Mr. Tarrant is up to date in every detail. The artist lives at Clapham, and any of the leading places of worship in that London suburb might have given him the subject for both "Christmas Morning" and "A Yule-tide Carol." Both pictures were painted with the definite view of reproduction in black and white, and in this form they are widely popular. Mr. Tarrant has done a great deal of black and white work himself, as our own pages have frequently shown, but if he were to follow his real bent he would confine himself to oils and water-colour, with figure painting as his serious occupation, and landscape as a pastime.

In France, Christmas has lost its old place in the popular imagination much more completely than in England. As was to be expected, the season of Noel is almost non-existent as a subject for French art. The catalogues of the *salon* during the past twenty years afford only two exceptions, I believe—M. Jules Breton's "The Christmas Turkey" and M. José Frappa's "Santa Claus: a Symbol." Both works are far removed from the reverent spirit in which the subject of Christmas is usually regarded in this country. M. Breton's picture is a very unattractive representation of the killing of a turkey in a snow-covered farmyard, although, regarded simply from an artistic standpoint, it is doubtless quite worthy of the high fame of the distinguished artist whose studies of French rural life have for many years been one of the features of the *salon*. M. Frappa's "Symbol" is a bicycle, ridden by Santa Claus, laden with the children's presents, and the incongruity of the idea is not fully excused by the painting, excellent as this is. Of Christmas, as the English people know it and love it, the French artist, like the rest of his countrymen, can still have no conception.



(*From the Painting by Joseph Clark.*)

THE CHRISTMAS DOLE.

Why I am an Abstainer.

By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster.

THE Editor of THE QUIVER asks me to state why I am an abstainer: it would perhaps be more to the point to ask: Why, thirty years ago, did I, or any-one like-minded, become an abstainer? In those days the practice was attended by certain inconveniences. Sir Benjamin Richardson had not delivered the Cantor lectures; Sir Victor Horsley had not denounced alcohol and all its works from the highest standpoint of science; friends warned us that we should die; men of standing in the churches accused us of substituting dependence on a pledge for the grace of God, of casting a stigma upon the initiatory ordinance of Christianity by a repetition of the baptismal vow; and one leading religious newspaper gravely proposed that all total abstainers should be excommunicated. "The thoughts of men have widened." To become a total abstainer to-day is not only recognised as a laudable fruit of Christian charity, but also as the wise adoption of a rule of diet guaranteeing the healthiest physical life. Thirty years ago the impulse to become a pledged abstainer from alcohol was wholly moral; it originated in a keen realisation of the fact that humanity is an organic unity, in which "each is bound to do for all what he alone does best." The suggestion of an awakened conscience was emphasised by the consideration of that stirring utterance in the tenth verse of the prophecy of Obadiah, "For the violence done to thy brother, shame shall cover thee in the day that thou stoodest on the other side." And thus we became total abstainers, regardless of the baneful consequences with which we were threatened.

If experience has made the practice of total abstinence easier, the same experience has added cogency to the utterance of the prophet. Broader theological conceptions, and keener realisation of the solidarity of the race, have necessitated a wider assent to the declaration, "For the violence done to thy brother, shame shall cover thee in the day that thou stoodest on the other side."

What, in the long history of humanity, has ever been, in reality, the greatest evil?

It is not for the purpose of framing an epigram, but because I believe it to be absolutely true, both to Scripture and philosophy, that I express my belief that the greatest evil in this world, throbbing as it is with the fever of mortal sin, is "standing on the other side"—Christian indifference to the existence and purpose of evil; the crust of criminal apathy, of guilty acquiescence, which the worship of self causes to encase the heart, blinding the eyes to man's greatest charge in this little life—namely, his individual responsibility towards God and towards that humanity in which God has expressed Himself and which He has called His child.

The attitude of the truly great man is never that of indifference to this responsibility. When violence is done to his brother, he is never found standing on the other side, or, as the margin translates it, "aloof."

Daniel Webster, when Secretary of State for America, was asked upon a public occasion what was the most important fact that had ever occupied his mind, and he replied, without hesitation. "My individual responsibility towards God." A man who can thus reply, thus think, possesses the Divine enthusiasm for humanity, and will be found on the right side. The man who

THE CHRISTMAS DOLE.
(From the Painting by Josef Israels.)

XUM

thinks not thus knows little of moral reform of noble enterprise, and when violence is done to his brother he is too timid to protest, too selfish to stoop to share the cross, too covetous of popularity to denounce the wrong, too cowardly to face openly the oppressor; and for him there remains the withering condemnation implied in the verdict, "For the violence done to thy brother, shame shall cover thee in the day that thou stoodest on the other side."

I consider, then, the masterpiece of evil to be indifference to evil in the churches, and the crown and consummation of sin to be accomplished when the people of God cease to be aggressive and refuse to hear the cry of them that have no helper.

This, to me, contains the only key which can even partially unlock the mystery of the dark side of creation. To believe in a Supreme Omnipotence whose name is Love is to disbelieve in the co-existence of absolute good and absolute evil in the same world. Whatever evil may be, I am irrevocably convinced that it cannot be unending, that it cannot exist apart from God's sanction, that it could not have originated except in some mystic manner by the direct permission of Him "without Whom was not *anything* made that was made"; that for purposes of wisdom, which we are not able to explain fully, it is permitted to shock, terrify, and revolt us. But to endeavour to account for it by inventing another power, God's equal and God's enemy, is worse than an idle dream; it is a paralysing superstition, the destroyer of hope, of effort, of aspiration.

Moreover, I contend that the simplest analysis of humanity proves that the principle called evil, which has been the puzzle of the philosopher and the perplexity of the theologian, has proved, under the Divine overrule, the bugle-call to activity, the training ground for the athletes of God, the awakener to keep good on the alert, the schoolmaster for the formation of character, the scourge to eradicate selfishness. I contend that without it pity, tenderness, self-sacrifice, endurance, fortitude, resignation, forgiveness—pearls of wondrous beauty—would never have been called into existence; and, while I confess that the world would be perfect if men always chose good rather than evil, that they would be better—or, indeed, could have any rational existence as moral beings at all—unless the possibility of evil was presented to them I utterly deny.

It is not, then, evil in itself that is, so to speak, evil; it is the refusal to recognise it as the stimulus to do good that is the crown and consummation of guilt. To look down into the depths of distress and not care to relieve it, to live in the midst of records of misery and crime and feel not one jot or tittle of responsibility towards it, is a greater sin than the shame and curse and defilement into which so many are born as an inheritance.

I say it with full consciousness of the solemnity of the utterance, but, granting that what is called the Fall of man was evil, assuming God's attitude towards sin to be what the Bible represents, for Him to have gazed into the repelling hopeless mass of sin-stricken humanity and *not* to have become Incarnate, to redeem, sanctify, and save, would have been a greater evil than the evil of the Fall. And His spirit must pervade His people. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." The greatest sin, therefore, is not to care about sin; the greatest evil is for the professor of the religion initiated at Bethlehem, sealed on Calvary, vivified on the first Easter morning, and universalised at Pentecost, to have no part in the struggle between darkness and light, "to stand on the other side" when violence is done to his brother.

Statesmen sometimes have spoken contemptuously of the "Reubens" of politics, of the cowardly neutrality of men who stand aloof when their brethren are struggling for liberty and life. The "Reubens" of the Church are the mildew of the world; and when they refuse to lift one finger to provide a remedy for the festering mass of guilt and disease in which their brethren are overwhelmed, the ancient denunciation glows and burns with new fire as the verdict is recorded, "For the violence done to thy brother, shame shall cover thee in the day that thou stoodest on the other side."

Obviously, this obligation rests upon all religious corporations; but if there is a community on God's earth to whom the words apply with searching force, it is to the members of the privileged, powerful, influential Church of England, with her open door to every home in the land, from the throne to the hovel, and her exceptional position as the authorised teacher of the nation. And if there is a notorious wrong and violence done to a brother, indifference to which is shameful and criminal, it is the wrong done to the masses of the people of

England by the immense accumulation of the power of the traffic in intoxicating drink. On such a subject there is nothing new to tell, for all eyes can read and all intelligences estimate the evidence; it is simply the old record of social demoralisation, political corruption, obstructed education, blighted morality, and national deterioration. Strong drink was never known in England, in quantity or in quality, to be more perilous than it is at this moment; the distribution of the immense brewing and distilling concerns—those wholesale manufactories of widows, orphans, and broken hearts—into joint-stock companies, the circulation of their shares into hundreds of needy hands, has increased the peril by rooting the plague more deeply into the monetary self-interest of the national life. Defenders and proprietors of the drink system are multiplied, and the plague marches on. And so powerful has the vast liquor monopoly become politically that we are now positively threatened with legislation the effect of which will be to create, for the first time in the history of our country, a vested interest in a licence. So soon has Lord Rosebery's prophecy come to its fulfilment, "If the State does not control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State."

What means the pauperism in wealthy London which Mr. Charles Booth has been revealing in his recent publications? Is not this destitution the logical outcome, the inevitable reaping, of the reckless multiplication of public-houses and gin palaces in the poorest districts of the metropolis? Did not Samuel Morley, the friend of the people, the whole-hearted philanthropist, declare, after years of close study, that three-fourths of the distress of London were preventable, as being the direct effect of drink?

We have all been reading with profound interest Mr. Bodley's monumental work on the coronation of Edward VII., and especially his able summary of the reign of Queen Victoria.

It would be a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject to produce from authoritative statistics a table illustrating the power of alcoholic pollution upon the wealth and well-being of the people of England during the reign of Queen Victoria. Not to touch upon the ruined characters, blighted intelligences, broken hearts, the moral poison infused into the blood of the race, the mere money loss to the nation would be shown to be sufficient to account for all the social disorganisation and financial distress which is so conspicuously exposed by Mr. Booth.

I quote from the figures of one who has often been challenged, but never confuted. The sum is too colossal for realisation—it can only be repeated and wondered at; but the total expenditure in intoxicating liquors during the reign of Queen Victoria amounts in round numbers to £4,712,000,000.

Supposing that the money thus spent had been saved—that the paupers, criminals, lunatics, police, gaolers, etc., instead of being supported by rates levied upon others, had been, as they ought to have been, engaged in useful labour, and that all the idlers and vagrants who roam about the country, or spend their time drinking when they should be working, had been busily employed; and suppose, further, that the accidents, disease, and deaths which have resulted from drinking had been averted, and that the people who have been prematurely cut off, instead of being in their graves had been producing, what a mass of wealth would have been realised! And what boundless comforts would everywhere have been provided for the people's wants!

The best judges are of opinion—and, did space permit, I could give good reasons to show that their opinion is but too correct—that the indirect cost and losses resulting from our habits of drinking are at least equal to the money directly spent upon the drink. This would double the £4,712,000,000, and give us a total loss of £9,424,000,000. I will, however, to be within the mark, and by way of allowance for the revenue, etc., which is derived from alcoholic liquors, estimate the indirect loss only at one-half, or £2,356,000,000, and, adding this to the direct expenditure, it still gives £7,068,000,000 as being the cost and loss thus resulting from the liquor traffic. Add to this more than half a century of wife beating, murders, child starving, lunacy, and despair, and you have the dark side of the condition of England during the reign of the best sovereign who ever occupied the throne.

When will our legislators see—when will the Church force them to see—that national heart disease is not curable by improved dwellings, or preferential tariffs, or old-age pensions; that nothing will ever heal the wound of England's national life but an altered attitude towards England's national sin and its prolific causes; that other remedies are but fooling and child's play whilst the gigantic curse remains; that the

petty tinkering with symptoms with which statesmen and philanthropists have hitherto been content is but time wasted, while the working classes alone are spending some forty millions every year (as much as all they pay for rent) in maddening, pauperising, wasteful drink?

If it were possible to flash into the mind of every Christian reader of this paper a single glimpse of the child misery occasioned by drink—of the starved, beaten, cursed, kicked, mutilated, demoralised little ones of our great cities, neutrality towards so gigantic a curse would be no longer possible. The powerful voice of the late Dean of Canterbury uttered in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey these burning words: "While threats and blows resound in that curse-laden air, the children—the ragged, miserable, half-starved, degraded children—the children who will grow up hereafter to recruit the ranks of the felon and the harlot, huddle together in mute terror. They do not cry; such children seldom do shed tears. Nature could never furnish a fountain to meet such demands. Often they make their escape into cellar or chimney, or hide themselves under the rotting heap of rags or straw, and do not venture to creep out, half suffocated, till the drink-maddened fiend whom they call 'father' is away, or till he has slept off for a time the vitriol madness. And in most of our large towns there are whole streets, and alleys, and districts of such drunkards' homes—infamous streets which hide hundreds of blighted families, the disgrace of our civilisation and the disgrace of our Christianity. The only things which flourish there are the public-houses, which, confronting the minimum of virtue with the maximum of temptation, drain from the wretched neighbourhood its last life; and, like the fungus on the decaying tree, feed on the ruin which is their boon.

We have heard much of 'Horrible London,' and of the bitter cry of its abject. *What makes these slums so horrible?* I answer, with the certainty and the confidence of one who knows, *Drink!* And what is the remedy? I tell you that every remedy you attempt will be a miserable failure; I tell the nation, with the conviction founded on experience, that there will be *no* remedy till you save these outcasts from the temptations of drink. Leave the drink, and you might build palaces for them in vain. Leave the drink, and before a year was over your palaces would still reek with dirt and squalor, with infamy and crime. Of the trade in general, which ministers to this temptation, I will say nothing; but at least in such vile streets as these, whence, day and night, this bitter cry of abject cities rings in the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, I should have thought that any man who believes in God, that any man who calls himself a Christian, would have been not ashamed only, but afraid to swell those geysers of curse and ruin."

No man or woman working for God amongst the masses of the population can fail to be penetrated with a conviction of the truth of these words. This Judas drug, which kisses before it betrays, replies constantly in the affirmative to the touching query, "Can a woman's tender care cease towards the child she bare?" Enslaved by alcohol, the kindest mother's heart is changed into a stone. A mother in Lancashire, besotted with strong drink, sits over the fire with her infant in her arms. Mechanically she turns up its garments and holds the little feet to the blaze, and falling into a heavy narcotic slumber, which no shrieks of pain can disturb, she becomes unconsciously the murderer of her own child. A mother in a provincial town returns to her home maddened with whisky. After angry altercation with her husband, she hurls at him a lighted paraffin lamp, which falls upon the bed where her two boys of five and six are quietly slumbering. One is burnt to death where he lies; the other is carried shrieking in agony to the hospital, to linger a few days in suffering unspeakable till death comes to his relief. Is there anything effeminate, fanatical, or absurd in an eye-witness of such a scene of misery as this registering a vow that a drug potential for such dire destruction shall never in any form pass his lips again?

To look abroad and note the fiery tracks of the besetting sin of this nation, to which has been committed in a special manner the stewardship of the Gospel, is to be confronted with a problem likely to tax the whole energy of the Church. The Colonial Temperance Conference, held some years ago in Prince's Hall, London, lifted a corner of the veil, and elicited from the two then Archbishops a protest, which we hoped at the time would have been preliminary to more zealous action. The King of the Maories touchingly described, by an illustration drawn from nature, the wholesale destruction of his people through the im-

ported vices of the white men. "Before the white men came," he said to Sir George Bowen, "the beautiful honey birds flitted from flower to flower like feathered jewels, thrusting their long tongues into the flowers, and sharing the sweetness with the stingless native bee. But the white man came, and with him came the European honey bee with its deadly sting, and the unsuspecting birds, thrusting their tongues into the flowers, were stung to the death, until the species has become extinct. It is thus that you English have destroyed us; our simple people have thrust their tongues into your strong drink, and it has stung them to the death, and they are perishing off the face of the earth."

Now it is just here that the place of personal total abstinence comes in. The time will come assuredly, if the nation is not to sink into nothingness, when the labour of reformers, and the spread of education, and the continued extension of the franchise will bear fruit in the determination of the masses no longer to permit the world to be turned into a jail or a hell for them, that brewers and distillers may become millionaires and peers. But the Christian who is in any measure a partaker of the Divine distress in human misery cannot wait till the Gallios are awakened; experience, ten thousand times confirmed, has proved that absolute, uncompromising total abstinence from that which has ensnared him is the only cure for the intemperate. And that these may be encouraged, shielded, uplifted, and saved, the followers of Christ feel impelled to be "bound with them" in the bonds of total abstinence. The most effective remedial agency in Great Britain at this moment is the total abstinence movement. It is not based primarily upon scientific argument, though every honest conclusion from science is in its favour. It is not rooted and grounded upon the amelioration of the temporal condition of the working classes, though happiness and prosperity inevitably follow in its train. Though it is true that total abstinence prolongs more lives than all the doctors in Europe, saves more money than all the savings banks in Great Britain, prevents more crime than all the policemen of the United Kingdom, yet it is not upon these grounds that its claim is based. It demands attention from the Christian Church inasmuch as it is the literal carrying out of the inspired command, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and "It is good not to drink wine if it cause thy brother to offend."

On these grounds total abstinence is unassailable. It is not hampered with the contention that alcohol is evil in itself, or that it is intrinsically sinful to partake of a glass of wine; but it is a voluntary assumption of the principle underlying the second commandment—namely, that in times of the exceptional prevalence of certain forms of evil, safety requires total abstinence from that which in different circumstances might be legitimate. Though sculpture and painting were not evil in themselves, there was no safety to a race semi-barbarised by long slavery amongst image worshippers save in the command, "Thou shalt not make any graven images." To those saturated, pauperised, dominated by the drink idolatry, there is no safety save in the rule, "Thou shalt not touch any alcohol"; and as there is no law to compel, the Gospel principle pleads with the strong to stoop to the level of the weak, and, by leading the way and setting the example, "bear their burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Tens of thousands have joined the total abstinence movement, of all classes, all ranks of society. They repent not of their decision. It is peace giving, because it separates from complicity with the evil; health giving, because it keeps the system free from an unreal stimulation and a deceptive anodyne; philanthropic, because it swells public opinion against the blighting curse of millions; Christ-like, because it involves in its inception a certain denial of self, a minute measure of reproach, a likeness to Him who restored a lost world not by dictating plausible moralities to it from a sapphire throne in Heaven, but by laying aside His own glory, making Himself "of no reputation," assuming the nature of the sinner, and, amidst the sneers of Pharisees, the indifference of Sadducees, and the cowardly absence of professing disciples, dying upon the cross.

In company, therefore, with tens of thousands of my fellow-men and women, I am an abstainer not because I believe alcohol to be the devil in solution, but because it is written, "For the violence done to thy brother, shame shall cover thee on the day that thou stoodest on the other side," and because it is written again, "We that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, for even Christ pleased not Himself."

THE MARQUISE RING.

A Single-Chapter Story by Nora O'Mahony.

"ARE you sure that you couldn't have put it into one of your pockets, John?" Mrs. Carew asked anxiously.

"Quite sure, my dear! Haven't I tried at least a dozen times? Those are the clothes I wore yesterday, too."

"I know, but men have such a ridiculous number of pockets, they never know where to look for anything!" She spoke a trifle crossly.

"Here, then, try my waistcoat pockets yourself; it isn't likely I should put it anywhere else. But, Emily, you were always a deal too careless about that ring! How many times have I not picked it up about the house, and hidden it away, just to give you a caution about your carelessness!" It was his turn to be impatient now.

"It wasn't that I was careless, but *too careful*, I think, because I didn't like to wear it while I'd be washing my hands, or making bread, or messing about the kitchen, fearing the stones would get loose and fall out."

"Kitty knows nothing of it, I suppose?"

"She says not; but, between ourselves, John, I have my doubts. I have often seen her looking at that ring with a kind of longing, and only last Sunday the minx had the audacity to put it on her finger, and to wear it all the afternoon."

"That's your carelessness again! to leave it lying in her way. But don't allow any false suspicions of Kitty to enter your mind. I often think you are a deal too hard on her. The child is as good as gold, and you may safely believe anything she tells you. It will turn up presently, no doubt, when you least expect to find it. Good-bye now, dear; I'll be back as early as possible." John Carew kissed his wife's cheek in somewhat mechanical fashion, put on his hat and coat, and hurried off to his business in the City.

Mrs. Carew, a handsome, stout, sandy-haired woman of middle age, was her husband's second wife. His first had died within a few years of their marriage, leaving him one little son, David, to make somewhat less desolate his great loneliness. David was a bright, golden-haired lad of eight or nine when his father one day received a telegram informing him of the serious illness of Mary Stanley, who was a distant cousin of his own, and a young widow with only one child. Her husband had died suddenly some years before, leaving his widow quite unprovided for. By lace-making she had tried to earn a very modest living for herself and her baby-girl, but if it had not been for John Carew's unobtrusive kindness, it was more than doubtful if she had been able to keep body and soul together. So in her extremity, and having no other friend to turn to for help, she had sent to him to come to her before she died. This was how it came that a few days afterwards John Carew had carried home the little gipsy-eyed, black-haired, five-year-old Kitty to be a welcome companion and playfellow to his own fair-haired boy. The two children were very happy together, and became devoted to each other.

Then one day, about ten years before the time at which our story opens, Mr. Carew had brought home a new wife, to be a companion and housekeeper to himself and a mother to his motherless boy and the little gipsy-eyed cousin.

The new Mrs. Carew had not been blessed with any children of her own, which was perhaps the reason she was so little tolerant of childish ways and noise. However, for David, now

grown a young man and gone away to sea, she had in time developed an almost genuine affection. But Kitty, with her shy, reserved, proud little ways, she never could come to look upon as anything but an unwelcome intruder; though wisdom had taught her not to obtrude this opinion too glaringly on her husband's more generous mind.

She was very jealous of his evident affection for the little girl, who as she grew up became more useful and helpful every day, and loved above all things to attend on "dear Uncle John," as she called him, though in reality the relationship between them was nothing nearer than cousinship. Mrs. Carew often found, to her intense chagrin, that Kitty had anticipated his wishes and wants before she herself had discovered them. David's affection, too, for his cousin was something of a thorn in her side; she felt that the girl had ousted her from the position she should rightfully have held in both men's hearts. She was captious and jealous by nature, with the hot, ungovernable temper which is said to be the heritage of red-haired people: purse-proud too, having come of a well-to-do family, and having brought her husband a handsome fortune; and yet she could be mean and niggardly to a degree. Mentally she regarded poor Kitty as nothing better than "an almshouse brat," though she hitherto had not dared to whisper it above her breath.

To-day, after her husband had gone away, she felt intensely irritable. The lost ring, an extremely handsome "marquise" of diamonds and sapphires, had cost a great deal of money, and had been a recent present from her husband. For the twentieth time she searched every drawer and possible hiding-place in her own room, and indeed through the whole house, but without effect. She went at last in search of Kitty to ask her again if she knew anything of the lost ring. Kitty was sitting on her bed, humming a tune, and trimming a new spring hat with bunches of violets and velvet ribbon. It increased Mrs. Carew's annoyance and irritation tenfold to find her so carelessly and happily employed.

"Well, so this is what you are at!" she said bitterly, "while I have been spending my morning looking everywhere for my ring! Tell me the truth, now, girl! Are you quite sure you know nothing of it?"

Kitty flushed red and shamefaced at the vindictive, accusing tone.

"Why, of course, Aunt Emily, I know nothing about it. Surely you don't think I do?"

"I am not sure at all about it! What business had you ever to handle the ring, much less to wear it? You know I caught you wearing it more than once."

"I am very sorry, aunt. I only picked it up when I found it lying about, and it was so pretty that I had to try it on. But I have not seen it since you last wore it—really, Aunt Emily, I have not!"

"How can I believe you? Just turn out all your boxes and drawers now, and let me see if you have hidden it away. The ring has disappeared, at any rate, and who else would have taken it? Not Mary, surely, after all these years here!"

Mary was the one servant of the establishment, and had been there since David was a baby in arms. It was only the strength of her affection for "Master David" and the "old master" that had kept her faithful to the household during all those years, despite the exacting and ill-tempered ways of the new mistress.

Kitty's face flushed painfully under the cruel accusation, and her eyes filled up with hot tears.

"How can you say such things, Aunt Emily?" she said, choking back an angry sob. "Here are my keys. I'll open any drawer for you, and you can see for yourself if I have taken your ring and hidden it away."

Mrs. Carew was already rummaging the drawers, opening each box and looking hurriedly through it, and throwing all Kitty's treasured belongings in a careless heap on the floor. After vainly searching amongst them she stood up at last to go, treading heavily on one of Kitty's most precious trinkets as she did so. It was a tiny gold locket, containing in one side a miniature of Kitty's mother with herself a baby on her knee; in the other a portrait of her father—a dark, handsome, intellectual-looking man.

As she heard the glass crunch beneath her aunt's careless footsteps, Kitty gave a little cry of pain and anger. In a moment she was on her knees, weeping as she picked up the broken fragments. The gold locket was crushed out of shape, the miniature paintings broken into tiny pieces, and for ever hopelessly defaced!

"How dare you, Aunt Emily!" the girl cried hotly. "Oh! how could you be so cruel! What will Uncle John think when I tell him?"

The woman glared at her angrily. This open

defiance and accusation were something entirely new to her.

"You had better go and tell him at once, perhaps. Don't dare threaten me with your Uncle John, you impertinent minx," she cried in a burst of fury. "Your 'Uncle John,' as you call him, is a fool. If he were not, he would never have taken a workhouse brat like you into his house, to rob respectable people, and then dare to flout them." She turned back again at the door. "Let me tell you, young person, if that ring isn't restored before nightfall, I'll call the police in. Perhaps when you are in gaol you'll think better of giving it up."

She went out at last and banged the door noisily behind her, leaving Kitty still kneeling on the floor, in an agony of shame and trouble and bitter indignation. She had borne a long time with her aunt's harshness and evident dislike, but never before had the latter revealed the hidden depths of her hatred.

The girl knelt long that morning at her bedside, weeping bitterly, with her face buried in her hands, seeking vainly for consolation and telling herself again and again she could not be happy another day under Aunt Emily's roof. There was no one she could turn to to tell of her trouble. That threat, too, of her aunt's about calling in the police, absurd as it seemed, left her horribly frightened and miserable.

That night, when Mr. Carew came home to dinner, Kitty's room was empty: the girl was nowhere to be found. A few of her things had been taken away, evidently hurriedly packed in a bundle. There was not as much as a line left to tell him where she had gone to.

John Carew was in a state of frenzy over his "little Kitty's" disappearance. His wife, too, was much upset by this unexpected result of her fit of temper, though she took good care to hide from her husband her own share in the business. At heart, perhaps, she was glad to be rid of the girl, and told herself, and indeed hinted openly, that this was the last proof wanting as to the person who had stolen her ring. But though her husband advertised, and hunted everywhere for news of the girl's hiding-place, neither Kitty nor the ring were anywhere to be found.

More than a year passed by—not as happily for Mrs. Carew as she might perhaps have expected. True, she was rid of Kitty's presence in the house, but it did not make her any the happier. Her husband had been a changed man since the day of the girl's disappearance. He suspected that his wife had had more to do with that disappearance than she cared to acknowledge, and in consequence he had grown cold and silent and openly distrustful of her.

David, too, when he came home for his first long holiday, and found that Kitty was gone, was very angry, and openly accused his stepmother of having purposely got rid of the girl. Since that first holiday he had not cared to come a second time. He seemed to have taken a bitter dislike to his father's wife, which intensified John Carew's gloominess a hundredfold. Mrs. Carew, moving restlessly about her household duties, or sitting at her work in the evening, watching with an aching heart her silent and inert husband, felt sometimes that she would have given all she possessed in the world to have had the despised and disliked Kitty safely back again.

It happened about this time that Mr. Carew, who never missed an opportunity of doing a good turn when he could, sent home one day a workman to make some alterations in the garden behind his house. The man seemed hungry and ill-clad—having been a long time out of work—and it was more for kindness' sake than from any necessity that Mr. Carew had given him a few days' employment.

When the work was finished and the man had been paid, John Carew told his wife to gather some of his own old clothes in a bundle, and give them to "the poor fellow, who hadn't a decent rag to his back." Mrs. Carew was of a nature to allow such things to grow moth-eaten and green from age rather than give them away to any poor creature for nothing. However, she must do as she was told.

She selected an old suit of her husband's, carefully picking out one that was well worn. She looked doubtfully and regretfully at the buttons, saying to herself that they might easily prove useful for something else, and, taking a scissors in hand, began clipping them off. Her husband meanwhile regarded her with a grim and critical gaze, which but partly veiled a look of contempt.

As she removed each button carefully, she suddenly felt, at the bottom of the waistcoat in the left-hand corner, below the pockets, something hard and round. Without seeking to guess in the least what it might be, she unearthed, with the help of the scissors, from between many folds of cloth and lining



"'Forgive me, Kitty; forgive me, child!'"—*p.* 142.

—the long-lost marquise ring! It had slipped through a hole in the pocket and remained hidden there ever since!

Mrs. Carew could only look at her husband in open-mouthed astonishment, and with an ever-increasing sense of guilt. This was what she had accused poor Kitty of stealing, the ring which had become lost through her own criminal carelessness! Her husband had doubtless picked up the ring somewhere, and put it absent-mindedly in his pocket, as he had often done before.

She felt dumfounded and utterly ashamed. Presently, out of the trouble of her mind grew a determination that she would know no rest till she had found Kitty and made atonement.

But where could she turn to look for her now? That was the trouble. Mr. Carew and David had exhausted every effort to find her, and in vain. It was hardly likely that she would succeed where they had failed.

But one day, a few months afterwards, she herself suddenly came upon Kitty in the simplest and most unexpected way. She was doing some shopping, and as she waited for the attendant to bring her the piece of material she had especially asked for, her attention was caught by something familiar in the figure of a young girl who sat near her, accompanied by a handsome little boy. The girl, whose back was turned towards Mrs. Carew, was inspecting some muslins displayed for her selection; her black dress was somewhat shabby, though neat and tidy, and the little collar and cuffs of white lace were scrupulously fresh and clean, giving an air of daintiness and refinement to their wearer. She wore a black straw hat trimmed with violets and purple velvet. It was the very hat that Kitty was trimming on the day when she had accused her of theft.

In a moment she was standing before the girl with pleading eyes and trembling, outstretched hands. Kitty looked up at the face above her, with its sadly aged and sorrowful look, and her own softened.

"Forgive me, Kitty; forgive me, child!" Mrs. Carew was saying. "Oh, Kitty, won't you come back to us? We all want you—Uncle John, and I, and David—oh, so badly! The house has never been the same since you left it. I found the ring after all, and now I know what a wicked, cruel, bad woman I was to accuse you of stealing it."

She paused for breath, and then went on again, without waiting to be answered:

"Oh, Kitty, come back; come home! If you knew how Uncle John has missed you, and David! David has only been home once since you went away. He blamed me for your going, and hates me. Where have you been all this time? We have searched everywhere for you. Oh, Kitty, forgive me, and come home!"

She stopped at last, breathless from the long, pleading speech. Big tears were rolling quickly down the lined and strangely faded cheeks; her voice had choked and grown inarticulate with sobs which she vainly tried to suppress. The little boy in Kitty's charge looked up at her in childish awe and wonder. The shop attendant coughed uneasily.

Kitty took the shaking hand in hers—she wanted badly to cry too, and felt she could not say much to her just then. But her tear-filled eyes and happy smile showed the woman plainly that she was forgiven. She would not let Kitty go, however, till she had given a promise to come and see her uncle that very evening.

The result of that visit was that in a few weeks' time Kitty had given up, not without some tearful and tender regrets on her side as well as his, the tuition of the little boy with whom her aunt had met her. It had been her first and only situation as governess, and she had grown so fond of her little charge that only for her Uncle John's pleadings, and Aunt Emily's self-accusings, and perhaps also because of a haunting desire to see Cousin David at home once more, she would never have wished to give him up.

No mother could have been more kind or more tender than Mrs. Carew proved to be after that. It appeared as though her whole nature had undergone a complete change during those unhappy months when Kitty seemed lost and dead to them all.

Years afterwards, when Kitty and David were happily married, and Kitty had a beautiful little boy of her own who reminded her at times of the curly-headed little lad who had been her first and only pupil, Mrs. Carew fell suddenly ill and died. The whole of her fortune was bequeathed to "Mrs. Catherine Carew" and to her heirs after her, while of the many personal gifts left to her husband, in trust for Kitty, not the least valued was the handsome marquise ring, studded with diamonds and sapphires, which had been the cause of so much trouble, and, in the end, of so much happiness to them all.

XUM

THE CHARITIES OF CHILDREN.

By E. S. Curry.



THERE is an old woodcut in "Cassell's Encyclopædia" representing Edward VI. at an open window, listening to the sermons of Bishop Latimer. The boy King was led from what he heard to found and endow several hospitals in London — Bethlehem being one of them—tor the sick and suffering. Is this the earliest record of a child's charity?

Nearly forty years ago, the author of "Parables from Nature," in her *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, named after her own child, asked for the sympathy and help of her young readers in the founding and endowing of an "Aunt Judy's" Cot in the Hospital for Sick Children, the mother of all such hospitals. This was followed by others, founded under the same auspices, their record being:

1868. The "Aunt Judy's Magazine" Cot for Girls. Founded in perpetuity by the Readers of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* by payment of £1,000.

1876. The "Aunt Judy's Magazine" Cot for Boys. Founded in perpetuity by the Readers of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* by payment of £1,000.

1885. The "Aunt Judy's Magazine" Cot, in memory of Mrs. Gatty and her daughter, Mrs. Ewing (Aunt Judy), for a like sum.

Thus began the organised enlisting of the children in the work of charity.

If you want anything done, "Ask the children." seems to be the same all over the world. The loving little hearts and fingers have pressed on their eager claim to share in their elders' care for others. In ever-increasing proportions, and in widely varied forms, the "Charities of the Children," poor as well as rich, have become an appreciable contribution to the charity of the world.

What can the children do?

Their record is simply amazing. It includes such varied objects as the maintenance of Cots in Hospitals for Sick Children and the purchase and support of Missionary Ships; the support of deformed and afflicted children in Homes and Orphanages, and the giving help and pleasure to many such in their own homes; the support of a School of Industries for the Blind in Alexandria, and of a Chapel for the Red Indians in South Dakota; the founding of Coffee Houses and Drinking Fountains; Memorials to the dead soldiers of the War, and teaching and bringing up their orphaned children; apprenticing boys to trades, and outfitting girls for service; providing boots and clothing and holidays for such as would have none; brightening children's lives by the simple means of a letter or magazine or toy; helping the Indian Famine Fund, and supporting and training native children; providing scholarships for boys and girls in India, China, Japan, Canada, South Africa, etc., and the adoption of such children for education and start in life. And these are not nearly all the outlets for the children's work. All the Missionary Societies enlist the help of children, either through the Sunday Schools or by special organisations.

Perhaps the simplest way of learning something of this "Children's Charity" will be to look at some of the different works in their order of starting. It will be noticed

how one effort has always led to another, in perhaps a slightly different direction, as needs, not already grasped in full, became manifest. And closely connected with the children's work—indeed, helping it on in a way which would not otherwise have been possible—must be reckoned the help of the magazines and papers which identified themselves with its success; giving it splendid impulse and encouragement. Following Aunt Judy, the Editor of *Little Folks* in 1882 started his little readers in the same good work, in which example he has been followed by other papers which include children among their *clientèle*.

Cots in Hospitals for Children seem so natural an object to interest children that it was no wonder that they became at first the favourite objects of our young people's work. "A little child that we can pay for!" the children say with delight; and the foundation of "The Children's Association in aid of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children" responded to this desire of the children. It was two-sided in its aim: it wished "to promote an interest among the children of the upper classes in the welfare of the children of the poor; and to encourage the use of the talents and leisure time of children, so as to be of practical benefit, by providing funds for the maintenance of the hospital and its offshoots.

1882. Twenty years ago, the Editor of *Little Folks* asked his readers to collect £1,000 to found a cot in the East London Hospital in Shadwell. Before the year was over £2,000 had been received. A cot was also founded in the North-Eastern Hospital for Children; and now a ward in the same hospital has been completed and six cots endowed. In many other ways the *Little Folks* children work. The establishment of drinking fountains in Leeds, Glasgow, and Shoreditch is one of their works.

How is it possible for children to do such work? These are some of the ways which the little folks have found possible:—They sell small articles of their own making, hold little sales, or give concerts among their friends, sacrifice their time, and often also their personal enjoyment by giving up their Christmas and birthday presents. One sells her chickens and eggs; another, dolls and sweets; many send clothing and pictures to the children in the hospitals. And these are but samples of what the ingenuity of children can effect.

1885. The Ministering Children's League was founded by the Countess of Meath in her London parish, with the original intention of "teaching and helping the children who compose it to be unselfish, kind, and obedient, inside as well as outside their own home." It began with a little band of children who met in a London drawing-room, and has grown in a very remarkable way, numbering now about 40,000 members. Wherever English folk have gone all over the world the League has penetrated; its simple motto, "No day without a deed to crown it," making it adaptable to all needs and circumstances. Good parents are glad to encourage their children in habits which produce thought and service for others,—especially when the initial rule, suggesting and guiding this service, is for the obedience and charity which make home life beautiful. The President of the League since its foundation has been Prebendary Ridgeway, of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, to whose help in organisation the League owes much. Its rules are elastic, each branch being free to take up any charity, whether local or special, which appeals most to its members; or to help on the institutions organised from the centre. Of these are the following—a large choice for charity: Convalescent Homes, Homes for Destitute Children, a Hospital, a Chapel, a School of Industries for the Blind, a Home for Epileptic Children. All these, besides other works of mercy too numerous to mention, are the marvellous outcome and result, in the first instance, of the desire of a good woman to save the children of her own class from the misery of selfishness, and to teach them to think of others. So small a seed, as it doubtless seemed to those inaugurating the first little band of children! So large a tree is the result of its eighteen years' work! A short account of the founding of the Egyptian School of Industries, and the Epileptic Home for Children, may be interesting. The former is a school for blind boys, in Cairo, who would without its aid have gone to swell the number of blind beggars so familiar to travellers throughout Egypt. The boys are taught mat- and brush- and basket-making, and are able to sell their work. It is hoped that the present pupils will in turn become teachers, and that many more sufferers will be thus benefited.

The foundation of the Epileptic Children's Home is thus described by Lady Meath, in one of the League's papers:—"During last year two cases of epileptic children in workhouses were brought to my notice. The



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY
PERCY TARRANT, BY PERMISSION OF
C. W. FAULKNER & CO., GOLDEN LANE, E.C.,
THE OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.

UNIV. OF MICH.

XUM

first was that of a little girl shut up in a ward where numbers of adult epileptics were sitting together. The child had nothing to do, she was taught nothing, she had no other children to play with. The doctor in attendance pointed her out to me as a case quite unfitted to be in such surroundings, where she was only likely to grow worse instead of better. The other case was still more piteous. I was being taken through the wards of a workhouse, where insane and epileptic patients were confined. In one room were suffering creatures who looked scarcely human. They were a horrible sight to behold. As we passed them, a child came up—she was in the same ward—and extending her hands, piteously cried, 'Take me away! Take me away!' It was heartrending to see the little one's anxiety to get away from such awful surroundings." This appeal was replied to by the founding of the Epileptic Children's Home, Hayling Island. Other works of the League are a Memorial at Capetown to soldiers lost in the War, four soldiers' orphans in training at the League's Training Home at Ottershaw, Coffee Houses, etc. The League has followed the Empire, new branches having already been started at Port Elizabeth and Johannesburg.

1888. The Children's Union of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society has for its special work the care of the Crippled Children undertaken by the Society. These poor children, by reason of their physical infirmities, are not fit for the ordinary Homes, as they require special medical and surgical attention and treatment. It began by a band of children under Mrs. Crofton, the President of the Children's Union, undertaking the maintenance of one cot in the Society's Home at Tooting, now removed to Byfleet. From this little beginning the Children's Union has grown into its 351 branches, numbering about 11,000 members, and raising £4,000 per annum. It entirely supports three homes, and pays for special cases in two other homes. Thus it provides special treatment for fifty cripples in St.



"TAKE ME AWAY! TAKE ME AWAY!"

Nicholas Home, Byfleet, which is a feeding home for the one at Surbiton, where twenty-two boys over seven are taught tailoring, with a view to earning their living later, when suitable places are found and a start in life given them. Twenty girls in the corresponding home, also fed from the Byfleet Home, are taught machine knitting, basket work, and advanced needlework. Besides these, there is St. Chad's Home at Leeds, for eighty girls physically or mentally unfit for domestic service, where the girls are taught laundry work and machine knitting; and the Bradstock Lockett Homes at Southport for forty children; providing thus Northern and Southern homes for the children. The record of the Children's Union is a wonderful one, not only of work done, but of example and inspiration to similar work, taken up by other societies following closely in its steps.

1889. The Children's League of Kindness for South London interests children in working for children, and tries to provide pleasures as well as substantial and permanent assistance. It supports children in homes, apprentices boys to trades, provides outfits for girls going to service, finds food in cases of sickness or urgent distress, and helps to holidays. Some of its last year's work shows its aims. It supported four boys in a cripples' home, three girls in an orphanage, another in a training home, an incurable child in the Cheyne Hospital, and another with spinal disease, whose mother had used her deformity for begging. Many partly paralysed or injured babies, the help for whom it is hoped may be only temporarily needed, are amongst those who have received its assistance. Its members are expected to supply toys and clothing, but are not asked to give money, which is supplied by their elders, who are associates. All the help is voluntary, and no money is spent in offices or on workers.

1891. The Sunbeam Mission has similar aims, and its work is so simple that many parents, who find it difficult to let their children visit the poor in their homes, welcome its work in arousing their sympathy and help for the sick and suffering. The members are asked to send a magazine to a poor or suffering child in London or some large town; and by means of occasional letters, and the gift of a toy or flowers, or some useful garment, to brighten some poor child's life. No subscriptions are required, the small membership fee of sixpence making the Society self-supporting. In many cases the work thus begun has widened in scope, and the interest established in the little sufferers has been continued in other directions.

1890. The Children's Salon, in connection with *The Gentlewoman* newspaper, was begun with the motive, in the first instance, of encouraging its members "to work at and develop whatever special talents they possessed, and to use those talents in behalf of others not so happily situated as themselves." The first money thus gathered endowed a cot in the Victoria Hospital for Children, which has been followed by cots in four other children's hospitals. Besides these the Salon has contributed £700 to the Queen Victoria Nurses' Fund, has endowed an emergency fund for the London Schools Dinner Association, and has helped the Irish Distress Fund, the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, *Truth* Toy Fund, and other charities. *The Gentle-*



GIFTS FROM THE CHILDREN'S LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

woman pays all office, staff, and other working expenses, so that every penny of the Salon proceeds goes to the charity.

1892. The Young Helpers' League, in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, works for the crippled, deaf and dumb, blind, ailing and incurable children, who, in addition to their destitution or homelessness, are thus heavily handicapped by physical suffering. It helps all Dr. Barnardo's Homes, including



A *LITTLE FOLKS'* COT.

Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Waifs in Stepney Causeway, the infirmary cottages at the Girls' Village Home, and the hospital at Babies' Castle, also the homes for little incurables at Bradford and Birkdale, the Convalescent Home at Felixstowe, and the Deaf and Dumb Home at Hackney. It supports 322 cots in these hospitals, its members numbering 70,000, living in all parts of the world.

1894. The Children's Sunbeam Society of South Australia was started by a working man, with the object "to be helpful to children, and to teach them to be helpful to one another," in connection with the *Adelaide Observer* and *Evening Journal*. Most of his "sunbeams" have not much to spend—a penny, or threepence, or sixpence, generally representing the outside of their powers of giving. But how the small sums have mounted up, and what have they not been able to accomplish! Nearly £5,000 has been raised! Two cots have been founded in the Adelaide Children's Hospital costing £63 per annum, £600 for a *crèche* has been given, where the children are "minded" whose mothers have to go to work, £1,000 for the Queen Victoria Home for Convalescent Children, several hundred pounds for homes for orphans, and other shelters for the poor and suffering, help for the Indian Famine Fund, for the London Fresh Air Mission, and many other charities, and an annual Christmas meal to some 4,000 children. Truly an imperial charity this one, started by a working man through his love of children, and supported by the "not rich."

1900. The Young Leaguers' Union in connection with Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home and Orphanage collects money by special associations of children, in much the same way and for the same purposes as the Young Helpers' League. In the same way the Sunday School Union uses its Guild of Help to create and maintain interest in Sunday Schools, for helping the country and convalescent homes of the Union. It is quite impossible to tell in adequate detail the story of the wonderful work done by all these associations of children. Those given are merely typical cases.

But we must just glance at the missionary work of the children.

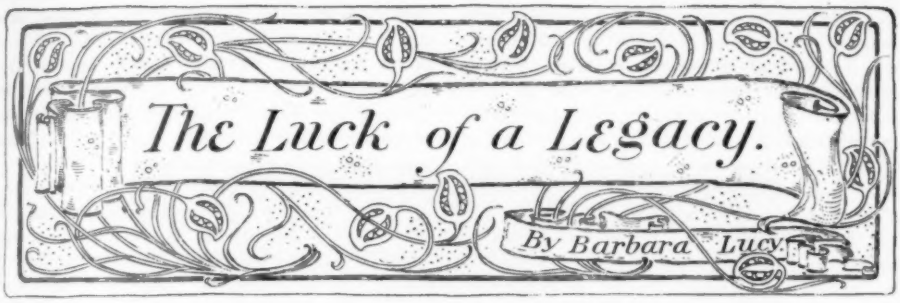
1889. The Sowers' Band of the Church Missionary Society has now nearly 600 bands of children in England, and others in India, Africa, and elsewhere abroad. In Australia it has many bands. It supports

two missionaries of its own, and forty-two girls in a boarding-school in China, besides assisting the Society's schools, hospitals, and churches nearly all over the world. The Young Sowers make money by their labour in every conceivable way, boys as well as girls turning their talents to use. One factory girl made £17 one year by the sweets she had made and sold.

1897. The King's Messengers of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts are instructed and examined in missionary knowledge, and after being thus first interested in mission work are then given work to do. It has nearly 700 branches, helping chiefly the women's work, the Zenana, teaching, medical and nursing work of the Society in India and other countries. It also maintains scholarships in the numerous mission schools of the Society throughout India, and in China, Japan, North Canada, the West Indies, South Africa, etc. Some of these schools train the children as teachers or members of other professions, to which by birth they belong, but from which their faith would otherwise exclude them; and they are supported throughout their school career. The King's Messengers also support cots in Indian hospitals. There is a special branch of invalid children, to whom their membership, with its blessed privilege of helping others, is a source of great interest and happiness.

The work of the children in missionary charity continues throughout the year. In each Sunday School of church and chapel as the Sundays come round, the children's pence and farthings are gathered, mounting up to a goodly sum—from £10 to £40 or £50 being a frequent annual collection from each school. The missionary branches of the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Congregational Churches, both in England and Scotland, have also, as well as their Sunday School collections, special associations of young people who collect large sums during the year. The London Missionary Society has a unique work for its children. They buy, fit out, and maintain its missionary ships; surely a wonderful "Children's Charity"!





"ALMOST unaccountable thing!" said Miss Drury, laying down an envelope on the table.

"What's the matter now?" said Miss Mary, looking up, her sharp old face expressing surprise and annoyance. She held big cutting-out scissors in her hand, and had been in the act of calculating how many shirts she could get out of so many yards of stuff, when her sister's remark sent it all out of her head.

"An invitation card for Mr. Buxton's funeral," answered Miss Drury. "I did not even know he had passed away."

"I saw it in the paper," said Miss Catherine gently. Both sisters turned towards her suddenly.

"Then why did you not mention it, Catherine?" Miss Catherine laid down the soft white shawl she was knitting with a little deprecating air.

"Well, I really forgot," she said. "Besides, we only knew him slightly, did we? He was really Robert's friend."

"Yes," admitted Miss Drury, looking at the card again. "I shall certainly not go," she said.

"Nor shall I," said Miss Mary. "Such an expense too."

"We are always in black. We should not have to buy," said Miss Catherine in her soft voice, "and it would show respect to his memory."

"Very well, Catherine. You go, if you feel so strongly about it. For my own part I do not consider it at all necessary."

Accordingly on the appointed day Miss Catherine set out. She returned in time for tea, her manner betraying suppressed excitement. She evidently had important news to impart to her sisters; and Sarah, the maid, had hardly retired downstairs before she began.

"Well, Ellen, it was a good thing I went The reason for the invitation is now plain enough."

"And what is it?" said Miss Drury. "Come, Catherine, do begin; your tea will be quite cold."

"He hasn't—surely he hasn't—no, he can't have!" said Miss Mary incoherently, as a thought suddenly struck her.

Miss Catherine nodded her head gently and impressively.

"Yes," she said, "he has left us a legacy."

"Oh!" exclaimed both sisters. "How much?" said Miss Mary.

"Two thousand pounds," said Miss Catherine.

She then related all the incidents of the afternoon, winding up by saying:

"Mr. Truefitt, the lawyer, said we should have to wait a little while, as the property was not realised. When matters are settled we shall receive an intimation."

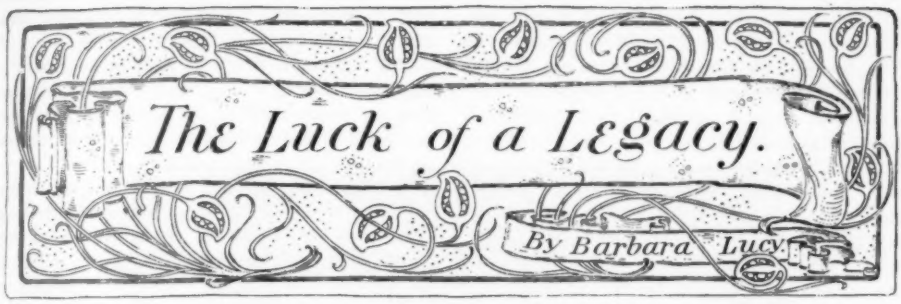
Two thousand pounds! To these three sisters, buffeted as they had been by the world's storms, it meant a haven of peace and rest from anxiety, to say nothing of the help they would be able to give others. What avenues of charity were now thrown open to them—avenues down which they had often looked longingly through the close-barred gates of poverty! And, most important of all, now they would be able to help Richard. He was their nephew, an orphan they had brought up and cared for since his school-boy days. They had done everything for him, given him the best start in life they could afford; and now he was beginning to feel his way. But it was slow, up-hill work. His prospects could certainly not be called brilliant; and, to crown everything he was in love. Yes, Richard was in love; though he never suspected his aunts knew anything about it, for he had determined to keep the matter entirely to himself. He

two missionaries of its own, and forty-two girls in a boarding-school in China, besides assisting the Society's schools, hospitals, and churches nearly all over the world. The Young Sowers make money by their labour in every conceivable way, boys as well as girls turning their talents to use. One factory girl made £17 one year by the sweets she had made and sold.

1897. The King's Messengers of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts are instructed and examined in missionary knowledge, and after being thus first interested in mission work are then given work to do. It has nearly 700 branches, helping chiefly the women's work, the Zenana, teaching, medical and nursing work of the Society in India and other countries. It also maintains scholarships in the numerous mission schools of the Society throughout India, and in China, Japan, North Canada, the West Indies, South Africa, etc. Some of these schools train the children as teachers or members of other professions, to which by birth they belong, but from which their faith would otherwise exclude them; and they are supported throughout their school career. The King's Messengers also support cots in Indian hospitals. There is a special branch of invalid children, to whom their membership, with its blessed privilege of helping others, is a source of great interest and happiness.

The work of the children in missionary charity continues throughout the year. In each Sunday School of church and chapel as the Sundays come round, the children's pence and farthings are gathered, mounting up to a goodly sum—from £10 to £40 or £50 being a frequent annual collection from each school. The missionary branches of the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Congregational Churches, both in England and Scotland, have also, as well as their Sunday School collections, special associations of young people who collect large sums during the year. The London Missionary Society has a unique work for its children. They buy, fit out, and maintain its missionary ships; surely a wonderful "Children's Charity"!





"ALMOST unaccountable thing!" said Miss Drury, laying down an envelope on the table.

"What's the matter now?" said Miss Mary, looking up, her sharp old face expressing surprise and annoyance. She held big cutting-out scissors in her hand, and had been in the act of calculating how many shirts she could get out of so many yards of stuff, when her sister's remark sent it all out of her head.

"An invitation card for Mr. Buxton's funeral," answered Miss Drury. "I did not even know he had passed away."

"I saw it in the paper," said Miss Catherine gently. Both sisters turned towards her suddenly.

"Then why did you not mention it, Catherine?" Miss Catherine laid down the soft white shawl she was knitting with a little deprecating air.

"Well, I really forgot," she said. "Besides, we only knew him slightly, did we? He was really Robert's friend."

"Yes," admitted Miss Drury, looking at the card again. "I shall certainly not go," she said.

"Nor shall I," said Miss Mary. "Such an expense too."

"We are always in black. We should not have to buy," said Miss Catherine in her soft voice, "and it would show respect to his memory."

"Very well, Catherine. You go, if you feel so strongly about it. For my own part I do not consider it at all necessary."

Accordingly on the appointed day Miss Catherine set out. She returned in time for tea, her manner betraying suppressed excitement. She evidently had important news to impart to her sisters; and Sarah, the maid, had hardly retired downstairs before she began.

"Well, Ellen, it was a good thing I went The reason for the invitation is now plain enough."

"And what is it?" said Miss Drury. "Come, Catherine, do begin; your tea will be quite cold."

"He hasn't—surely he hasn't—no, he can't have!" said Miss Mary incoherently, as a thought suddenly struck her.

Miss Catherine nodded her head gently and impressively.

"Yes," she said, "he has left us a legacy."

"Oh!" exclaimed both sisters. "How much?" said Miss Mary.

"Two thousand pounds," said Miss Catherine.

She then related all the incidents of the afternoon, winding up by saying:

"Mr. Truefitt, the lawyer, said we should have to wait a little while, as the property was not realised. When matters are settled we shall receive an intimation."

Two thousand pounds! To these three sisters, buffeted as they had been by the world's storms, it meant a haven of peace and rest from anxiety, to say nothing of the help they would be able to give others. What avenues of charity were now thrown open to them—avenues down which they had often looked longingly through the close-barred gates of poverty! And, most important of all, now they would be able to help Richard. He was their nephew, an orphan they had brought up and cared for since his school-boy days. They had done everything for him, given him the best start in life they could afford; and now he was beginning to feel his way. But it was slow, up-hill work. His prospects could certainly not be called brilliant; and, to crown everything he was in love. Yes, Richard was in love; though he never suspected his aunts knew anything about it, for he had determined to keep the matter entirely to himself. He

was not in a position to marry, would not be for many years, if ever. So he stifled the cravings of his young heart, and when he came home and found bright-faced Phyllis spending the evening with his aunts he tried to behave with a studied cool politeness, although his heart had given a great bound as soon as he heard her sweet voice in the drawing-room. Sometimes it was his duty and painful pleasure to see Phyllis home—once indeed, when it was slippery, she had been obliged to take his arm. Then, indeed, he had had hard work to control himself, but he had done it bravely. Little did he think the girl by his side was almost crying with pity for him and herself.

"There's Richard," said Miss Catherine suddenly as a step was heard in the hall, and the next moment he entered the room. He appeared to have something on his mind this evening. He sat down quietly to his tea, and when the meal was cleared away he leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at the fire.

"You're looking tired," said Miss Mary sharply. "How's business?"

"Much the same as usual. A chance came along to-day that might have been a good thing—only, of course, it wanted capital."

The sisters exchanged glances.

"How much?" said Miss Mary.

"Oh, from twelve to fourteen hundred pounds."

"But you don't know," said Miss Drury; "perhaps it was not trustworthy or reliable."

"Oh, no fear of that," replied Richard, with a short mirthless laugh, "it was a thoroughly good thing. Old Blackstone is looking out for a partner, and offered the position to me as I had been with him so long. Of course, he might as well have offered me the moon! Well, well! I'm going round to see Reid. Any letters to post?"

Up to a late hour that night the sisters sat discussing their own good fortune and the chance of the partnership.

"I have every confidence in Mr. Blackstone," said Miss Drury. "It really does seem a most providential opening for Richard, and it must be seen about at once, as Mr. Blackstone will doubtless soon find someone else."

How to keep the matter a secret was the puzzle. Richard must never know, or, needless to say, he would never accept the money.

Finally it was resolved Miss Drury should call the next day at Mr. Blackstone's private house, explain the matter fully to him, secure the partnership, saying at the same time that they did not want their names to appear at all in the transaction.

The interview passed off most successfully. Mr. Blackstone, who had a warm regard for Richard, was exceedingly pleased at the turn of affairs, and promised to observe the utmost secrecy.

A week later Richard came home in a great state of jubilation—informed his aunts that the most extraordinary thing had occurred. The money difficulties had all been settled by an unknown benefactor, and Mr. Blackstone had accepted him as partner.

If his aunts failed to be as surprised as they ought to have been, Richard did not notice it. He had drawn his own conclusions, and when Miss Mary said:

"And have you no idea who this unknown benefactor is, Richard?" he replied:

"Oh, I think there's little doubt it's old Blackstone himself—it's just like him. Besides, there is no one else."

He went upstairs to his room after tea, and came down looking remarkably spruce.

"Don't wait up for me," he told his aunts. "I may be late."

"He's going to the Martins'," said Miss Catherine as the front door closed. "He's going to tell Phyllis."

And Phyllis was told that—and other things besides. For she, too, was offered a partnership, though hers was sealed with a kiss; and Richard came home that evening, walking on air, an engaged man at last.

Time passed quickly, Christmas was fast approaching, when one day a note came from Mr. Truefitt saying Mr. Buxton's affairs were now settled, and he would be glad if Miss Drury would call on the following Wednesday.

Miss Catherine was selected to go, as it was she who had seen him on the first occasion. She took her way to Lincoln's Inn Fields a little tremulously, feeling somewhat as if she were going to visit the dentist, although, as she kept repeating to herself, her business was entirely pleasant. Still, it was business, and as she sat in the outer room reading the names of the deed-boxes round the walls, while disinterested clerks wrote at their high desks beside her, she wished the interview well over.

Presently she was ushered into Mr. Truefitt's presence. The little lawyer was extremely affable, prayed Miss Catherine to be seated, wished all his business was of so pleasant a nature, and made other remarks of a like sort.

He had a copy of Mr. Buxton's will before him, and began glancing through it. Suddenly he looked up, saying :

"Of course, your father's Christian names were Robert James ?"

"No," faltered Miss Catherine, seized with an awful dread. "He was named Richard Newton."

"Richard Newton ?" repeated Mr. Truefitt, his eyebrows raised.

Then he turned his attention to the will again, and presently laid it down and said :

"In that case, my dear lady, I am extremely sorry, but I fear you cannot claim the money."

"Not claim the money !" said poor Miss Catherine, her lips so dry she could hardly frame the words.

"I am afraid not. You see, the wording of the will is 'To the three daughters of my dear old friend, Robert James Drury.'"

"Oh, of course he means 'sisters.' Why, he was far more my brother's friend than my father's."



"'Not claim the money!'" said poor Miss Catherine."

"Yes, but your brother now ?" the little lawyer eyed her keenly.

Miss Catherine drew herself up.

"My brother has been dead six years. He was a missionary, who died abroad unmarried."

"I understand—a missionary you say. Well, Miss Drury, I think it most probable the money was intended for you. However, owing to the wording of the will——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Then can nothing be done ?"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish to litigate."

"Thank you; I will talk the matter over with my sisters."

Miss Catherine almost thought it was someone else who spoke. She hardly recognised her own voice. How she got out of Mr. Truefitt's office she never knew. She was dazed, bewildered, the shock was so great, the sense of disappointment so bitter. She hurried on through the wintry gloom, not heeding where she was going, till at last she took an omnibus home.

It was a sad little trio that sat round the tea table that evening. Richard was fortunately absent.

"He must not know," said Miss Drury firmly.

"But Mr. Blackstone must be paid," said Miss Mary. "We must sell out some of our little investments."

"Yes, of course. Well, it will mean about forty pounds a year less for us, but we must manage somehow."

"How can we possibly spare the money? Christmas time too, Ellen!" Miss Catherine's lip quivered pitifully.

"Don't be weak, Catherine. I know it will mean a few sacrifices; we must put up with that. There are many ways in which we could retrench."

A knock at the front door, and Sarah announced Mr. King. Mr. King was a cheery, rubicund old bachelor. He was supposed to be the nearest approach Miss Drury had ever had to a lover.

Miss Drury rose to greet him with an air of cheerfulness that was too assumed to deceive an old friend.

"Why, what's the matter, Ellen; anything happened to Richard?"

"Oh, Richard is all right. If you must know, Tom, we really are in trouble on our own account."

"Wonders will never cease," said the visitor, settling himself cosily in an arm-chair. "Well now, let me hear all about it."

It was a relief to pour out their troubles to a sympathetic listener. Mr. King was soon in possession of the facts of the case. That is, he was told the ladies had been disappointed about a legacy, a hitch having occurred by the wording of a clause in the will. The affair of Richard's partnership, however, was carefully concealed.

As he walked home that night Mr. King pondered the matter seriously in his own mind, and resolved to put his own lawyers on the job. They would, at any rate, make a try for this unfortunate money; and if the case failed, well, he would see them through it somehow.

The months that followed were a time of trial and anxiety for the sisters. Christmas came and went. Never had there been so many calls on their generosity. Never had there been so little money to satisfy them. Petty economies were obliged to be practised, till the sisters fancied they were becoming quite mean and stingy. Richard, for whom all these sacrifices and self-denials were made, was so wrapt up in his lady-love that he noticed nothing particular amiss, save to wonder occasionally at an especially frugal meal or to speculate why the drawing-room fire was never lit now except on Sundays. And he certainly could not make out why his aunts did not have the Christmas-tree for the poor children this year. A suspicion crossed his mind that they were getting "near" in their old age. At length winter gave way to spring, spring softened into summer, and Richard began talking about his wedding. He and Phyllis were sitting with the Misses Drury on their little balcony one warm June night, planning the great event.

"Now, Aunt Ellen," he said playfully, "you three must be thinking of the wedding present, you know. We shall expect something handsome, eh, Phyllis?"

"Oh, there's time enough for that," said Miss Drury almost snappishly. "I think people make an unnecessary fuss over weddings nowadays." And the talk turned to other subjects.

Presently the door of the room behind opened, manly footsteps were heard, and a jubilant voice said: "Are you there, Ellen? Are you all sitting there in the dark? Such news! Glorious news! We've won the case—I tell you, we've won the case! You'll have your money right enough, now!"

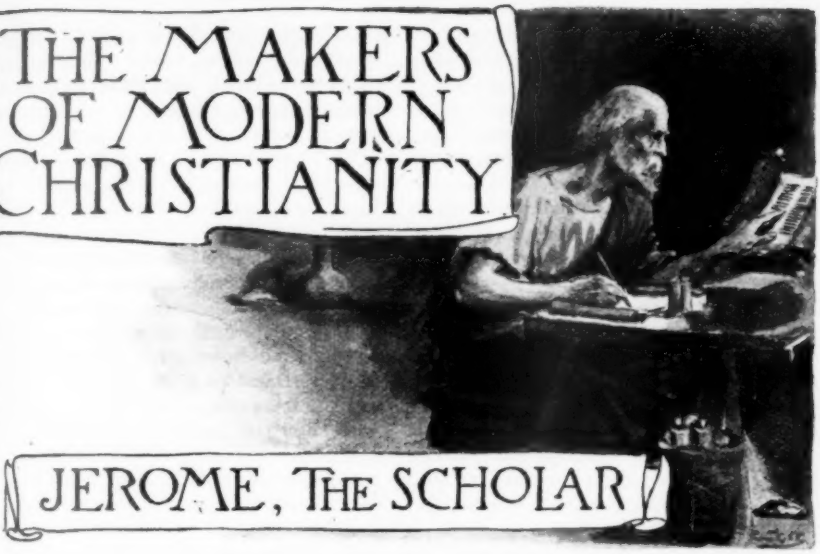
"Tom, Tom! Is it possible?" cried Miss Drury joyfully.

"A case? Why, it's a lawsuit, I do believe. Whatever is it all about?" said Richard, as the bewildered young couple came forward into the lamplight.

"Yes," said Miss Catherine, the happy tears standing in her eyes. "It's a lawsuit, and we have won. You shall hear all about it by-and-by."

"And to-morrow," said Miss Drury, laying her hand affectionately on Phyllis's shoulder, "to-morrow, dear, we will choose the wedding present."

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY



JEROME, THE SCHOLAR

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

I.

THE hundred years that followed the acceptance of Christianity by the Emperor of Rome and his Court, and the peace of the Church which was the immediate consequence of the imperial acceptance, were big with events which moulded the religion of Jesus of Nazareth into the form which it has generally assumed since among men. In that strange, wonderful age, with varying results, much was introduced into Christianity with "very slight authority from the precepts, and none from the practice, of the Author and first teachers of the faith"—the vast and far-reaching system of *Monasticism*, for instance, which has so largely influenced the story of Christianity.

A group of men arose in that golden age—gold, alas! mingled with much alloy—the like to whom have never arisen since, perhaps will never arise again—men splendidly gifted, devoted, and earnest, who for industry and learning, for eloquence and enthusiasm, are matchless, simply unsurpassed. These men are justly esteemed in their several departments as the early makers of Christianity in the form in which Christianity has been generally accepted by the great Churches of the world.

The principal names of this group of "makers of Christianity" are Athanasius, Basil of Cæsarea, the two Gregorys (of Nazianzus and Nyssa), Epiphanius of Salamis, Ephrem the Syrian, Ambrose of Milan, Chrysostom of Constantinople, and lastly, the two Latin Fathers, as they are termed—perhaps the greatest of the great group, though very different in their gifts—Jerome and Augustin.

Of this famous company the influence of the subject of this present study, Jerome, has been, for reasons we are about to detail, the most far-reaching.

Very briefly we will sketch the life-story of this Jerome. The little sketch will help us to understand the more striking pictures of the career we propose to paint.

He was born somewhere about the year of grace 340–45 at Stridon, a town of Pannonia, near the famous city of Aquileia.* His parents were Christians who occupied a good position in provincial society, and who, although by no means wealthy, were possessed of fairly good means. The young Jerome was carefully educated, and his training for the work of life was carried on after the early years of his boyhood, mostly at Rome. There he listened to the lectures of the famous Donatus and other celebrated masters, and followed the usual course of legal studies. We know but little

* Aquileia was the ancient capital of Venetia, and is situated at the head of the Adriatic, near Trieste. It is now a small fishing town, containing many remains of its ancient splendour.

of these earlier years, save that he was ever an ardent and enthusiastic student. *Something* evidently happened in this period which determined the young scholar to give up the pleasures and dissipations of the great city to which at first he was attracted, and to devote himself to a higher and a nobler life. He tells us himself what a deep and solemn impression certain repeated visits to that city of the dead —afterwards known as the Catacombs—made upon his impressionable heart. "When I was a youth," he wrote in after days, "receiving my education at Rome, I and some of my fellow students used on Sundays to make the circuit of the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs. Many a time did we go down into these Catacombs. They are excavated deep in the earth, and contain on either hand as you enter the bodies of the dead buried in the wall. It is all dark there. Only occasionally is light let in to mitigate the horror of the gloom. You take each step with caution, surrounded by deep night." These repeated visits to this strange city of the dead, these memorials of the martyrs and saints who had so lately lived and suffered for the faith, evidently made a great and lasting impression on the young student. The lives led by these martyrs and confessors, whose resting places he loved to visit, were the ideals he set before him to strive after.

From Rome he seems to have gone to Southern Gaul, where he especially made a study of the writings and teaching of the famous Gallic master, Hilary of Poitiers, the ardent and devoted follower of Athanasius and his doctrine. Then we find him again in his native province, the centre of an earnest band of ascetic students at Aquileia. His first Oriental pilgrimage, in company with a few devoted friends, is dated about A.D. 377–78. In Syria he once more sought out the more celebrated teachers of theology, and with that restless desire for knowledge which was ever a prominent feature in his character, he kept on piling up great masses of learning, thus laying the foundation storey of that vast accumulation of Christian and classical lore which enabled him in middle and late life to carry out the great work which will ever be his chief title to honour. But all this while he was dissatisfied with himself, and sought to find peace in the practice of terrible austerities among the solitaries of the desert of Chalcis.* This strange phase of the wandering student's life lasted four or five years. More than once a dangerous illness, the result of his ceaseless study and his strange life of paroxysms of terrible austerity brought him very near death.

In the years 380–81 he had wandered to Constantinople, when he became for a time the friend and disciple of the famous theologian and preacher, Gregory of Nazianzus, then at the height of his reputation as Archbishop of the great Eastern See, and generally esteemed the greatest Christian teacher of the age. Jerome now far and wide was famous as a profound scholar, and from Constantinople was invited by Pope Damasus to Rome. For several years —A.D. 382-85—he acted as secretary to Damasus who admitted him to an intimate friendship. Damasus was a scholar and theologian of great reputation, his portrait occupies no mean place in the long gallery of Roman pontiffs, and he employed Jerome's magnificent acquirements and restless love of toil in an urgently needed work—viz., in the revision of the old Italian version of the Gospels and other books of the New Testament. There were extant in the last quarter of the fourth century in Italy and the West many different Latin translations of the Greek originals, and Jerome's task here was carefully to revise both the text and translation. Damasus also entrusted him with a similar work in connection with the Psalter, which the great scholar re-translated from the Septuagint (the Greek version of the Old Testament).

During this residence in Rome under the immediate patronage of the powerful Bishop, Jerome incurred the bitter enmity and jealousy of many, especially of the Roman clergy, whose ease-loving manner of life and vices of sloth and greed he lashed with an unsparing and not improbably with an exaggerated condemnation. On the death of his friend Pope Damasus, Jerome, whose influence among the highest class of devout Christians was enormous, and whose fame as an erudite scholar reached far beyond the boundaries of Rome and Italy, evidently expected and perhaps hoped to be chosen by the Church of Rome as the Bishop of the mighty Metropolitan See; but the enmities and jealousies he had stirred up made this out of the question. Siricius was chosen to succeed Damasus. Even the high official position which Jerome had been holding in the Roman Church was taken from him, and the famous scholar, vexed and humilitated, left Rome for ever, and once more turned his face to the East. Never did a disappointment

* The desert of Chalcis is situate on the east of Syria, south-east of the city of Antioch.

turn out more fortunately, for had Jerome been chosen Bishop of Rome, the noblest and grandest work wrought for Christianity perhaps in any of its many-coloured ages, would have been left undone, and the name of Jerome, which has been honoured and revered in all the Western Churches of Christendom now for some fifteen centuries, would probably have been lost and quite forgotten in the long and somewhat shadowy line of Roman bishops.

But the great work of that busy life, the one with which Jerome's name will be ever associated, was not to be taken in hand just yet; a further preparation was needed.

Several of Jerome's powerful Roman friends —notably the noble Paula and her daughter Eustochium—soon joined the great scholar in his self-imposed exile from the Queen City. Paula belonged to one of the most illustrious of the patrician houses, and was possessed of very great wealth. Under the guidance of Jerome, Paula and her daughter made a lengthy pilgrimage through the Holy Land and Egypt, visiting all the celebrated historic shrines and places of interest in that charmed land of promise and blasted hopes, as well as the chief settlements of the unnumbered solitaries and monks in the deserts which fringe the Egyptian Nile. To Paula and Eustochium it was a pilgrimage of devotion. To Jerome it was more than a pilgrimage; it was a journey of the most careful and elaborate research.

In the year 386 the long travel time came to an end, and the pilgrims settled at Bethlehem, where elaborate and costly monastic buildings were forthwith erected, mainly at the expense of the wealthy and devoted Paula. Of the convent of women she undertook the superintendence, of the monastery for monks which was erected hard by Jerome was the guiding spirit.

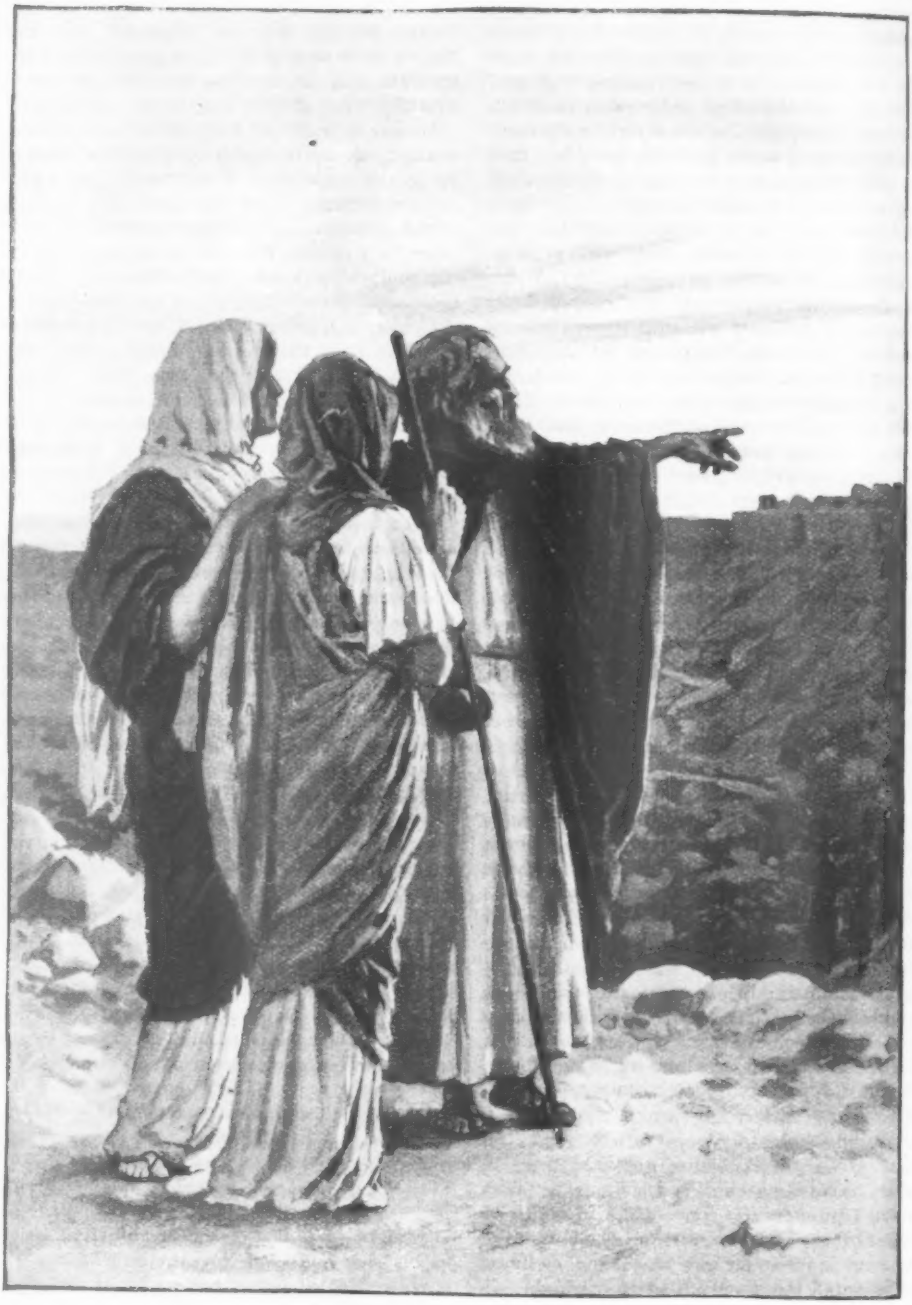
Then commenced, largely at the suggestion and under the inspiration of Paula, that mighty work with which the name of Jerome will be for ever associated—the writing of the Latin Vulgate, the first, indeed the solitary, translation of the *Hebrew* Scriptures into Latin. Before the scholar, a portion of whose eventful life-story we are sketching, took the work in hand, Christendom had been content, as far as the Old Testament was concerned, with the *Greek* version of the Seventy, with all its faults and errors, with its imperfect and often confused renderings of the stately Eastern original.

The Latin-speaking world of the West, including Italy, Gaul, Spain, the broad lands watered by the Danube and the Rhine, and Britain, read the wondrous story of the Old Testament, the Hebrew prophets, and the Psalms in a somewhat rough and perhaps inaccurate translation of this old *Greek* version, a doubtful translation of a doubtful translation.

Jerome changed all this, and gave to a great world made up of many peoples, first waking up to the knowledge of the truth, a new and *direct* translation of the old books of the Word of Life, throwing new light and vigour into words and records which so many eager, thirsting souls were longing to read and to make their own.

His noble work is yet with us very largely, far more than the majority of us guess. The Vulgate, the translation from the original Hebrew by Jerome, has influenced all our modern versions of the Old Testament. It is the basis, not only of our English Bible, but of all the countless versions or translations of the Western world.

In his cell in the Bethlehem monastery, rejoicing in no earthly rank, possessing little that he could call his own, living virtually upon the generous alms of Paula and his Roman friends, the work-worn scholar, ever bearing about the sad burden of a weak and ailing body, toiled on for more than fourteen long years. He was nigh sixty years old when he took in hand his mighty task; he had passed his seventy-fifth year when he laid down his pen and wrote the word "Finis" on the parchment page. His equipment, though, for the enormous work—on every page of which the glory of the God he loved so well and served so truly, shone with a divine radiance—was such as no man before Jerome ever possessed, such as no man since this great saint of God *passed*, has ever had again. Poor, even sickly, feeble as men count feebleness, he was thoroughly versed in all the learning of the old Pagan world. So profound a classicist was Jerome, so steeped in all the lore of past Pagan centuries, so ardent a lover of the masterpieces of the great writers and thought-leaders of the ages when Christianity was not, that at one period of his life he came to look upon this passionate, absorbing love for and admiration of writings along whose eloquent and stirring pages his Christ lived not, as his besetting sin. One night—was it a dream or an actual vision of his sick and over-wrought imagination?—it seemed to him that life was over and done with, and that in the spirit world he stood before the Judge's awful throne, and as he



JEROME AND HIS COMPANIONS REACH BETHLEHEM.—*p.* 155.

waited there came to him a voice saying to him, "Who art thou?" "I am a Christian," he humbly answered. "Not so," said the voice; "thou art no Christian, but a Ciceronian, for, remember, where the *treasure* is, there ever is the *heart*." And then Jerome tells us that he was beaten with many stripes. Very grievous was the punishment, more grievous still the crushing remorse for his fatal fault; but in the midst of his anguish other pitiful ones hard by the Judge's throne made intercession for him and asked that he might have another trial-time on earth. "Lord," cried the respited sinner, "if in my renewed earth-life I again betake myself to these works of the Pagan masters, then simply look on me as one who denies Thee!"

The strange dream-vow was certainly not kept, and the great scholar, happily for his life-work, still remained a devoted student of the famous masterpieces of Pagan literature. He tells the story of the dream somewhat anxiously himself, and others, too, reproached him with breaking his solemn dream-vow. But Jerome persisted in looking at the strange incident as a mere dream. But it tells us how deeply versed, how profoundly trained, he was in all that was great and important in classic letters.

To this exhaustive knowledge of classical letters, however, he added a thorough and complete acquaintance with Hebrew, the result of the industry of long years, and an intimate knowledge of the history and topography of all the scenes of Old Testament history.

For a lengthened period he studied the intricacies of the Hebrew language with learned Jewish teachers of the most famous schools of Palestine. It was a rare combination—an enthusiastic and trained classical scholar and at the same time a profound Hebraist. These great linguistic acquirements formed, of course, the foundation storey of his vast work we call "The Vulgate." But these things by no means made up the sum of his rare and peculiar fitness for the almost superhuman task he had set himself, and which, with the help of the Divine Spirit, he carried through with such unwearied perseverance and success. Gifted with a wonderful memory, which never seems to have failed him, endued with a singular power of working by night as by day, the possessor of a skill in composition not often given to men, he was now pathetic, now sarcastic, now brilliantly descriptive. With his charmed pen, by turns he could touch men, rouse men, convince men. Few like Jerome held the key of so many hearts. The language of his Latin Bible has been well described as "singularly picturesque, the orientalism of the Scripture being blended with curious felicity with the idiom of the Latin, that though it is far removed from either the colloquial ease of the comic poets or the purity of Cicero, it both delights the ear and fills the mind; it is an original and somewhat foreign, but nevertheless an expressive and harmonious dialect."*

We sum up. "A great scholar was raised up who probably *alone* for 1,500 years possessed the qualifications necessary for producing an original version of the Scriptures for the use of the Latin Churches."

It was, indeed, a precious gift to the vast group of Western Churches at such a moment, when the Roman Empire was fast falling to pieces, and the old world all rapidly changing—indeed, a priceless gift. *The Bible† in its entirety*, no longer confused with various and conflicting texts, no longer only available in a rough and often provincial translation, but with a carefully corrected text, and in a translation at once accurate and harmonious, eloquent, even picturesque—a very noble and faithful representation of the original.

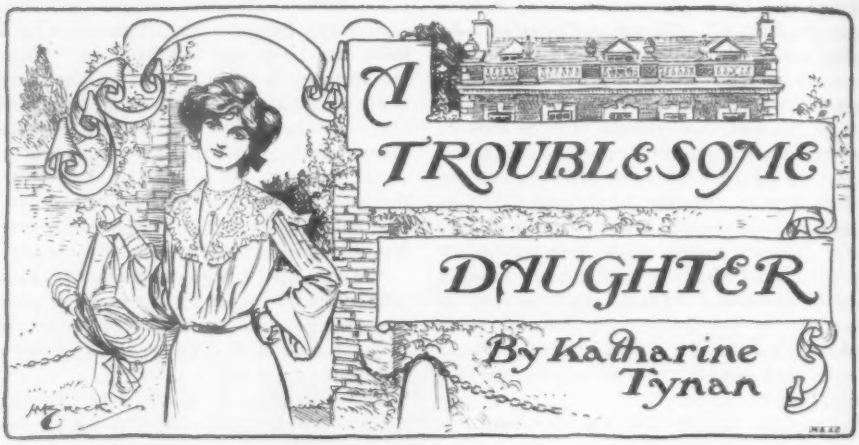
* * * * * *

The Latin language had sadly deteriorated since the age of Augustus. The enormous influx of strangers into the imperial city, and in a lesser degree into all the principal provincial cities; the presence in the vast and all-powerful army of so many soldiers belonging to barbaric peoples, who spoke foreign dialects, had gradually brought about the decomposition of the old Roman tongue. Grammar was strangely neglected in the popular speech. The rules of prosody were hopelessly violated in the popular poems. By a curious fatality it came to pass that the once-despised Christianity revived the famous language which in the fourth century seemed to be dying, and the principal instrument in the formation of the new Latin—which was destined to be the learned tongue of the Western nations—was the Vulgate, the Latin Bible of Jerome.

* Dean Milman: "History of Christianity," book iv., chap. iii.

† We speak generally of the *whole Bible* when we dwell on Jerome's work—for although the principal labour of Jerome's life was his translation into Latin of the *Hebrew* Old Testament, it must not be forgotten that previously, at the suggestion of Pope Damasus, the great scholar had carefully revised the text and the translation of the *Greek* New Testament.

XUM



A SERIAL STORY.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—IV.

Judy Evelyn is misunderstood by her mother, and, after she has come home from a French finishing school, is sent back to the schoolroom and her old governess. Lady Flora Lindley comes to the rescue, and takes the girl with her, first to London, and then to Cornwall, after they have met Lady Flora's soldier son, Major Lindley, who has been invalided from the War, with a V.C.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD LOVE.

AS the days passed, Major Lindley did not seem to weary of Judy's company, nor to desire any other. He grew stronger, and their excursions extended themselves quite a distance round about into the neighbouring country. Sometimes they took a carriage, and Lady Flora went with them. More often she pleaded something or other that must prevent her, and they went alone.

It was a year when the spring was in full flower by mid-April. There was a riot of blossoms in the crannies, on the cliffs and over the downs. When they came on cottages or farmsteads they were wrapped about with a glory of blossom, rosy as a bride's face seen through a bridal veil. It was the sweet o' the year before ever May came, and the villages were bowered in roses a full month before their usual time of blossom.

"One does not know how beautiful it all is," said Major Lindley one day, "until one has lost it."

"Ah! but you have found it again," said Judy brightly.

He looked at her where she sat on a step cut in the chalk above a scatter of gorse bushes, the honey odours of which she was sniffing delicately.

"If I have only found it to lose it!" he said significantly.

Judy's heart sank. What could he mean? She had been enjoying the happiest weeks of her life since Major Lindley had come. It was so delightful, this friendship on an equal basis with a serious, distinguished soldier like Major Lindley. Not that he was always serious with Judy. There were moments when he was as gay, as irresponsible as Jack Winstanley himself—nay, more so, for the consciousness of his adolescence had made Jack this last year or so oppressively serious at times.

"Do you mean—anything?" Judy asked, looking at him with frightened eyes.

"Dear child, you care?" he said; and then, as though by an irresistible impulse, he stooped and kissed Judy. At the moment he had no more feeling about the kiss than if Judy were five years old.

A moment later he was furious with himself. Judy had blushed rosy red. Why had he done it? he asked himself. Why had he forgotten that childhood and womanhood come so perilously close? Why had he disturbed the pleasant, unconscious relationship between them? His thoughts of women were

honest, tender thoughts. Now a sudden dark red surged in his own bronze cheeks, as though he had been guilty of something he must be ashamed of. And if it had been anybody but Judy!—little Judy, almost his little sister!

He turned his head away, ill at ease. That stupidity of his must be forgotten, put out of sight as quickly as possible.

"Judy dear," he said, and his voice was very gentle, "I want you to help me about a difficult matter, as my own little sister might help me. I want you to break it to the Mater. She has seemed so happy in having me that I have not been able to tell her. I am going out again, Judy, in about six weeks' time. I shall be quite well enough by that time."

"Oh!" said Judy, in a whisper almost. "Then all her anxieties will begin over again. I know now how she suffered all that time when any day might bring word that you were wounded or dead. We never guessed it. She lived through it alone. Must you go?"

"I must go, Judy, while there is fighting to be done."

She looked up at the immovable face.

"Then I will help you," she said quietly. "And do not be afraid; she will take it well. She has great spirit. When you think you ought to go I do not think she would keep you if she could."

He breathed a little sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Judy," he said. "I do not believe she really would. I am proud of my mother, and perhaps in some measure I owe it to you that things have been different between us this time. I believe she thinks always of my happiness, though she opposed me once in a matter which affected my happiness vitally. I have thought a good deal about that of late, and I have come to the conclusion that I was an unready fellow, or I would not have let even her own word—the word of . . . of that lady—stand between us. In some ways the old barbarous, primitive ways are best. When a man loves a woman and she loves him he ought to carry her off, by force if need be, and not let other people stand between them. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose so," said Judy, looking up at his shining eyes and eager face. "If it is only other people who have raised the barrier."

Was he going to carry off Miss Rosamund by main force, she wondered? Needless to say, she was fascinated by his threat of force, as most little feminine, imaginative persons like her would have been.

"I shall not let slip a chance of happiness again," he said. "Wish me luck, little Judy."

"I do, indeed, wish you luck!" repeated Judy fervently, letting both her hands rest in his, where he had drawn them and held them.

It was their last walk together for some days. That evening Major Lindley was going to town. Two days later was to be his great day when the King was to decorate him with the Victoria Cross at Windsor. The next day he was to return, and in the evening Lady Waldersee's reception was to take place.

"Supposing I showed someone the decoration, Judy!" he went on, as though he asked reassurance. "Women think a lot of such things. Do you suppose she would be kinder to me?"

"I don't suppose she would be kinder if she were kind already," said Judy wisely; "but I think no woman could be anything but kind to a man who had won the Victoria Cross."

"Thank you, Judy," he said; "you have given me courage."

They went home to lunch more quietly than usual. Judy did not romp with the dogs, nor chase butterflies and little blue and silver moths over the beds of flowers that the Downs now were. Some new gravity had come to her.

That evening it seemed most solitary to sit in the great, splendid, unhomely drawing-room with Lady Flora, watching the other visitors at the hotel reading, or knitting, and talking now and again in low voices. Last night she had gone to the pier-end with Major Lindley, and had stood there watching the broken reflections of the moon and stars in the water.

She was restless to-night; she picked up things and put them down, began a story in a magazine, and relinquished it with a yawn. Lady Flora watched her furtively from behind her newspaper. You never found Lady Flora engaged in any of the exclusively feminine occupations; but she read her *Times* every day, and subscribed for the big reviews, and took a most gentlemanly interest in politics. She had known some noted politicians in her day, and was apt to bemoan the fact that in Stannington she was outside the sphere of influence; although other people maintained that she would not have been happy anywhere except in a village that was so entirely ruled by her as Stannington allowed itself to be.

Presently Judy stood up. The warm room, the deep velvety chairs, the subdued murmur of conversation stifled her. She went out to the balcony and stood there, her arms leaning on the iron rail, her eyes staring over the lights of the harbour out to sea.

She had the young girl's wistful wonder as to what might be coming to her. Was there any ship on any sea for her, out beyond the lines of light in the shimmering gloom? Miss Rosamund Lindley's ship was coming home to her after all these years, and she did not know it was coming. Judy thought, with a sympathetic throb, of the sweet, tender face of Miss Rosamund, which she had always known wearing its quiet air of sadness. She knew the room in which Miss Prim and Miss Rosamund sat when they were alone, a little blue and gold room, the groined roof full of stars, the walls decorated with peacocks' feathers, bronze and gold.

She could see Miss Rosamund reading her poetry book or novel while Miss Prim sewed. She had seen Miss Rosamund—she, a little observant child, whom no one suspected of noticing—hold a book apparently close to her short-sighted eyes, while in reality those eyes gazed over the book into some distance of memory and regret.

Now that would all be changed. There was no doubt that Major Lindley would break down the barriers—whatever they were—that separated him from the woman he had so long been faithful to. He would overcome Miss Prim's unjust prejudice against him. Judy did not know what it was all about, but she was sure it was unjust. Lady Flora would become reconciled, and the great Lindley feud would be at an end for ever. Oh, he would accomplish it! There was no doubt in Judy's mind that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. The wonder was why he had not done it long ago.

Judy's mind passed on naturally to Mr. Neville, the mild, scholarly parson, who had so long been supposed to be in love with Miss Rosamund Lindley that the affair had become almost as uninteresting as a marriage to Stannington folk, and a subject of as little conjecture.

Poor Mr. Neville would finally have his hopes shattered. Judy was vaguely sorry for him; but somehow he was not a romantic figure like Major Lindley. Then suddenly Judy blushed, remembering how Major Lindley had kissed her.

She had no illusions at all about that kiss. Of course, he was fond of her, almost like a little sister, he had said. Indeed, was there not a kind of spiritual tie since his mother was her godmother? Judy was delighted—yes, delighted that he was going to be happy. Still, she was vaguely sorry for herself. She had been the hero's friend these last few weeks. Now she was going to be pushed out. In the fruition of his long, painfully-delayed love affair was it likely that he would have a thought to spare for Judy?

There was a hand on her shoulder, and looking round, she saw Lady Flora.

"Yours is a wise choice, Judy," she said, sinking into one of the many chairs with which the balcony was provided. "Tell me what you were thinking of so intently, child. No; I shan't take cold, not I. How should I in this covered place? You know I'm not afraid of the wind and the weather. I am glad we are alone, Judy. Have you anything to tell me about my son?"

Judy started. So Lady Flora suspected. Then, after all, the task of preparation which she had so dreaded was half done.

She turned round her face, and there was a sparkle of tears in her eyes. Judy wept as easily as she blushed.

"You will not mind very much?" she said.

Lady Flora drew her to her gently.

"I shall not be jealous," she said, "if that is what you mean. Mothers must expect to be pushed out."

"We thought you would bear it, as becomes his mother," said Judy agitatedly. "It is hard to lose him so soon again, but—but—God will take care of him. He feels that he is in honour bound to go."

Lady Flora stood up then, and catching Judy by both hands, looked into her face, which the moonlight illumined.

"What do you mean, child?" she asked, trembling. "I don't understand. It is not so we regard such things. You are telling me that——"

"That Major Lindley will rejoin his regiment as soon as he is able. Surely that is what you guessed?"

Lady Flora sat down again in a dazed way.

"I thought," she said, "that he would stay six months, and perhaps by that time the war would be over. It is dragging on unconscionably. Some people say it is but beginning. I shall have it all over again—the long torture of suspense and fear. I am an old woman, Judy, and I have only one son."

"God will take care of him," said Judy tremulously.

"God has not taken care of other women's sons, in that way. How can He see things as we see them, since this life is only a moment to Him? Yet it is the only life there is for many of us, God help us!"

"He does not mean it to be the only life," said Judy, frightened of her task of consolation, yet gaining courage.

"I have always been a good Church and State woman," said Lady Flora, as though she did not hear her. "I was quite satisfied with my own Christianity up to this moment. But I suppose I have never really been a religious woman, and when I want comfort I find none. I have lived as though there were no other world but this, although I went to church every Sunday. Now that I want assurance of the other world it slips from me."

"He will be terribly troubled," said Judy helplessly, "at your taking it like this."

"Do you suppose he will know?" said Lady Flora. The gesture with which she folded her lace shawl about her suggested to Judy the scene in which Cæsar fell, stabbed by Brutus at the foot of Pompey's statue. "Do you suppose my son will know? There, child, forgive me. You took me unawares. Do you know what I expected to hear?"

"I thought it was that," faltered Judy.

"I never thought that he would feel compelled to return to that deadly place. I thought—Judy, I thought you were going to tell me that you would keep him at home. A man with a young, loving, and beloved wife lays up his sword and takes the ploughshare. He has won enough glory. He is my only child."



"He got up restlessly and walked about the room."—*p.* 166.

"Oh!" said Judy. "How could you think it, godmamma? A grand person like Major Lindley! He would never think of me in that way. You know he is in love with Miss Rosamund Lindley, and has been all these years."

"He told you so?"

Lady Flora's face in the shadow of the awning was hidden from Judy. But the steel and ice in her voice turned Judy cold.

"He hinted it."

"You are sure you made no mistake? If he only spoke in hints and suggestions, you might easily be mistaken. Is it likely he should care for her after all those years? Why, she has

grey hairs in her head. She is no longer a young woman."

"I am sure I made no mistake," said Judy steadily. "I think he means to set things straight before he goes out again. Godmamma, I think Miss Rosamund is lovely. Why should they not be happy at last?"

"Hush, child!" said Lady Flora sternly. "What does a child like you know about it? I am going to bed, Judy, and you'd better go too. You have given me food for—pleasant dreams!"

She never looked towards Judy, who had shrunk before the harsh manner as though she had been struck; but went in, leaving her there in the moonlit balcony.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY FLORA WRITES A LETTER.

THE lights burned late in Lady Flora's bedroom—in fact, she sat absorbed in her thoughts until the chill of the hour before daylight forced itself upon her consciousness.

Then she stood up and went to the window: Sea and sky were all one greyness, distinguishable from each other only by the faint rosy streaks that were coming in the sky. It was going to be a wild dawn. As she lifted the blind the rain pattered against the window-pane.

She began to undress somewhat stiffly, and had removed her dress, when a sudden illumination came into her face. She stood for a few seconds motionless; then she hastily put on a dressing-gown, and, going to the table on which were writing materials, she sat down and began to write a letter.

When she had written the date she sat with the pen in her hand, thinking.

"Yes," she said aloud; "I can depend on Prim. Prim will help me. It is the one thing she will never forgive, and I believe I can trust Prim not to betray me. It is time we changed places—Humphrey's girls and I. Little Judy will be mistress in the Manor House in name; I shall be the real mistress. Let Humphrey's girls go to the Cottage! Let them see how they like it! After all those years I shall have room to move about, air to breathe. Let them stifle at the Cottage as I have stifled!"

She began to write steadily then, in her old-fashioned, punctilious handwriting.

"To Miss Primula Lindley:

"Madam,—The time has come, in view of my son's approaching marriage, when I think it right to inform you that you and your sister have for many years been occupying the Manor House under a misunderstanding of the position. You imagine that my son is receiving from you the sum of £2,000 annually as lessees for life of the Manor House. On the contrary, he receives nothing. More, I believe he has supplemented your income at times from his own private purse. This quixotic arrangement could only have been possible because of your and your sister's ignorance of business matters, and because of Messrs. Lumsden, Sons, and Stevenson's connivance in what they no doubt regard as a pious deceit. Your father, the late Mr. Humphrey Lindley, speculated disastrously—he himself did not know at the time of his death how disastrously. But for my son's generosity you would not have been able to keep up the Manor House, much less to pay the rent you suppose you are paying. Since he will now require the Manor House for his own use, I think it right that the matter should be explained to you, relying on your sense of justice to set things straight once more. I will ask that my name be not mentioned in connection with this business. I interfere only because it is quite possible that my son, with his quixotic generosity, might still refuse to dispossess you.—Believe me, Madam, yours very sincerely,

"Flora Arbuthnot Mandeville Lindley."

She read it over before closing and sealing the envelope.

"Yes," she said again; "Prim will help me. She will never forgive Philip's wild generosity. I think I have got equal with Prim. With her on the one side and myself on the other, and pretty Judy to set against that poor, faded, pretty thing who hadn't even courage to fight for her lover, it will be strange if we do not break down Philip's faithfulness. If he knew, he would never forgive me; but then, he need never know, and the end will justify the means."

She added "Private and confidential" to the head of the letter before folding it, and felt as she did so that she was placing another barrier between her and discovery.

The next day was wet, and Judy kept indoors during the morning. In the afternoon it cleared a little, and putting on a serviceable dress of homespun and thick boots, Judy went out for a walk over the downs.

As she went down the stairs on her way to Lady Flora's bedroom, where she expected to

find her, she met the old lady coming up, wearing her outdoor things. She looked rather damp, and her white hair was disordered by the wind; but it struck Judy how very handsome she was looking. She had a bright colour in her cheeks, and a light in her eyes. Judy admired her spirit more than ever. Who could have believed she had heard only a few hours ago that her son was going back to the war?

"Ah!" Lady Flora said, "you are off for your beauty walk, and I have been having mine."

"We might have taken it together, godmamma. I had no idea that you were out, and I was just coming to tell you that I was going out."

"Thank you, child," said Lady Flora, passing on; "but I wanted to be alone to-day. I had things to think about."

Major Lindley was expected back about five o'clock. Judy had had a wistful hope that Lady Flora might suggest their going to meet him together; but, instead, Lady Flora called her back.

"Remember, we dine at eight," she said, "and we have to make our grand toilets beforehand. Don't prolong your walk indefinitely."

Judy, with quick sensitiveness, took the speech to imply that she was to keep out of the way.

"I shall be in in good time," she said brightly; "but I have ever so many things to do in my own room before I dress, so we shall not meet again till dinner-time."

So it was that when Major Lindley arrived his mother was waiting for him alone on the platform. He was conscious of a little sense of disappointment. Judy had been so keen to look upon the cross, to hear about the King and Queen. And now there was no bronze head and bright eyes. Where was Judy?

Lady Flora interpreted his look, and her heart leaped up.

"She was cooped in the house all day," she said, "so I sent her out for her beauty walk over the downs. You don't mind having me alone to-day, Philip?"

"When did I mind that, mother?" he asked, with a tender and absent-minded gallantry. He was looking after the man who was collecting his hat-box and portmanteau.

"You shall give it all to us to-night," she said. Already her eyes had caught sight of the little brown, insignificant cross that hung from his watch-chain, and they were suddenly dimmed. To think her Philip, her little boy, her man, had done such a great thing!

"I asked them to set tea in my room, as Judy was out," she said, as they entered the hotel. "Will you join me, Philip? I have brought my own tea from home with me, and I make it so much nicer than the hotel people."

"I don't seem to have had you to myself enough," he responded, looking at her affectionately. "I shall be very glad of a cup of your tea."

She made it as he liked it—strong, with plenty of cream and sugar in it—and handed him the thin brown-bread watercress sandwiches, the ethereal slices of bread and butter, the hot buttered toast—things which he had seemed to appreciate since his home-coming.

"No, no," he said at last, refusing the toast. "If I am to dine in two hours' time! It has been a banquet, mother. I remembered your tea on the veldt."

She came close to him then, and taking up the cross, she laid it against her lips.

"Tell me everything," she said, going back to her seat. "Of course, it was in the newspapers; but it was meagre. Judy will want to hear it all later. But now, tell me first, everything, everything. You must leave nothing out."

"I shall become a horrible egoist," he said, laughing; then, with a modesty that became him, he set about the narrative, telling it with a painstaking thoroughness that was the measure of his desire to please her.

When he had finished she looked up at him with wet eyes.

"And you are going back?" she said quietly.

"I must go, mother."

"I know, my son," she said. She would not trouble him with any revelation of what his going would mean to her.

"You are the bravest mother alive," he said.

"I own a brave son," she replied.

He looked at her steadfastly for a moment or two. Then he burst out with a haste foreign to his usual collected manner:

"I am going to clear up the old trouble with Rosamund," he said. "I used to lie and think of it in those wonderful nights of starlight. I was foolish to take her word that she did not love me. She always loved me, though she was wax in her sister's hands; and your opposition made it very hard, mother."

Lady Flora's face twitched sharply, and her had a momentary illusion that a light, red as firelight, came into her eyes. Then her face was smooth again, although her lips were set.

"My boy," she said gently, "Rosamund Lindley is engaged to Mr. Neville. They would have been married before this only that Rosamund will not leave Prim, and Prim will not live under a brother-in-law's roof."

His face grew pale beneath its tan. Something so forlorn came into his eyes that for a second Lady Flora was shaken. That she, who would have died for him, should have brought that look there!

"You are sure, mother?" he said.

"Everyone knows it, my son; everyone but you. Lady Mary Winstanley referred to it in a letter yesterday."

Lady Mary Winstanley had mentioned that she had heard from Stannington that Rosamund Lindley and Mr. Neville had been seen walking together, and had wondered if at last Rosamund was going to reward her old lover's fidelity.

Doubtless she would, Lady Flora had said to herself. Lady Mary's letter had been opportune to give her courage. Doubtless before Philip could know on what slender foundation she had made her statement the thing would be an accomplished fact Her letter to Prim would help. When the sisters left the Manor House where would they go to, except to the beautiful old rectory? They would be poor, and Mr. Neville was rich, as squire-parson. In this moment of forlornness would not Rosamund yield to her patient lover?

Yet if it were not to be, Lady Flora said to herself, she would still have deceived her son for his ultimate good. What was Rosamund Lindley—poor, faded, no longer young—compared with Judy, who was ripe as a peach, and would have a comfortable fortune? The fortune—ah, that was desirable. Without it how was Philip going to keep up the Manor House?

"I thought it was little Judy," Lady Flora said presently. She did not like the cold and stormy eyes with which her son was looking out on the rain-swept sea.

"I never thought of the child in that way," he said, bringing his glance slowly back to his mother's face.

"Are you sure she has never thought of you in that way?" Lady Flora asked quietly.

If she had desired to create a diversion in her son's thoughts, she ought to have been satisfied. A sudden colour sprang up in his face. For an instant he looked almost scared. He had remembered that unfortunate episode of the kiss.

"Why do you ask me?" he said.

"Because—because I believe little Judy cares. Oh, Philip, isn't she sweet enough for you to love?"

"Sweet enough," he answered in a dazed way, "for any man. Too young and sweet for a fogey like me."

"You are not a fogey, Philip; least of all to her. You cannot think it, seeing how she looks at you. Even I have seen how she looks."

He turned away his head uneasily.

"It is a child's romantic feeling for a soldier whom she has made a hero of," he said. "It is not me; it is just the imaginary hero. If there were anything behind it, she would not look like that."

"Judy has not learnt dissimulation. She has no consciousness, or very little, about her feelings for you. That is a lovely thing in her. She is as unconscious as a child. It seems almost a pity that even you should break that unconsciousness."

She saw the change in her son's face. He had thought suddenly that he had broken through that childish veil on the day he had kissed Judy.

True, it had fallen again, and Judy had been the frank comrade of old; but there had been the moment when he had seen the woman's heart in the child.

"She has a genius for comradeship," he said, still uneasily. "And, after all, mother, fond as I am of little Judy, I have not the feeling for her I should have for my wife. She is just a kind and charming and interesting child. I am in love with a woman, and I have lost her, and I do not suppose I shall ever be in love with anyone else."

Lady Flora said no more. She was a clever woman, and she knew how a thought violently rejected at first will come back again and again, till in some unguarded hour it slips in. She even murmured something to the effect that she was probably mistaken about Judy. The child was too young to have taken serious harm.

Philip Lindley sat a little longer, gazing with a somewhat dreary and hopeless gaze out to sea. His mother watched him, although her eyes seemed to be elsewhere. She felt almost angrily hurt that in this hour of trouble she was shut out of his heart. Why couldn't



"He looked up suddenly . . . and saw Judy."—*p.* 166.

he have come and put his face in her lap as she had heard of other sons doing with other mothers? She remembered when he had not been cold, before he had been in love with Rosamund Lindley and she had opposed him. She remembered him a chivalrous, silent, devoted small boy; and gnashed her teeth at the thought of the woman who had taken him from her.

Presently he got up restlessly and walked about the room, stopping to lift an article from the mantel-shelf and to replace it.

How she hated to have hurt him—to-day of all days! But it was for his ultimate good. In a little while Rosamund would be elderly and faded. Lady Flora was one of the old-fashioned persons who believe that a woman ages ever so much more quickly than a man.

Philip had turned about now and was looking at her. A little humorous smile played at the corners of her mouth. He wondered what she was smiling about.

"I am thinking of Helen Evelyn," she said, "Helen, who brings up her girls as though the Red House were a convent, which is the last thing Helen would like to see it. How uncomfortable she would be if she knew how you and Judy have been together all day long! And the child will tell her. I had a letter from Helen this morning with uneasiness between every line of it. She wants Judy in the safe, warm prison of under her wing again. Poor little Judy, how will she like to return?"

Major Lindley did not smile. He looked down, fingering the cross absent-mindedly; and an additional shade of harassment fell on his face, in which, during this interview, many lines and wrinkles hitherto unsuspected had revealed themselves, so that he looked every one of his more than forty years.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RECEPTION AT THE CASTLE.

MAJOR LINDLEY was first in his place at one of fifty or more little dining-tables with which the great dining-room was filled. At any other moment he would have been shyly and somewhat resentfully conscious of the curious and admiring glances of his fellow-guests at the hotel. There had been a little pause and then a buzz of talk as he had walked down the long room, tall and soldierly in his full-dress uniform, his breast a blaze of decorations, with the little cross showing modestly dark and simple among them.

But for the moment he had forgotten his fellow-creatures, other than those two or three who were insistently in his mind. He sat absently looking at the menu, not seeing a single word of the printed page. The stormy day had broken up in a glorious golden evening. Even yet the reflection of the sunset lingered on all the little clouds above the sea, turning them into masses of gold and rose petals and plumage floating delicately on a sky of turquoise. The blinds had not been drawn, although all the electric lights were on; and some of the cool radiance of the sky entered the long windows and lit the upper spaces of the walls.

He looked up suddenly from the page he had not been reading, and saw Judy coming down the room. Her eyes were shyly lowered; but she could not help looking radiant in the consciousness of her first really beautiful evening frock, and the remembrance of the vision she had seen in the long pier-glass before she had come down stairs. Something leaped into the flat dulness which had been Major Lindley's frame of mind before she appeared. He had been saying to himself that, only for the mater, the best thing that could happen to him would be to die decently instead of some fellow who had happiness to live for. As for Stannington, Stannington would be impossible now, now that Rosamund was going to marry the parson. Why, what a failure life had been for him all round! He had called at his solicitor's before he went to the war, and had signed a will leaving all he was possessed of to his mother, with a reversionary interest to Rosamund Lindley. Now, even his money would be of no use to her; Neville had plenty of money.

But his grey thoughts were suddenly illumined. Why, the child was positively beautiful! Her bronze hair seemed to glow about her head. Her lips, without smiling, had the sweetness of a smile. Over her milky young shoulders she had drawn a scarf, an exquisite filmy thing through which the warm whiteness showed faintly rose. Her arms were half hidden, half revealed, by the long wing-like sleeves. Her modesty appealed to the fastidious soldier almost as much as her beauty. The shy eyes, the demure scarf, the whole air as of a yet folded bud of womanhood delighted him.

She glided into the chair which was by the window-curtain, where there was a little

obscurity, and sat silent an instant, looking down before she lifted her eyes to his. At last she did lift them by a visible effort. There was something in the frank, innocent eyes which had not been there before, something which at once asked for admiration and deprecated it.

"It is charming, Miss Judy," said the Major gravely.

It was the first time since they had been friends that he had prefixed "Miss" to her name, and it was a subtle note of the change which had come to Judy with her first party frock. The woman in her eyes struggled with the child.

"Papa would say I was a peacock," she said, the child coming uppermost for a second; "and Jack Winstanley would be in despair. Am I a peacock?"

"Not the least bit in the world," he answered. "Rather a dove with a particularly brilliant iris and crest."

In their corner they were out of range of the eyes which now were fixed upon many plates. For an instant her eyes dropped again, then lifted themselves.

"I want to see the cross," she said; and then, with something like a groan of impatience, answered the waiter at her elbow that she would take clear soup.

When the functionary had removed himself till the fish came, she leant across the table and took the cross in her fingers, holding it a second with the prettiest air of reverence. At the moment he noticed that her head was like a bird's, and that the soft masses of bronze were dense as a bird's plumage. Then she restored the cross to him.

"You will let me see it again," she said, with a little sigh, "when all these people are not about. Ah, and here's godmamma!"

Lady Flora came sailing down the room, magnificent in pearl-grey brocade and Honiton, and flashed a quick glance at the two while she made her apologies for being late. Something of moisture had come into Judy's eyes in beholding the symbol of heroism.

"I will let him be," she said to herself. "Let him tell Judy alone about his great event. I see she is longing to hear. And if Judy in that hour doesn't manage to creep into that poor thing Rosamund's place, then I'm no judge of male human nature."

She talked a great deal at dinner, getting them over a tense hour with bright, indifferent chatter. She had an idea that Philip would not tell Judy his story with a crowd of people about; so she left them in the lounge after dinner over their coffee, and rested for an hour, with the assurance that her policy would be justified in the end.

At ten o'clock they were ascending the great staircase of the Castle amid a mass of magnificent uniforms and jewels and exquisite chiffons. Like a person in a dream, Judy found herself being presented to the Commander-in-Chief, and heard his gallant speeches. She saw as in a haze Lady Waldersee's diamonds and order, and the kind, motherly brown eyes that looked at herself with great softness.

"There never was so kind and patient a person as Philip," she said in her own mind. He had found a seat on the daïs for his mother. Presently the introductions would be over, and Lady Waldersee would be free for a while to devote herself to her old friend. Meanwhile, there were ladies on all sides of her whom she seemed to remember, and she begged Philip to see that Judy enjoyed herself while she took up the thread of many old acquaintances.

Judy did enjoy herself. She would not be Judy, with Judy's immense capacity for hero-worship, if she did not. She saw so many people who had formerly been glittering names to her, and was spoken to by them. What if they were sometimes red-faced and white-whiskered old gentlemen under the Field-Marshal's plumes, no more impressive, apart from their trappings, than many other old gentlemen Judy had known. There was that in her eyes which transformed them to her imagination. Judy had her quiet mother's passion for courage, and could put a good many brilliant deeds to the names Major Lindley recited in her ear like a long rosary of glory.

At last even Judy's eyes grew a little weary of the blaze of colour and the million lights. She could never be weary of seeing great people, nor of listening to the compliments they paid Major Lindley. But two or three hours had passed, and Lady Flora showed no sign of being tired, but when they returned to her bade them be off and enjoy themselves and forget her. At last, lifting a blind in the refreshment-room where they were drinking tea, Judy saw the gardens flooded with moonlight stretching down to the cliff's edge, and heaved a little sigh.

"I will fetch your cloak," Major Lindley said quickly; "and we can get some air.

These rooms, big as they are, are getting heated."

"Not that I should ever be tired," said Judy, as he went.

He wrapped her tenderly in the white velvet cloak, even while she protested that she did not need it, the night was so mild; and they passed out through a long lit corridor into the garden, where Japanese lanterns were making a bizarre effect in the moonlight.



"Say 'Yes,' papa," Judy whispered.—*p.* 171.

Many couples were strolling about in the gardens. They went away from the crowd, and opening a little gate in the sea-wall which Major Lindley knew of old, they went a little way down the cliff path. Presently, amid great blocks and boulders of limestone, they were in a little world to themselves, with the great field of the sea stretching away into illimitable distance at their feet.

He found her a flat stone to sit down upon, spreading his handkerchief so that her finery should not come in contact with the stone.

Then he began to tell her how he had received the Victoria Cross. Judy listened with breathless interest. Her delight in the narrative was so overwhelming that it swept away his shy English dislike of talking about himself. He let her hold the cross in her hands while he repeated what the King had said, and how the Queen had come in and smiled and said a few gracious words. And Judy could never be tired hearing of the Queen and her beauty and grace. Judy had quite forgotten the new shyness which had been born since yesterday. Philip had forgotten that his dream of many a year had fallen to pieces about him. He stood looking down at Judy, gravely indulgent, gravely smiling, answering her torrent of questions as though he spoke of another man and not of himself.

"Oh, how proud she will be!" Judy sighed at last. "How beautiful that you can bring the cross to her when you go! What woman could resist it? Much less Miss Rosamund, who has always cared."

He turned his face away. She had brought him back sharply to remembrances. He did not speak for a few seconds, and she watched his averted face with consternation. What had her impulsiveness led her into saying? Was he angry with her? What had she done?

Then he turned to her, and seeing the alarm in her face, his own became very soft.

"Little Judy," he said, "that is all over and done with. Miss Lindley has chosen another man. And now, little friend, if you please, we will never speak of this again."

"I am so sorry, so sorry," stammered Judy; and suddenly her too-ready tears filled her eyes and overflowed on her cheeks. Judy had never been able to read a sorrowful tale, much less come face to face with one in real life. Her thoughts were in a tumult. Had he gone to Miss Rosamund straight from his investiture and been refused? And, "How

could she? How could she? How could she?" she asked herself in passionate and generous resentment.

"Dear child"—Major Philip was overwhelmed—"how sweet you are to care so much. I don't deserve it. I am a hard fellow, accustomed to hard knocks all my life."

Then—he never could tell how it happened—Judy was in his arms, and he was kissing away her tears. A speech of his mother's came back to him. She had suggested that little Judy cared for him—this beautiful, bewitching child! Could it be possible? And if it was true could he let her suffer? For a moment the gentle ghost of Miss Rosamund Lindley faded out of the place it had kept so long in his heart. For a moment the blood raced madly through his veins.

"Little Judy," he said, "make the world over again for me! You can, if you will."

"Oh, not that, not that," said Judy, vaguely frightened, even while she yielded to his caresses.

"Why, Judy," he replied, "it *must* be *that*. You should not have let me kiss you if you meant it should not be that. You knew it, dear, didn't you, when you gave yourself up to me?"

For the hour—nay, for many hours—Judy was dazzled by the thought that this great, strong, distinguished soldier had stooped to her, the unsatisfactory ugly duckling of the Red House. *Of course* she loved him; she had always loved him, though she had been ready to give him up to Miss Rosamund for his own happiness. *How* pleased Lady Flora would be! And what would papa think about it? And oh, mother! For once in her life mother would approve of Judy. When Judy's tired eyes closed at last in the golden morning the last thought that was coherent before all melted off into mistiness was that mother would be pleased.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SAY 'YES,' PAPA."

THE morning after the great event brought Judy's recall. Despite her awe of Lady Flora, Mrs. Evelyn's maternal anxiety had at last broken bounds. Judy had been too long away from them. They all missed her. Lady Flora had her son now for company. If Judy would say what day, arrangements would be made for her being met in town.

Judy, with a shyness that hung about her like an exquisite veil, handed the letter to Lady Flora, who was looking this morning as though the world could hold nothing more for her in the way of happiness.

"We shall all travel back together," she said. "You are quite ready, Philip? Stannington is waiting to receive its conquering hero."

A shadow fell upon his face, which had been radiant.

"I want no receptions from Stannington," he said shortly. "It is not the time. Wait till the thing is over and done with. There are too many new graves."

Lady Flora fell in with his mood adroitly.

"Very well, Philip," she said soberly; "then we shall just take Judy home, you and I, and slip into the Cottage. I will let them know that you do not want a fuss made."

"I shall take you and Judy back, mother. Afterwards, I shall have much to do in town before I leave. Is there no way by which you and Judy could be in town, too?"

A sudden eagerness flashed into Lady Flora's face, then was sternly repressed.

"My dear Philip," she said, "a London hotel in the season! It is impossible. But I shall come up later. As for Judy, there is Lady Mary Winstanley. She grudges me Judy. You must go to Lady Mary, Judy, while Philip is in town. Your mother will not object."

Two days later they travelled back to Stannington. The Red House barouche awaited them at the station. Mrs. Evelyn had begged to be allowed to fetch Lady Flora and Major Lindley as well; all the same, it was somewhat to her surprise that Lady Flora's little governess cart and pony were not in attendance.

"The cart will take all the luggage," Mrs. Evelyn said, with a certain alarm at her own tenacity. Lady Flora was apt to be a little stubborn about accepting favours.

"So it shall, Helen, thank you," the old lady said, with the most friendly of smiles; "so it shall. And how do you think we have been treating Judy?"

Mrs. Evelyn looked at Judy in a puzzled way. They were rolling by this time along the well-kept road, under arches of exquisite green. The long avenues of the woods opened on the road, and dwindled away in perspectives of bewildering beauty.

"Judy seems to have grown up," she said, after a moment of the puzzled scrutiny.

Judy shrank back a little into her corner. Something of half-fearful, half-joyful anticipation came into her mother's quiet eyes, and then was hidden from sight. For the rest of the short drive she did not again make the conversation personal to Judy.

Where the road turns round by the Green Dragon, and the village green opens, a thing of beauty framed in great trees, the hill looking benignantly upon it, Mr. Evelyn, Judy's sisters, Miss Meredith, and the dogs were waiting. They had Judy out of the carriage, which drove along slowly to the Cottage, Mr. Evelyn walking beside it talking to Lady Flora and the Major so long as their roads went together.

When the carriage had taken the little road across the green he came back and gathered Judy's hand in his own and patted it and drew it through his arm. Judy had enough to do to acknowledge the greetings and curtseys that met her all the way.

"I've asked Lindley and Lady Flora to dine, Helen," he said to his wife. "Lindley accepted. The old lady was too tired I think she was pleased She must find Lindley somewhat too big for the Cottage and its resources."

"If we dared offer him a room!" said Mrs. Evelyn.

"It is only a day or two," Judy put in hurriedly. "He has to be in town making preparations. He goes out again on the 24th."

"So he does," said Mr. Evelyn seriously. "It's hard on Lady Flora. Still, it's the right thing; and her pride in him will keep her up."

Then, with a change of tone, he rallied his daughter.

"To think of our little Ju starting out from the schoolroom to stay at great seaside hotels, and go to big military receptions, and to be squired by a hero. I can tell you we're furiously jealous, Judy. Aren't we, girls? We think Judy has been stealing a march upon us, hey?"

His two elder daughters, thus appealed to, protested that they were both very glad Judy had been having such a pleasant time. Only during the little walk Mrs. Evelyn remained strangely silent.

When they had reached the house she herself went up with Judy to take off her hat and cloak, and dismissed her other daughters more summarily than she was used.

When she and Judy were alone she turned to her and held out her arms.

"Is it true, Judy?" she said.

She herself might have been the girl in the first shy radiance of love. Waves of colour were flowing over her fair face, her eyes were dewy, her lips smiling with a grave sweetness.

"It is true, mother," said Judy, coming into the arms and letting them close about her.

"I felt it," Mrs. Evelyn said prophetically. "That was why I was so anxious for your return. I should like my girls' wooing to take place under their father's roof with all the sanctities and safeguards of home about them. But, Judy dear, I am very glad."

Judy had one of her odd vagrant thoughts that perhaps the wooing never would have taken place if her mother had been there to hem them in and circumscribe them.

"We were so much together," she said, with an impulse to confession. "We were always together, Major Lindley and I. We made such expeditions over the downs."

"With Lady Flora?"

A shade of anxiety fell over the pleasure of Mrs. Evelyn's face.

"Nearly always without Lady Flora."

"Ah, well, of course Major Lindley has known you from the time you were a baby. His mother thought of that, I suppose. Now Judy, dear, I hear your boxes coming. Come and have some tea, and afterwards you will see how things have grown in the garden. It is not like when you came home long ago and had to take a stable lantern to see how your old garden was doing. I am very happy about you, dear child."

Mrs. Evelyn laughed in an exhilarated way. She had forgotten that she had not approved of Judy's pilgrimage with the stable lantern that autumn evening long ago, which had prolonged itself somewhat indefinitely and had ended in a visit to the stable-yard, where Juno's puppies, and Suky, the Kerry cow's calf, and a litter of black pigs, and the new foal had all come in for Judy's passionate sympathy and admiration.

She left Judy at her tea, with her sisters waiting on her in a manner which, for them, was enthusiastic. After all, how fond they all were of her! Judy, yet warm from the clasp of her mother's arms, began to wonder, in her headlong way, how so very undeserving a person as herself could have won all the goodwill with which her world regarded her.

XUM

Mrs. Evelyn, meanwhile, had gone down to her husband's den.

"Well?" he said. "Has Ju come downstairs? And is she ready to come out about the place with me? Why, what is the matter, Helen?"

Mrs. Evelyn had come close to him and put a hand on his shoulder. "Marmaduke, have you no idea of what has been happening to Judy? Don't you see it in her face? Didn't you suspect why Major Lindley was anxious to come to us the very first evening?"

"Good gracious, no!"

Mr. Evelyn pushed back his chair and stared at his wife.

"It is very sudden," she said, smiling, "and I must confess I am bewildered as his having chosen Judy, a mere unformed child. Of course, it is wonderful for her. The very person whom I would have chosen out of all the world for my little wild, impulsive Judy."

"Tut, Helen!" said Mr. Evelyn, with a frown.

He was so invariably lover-like in his manner to his wife that the very mild exclamation sounded in her ears like strong language. She fell back a little from him, her pretty colour fading.

"The man's too old for Judy," he went on, without noticing her perturbation. "Why, bless my soul! he must be well on in the forties. Then, hasn't he been in love with his cousin all his life? And there is Maurice. It doesn't seem right that Maurice should find Judy appropriated."

A shade of impatience came into Mrs. Evelyn's sweet expression.

"You don't really mean, Marmaduke," she said, "that the girls ought to wait till Maurice Evelyn has had his choice."

"Why, bless me! no, I suppose not," her husband answered irritably. "Still, he's a young fellow. *We* were much of an age when we married, Helen; at least, I had only four years advantage of you. That was as it should be. But Lindley—why, Lindley must be more than twenty years older than Judy—old enough to be her father. She is misled, poor child, by the glamour of his doings. She is too young to know her own mind. Besides, a man going out to the war! I don't want my girl to be a sort of widow. I'll refuse my consent till after the war is over. That will give the child time."

"You'd better consult Judy," Mrs. Evelyn said in a startled way. "Judy has grown up, Marmaduke; and she has had time to learn her own mind. She seems to have been constantly alone with Major Lindley. I feared something of the sort, knowing Lady Flora's curious ideas."

"No one would think anything about it," Mr. Evelyn said. "A man of his age! Pooh, no one could object to a child like Judy being in Philip Lindley's company; but if it means anything, it may mean that, as you say, Judy knows her own mind, and is not merely dazzled by the soldier."

"You must talk to Judy," Mrs. Evelyn said eagerly. "You will find that she does not look at it at all in a childish way. Indeed, I have an idea that if we were to interfere with Judy, Judy might possibly give us trouble. I must say, Marmaduke, that I am delighted with the progress Judy has made. I saw it at the first glance. She is so—so matured."

"Yes, poor Ju; I wish she wasn't. I did not grudge Ju her childhood. What does Lindley mean by taking our little girl from us while she is still a child, or ought to be?"

"Oh, it was quite time that Judy's hoydenish ways were given up," said Mrs. Evelyn, with a little frown. "Still, of course, I agree with you to a certain extent. It was my idea in keeping Judy in the schoolroom. I can't bear a girl to be a tom-boy. It is different with a boy."

"Oh, I know, I know," said her husband, with tender raillery. "It is such women as you that spoil the boys. Why, here comes Ju herself."

Judy had come into the room with her hat on, and stood now just a little beyond the door, as though she found it quite impossible to proceed further. She had bent her head till the roses and pink tulle of her hat were all that were visible, except the faintest line of chin.

Her father went to meet her, and drew her to him with a sigh.

"Well, little Judy," he said. "So you have been growing up, like a mushroom, in a single night. What am I to say to Lindley? My own inclination is to send him about his business, and say he shan't have my Ju, but your mother says differently. What shall I say, sweetheart?"

"Say 'Yes,' Papa," Judy whispered in so low a voice that he could hardly hear it.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]



"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!"

(*From the Drawing by S. W. Hunter.*)

A CHRISTMAS DAY MEDITATION.

By the Rev. Alexander McLaren, D.D.

"The Word became flesh."—JOHN i. 14 (R.V.).



THIS Gospel has no record of the birth of Jesus. It looks back far beyond Bethlehem, even to the "goings forth from everlasting" of the Word who "was in the beginning with God, and was God." Matthew and Luke look at the Nativity from the earthward side, John gazes on it from the heavenward; they begin with the cradle, he begins with the bosom of the Father; they tell of the birth of the son of Mary, he of the Incarnation of the Son of God. It is the same fact that is declared when we read, "The Word became flesh," and when we read, "She brought forth her first-born son," but the point of view is changed.

And we must take John's point of view if we would do full justice to Luke's. The worth of the birth of Jesus depends on its being the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. It is either the most stupendous fact in history or it is next to nothing to us. The joy of Christmastide is unreasonable if all that evokes it is but the birth of a Jewish peasant woman's child, however great he became; but if in that birth the Word became flesh, then, and only then, do the songs of angels and the wondering adoration of men rightly circle round the manger in Bethlehem. The brief but inexhaustible words in which John tells the stupendous fact open out, as we gaze, like the midnight sky, into violet depths sown with far-off suns, whose mass and lustre we can but partially perceive.

But the dimmest vision of these starry truths does more to light us on our way than the clearest sight of earth's petty and passing candles.

We shall best grasp the greatness of this saying if we try, first, to apprehend its teaching as to the Incarnation, and next to recall some of the purposes for which that mighty miracle came to pass.

In regard to the former, it is to be noted that the statement in the text comes as the climax of the teaching in the prologue of the Gospel as to the Eternal Word. The first eighteen verses of the chapter are as a majestic bridge between Eternity and Time, the further side of which touches "the beginning" ere creatures were, and the nearer touches the manger. These profound verses declare in stately sequence the eternal Being of the personal Word, His union with God before time was, and His true Divinity. Passing from the secrets of the Divine nature into the universe of created beings, the evangelist declares that the Word is the agent of creation, the source of life, and the fountain of light. There were created beings before there was life, and there were living creatures before there was light, which is the prerogative of man alone. The Word is the medium of all revelation, and has been in the world all through its history, enlightening all men everywhere and always. But the very apex of all this energy of self-manifestation is reached and declared in the words, tremendous in their simplicity and brevity, "The Word became flesh."

Now it is very clear, from the word "became," that the Word is conceived of as active in the Incarnation. Both pre-existence and voluntary action are necessarily implied in the expression; and both are also plainly involved in our Lord's own habitual way of speaking about His own appearance in the world. For it is no accident that He only once speaks of Himself as being born, and that the occasion on which He does so explains why He then used the unfamiliar expression. It was to Pilate that He said, "To this end was I born"; but even then He was, as if constrained to do justice to His own consciousness, careful to add, however little His hearer could understand, or even perceive the significance of the addition, "and for this cause *came* I into the world." Everywhere else His language is, "I came," "I am come." And the assertion of personal volition and action in regard to the two ends of earthly life, where men are most purely passive, reached its climax when He said, with the calm tone of one stating a perfectly natural and familiar fact, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world and go unto the Father." In either fact a double movement is discerned—in the one a coming forth from and a

coming into; in the other, a departing from and a rejoining. There is one Man who was born because He willed to come, and who died because He willed to depart. There is one Man to whom it was humiliation to be born, and the most signal token of loving self-abnegation to die. He "was made in the likeness of men," and He "became obedient unto death," because He would, and He would because He loved. There is no adequate construing or celebration of the birth of Jesus which does not recognise that in it we see Him laying aside His vesture of glory and girding Himself with the slave's garment, and that for the love of us and to wash us from our sins.

That "becoming" is more than merely assuming or being invested with, after the fashion of the transitory appearances in human guise of the gods of the nations, who "came down in the likeness of men," but dropped the mantle of flesh as they soared again. That becoming, then, is permanent. What He became He is for evermore. On the throne, as in the manger, through eternity, as in the fleeting years of His earthly life, He bears our nature.

But what is the "flesh" which He became? We must not narrow that word so as to make it include only the bodily element in manhood. It means complete humanity, considered indeed as weak, sense-bound, and perishable, but distinctly including soul and spirit as well as body. Jesus likewise "partook of all" that makes manhood. He hungered and was weary, He thirsted and was pained, He slept and groaned and died. And He had a true human heart and mind and will. He loved and sorrowed; He grew in wisdom; He struggled and obeyed, trusted, and adored. He did not so "become flesh" as to cease to be the Eternal Word, but, remaining the same, He "emptied Himself," and by His own act took on Him "the form of a servant, and being rich, became poor."

Christianity is in its very root supernatural. The Incarnation is the greatest miracle of all. Jesus is not the product of natural evolution, and cannot be explained by environment. He is a completely new beginning, a new stream of unsullied clearness poured into the foul lake of humanity. If His birth is the Incarnation of God manifest in the flesh, then we need not try to pare down the miraculous element in a life so begun, nor wonder at its appearance there. The miracles wrought by His hand are less wonderful than, and naturally result from, the fact that He had a hand to work them. If the Incarnation is struck out of Christianity, the power is stolen out of it. The Magi followed but an earth-born exhalation, and the Shepherds only heard their own dreams singing in their ears, unless He who was born in Bethlehem was the Word who from the beginning was with God and was God.

We turn to consider now the purposes served by the Incarnation. Jesus has given us many sayings which set the aims of His "coming" in a rich variety of lights, but we may gather them together under two or three heads. And, first, He came to show us God. The context speaks of the Word as "tabernacling among us," and of our consequent beholding of His glory. No doubt the reference is to the tabernacle in which the Divine presence dwelt and to the Glory, the bright cloud which shone above the mercy seat. It is a point of view peculiar to this Gospel that Christ's earthly life is regarded not so much as humiliation, but rather as the manifestation of supreme lustre and loveliness; and that the Cross, which was in one aspect the lowest depth of His condescension, is set forth as the very apex of His elevation, wherein He is "lifted up" and "glorified." Words are poor for revealing God, but the Word declares Him by deeds, which are the only means of revealing persons. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," said Jesus; and when we look at His gentle goodness, His tears and tenderness, the pity which filled His heart and softened His voice, the self-sacrificing love that impelled Him ever, we see not only the glory of stainless manhood, but the "eradiation of the Father's glory." *There* is a wholly new conception of Divinity. The vulgar attributes of omnipotence, omniscience, and the like, fall into the background, and love is the glowing heart of the brightness. *There* is what gives definiteness and substance to vague surmisings and doubtful hopes as to the Unknown Somewhat behind creation. A bare Theism has little power, and soon evaporates or freezes. If men are to have a "living God," they must find Him in the Incarnate Word. Does not the trend of thought to-day show that we must either look on Christ as God manifest in the flesh, or do without a God altogether? As Richter long ago saw, a dead Christ means a universe like an empty eye-socket from which the eye has been torn.

The Word became flesh that He might show us the ideal human life; and how remarkable it is that these four short out-

line biographies, covering but a few years, fragmentary as they are, and narrating a mere segment of a life from which many relations and circumstances that fill much of our usual lives were conspicuously absent, should leave on all readers the impression of perfection, and should be felt, even by the most unbelieving, to afford a complete pattern and absolute standard! And how blessed it is that we may have a loving Person instead of a cold ideal, and a living, breathing example instead of a cold law. "If any man serve Me, let him *follow Me*" is the emancipating, inspiring word of Christian ethics, which makes Christ's yoke easy, though it grips the neck tightly, and His burden light, though its contents far exceed the prescriptions of the most rigid moralists. The Word was incarnate that He might experience human conditions, and so bring sympathy and help. Who can tell what cheer and sense of companionship the old well-worn thought brings, that He has felt all the weariness and pain that we feel? Ploughing through the snow-fields of the north, or toiling across the parched, sandy deserts of the south, how the lonely pilgrim would take fresh heart if he came across a foot-print, and how much more glad he would be if he knew by its marks that it was his brother's foot that had left its print! We have no road to go that is not hallowed by His feet, and we have no tears to weep, nor sighs to sigh, which He has not wept and sighed in the days of His flesh, and which He does not now compassionate, not only with the pity of a God, but with the sympathy of a man.

The Word became flesh that He might die. "The Son of Man came . . . to give His life a ransom for many." We are not to set forth His death as the sole purpose of incarnation, nor as the sole sacrifice which redeems. All His life was sacrifice. Throughout it all He was "bearing the sins of many," and carried our sorrows long before Calvary. But the element of sacrifice reached its highest power in His death. And we shall not understand the Incarnation in its most melting aspect unless we couple the cradle with the Cross, and fully recognise that while there are other great ends to be attained by the Word's becoming flesh, the deepest meaning of the Incarnation is, "God loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." The shadow of the cross stretched athwart the cradle. Christmas points onward to Good Friday. We hear sometimes that the Incarnation is the true centre of Christianity; but we may rather say that, like an ellipse, it has two foci, the Incarnation and the Crucifixion. Neither is understood in its depths unless it is kept in intimate connection with the other. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

The Word became flesh that He might lift manhood to the Throne in His own person, and so open up for us all the glorious possibilities of likeness to Himself. The new thing in His ascension is that He bore a human nature into the glory which He had with the Father before the foundation of the world. Thereby He repealed the greatness of that nature which in its perfection is capable of such entrance, unconsumed, into the central light of God. The Word has stooped that we might be lifted to the height from which He came down. He has laid aside His glory that we might be clothed with it, after He had resumed it. He has become flesh that we might become spirit. He has become like us that we might become like Him. "We see not yet all things put under man," and the lofty hopes that have lit earth's darkness may seem but idle dreams when we regard humanity as it is to-day; but our faith should not falter, for "we see Jesus, crowned with glory and honour," and where He is, and what He is, there and that shall also His servant be. Therefore no hopes are too radiant, no courage too high, if we have taken for our Christ the Christ of Bethlehem, the Christ of Calvary, the Christ of Olivet, the Christ of the Throne.



MAURICE'S LITTLE BIRD.

By G. E. Farrow, Author of "The Wallypug of Why," "The New Panjandrum," Etc.



DON'T know exactly what kind of a bird it was. It may have been a robin, or a thrush, or a blackbird. No, I don't think it could have been a blackbird, because he described it to me as being a *little* bird when he told me all about the wonderful adventure which he had with it; but, at any rate, it was a bird of some sort.

He used to scatter crumbs on the lawn outside the breakfast-room window; and after having done this for some days he noticed that one of the many birds who came to the feast appeared tamer than the rest, and did not seem frightened when he went quite close to him

Besides, this particular one came every morning, and used to perch on a tree a little way from the window, twittering impatiently if Maurice happened to be a little later than usual.

So gradually they got to be quite friends, and the little bird used to fly about in the garden all day watching for Maurice, and whenever the boy came out on to the lawn the little bird would fly from one tree to another just above his head, twittering and chirping as though he was quite pleased to see him.

One afternoon in the holidays, when Maurice had nothing particular to do, he was walking in the garden a long way from the house, and the bird as usual was following him overhead; he stopped and had a good look at his little friend.

"I do wish you could talk," he said aloud; "that *would* be jolly, and then we——"

The little bird peeped cautiously about, and to Maurice's intense astonishment interrupted him with:

"I can talk, of course. *All* birds can, if they like, only it doesn't pay to do it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Maurice, too delighted to feel very much astonished. "Can you really? How ripping! But—but why don't you always do so?"

"Ough! Life is hard enough, as it is, for birds, what with cats, and boys, and guns, and traps, and one thing and another; and if people knew that we could *talk*, why, they'd be more anxious than ever to catch us and shut us up in cages. Look at parrots. They are the only birds who don't belong to the Union, and what is the result? They're caught, and put in cages, and their lives are made miserable, all because they haven't the sense to hold their tongues."

"What do you mean by 'belonging to the Union'?" asked Maurice, who was greatly interested.

"The Non-Talking Feathered Fowls' Association," explained the bird. "The Queen of the Fairies is at the head of it. We all belong to it, as I said, except the parrots, and here and there a magpie, or a jackdaw, or a starling; but these are very rare exceptions. The rules about talking before humans are very strict, and I should get into a terrible row if I was caught talking to you; but you seem a decent little chap, and very thoughtful, and all that, about the crumbs, so that I don't mind breaking the rules for once—only—look out! Here comes a feathered fowl!" And the little bird, with a twitter and a flirt of his tail, hopped from one twig to another, and then flew quickly away.

Maurice looked about for the other bird, which he fully expected to see, but nothing of the sort was in sight.

Presently a loud "Quack!" came from the ground near his feet, and a fat duck waddled through the hedge at the end of the garden.

Maurice thought there was a suspicious look in her eye as she remarked "Quack!" again in a loud tone of voice.

"I suppose this *is* a feathered fowl," thought Maurice. "I wonder if it belongs to the Union?"

"I say!" he called out, "can you talk? because——"

But the duck only said "Quack! Quack! Qu-a-a-ck!!" and disappeared through the hedge again.

Maurice hunted about, but could find no trace of his little friend all the afternoon, nor did he see him again till the following morning, when he appeared, as usual, amongst the other birds for the feast of crumbs.

He took no notice of Maurice, though, and only after a long while followed him down the garden.

"I say," he said, when at last there were no



IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

FROM THE PAINTING
BY EDWARD S. HARPER

UNIV. OF MICH.

XUM

other birds within hearing, "we shall have to be very careful. That duck yesterday suspected something. I heard her telling an old hen that she should keep her eye on me, as she had an idea that I was holding some sort of communication with a human; so, as I said before, we shall have to be very careful. I'm going to a party," he added inconsequently.

"A party?" said Maurice. "What sort of a party?"

"Oh, very select," remarked the bird consequentially. "It's an annual affair, given by the Queen of the Fairies. About thirty or forty birds are invited, some of the best families of frogs—from the gold fish pond—and several distinguished insects, including a foreign beetle,

Maurice laughed. "I don't think," he said, "that I could ever be as small as you are—why, even Tom Thumb was ever and ever so much bigger, and——"

"You might," said the bird reflectively, "if you could only find a four-leaved clover plant."

"What good would that be?"

"If you find a four-leaved clover, you can have any wish granted. I thought everybody knew that."

"*I* didn't," said Maurice. "I wish I could find one, though."

"Well, the party isn't till next week," said the bird. "Suppose you hunt for one, and, if you can reduce yourself to a reasonable size, I'll do what I can to help you to go to the party,"



"'I suppose this *is* a feathered fowl.'"

who came over from abroad in a case of fruit and escaped into the greenhouse while they were unpacking it. He lives by himself in a snug little place by the hot-water pipes, and declares that he finds England suits him admirably."

"Oh, I do wish I was going," said Maurice enviously. "Will there be real fairies there?"

"Of course," said the bird; "and elves, and gnomes, and all sorts of people."

"Oh dear, I suppose there's no way you could manage for me even to see the party, is there?"

"Good gracious, no!" said the bird. "You're much too big. There's no possible way of hiding a person of your size. If you were only as small as me now, I might possibly manage it."

and off he flew, leaving Maurice to think the matter over.

"I *should* like to go, you know," he considered. "I wonder if four-leaved clovers are such *very* difficult things to find?" and he spent all the rest of the day looking about on the lawn and in the meadow next to the garden for one. Quite unsuccessfully, though, and neither could he discover any the next day, nor the next after that.

The time for the party was getting close at hand, and all of Maurice's time was spent in eagerly hunting about for four-leaved clovers, and he was so very intent upon this quest that he was quite cross when his mother suggested one afternoon that he should gather a large bunch of flowers to pack in a box and send to

XUM

his aunt, who lived in town, and who would therefore value them very much.

"Do you want them gathered to-day, mother?" he asked rather petulantly.

"Yes, dearie, because I'm writing to Aunt May by this post."

"I'm very busy about something," said Maurice.

"Well, dearie, don't you think you could put it aside just for a time, and do something which would give pleasure to somebody else?"

Maurice thought for a moment, and then his better nature came to the fore, and he smiled and ran off to gather the flowers.

Such a big bunch, and made up of all the flowers he knew his aunt loved best, and all with fine long stalks, so that they would go into the vases nicely, and keep for a long time; and then, just when he was gathering the last flower of all, right down near the root he saw —what do you think? A clover plant which the gardener had overlooked—and on one of the stems were *four leaves!*

Hastily gathering his prize, he put it inside the lining of his straw hat to keep it safely, and ran indoors with the flowers for his mother.

"Why, dearie, how bright and happy you look," was the remark which greeted him on his return to the house. "I expect that's because you've been giving up your own pleasure to perform a kindness for someone else; that's sure to bring it's own reward, you know."

Maurice smiled brightly, and peeped into his hat. He was half inclined to tell his mother all about the four-leaved clover; but, fearing that perhaps she might think it foolish of him to set so much store by it, he only just held up his face to be kissed, and ran off to try and find his little bird friend. He couldn't see him all that day, though, and neither was he on the lawn at breakfast time the next day, so Maurice was beginning to feel in despair.

What was the use of the clover leaf, if he didn't know what to wish for? However, late in the afternoon of the next day, while he was walking in the garden, he heard the well-known twitter, and there sat his little friend.

"Couldn't come this morning," said the bird fussily. "I had to attend to my plumage; and, besides, the party's to-night, and I never eat anything all day before I go to a fairy party. One enjoys the good things all the more."

"I've found a four-leaved clover," said Maurice triumphantly.

"Not really!" said the bird, incredulously.

"Yes," said Maurice; "so perhaps I shall be able to go to the party, after all—if you will help me. Will you?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the bird. "Let's look at the leaf."

Maurice took it out of his hat and held it in his hand.

"Yes, that's all right," said the bird, looking at it critically. "Hold it in your left hand, and wish to be as small as me."

Maurice did as he was directed, and instantly the clover leaf disappeared, and he found himself down amongst the grass on the lawn and scarcely taller than it was high.

"How funny!" he laughed. "But I'm tiny enough now, surely, to be able to go to the party with you."

"Not quite so fast," said the bird. "You haven't been invited, you know; but, fortunately for you, one of the birds who *was* going to the party is not very well—he's moulting—and so, if we manage it properly, you *might* come in his place. Let's see! I'd better go and find you some feathers."

"Whatever for?" asked Maurice.

"To wear, of course," said the bird. "You couldn't possibly pass for a bird as you are," and he flew off, returning almost directly with two or three feathers in his beak. Off again and back with some more, and this repeated over and over again till quite a pile of feathers of all shapes and sizes lay on the ground beside Maurice.

The last time the bird returned he came hopping along the ground, bringing with him a most respectable and amiable-looking old spider, wearing glasses and a top hat.

"This is my friend," said the bird, waving one claw towards Maurice. "I wish you'd be kind enough to fasten these feathers on for him, will you?"

The spider bowed, and raised his hat.

"Delighted, I'm sure, to oblige any friend of yours, sir," he said, and immediately began running round and round Maurice, unravelling some web as he did so.

Then he picked some of the feathers up and deftly wove them into a kind of coat, which he threw over Maurice, adding one or two longer feathers here and there, till in a very few moments he really did begin to look something like a bird.

"There!" said his little friend after a time and the spider had done his best, "I think you'll do, and if you sit pretty high up in a bush with a lot of leaves, no one will know

but that you are a bird. Come on, or we shall be late!" and, after thanking the spider and wishing him good evening, the bird led the way, hopping on the ground a little way in front of Maurice.

"If we get there before anyone else," said the bird, "we shall not attract so much attention, and shall be less likely to be discovered."

So they hurried along in silence for some distance till at last they came to a little hollow under some trees at the further end of the meadow.

Here they found a number of toadstools and mushrooms, set out with all kinds of fairy delicacies—dew in acorn cups, honey and ripe fruits, seeds and nuts, and a number of other such things as the invited guests would enjoy.

"Get up here," whispered the bird, pointing to a small bush near by, and keep quite still, and you will see and hear everything without being seen yourself."

Maurice did as he was told, and very soon the guests began to arrive.

The frogs came in their best green clothes, and the next arrivals were the insects—several grasshoppers, two cockchafers, three crickets, and an elderly May-bug, who was assisted on either side by an earwig.

The birds came next, flying in from all directions and settling themselves on the branches of the trees.

Maurice's friend seemed to know them all, and flew about, conversing amiably with one and another.

Presently there was a stir, and someone shouted, "The Queen! the Queen!" and almost immediately afterwards a coach made of a crumpled leaf and drawn by four well-matched butterflies came skimming along.

Within it sat the Queen of the Fairies, and beside her the guest of the evening—the foreign beetle, in a kind of armour of bright green and gold and wearing a broad blue ribbon, with a number of stars and decorations pinned to it.

With the coach came a whole troop of fairies, gnomes, elves, and pixies, till the whole place seemed alive with company.

Then followed dances, with music from the insect orchestra, and feastings—Maurice got a little fruit and some seeds, which his friend managed very skilfully to bring to him without attracting anyone's attention—everything going off very well, till suddenly everyone was startled by a loud "Quack!" and the fat duck which Maurice had seen when he had held his first conversation with the little bird, came waddling into the midst of the party, scattering the mushroom tables and causing the utmost confusion amongst the guests, particularly the young insects and frogs.

The Fairy Queen was furious.

"What does this intrusion mean?" she demanded.

"I have come to lodge a complaint, your Majesty," said the duck, looking greedily at the fruit still upon some of the tables.

"This is not the time to do so," said the Queen angrily. "Go away, Duck."

"But it's very important," said the duck. "I've come to denounce that bird," she said, nodding towards Maurice's friend, "*for talking to humans!* I heard him myself."

The Fairy Queen gave a little gasp, and everyone turned and looked towards the little bird, with indignation and horror expressed on their faces.

The little bird looked very confused, and I expect he would have blushed if he could have done so; but I'm told it's a very difficult matter for birds to do this. However, he must have looked very guilty, for the Queen at once said:

"I needn't ask you if this terrible accusation is true. I can see by your manner and appearance that it is."

"If you please, your Majesty——" began the little bird.

"Not a word!" interrupted the Queen. "Go from my presence," she said sternly. "I shall instruct all birds to avoid you in future. You will never be able to find a mate, you will never again be invited to a fairy party, you shall be hunted from the neighbourhood by hawks, and during your next moult you will lose your voice and never be able to sing again. Now go! Thus shall be punished all those who disobey the rules of the Fairy Queen President of the Non-Talking Feathered Fowls' Association. Go!"

The poor little bird was preparing to obey the Queen's stern commands, and with drooping pinions and bowed head was about to depart, when Maurice, who had heard all that had taken place, jumped from the bough on which he had been sitting and stumbled to where the Queen was standing.

"Oh, please!" he said, "don't punish him so severely. It was partly my fault, and please let me be punished instead of him. I——"

"Who—or, rather, what is this?" exclaimed the Queen, raising her glasses and looking at Maurice through them.



"With the coach came a whole troop of fairies."

"I think, your Majesty," said the foreign beetle, "that it's some sort of a bird—er—probably a lark."

"Nonsense!" said the Queen; "It's certainly *not* a bird. What are you—creature?"

"I'm a little boy," said Maurice.

"A boy?" exclaimed the Queen.

"Yes," said Maurice; and then he explained everything that had happened. "It's all my fault for wanting to come," he said, "and I hope you'll punish me instead of the little bird. He doesn't deserve to be punished, really, and——"

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," said the Fairy Queen, smiling; "but you are a good, generous little boy to wish to take all of the blame on yourself; so I will remit part of the sentence, and only banish him from this neighbourhood. The hawks shall not molest him, and other birds shall overlook his fault, on condition that he never talks to a human being again, since it is against the rules. And for you, your punishment shall be——"

"If you please, your Majesty," interrupted one of the fairies, "the duck has gobbled up all the refreshments."

"Then your punishment shall be," said the Fairy Queen, smiling at Maurice, "that you return to your proper size and drive the duck back to the farmyard."

In an instant the fairies had vanished, the frogs had hopped away, the insects had all disappeared, and the birds had flown off, leaving Maurice, who had suddenly returned to his usual height, with the duck at his feet.

XUM



BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

DECEMBER 20TH.—**The Birth of Christ.**

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew ii.* 1—12.

POINTS.—THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

1. Sought Christ with pains and perseverance.
2. Worshipped Christ as God and King.
3. Gave Christ gifts—typical of His kingdom, priesthood, and humanity.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Way of the Cross.** An old legend tells how a man in a vision saw a procession of angels, each bearing a cross. And there appeared on the scene a poor countryman wandering in the field; and an angel asked him what he sought, and the man said, "I seek a treasure which a man, finding in a field, sold all that he had and bought it." Then the angel pointed to the cross and said, "This is the treasure which enriches the soul and leads to eternal life." Then there appeared a poor, godly woman seeking something. Another angel said, "What seekest thou?" And she said, "I seek the beauty of holiness and a plain way to God." The angel pointed to the cross and said, "This is the way of holiness and the plain way to God." And a nobleman coming by said, "I seek rest and peace to my soul," and he, too, was told that the way of the cross—that is, the way of Christ—alone brings true peace and security to a man's soul.

The Worship of God. Worship is giving God His due. We may worship Him with heart and soul and voice; but we may worship Him also in school or at work by being upright and downright honest, true, and faithful. We can also worship God by serving others. If we visit the sick, and feed the hungry, and comfort the sad, we are offering incense to and worshipping God. Part of our mission in life is to worship God by helping our fellow-men, and our gifts should be sweet ones. All should try to make home life sweet by showing sweet temper, giving sweet answers and looks and manners. That is the incense we can give to God, and it will be accepted by Him.

The Gift of Myrrh. This was the first and last gift to Christ. It was given at His birth and at His death. This teaches that all through this life we must meet bitterness. "Man is born to trouble." There was myrrh for Jesus, and there is myrrh for us. Like Him, we shall have to taste sorrow. He went about giving sweetness, but was Himself the "Man of Sorrows." He brightened many homes, but what home was there for Him? He fed the multitude, but Himself hungered and thirsted. His hands were stretched out to bless, and those hands were pierced with nails. But it was for the joy set before Him that He endured the cross of suffering, and so will it be for us. If we endure patiently, happy are we.

> "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

DECEMBER 27TH.—**The Old and New Year.**

Passage for reading—*Psalm ciii.* 13—22.

POINTS. 1. God's fatherly pity for His children.
2. Man's short and fleeting life.
3. God's everlasting mercy.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Father's Love.** "It will give a notion of my father's tenderness if I set down just one tiniest instance of his attention to me. The forenoon was oppressive. I was sitting under a tree, trying to read, when he came up to me. There was a wooden gate near, with open bars. He went and set it wide open, saying, 'There, my love, you will fancy yourself cooler if I leave the gate open.' Will you laugh at me for mentioning such a trifle? I think not, for it went deep to my heart, and I seemed to know God as a Father better for it ever after. A father is a great and marvellous truth, and one you can never get at the depth of, try how you may." (*George Macdonald.*)

Shortness of Life. The old Hebrews, among their many traditions, tell us a story of Methuselah. They say that his great length of life was early made known to him. His friends advised him to build a substantial house for himself. He refused, saying that it was not worth while building a house at all *for such a*

short time. He realised the shortness of life, not its length; and he looked for "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

God Rich in Mercy. I asked, when in the United States of America, how much it took to make a farmer rich, and was told that a man was thought rich who possessed £1,000. Going further to a flourishing manufacturing city, I found the idea of riches was quite different. A man there was not considered rich till he was worth at least £50,000. Going still further, I found that none but millionaires were considered to be really rich. Now, if such is the idea of riches in material things, what must riches be when you rise above the highest men to angels, and above angels to God? What must be the circuit which makes riches when it reaches Him?

JANUARY 3RD, 1904.—**The Boyhood of Christ.**

Passage for Reading.—*St. Luke ii.* 40—52.

POINTS. 1. A happy home at Nazareth.
2. A child seeking instruction.
3. A boy growing in grace and favour.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Sight of Home.** In the history of the memorable retreat of the 10,000 Greeks under Xenophon, it is said that when they reached the summit of the mountain whence they descried in the distance the tremulously bright blue of the waters that were to bear them home, in raptures of joy they instantly shouted out, "The sea, the sea!" There was one enthusiastic rush, one simultaneous cry. They embraced each other and wept, and in a moment the pang of discomfiture and the toilsome march of five or six hundred leagues were forgotten and repaid as they neared Home."

Knowledge of God. An aged negress once asked a friend, "Do you know God?" "I hope I know something of Him," was the reply. "How, then," she asked, "may we know God?" "We may learn something," he said, "about His goodness and handiwork from what we see in yonder garden and in these beautiful trees." "You are right, sir; but is there no other way of knowing Him?" "Yes," he replied, "we may also learn something of Him from His dealings with the sons of men, the history of nations, and the lives of individuals." "Is there no other way?" again she asked. "Yes, from the Bible we gain more knowledge of God than all the other sources put together, for in that blessed book God has revealed Himself."

Early Training. As letters cut in the body of a tree grow up with the tree, and the fruit of the tree grows up with the tree, and therefore the twigs break not under the great weight, because they grow up together, so plant good things in those that are young, teach them to know good things, and to hate all evil things, plant in them good desires, and train them in doing their duty to God and man. Then will they grow up in the right way, and when they are old will not depart from it.

JANUARY 10TH.—**The Preaching of John the Baptist.**

Passage for Reading.—*St. Matthew iii.* 1—12.

POINTS. TRUE REPENTANCE INCLUDES—
1. Contrition of sin before God.
2. Belief in Christ as the Saviour.
3. Change of life by the power of the Holy Spirit.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Present Resolve.** There was once a wise and loving teacher. He had many pupils, who satisfied him with their progress in learning, but grieved him by their sinful lives. He often warned them, but his words made little impression. One day he said to them in a voice full of sadness, "Live as you please and enjoy the pleasures and follies of life as long as you can; but I pray you to promise me one thing. Do not deny me this one favour; you owe it to the love I have always shown you, and it is for your good." The young men eagerly asked what it was, and promised to do it. "It is simply this," replied the wise man, "that you will repent and begin a new life *one day before your death*. Promise it faithfully and solemnly." At first they could not understand what their teacher meant, but then it dawned upon them. Then one of them, deeply touched in his conscience, replied, "Dear master, we cannot know whether we shall live till to-morrow. The only thing we can safely promise is to repent this very day. We will do so."

Christ Confessed at Last. During the religious revival in Ireland in 1853 a poor man, aged 104, walked ten miles to make a public profession of his faith at a confirmation held by the Protestant Bishop of Tuam. When questioned, he said, "I lived more than 103 years in total darkness, knowing nothing of the way to heaven; I was blind and ignorant." "And now what is your hope?" "My hope is in the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Oh! to think that I lived 103 years not caring for my soul, and that then this blessed truth should have burst upon me! How can I praise Him enough for His wondrous love?"

Man's Weakness, God's Strength. There once lived in a poor room, in a miserable part of Glasgow, an aged woman, a slave to the habit of incessant drinking. At last, by God's grace, she sought a better life; but she had a fierce struggle in the painful efforts to break off the bad habit. The terrible thirst, which none but drunkards know, again and again seized her and seemed by its force to hurry her to the whisky store. Her only refuge was to seek aid from on high. She would bury her grey hairs in the coverlet as she knelt by the bedside, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands would cry out, "Keep me, oh! keep me, my God, for I canna keep myself."

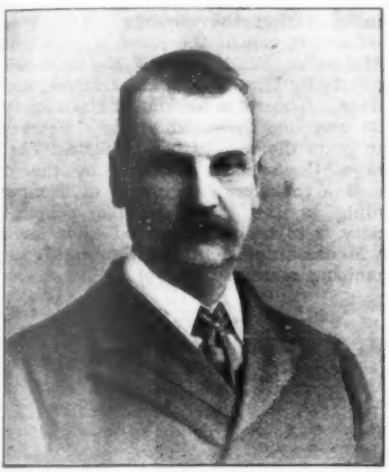
XUM

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A NOTABLE WORKER.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of progress in the Temperance movement is the attraction which it undoubtedly has for all who are concerned with the reclamation of the vicious and criminal classes. Some of the most ardent



(Photo: Army and Navy Auxiliary C.S., Limited, Westminster.)

MAJOR KNOX, GOVERNOR OF H.M. PRISON, WANDSWORTH.

Temperance enthusiasts have, like Canon Horsley and Major Knox, gained their experience from dealing at first hand with prisons and prisoners. Major Knox, for example, has been for many years the Governor of Wandsworth Prison, one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world. One would have thought that the daily routine of duty among those "who have gone wrong" would have been more than sufficient to exhaust the sympathy of the most sympathetic man, and so drive him to take his recreation in something of a decidedly different character. Not so with Major Knox. His evening hours are devoted to good works, mainly connected with the promotion of Temperance. He is the honorary treasurer of the Rochester Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, and night after night may be found addressing parochial meetings, particularly in South London, although his effective services are by no means restricted to the area south of the Thames. Major Knox's unique experience provides him with an unending store of illustrations, and as a speaker to men he has few equals. The deep spirituality of his addresses, and the pathos of his personal appeals, are irresistible. Well indeed would it be for the public advocacy of the Temperance cause if it had the support of more men of the stamp of Major Knox.

A MUCH NEGLECTED DUTY.

It is greatly to be regretted that the visitation of the homes of the people is so much neglected by Temperance workers. In the early days of the movement visitation was considered an essential part of the propaganda. If a man or a woman signed the pledge, the name and address was handed over to some member of the committee, whose duty it was to visit the home, to speak the word of encouragement to the new recruit, and thus help him to feel that sympathy and brotherly love were a part of the work of Temperance folk. One continually hears of the falling off of the attendance at Temperance meetings. Possibly a revival of house-to-house visitation would do something to stir up an interest in the movement generally.

FACTS FOR WORKING MEN.

Those who address Temperance meetings will do well to look up the economic argument. Since the death of William Hoyle one has missed the statement of the case against the liquor traffic from its financial and commerical aspect. Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., devoted his "Lees and Raper Memorial Lecture" to this subject, and his brilliant and masterly handling of a great array of figures cannot fail to compel the admiration of hard-headed business men. In these days, when the newspapers and public meetings are giving so much attention to trade matters in their financial aspect, Temperance speakers will find that working men are willing to listen to a plain statement as to the cost of the liquor traffic to the country, and to its bearing upon the financial burthens imposed upon ratepayers and taxpayers.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOLS.

The working of the new Education Act makes it necessary for Temperance people to keep a watchful eye on the doings of the new educational authorities. In the old days the National Temperance League and United Kingdom Band of Hope Union had, by much tact and wise action, obtained an entrance for qualified Temperance lecturers to visit the elementary schools at stated intervals to instruct the children in Temperance principles. In one or two instances an attempt is now being made

to curtail these facilities, and there can be no doubt that unless the action of the new authorities be kept under observation there will be a danger of losing a valuable opportunity for reaching the rising generation.

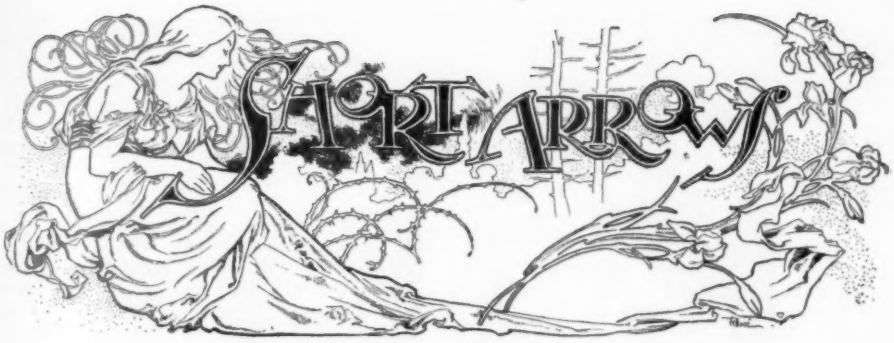
A NEW TEMPERANCE HALL.

The city of Lincoln has a Temperance society which was established so far back as 1837. A short time ago the venerable society, which has a splendid record of successful work, determined to signalise itself by the erection of a new hall. The old hall had done good service for twenty-eight years, but it was felt that a new building more in keeping with the modern requirements of the work was essential. It will be seen by our illustration that the new building is a handsome structure. The architects were Messrs. W. Mortimer and Son, and the builders Messrs. S. and R. Horton. The front is of local red brick dressings of concrete masonry. The total cost of the structure was £9,000, of which £5,000 has been raised. The large hall is an elegant apartment, with a platform to accommodate 400 persons, and an orchestra capable of seating forty performers. There is a small hall suitable for conferences and lectures, and the building is fitted with electricity throughout. The hall was opened by the Lady Cecilia Roberts, and the Lawson Institute by Mrs. W. W. Richardson. The Mayor and the City Sheriff attended, supported by many well-known ladies and gentlemen. The president of the society is Alderman Wyatt, J.P.; the treasurer, Mr. J. T. Hodgett; the hon. secretary, Mr. E. Murfin; the assistant hon. sec., Mr. W. P. Armstrong; and the organising secretary, Mr. W. Monks. The work of the society covers a varied field of effort, including Pleasant Saturday Evenings and Pleasant Sunday Afternoons. Open-air meetings are held on the Cornhill every Sunday evening during the summer. The Women's Auxiliary is one of the most helpful adjuncts of the society, and Mothers' Meetings are held regularly by Mrs. Monks, Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Makins. The total income of the society is a little over one thousand a year. For twenty-four years the society has published *The Temperance Visitor* monthly, and by this means placed a considerable amount of Temperance reading in the hands of the people. The society is to be congratulated upon having in Mr. Monks an efficient and thoroughly capable organising secretary.



(Photo: Harrison, Lincoln.)

THE TEMPERANCE HALL, LINCOLN.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

"A Flame of Fire."

READERS of Mr. Hocking's stirring story, which appeared in our pages so recently, will not be surprised to hear that the story has met with a phenomenal success on its publication in book form by Messrs. Cassell, and it has already reached its twenty-third thousand.

A Clerical Night Policeman.

FOR the last eighteen years a man wearing the uniform of an American policeman has been on duty at various posts. He has walked the streets from sunset to daylight. He has gone for days and nights with little or no rest when called to perform special duty, and has seen all the phases of human existence with which the American police officers become acquainted. This is one reason why Rev. Herbert Lowe has become so successful in the work which he has marked out for himself—that of an evangelist. Early in life he believed that his mission was to labour among the unfortunate, to relieve them not only in body, but to give them spiritual consolation. In looking about for a field the idea occurred to him that if he could be appointed to the police force of one of the larger cities he would be brought directly in contact with vice and crime, and be enabled to perform more effective service than if he were merely a city missionary or pastor of a church. In 1885 he was ordained, but by his own wish was not admitted to any particular denomination. Clergymen representing several denominations formed what was termed an Independent Council, and by their act he was given authority not only to preach the Gospel, but to perform other religious rites. Meanwhile, however, he had donned the badge of the police officer, and had received authority to act as such an official. He was assigned to a position in the worst quarters of the city of Brooklyn at his own request, in order that he might observe the life in the slums. Consequently, he obtained a fund of information, and has acquired an experience which is really invaluable in the career he has mapped out. Many times has he been called to



(Photo: Oxford and Dilthaff, Brooklyn, N.Y.)

THE REV. HERBERT LOWE.

make an arrest, but at the same time has been enabled to speak words of comfort to the drunkard or other unfortunate who was his prisoner. Night after night he has gone from cell to cell in the police station, sometimes praying with the inmates, sometimes giving them food; and more than once has appeared before police magistrates and requested that a prisoner be sent to some place where he would have an opportunity to reform, or be paroled on his promise to "go and sin no more." Truly it is an eventful life which Mr. Lowe has lived, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done a great work. Probably hundreds have been induced to lead better lives by his persuasion who otherwise would have kept on the downward path. He bids fair to



(Photo: J. W. Thomas, Colwyn Bay.)

COLOURED STUDENTS AT WORK

continue his evangelistic work for many years, as he is only forty-six years of age, and in the prime of life. In addition to his ordinary duties, Mr. Lowe has frequent calls to address missionary and other meetings, and sometimes in a single week will deliver from six to eight sermons. Many a night when he is supposed to be off duty and resting, he devotes to this labour.

Something Seasonable.

THERE are homes not a few in which the Christmas season would lose a good deal of its enjoyment if "Father Tuck's Annual" did not put in an appearance. This year the welcome book is sure to be just as great a favourite with its little patrons as any of its predecessors, for it is varied in its contents, and clever and bright in its production. The publishers of this splendid gift-book for children are Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, the well-known publishers of Christmas cards and other seasonable works, and the specimens which they send of this season's designs show that they have in no way fallen behind the high record of previous years.

Congo at Colwyn.

AT his African Institute, situated upon the wooded heights above Colwyn Bay, we had an interesting talk, one afternoon last summer, with the Rev. W. Hughes, the founder and superintendent. As we walked from department to department of the adequately, but not extravagantly, appointed house and grounds, and watched the twenty black students at their various mental and manual occupations, Mr. Hughes told us how, nearly a quarter of a century ago, he began what he hoped and believed would be his life's work, as a Baptist missionary upon the pestilential banks of the Congo. He found his life happy and successful enough, save for attack after attack of West African fever; but these, after a few years, warned him that he must certainly die if he stayed. It was in one of his fits of semi-delirium, he said—for though his temperature was once as high as 107, he never quite lost his senses—that the scheme seemed to present itself to his mind which has turned out to have been anything but mad. Convinced that only exceptional Europeans could exist long in such a climate, much less toil hard with body and brain, the surest and speediest means for the evangelisation of West Africa appeared to him to be the thorough and systematic intellectual and spiritual training of young West Africans in England. Mr. Hughes came home, found a few friends to trust him and to sympathise with his plan, and thus, from the idea originated upon a bed of fever, the Institute took its rise. Eighteen years or so ago, the founder managed to purchase in his own name a tract of ground at Colwyn Bay. This proved to be worth a thousand pounds more than he gave for it when the Institute was made an Incorporated Association in 1902, and Mr. Hughes gladly contributed the large profit for the furtherance of the enterprise so near his heart. The black students, during our peregrination, looked extremely cheerful, and were all busy in various ways. In the class-room, a party were tasting the dubious delights of Cæsar on a drowsy afternoon. In the tailor's shop a couple of youths, with their white instructor, were executing orders received. The neat printing establishment, which we also visited,

turns out really admirable work, and, judging by the number of bills, etc., in the district, beneath which we saw its name, it must get plenty of custom. There is, indeed, method in that fever dream of the devoted Baptist missionary, twenty years since, by the banks of the Congo, that Africa will eventually be evangelised by her own sons.

A Lamb in Harness.

Nita had a little lamb, deserted by its mother. Whether, like Mary's lamb of nursery fame, its fleece was white as snow, remains unrecorded. Probably not, seeing that it belonged, and still belongs, to the noble army of toilers, and has experienced more of the life of town. Like many another poor innocent, the lamb obtained compensation for the misfortunes of infancy. Its unworthy mother's master gave it to his little girl, Nita, and her little sister. The affection between the lamb and its foster parents drew many a laugh and many a good-natured contribution. A few days after the trio visited a flower show at Coleshill. This charming old-world town, which smiles from its hill-top on surrounding green pastures, smiled also on them. After this expedition, Nita and her lamb in harness drew up at Maxstoke Vicarage to deliver up the spoils. The collecting boxes contained £2 13s. 1½d.

Some New Books.

In a handy form, and printed on thin, but strong paper, Messrs. Cassell are now publishing a pocket edition of Bishop Ellicott's Commentaries, and several volumes have already been issued. The price is so moderate that it ought to bring this useful Commentary within the reach of every Bible student. "The Intriguer's Way" (Religious Tract Society) is a stirring story by Mr. J. Bloundelle-Burton of the days of the Pretender and the first of



GIRL WITH PET LAMB

grew with their growth. The children educated their pet and taught it to draw a light cart. In the hay-time it carried its own small load to the rick, to the great amusement of the men. But ambition to still higher service possessed the little girls. Their father took them to Coventry. The lamb followed them, drawing its carriage, in which their doll presided over some papers and collecting boxes for waifs and strays. The spectacle of a little girl leading this small equipage round the Market Hall the Georges. The scene is laid principally in and near Paris, but hero and heroine are both English, and suffer for the honest Jacobite faith of the former. The period is a picturesque one, and our author has well contrived the escapes of his hero and heroine from the toils of the intriguer, who is fitly punished in the end. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us a copy of Mrs. L. T. Meade's pretty story, "That Brilliant Peggy," which needs no recommendation to readers of The

QUIVER, who have known Mrs. Meade's work for so many years. From the same publishers we have received Miss Amy Le Feuvre's shorter and less ambitious story, "Two Tramps," which will doubtless be acceptable in its present form to those who made its acquaintance as a serial story. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton also send us a new edition of "Our Bluejackets," a record of Miss Weston's life and work among sailors, by Sophie G. Wintz. Messrs. Longman send us a gift book, which would be very acceptable to any boy, in "The Sea Shore," by Mr. Furneaux, which is freely illustrated, largely in colour. From the same publishers, too, comes "In Search of Home," a story with a good deal of point, by Phyllis O. Dent. "Tychiades," which is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is called upon the title-page "A Tale of the Ptolemies," and is put before us as a translation from a story written in the third century before the Christian era and translated by Mr. Alfred Dickeson. The period is not one which is altogether familiar to story readers, but may prove none the less interesting on that account. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster send us a commentary on portions of Bunyan's immortal allegory, from the pen of the late C. H. Spurgeon, and entitled "Pictures from 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" We have also to acknowledge from the same publishers C. H. Spurgeon's "Faith: What it is, and What it Leads To"; and we have also received "Drawing," by Robert R. Howie (Hodder and Stoughton); "The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice," by William Goode, D.D., F.S.A. (Nisbet); "Methods of Bible Study," by W. H. Griffith Thomas, and "A Vagrant's Revenge," by Constancia Serjeant (Marshall Brothers); "Home Nursing," by Bernard Myers (Baillière, Tindall and Cox); "The Conquests of the Bible" (British and Foreign Bible Society); "Sunday" and "Short Prayers," by Lucy H. M. Soulsby (Longmans); "Preaching and Healing," and "Strange Faces from Many Places" (Church Missionary Society); "Christ's Strait and Narrow Way," by Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. (China Inland Mission).

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from September 25th, 1903, up to and including October 29th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; Mrs. L., Brighton, 5s.; M. A. L., Hounslow, 5s.; "A Constant Reader" (J. C.), 2s. 6d.; E. Parsons, 2s.; E. M. H., 1s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £1, 2s. 6d., 5s.; "Yeovil," 10s. The following amounts have been sent direct:—A. S. D., 10s.; M. O. B., 10s.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

13. By what other name is Bethlehem in Judah known?

14. Why was Herod the king so troubled when the wise men asked him, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

15. What is meant by the words, "Art not the least among the princes of Judah"?

16. In what words does the Psalmist set forth the pity of God for sinful man?

17. Why is it that God has such compassion for sinful man?

18. What simile does the Psalmist use to express the fulness of God's mercy to mankind?

19. What words give us the picture of the perfectness of the child Jesus?

20. What proof is given us of the wisdom of Jesus in His boyhood?

21. In what does our Lord set forth an example to all young men?

22. Why was John, the son of Zacharias, called "the Baptist"?

23. What was the message which John the Baptist was commissioned to deliver to the Jews?

24. What would the Jews understand by the words, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 96.

1. Psalm xxiii. 1, 2.

2. Psalm xxiii. 4.

3. To the custom of pouring perfumed oil upon the head of distinguished guests at a feast. (Psalm xxiii. 5; St. Luke vii. 46.)

4. Prov. xxiii. 21, 32.

5. When in his old age David desired to inform his people of the duty of building the Temple and presented Solomon to them as their future king. (1 Chron. xxviii. 1–5.)

6. The plans, elevations, etc., of the Temple, and the design for the mercy seat, which God had by inspiration given to David. (1 Chron. xxviii. 11, 12, 19.)

7. To Gibeon, where the Tabernacle was, and where he offered up sacrifices to God as a public thanksgiving at the commencement of his reign. (1 Kings iii. 4; 2 Chron. i. 1–6.)

8. 1 Kings iii. 9.

9. It is stated he was wiser than the four most noted wise men of that period: Ethan, Heman, Chalcol, and Darda. (1 Kings iv. 31–34.)

10. King Solomon and the elders of the people brought up the ark of the Lord to the Temple, containing the two tables of stone which Moses had placed there. (1 Kings viii. 2–4, 9.)

11. 1 Kings viii. 10, 11.

12. The praying with their faces towards Jerusalem when in the land of their captivity. (1 Kings viii. 47, 48; Dan. vi. 10.)

XUM

The Hill of Difficulty



A CHRISTMAS NOVEL.

By C. E. C. Weigall, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers."

I.

"Life is probation, and this Earth no goal;
But starting point of man."

"'UP the hill of difficulty many people climb with tired feet and lagging steps, but few people ever survive to see the sun rise from the topmost peak.' What does that mean, Miss Vernon?"

Molly Darrel was sitting in the schoolroom at Westhayes, with her chin propped upon her two hands, her face bent seriously over the old brown leather volume that she had unearthed from the shelf by the door that was seldom disturbed by inquiring hands.

"What have you got hold of, Molly?"

Averil Vernon was correcting a French exercise in the window by the failing October light, and when she lifted her head the shadow on her face made it difficult to distinguish the outline of her features; but Molly knew that she was beautiful, and that now, with this thrilling fire of enthusiasm in her voice, her cheeks had taken on the flush of delicate colour that was all they needed to make her loveliness decisive.

"This book? I only found it yesterday, and it is hard to read sometimes."

Averil laid down her copy-book, and came round to her pupil with a puzzled face. Molly was only nine years old; but sometimes her inordinate love of reading led her to trespass into undesirable channels for information, and her governess had been already blamed once or twice for that reason. She smoothed back the yellow tangle of hair that fell over the book, and was relieved to read the name: "Crumbs of Comfort for Weary Wayfarers," with a date on the title-page that carried one back to the seventeenth century. It was extraordinary literature to find in the house of Sir Alwyn and Lady Darrel; but Averil tried to account for it by remembering that some of the family ancestors had suffered for their faith in old Covenanting days, before the name of MacDrail was dropped and the family came into favour with the last of the Stuart kings.

"What a quaint old book, Molly," she said, turning over the battered leaves reverently. "I like your verse. It would be a help, I think; for everyone has a hill of difficulty in their life, haven't they, darling?"

She had forgotten that Molly was a little child in years, as she was often tempted to do,

and she began to talk as her pupil loved her to talk.

"You and I, Molly, have our hills. I am sure I don't know about yours; but I know what mine is—a step to climb every day, and so often a step backwards instead of forwards, and the sunrise from the topmost peak seems so very far away."

Her voice broke with the yearning pain of it all, as she remembered her life, and Molly's soft arms went round her like a flash.

"Oh, my darling Miss Vernon, if I had my way, you would be happy always. You would never know what it is to be sorry or sad; but when you say you don't know what my hill is you have forgotten my back."

And for the moment, indeed, Averil had forgotten that this only daughter of rich parents was not straight and lissom of limb like other girls of her age, but that there was within her a germ of disease that not even the best doctors in London could defy.

"My darling," she said tenderly, "I had forgotten it; but sometimes it seems to me that it is not a hill of difficulty at all, for it helps you to be very full of sympathy for other people who are not strong. So, you see, Molly, your hill is turned into a winding path all glittering with diamonds, and your steps are guided up the track so easily that you seem to float in the air."

Molly listened breathlessly.

"But do I help other people with their steps, Miss Vernon?"

Averil nodded.

"I expect we shall find a verse for you, Molly, on another page of the book, and the one about the hill of difficulty is meant for me."

Molly turned eagerly to her volume, and Averil glanced down each musty page, as anxious as the child to make the discovery. She was not long in finding the sentence she needed, for it leaped to meet her eye on the second page:—

"There are some who in this world seem sent to be the salt of it; for they help the weary with courage, and with them the sad never look down into hell, but straight up to heaven, for, in truth, these folk are pillars of strength."

Molly was so delighted with her verse that she was determined to find others for the rest of her family, and the clock struck five before Averil was aware how swiftly time was passing.

"I must go at once, dear," she said. "Miss Smith will be waiting for me."

Outside, the gathering darkness lay like a shroud upon Westhayes park and pleasure gardens; and inside the pleasant oak-panelled schoolroom, with its oriel window and its well-chosen landscape paintings on the wall, the lamplight made a cosy, homelike room, with the leaping wood fire on the great open hearth. Tea had just been brought in, with the variety of dainty cakes that always supplemented the meal at Westhayes; and for a moment Averil thought it would be far pleasanter to spend the evening with Molly than to toil up the village street to the unattractive home of Miss Smith, whom she helped twice a week in writing her letters and doing her sewing. Molly looked up at her quaintly.

"I know, Miss Vernon," she said, shaking her yellow curls, "that verse was meant for you. Miss Smith is one of the sad ones, who have to be taught to look up into heaven; but I wish she was not so ugly."

Averil laughed, for to Molly's supersensitive nature ugliness was so repulsive that it was like physical suffering to endure. She was so daintily pretty herself, with her slight figure and her wealth of pale yellow curls, that hung far upon her shoulders, disguising a slight suggestion of crookedness, that Averil often paused to look at her with pleasure. Her mother kept her daintily dressed in muslin and lace, but no one save Averil in that busy household had time to notice the unchildlike pathos of her thin face and wistful blue eyes.

"I will help you to tie up your books," she said; "you must not keep Miss Smith waiting, and perhaps they will let me have Nigel for tea to-night here."

There was a quick step in the passage outside and a rustle of silk skirts, as the door opened hastily behind them and Lady Darrel came in. Her eyes glanced from one to the other, and from the book on the table to the lessons pushed aside.

"At this rate, my good child, you will never set the Thames on fire," she said, in her clear, scornful tones. "Your uncle said the other day you knew less of English grammar than any child he had ever met, and I should think that even Miss Vernon would agree with me that you are an indifferent pupil."

Lady Darrel was annoyed with her world just then, and found it agreeable to vent her displeasure on someone. She was a beautiful woman, whose one passionate annoyance with

life was that she should ever grow old, and she had fancied that she had seen a wrinkle that morning. Her pale, gold hair, crisped and curled fashionably at the back of her head, was like Molly's. Not so her magnificent figure, straight and well-developed in every curve and line; and she, alas! had small sympathy with the child who would never grow up to be a beauty. Her face, brilliant in colouring, her small scornful mouth like a thin ribbon of scarlet, her eyes frosty blue as a Dresden vase, made up one of the handsomest women in the county, and it was for her looks that Sir Alwyn had married her. She was dressed in a marvellous confection that held the scale between a tea gown and a Grecian dress, and seemed to be a glittering sheath of ivory *crêpe*, that wrapped her from head to foot, and was touched here and there by vivid blue. Everyone had told her that she was most fortunate to have secured Averil Vernon as daily governess for Molly; but she felt bitterly annoyed with her now, for it seemed to Lady Darrel, who was leaving the sunny side of five-and-thirty behind her, that Averil had never looked so beautiful as she did at that moment, in all the freshness of her one-and-twenty years of life. Tall and slender, in her shabby blue serge gown, she stood there, with Molly's arm about her waist, her deep violet eyes under their black lashes full of light, the warm ivory of her oval cheek setting off the crimson of her tender mouth. Her hair was the rich, ruddy brown that looks as though the sun had kissed it to auburn, and had left threads of glittering gold in every tress. She was always timid before Lady Darrel, and liked Westhayes much better when Molly was alone and her mother queening it in London or on the Riviera, but she met the light scorn of her glance steadily now.

"I think that you will be pleased to hear that Molly has done a very good afternoon's work," she said, with a faint tremor in her voice that she strove to disguise. "Show your mother your French exercise, darling."

Something in the tone, something, too, in the attitude of the little girl clinging to her, roused a deeper sense of antagonism in Lady Darrel, whose quarrel with life seemed to be more pronounced that afternoon, since Royalty had just declined to visit Westhayes that autumn. Perhaps there may have been, too, some touch of regret in her for what she had missed in Molly's love.

"Do not stand crooked, Molly," she said, with shrill insistence. "Good gracious! was ever a woman afflicted as I am in my daughter?"

It was done now; the irritable temper had had its way, and even Lady Darrel would have given a great deal to have those words unsaid.

Averil's lips hardened a little as she bent down to kiss the silent child.

"Molly, my sweet, run and ask nurse if you may have Nigel to tea down here, for I must go."

The door shut after the pathetic little figure, and Lady Darrel sank into a chair and bewailed her fate with tears of pettish annoyance, while Averil stood like a stone to listen to her, as she had so often done before.

"Everything is wrong, Miss Vernon. It is a disgusting life—not worth living, I think. I quite expected the Princess would come, or at least let the Prince come alone, and Major Horton has just wired to say he is detained, and the whole of the table for to-night is thrown out. I suppose I shall have to get in the curate or the postman, or someone impossible of that sort; and Célise has made a fatal misfit with my apricot satin, and the trimming is loathsome; and Molly seems to get worse instead of better—there is never a Darrel or a Vavasour that is not straight-backed and handsome."

And all the time Averil in her heart was crying out passionately: "How could you, how could you? You are not fit to be a mother!"

"I know you are vexed with me. People constantly are; they cannot understand my sensitive organisation. Little things annoy me much more than they do other people," said Lady Darrel apologetically; "and you may imagine what it is to me to contemplate Molly's future—I who was the toast of half London at seventeen."

"Molly will live her own life, and be happy with her quiet thoughts," said the girl gravely, "if she ever lives to grow up."

"Oh, she will live," said Lady Darrel lightly. "Sir Edmond Veitel said she was perfectly strong."

Death was another subject forbidden in Lady Darrel's code of life, and her serenity was ruffled for the moment.

"You are not really going, Miss Vernon?" she continued, trying to repair the ravages that annoyance had wrought in her complexion by the aid of the small mirror over the

chimney piece. "I want you for half a dozen things, and really am beginning to think that you are like Shylock in demanding your pound of flesh. I want you to help Collins with the flowers, and to give a glance at my gown."

"I am so sorry," said Averil steadily; "but I must go to Miss Smith to-night, and I am late already."

"I cannot imagine what makes you take such an interest in that eccentric creature," cried Lady Darrel. "She is as poor as a church mouse and as ugly as sin; so you can have no expectations from her, and she certainly pays you nothing."

"I hope that I help her to find life less intolerable," said Averil quietly. "It is very hard for a woman to be both poor and friendless."

Lady Darrel stared at her coldly.

"Extraordinary taste on your part. Why, you and your mother and sister only came to the village five years ago, so you have not even the excuse of old friendship."

"Does charity want any excuse?" cried Averil, goaded to speech at last. "Charity suffers long, and is kind."

"And you suffer me and are kind to Miss Smith," cried Lady Darrel, with light contempt. "We ought both to feel honoured."

"Sometimes, Lady Darrel," said Averil tremulously, "you make my life very difficult."

Lady Darrel looked at her child's governess with the same astonished expression that she might have assumed had an inferior animal attempted to expostulate with her, but at that moment, fortunately perhaps for Averil, the door opened to admit Molly, leading her little brother by the hand. With the delightful insouciance of childhood she had forgotten her mother's words, and was absorbed in her interest at the idea of having tea alone with Nigel, without the intervention of nurse or grown-up of any description.

At the sight of her son Lady Darrel's contemptuous face underwent a swift change; for Nigel was, perhaps, the only thing in the world whom Lady Darrel loved with a passionate devotion that rose above a selfish thought. He had been born four years before, to the inexpressible delight of both his father and mother; for the idea that there might be no heir to the old title except their nephew, Captain Hugh Darrel, was one of the most bitter burdens for husband and wife to endure. But when Nigel came, strong and beautiful, the heart of his mother went out to him, and it was a well-known truth in the household that Master Nigel could do no wrong. He was like a sunbeam now when he came in, with his fair, close-cropped head and his sturdy little figure in the sailor suit. His round, rosy face and eyes as blue as a scrap of the Mediterranean with the sun upon it, turned straight to Averil, and in another moment he had precipitated himself upon her with a cry.

"Darling Vernie," he said, "how nice of you to stop and have tea with us! And I've been such a good boy, and am learning my A B C; and I'll soon be able to come and have lessons with Molly, shan't I, nice Vernie?"

Averil caught the look on Lady Darrel's face, which was not a pleasant one to see, and disengaged herself hastily from his clinging arms.

"Of course you shall, Nigel; but there is mother—you should have spoken to her first."

"You have everything," said Lady Darrel slowly, in a voice that was hardly her own. "You have youth, and you have the love of my children"; and before Averil could answer she had swept out of the room, and Miss Vernon heard the door of communication shut sharply behind her.

"Is mother cross?" said Nigel; but Molly answered him with the keenness of perception that was the unchildlike part of her.

"Oh, no, Nigel—only what nurse calls nervous. Sometimes things go wrong, and it makes her feel queer about everything; and, besides, you ought to have kissed her first."

"But I didn't want to," said Nigel sturdily, "and I always does what I wants."

And, hastily bidding the children good-night, Averil hurried away, with her heart full to overflowing.

Westhayes was full of guests for the pheasant shooting; and when Averil skirted the front by the side door and came out into the coach road, to her annoyance she found that she was face to face with one of the young men to whom she had been introduced a few days earlier, when she had come in after dinner one evening to play accompaniments. Sir Philip Lascelles had annoyed her then with his outspoken admiration of her talents, and he had managed through a long conversation with her, from which there had been no escape, to insinuate that he thought her very beautiful indeed, and quite wasted as a governess at



"'You have the love of my children.'"

Westhayes. He was a good-looking man of about five-and-thirty, with a first-rate tailor and valet to enhance his appearance; and as he lounged to meet her, flinging away his cigar as he did so, Averil felt the blood flame to her face with the angry conviction that he had been waiting for her.

It was a clear, crisp evening, and Westhayes, on its hill overlooking the wooded valley of its park lands, glittered with light; but outside, where the air was fragrant with the clean scent of fir cones and hardy chrysanthemums, it did not seem dark, though the hollows under the trees were growing mysterious. In the pale opal of the frosty sky the crescent moon rocked like a silver boat to her setting, and the disconsolate murmur of the rooks overhead made the air restless. The clear call of the river came up to her as her feet faltered on the road, and gave her courage.

"Why, what an age you have been coming out to-night, Miss Vernon. Was your pupil very troublesome? Really, it seems quite too ridiculous that a girl with a face like yours should be cramming ignorant children with morsels of knowledge like a hen wife."

Averil set her teeth and ignored the hand held out to her. She hated the satisfied drawl of the society man, who, seeing that she was a governess, considered her fair game, but not at all as an equal.

"Good-evening, Sir Philip Lascelles," she said icily. "I am, perhaps, later than usual in leaving Westhayes, but Lady Darrel detained me."

He was blocking her path—she hoped unconsciously, but she could see the mocking smile upon his lips.

"Lady Darrel and you—night and morning, I should say—with Molly as a make-weight."

"Let me pass, please. I am in a hurry."

"What, more work to do? More pennies to be earned? Why, I call that black slavery, Miss Vernon. At least, let me see you safely home."

Averil turned upon him, her lovely face flushed with anger.

"I will not have you for a companion, Sir Philip Lascelles. This is the second time you have insulted me in addressing me as though I were not your equal by birth. Let me pass, sir, at once, and I wish you to know that I am the daughter of Anthony Vernon of Kilraith."

Her anger had driven her to speech; but she regretted the words before they were out of her mouth, for it was the turn of Lascelles to fall back in undisguised surprise.

"Of Anthony Vernon of Kilraith? By Jove! I had no idea. Why, times out of mind I have ridden behind him to hounds."

"And you insult his daughter!"

Averil could say no more, for her sobs were choking her, and she would not for the world have allowed him to see her cry; but she pushed by him with a haughty inclination of her head, and hurried up the avenue out of sight.

Sir Philip Lascelles stood and looked after her with a frown, for he felt that he had not come well out of the encounter with the daughter of his old acquaintance.

"Vernon of Kilraith? He went bankrupt, and died. And there was something queer about young Vernon, I think. I dimly remember some story, but I must rack my brains for the truth of it. That's a beautiful girl, but a proud one, like all the Vernons. I should like to be even with her, and perhaps I shall be some day."

With which uncharitable reflection Lascelles strolled back into the house, and strove to forget, in the charm of Lady Darrel's society, that her governess had shown him that he lacked the essential breeding of a gentleman.

II.

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, Whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

THE village of Wyndquest was set high upon the cliff side of the Loamshire Downs, overlooking the English Channel. Far and wide the level breast of the sea rocked a clear grey between the far-reaching cliffs that sheltered it on either side, until it became a land-locked bay where the great ships of the English Navy rode at anchor. The loneliness of the upland country was broken by woods and steep hills, heather-clad in summer, that rambled on to the confines of the New Forest and lost themselves in the maze of straight fir and slim beech that is the germ of the royal wood. Below on the shore, many miles away, lay the watering place of Monks Regis, which Lady Darrel

seldom visited save to turn up her nose at the indifferent shops, and at the poverty of the inhabitants, who were principally composed of officers of the Army and Navy living on retired pay. Wyndquest had its own small single line to keep it in touch with the world, and its tiny, small station, where everything hinged on the wishes of Sir Alwyn at the great house, and where the smart London guests who alighted for their shooting visits were the objects of open-mouthed interest.

For four months in the year Lady Darrel kept the ball rolling at Westhayes with dances and dinners and revels, the echo of which floated down to the little village on the quiet air; and then, like a bird of brilliant plumage, she flitted off again on her round of pleasure-seeking, very often leaving behind her Sir Alwyn, a lonely man in a lonely house, who, as she constantly vowed, had no soul above his turnips and stubble fields.

Averil was thinking of that ill-assorted couple as she hurried up the village street that night. Sir Alwyn Darrel was a man of great wealth, but of unobtrusive habits and simple tastes; and he had married his wife with more reckless haste than he had ever been known to apply to any other undertaking in life. She had known how to play her fish and how to land him. She was a penniless beauty, and she thought herself in love with domesticity after racketing through five London seasons; and she told herself even now, after eleven years of married life, that Sir Alwyn made a most admirable husband.

Averil reached her goal at last, and stood for a moment to regain her composure at the wicket gate. Miss Smith's house was set back from the village, and far enough from the cottages on either side to be absolutely private, though it was little more imposing than a cottage itself. She had come to Wyndquest quietly some years before, and the people there had accepted her as quietly. She was the daughter of a doctor, long dead they fancied, and must of necessity be ill-endowed with this world's goods. She lived very poorly, and few people save Averil were on terms of intimacy with her. The girl had come across her one day shortly after their arrival at Wyndquest. Miss Smith had been blackberrying on the Downs, and had fallen and broken her ankle; and Averil had rescued her from the side of the road, where she lay helpless, and had taken her home, and looked after her until she was strong again. Thus their friendship had been cemented, and it had increased until Averil felt warm affection for the lonely woman, whose heart, for want of keeping warm, had withered almost away.

Averil looked now out across the stretch of sea, seen dimly through the haze of trees. The ridge of bare cliff land on the opposite side of the bay, where the convict prison stood, glittered with light from its frowning cliff-brow and grey fortifications to the foot of the precipitous slope where the little railway ran. Black against the clear opal of the sky it stood, a grim abode of fettered crime; and Averil, seeing it, drew a quick breath of pain, for Hartborough Prison meant more to her than it might have done to a mere stranger looking across the bay with faint interest and fainter compassion.

"Poor Gerald!" she said to herself.

And even as the name crossed her mind Rosanna Smith opened the front door, and stood there, peering into the twilight, with a lamp above her head.

"I thought I heard you, Averil," she said. "I believe Marco would know your hand on the latch and your step a mile off."

Miss Smith would never see sixty again; but her withered face and bony figure, in its shabby black bombazine gown, might have belonged to a woman much older, and there was nothing young about her but her eyes, and they were homes of indomitable energy. She wore a black lace cap tied under her chin with lavender ribbons, and her collar of old Duchesse point was pinned with a brooch of brilliants in the form of a cross. She wore a mourning ring on her thin, claw-like left hand, and under her arm was tucked a round bundle of fur that resolved itself into Marco, the black toy Pomeranian, without whom she never moved very far, and who was agitating himself frantically to lick Averil's face in a warm welcome.

"What's the matter, child? You have been crying," said Rosanna Smith, in her harsh, dry tones as she drew the girl inside the sitting-room door and took off her coat. "People would not have so many troubles in their life if they took things philosophically, as I do. Happy are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

"I call your philosophy unchristian," said Averil wearily. "If I took my troubles stoically, like that, I should not expect to find any blessing upon my life; and, after all, Miss Smith,

if everything was happiness on earth, I think we should never want to struggle up the hill of difficulty to heaven."

Rosanna Smith sniffed in silence, and poked the fire noisily till it threw a glow of warmth upon the walls, distempered in red brick, and upon the few choice engravings hanging upon them and the rare service of Crown Derby that flanked the black oak dresser. Then she said savagely:

"I suppose it is Lady Darrel again. I have no patience with the woman Jealousy of your youth and looks is at the bottom of her hastiness. She does not remember me, but I have seen her often enough years ago, when she was Angela Temple—Angela Temper she should have been called. If I were you, Averil, I'd blazon those words of Browning that you are so mighty fond of, and send them to her as a Christmas present."

"Grow old along with me: the best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand, Who saith: 'A whole I planned.'
Youth shows but half: trust God: see all, nor be afraid,"

quoted Averil reverently, as her friend paused. "I am afraid that Lady Darrel would not appreciate them; but I know you do, though you will not confess it."

Rosanna Smith shook her head vigorously. "You are the only person whose religion has been practical, and not half lip service, who has been brought much into contact with me, Averil, and you must not mind if I sometimes forget myself and sneer. Sometimes I believe I am growing religious myself. I feel different somehow from what I did when you came into my life—not so hard and vengeful—and if you ever failed me I should go to pieces utterly, I believe, for my faith begins and ends with you. Some day I will tell you my story, and then you will believe that I have not had an easy time of it."

"I know," said Averil gently, for the old, harsh look was changing the softening lines of the thin face into sourness, and she hastened to turn Rosanna Smith's thoughts into a channel far removed from her own wrongs.

"First it was Lady Darrel," she said mournfully. "She doesn't like me, and I am always afraid that she will send me away from the children."

"Not she," interrupted Miss Smith. "She can't get another girl like you for thirty pounds a year, and she knows it. You do a deal of her dirty work, and a precious sight more than you need. If I know anything of the world, Sir Alwyn will find himself in Queer Street some of these days, with a wife whose back cannot be covered under fifty guineas for a simple morning frock. I knew her sort well in old days, and when she finds a wrinkle, or fancies a thread of grey, she will take her a smarter gown or buy a new necklace—for all the world like a monkey at a fair."

Averil laid her soft hand upon the hard lips, for Lady Darrel's iniquities were a constant source of irritation to Miss Smith.

"Hush, hush!" she said playfully. "I have more to tell you, dear. I did not cry because of Lady Darrel; but when I was coming home one of her guests staying in the house was insolent to me—Sir Philip Lascelles—and I flashed out at him all in a moment: How dare he speak to me as if I were a housemaid, when I was a Vernon of Kilraith? And he said he had often followed my dear father to hounds. And it was so wrong of me to mention his name, for Sir Philip was angry with me, and there was something in his eyes that told me, if he guessed about Gerald, he would not spare me to Lady Darrel."

"H'm!" said Rosanna Smith meditatively. "If there is a fault about you, Averil, it is that you are too impetuous. What call was there for you to be out with Kilraith all in a minute, like the Dart in flood? Sir Philip Lascelles—I remember his grandfather; and they've a name in the Devon County for vengefulness. 'A Lascelles never forgets,' they say, 'and when Dart gives up her dead one may forgive.' But when you told me all your story that night last year, Averil, I blamed your mother for her secrecy then, you may remember. It's ill washing your dirty linen in public; but it's worse not washing it at all, and though your father died in his bed of a stroke, there were plenty to say it was by his own hand, and a whole county to point at your brother, though you've put far enough between Northumberland and Loamshire."

"My mother forbade me to speak. She said, after the crash came and we were bankrupt, that we could begin life again upon better terms as insignificant Vernons, for happy is the man who has no history."

"Your mother is a fool, and always will be one," snapped Miss Smith decisively, and sat thinking. "What are you going to do if Lady Darrel dismisses you?" she said at last.

"I am not going to meet trouble half way," said Averil stoutly. "Where are your letters,

Miss Smith, and that fine damask I was darning last week?"

Rosanna Smith paced the floor while Averil wrote—up and down the poorly-lighted room, her gaunt figure casting a distorted outline upon the walls, and Marco slumbered fitfully on the sofa, chasing rabbits in his sleep with a sharp yap now and again. The girl wrote on patiently with tired fingers, listening to the strident, dictating voice that wished such sharp things to be said to the unknown correspondents. Averil never saw the letters that she had to answer, nor the addresses to which she was writing; but she had small curiosity on the subject, and, indeed, she had grown to imagine that most of the correspondents existed only in Miss Smith's vivid imagination, for she had heard that the postman only called there once a week, and then with only a bulky packet that was directed in a clerky hand.

"Dear Sir," dictated the monotonous voice, "when you apply to me for money, you apply to a sponge already squeezed dry. My estimate of human nature has never been a high one, and it has proved correct where my own case is concerned. While a woman has money she may be as ugly as sin or as sharp-tongued as a guinea-fowl in a hen roost, and it is only counted with her for righteousness. I am only a poor old woman whose investment has failed, and whose draft on the bank of life has been overdrawn, and therefore you and I have no longer anything in common."

"What an odd thing it seems that people should still bother you for money," said Averil, when she had completed her last answer to the present series of begging letters.

Miss Smith cast one keen glance at her, laden with suspicion; but Averil's lovely face, bent low over the paper, the lamplight touching her crown of glittering hair, was disarming.

"There are lots of queer things in this world, child. Once I had money—lots of it—but, thank God, I learned in time that the man whom I adored only loved me for my money. I lost it all, and him too, and sometimes I think that a bit of my mental balance went overboard at the same time. Anyhow, I ceased to believe in anyone till—well, till I met you, Averil Vernon, as poor as myself and ten times as charitable."

It had sometimes crossed Averil's mind that Miss Smith was inclined to be miserly over her income, and that she might have afforded to keep more than the one gaping country girl who did the housework, and to have been less penuriously inclined over the scones and the butter; but Miss Smith should certainly know her own affairs better than anyone else, and Averil knew to her cost what a little way £150 a year could go towards meeting any expenses beyond the barest necessaries. Something of her doubt was perhaps written on her face; for Rosanna Smith, scanning her narrowly, broke in on her thoughts.

"I lost it all," she said slowly, "and I am worth as little now as when I came into the world. And now I can hear Georgina with the tea things, and I ordered girdle cakes."

The small country maid, in her black skirt and white blouse and the neat holland apron, brought in the tea-tray and set it down before her mistress. The firelight danced on the exquisite Jacobean urn and the round tray that had been wrought when Queen Anne sat in the sun. Averil did not know the value of the twisted gold spoons with the jewelled handles, or the cups of delicate faïence that no one but Miss Smith was ever allowed to wash. She had never given more than a passing thought of admiration to the miniatures on the red velvet shield upon the wall or the inlaid bureau that was full of Dresden patch boxes and Battersea enamel snuff-boxes set in diamonds. Miss Smith had hinted at the fact that her grandfather had squandered his substance in collecting this old trash, that would not fetch sixpence at a jumble sale; and if Averil thought once or twice that a little enamel box or a string of seed pearls would have made a nice Christmas present, she never allowed the thought to form on her lips, for she would never have it said that she helped Miss Smith for what she could get out of her. The drawers in the bureau and in the great Chinese lacquer press in the wall were all locked, and the girl had never seen them opened; but she thought such care an excellent thing in this lonely household.

She nibbled at the crisp delicious cakes, and drank her tea with the drop of cream in it that was her own special treat on the days that she worked for Miss Smith; and when she had finished she went into the kitchen to Georgina and showed her how to cook a sweetbread for her mistress's supper, and hoped she was a good girl and doing her duty and not forgetting her Sunday-school lessons. Then she came back to the parlour, and put on her coat.

"Miss Smith," she said suddenly; "how curious that I have never noticed that

miniature before. Why, there is one like it at Westhayes."

It was the centre medallion on the shield—the miniature of a beautiful woman with a coronet on her head, dressed in the French fashion of a century ago, and under it was engraved, "Madame la Duchesse de Saint Martelle."

"Well, and why on earth should there not be?" cried Rosanna Smith, with her mouth set like a steel trap. "I suppose other people besides my grandfather were collectors, and because you see a peacock's feather in a hen roost it does not follow that it must belong to the barn-door fowl."

Averil had received a snub once before when she had ventured to make some remark as to Miss Smith's family, who must, according to the miniatures on the wall, have been remarkably beautiful, and she was sorry that she had annoyed her old friend again. She kissed her good-night, and Rosanna lighted her down the garden path again, between the rows of dahlias and hollyhocks, standing like a gaunt spectre with the young moon above her.

"Averil," she called after her suddenly, "there is trouble not far from you, I'll warrant, for I saw it in your face to-night. If it comes, ask me to help you, my dear, for maybe I can."

"I will ask you, certainly," cried Averil cheerily, and, gathering her skirt about her, she ran up the road to her mother's straight-fronted, red-brick house, that was so roomy and old-fashioned and bowered in creepers that it looked worth treble the yearly rent they paid for it.

Her sister heard her feet upon the paved path, and opened the door to her.

"What a long time you have been, Ril. Mother has been so poorly, and I could do nothing with her, and she will call for Gerald."

"I will go to her, Louise, at once. I am sorry, but there was so much to do."

Louise Vernon was her mother's favourite—a dark, gipsy-looking girl of nineteen, with a full, mutinous mouth and handsome eyes and a distinct disinclination to do anything but take life easily; and she followed her sister very slowly into the house again.

The old furniture that filled the house had all been bought at second-hand shops in Wyndquest, and had at least the merit of being solid and good; but it was of a depressing Victorian era, and Mrs. Vernon, who was among the tearful spirits of this world, had never felt herself equal to beautifying the house, or considered it worth while to make it attractive. Indeed, any attempt in that direction, dictated by Averil's energy, was considered a direct slight upon her father's memory.

Since the Vernons had come there from their lovely Northumberland home, broken by disgrace and sorrow, Mrs. Vernon had given up the struggle to turn her griefs to the light and see if they held a silver lining. She had always gone through life wearily, even when she had lived in a castle, and her present circumstances were not qualified to change her manner of regarding life at all. Fate was her natural enemy, and it was absolutely certain that all things conspired against her for evil. She was sitting over the fire when Averil entered, her face swollen with weeping, her cap crooked, and her shabby black gown spotted and untidy; but the girl's heart went out to her in profound pity, and she knelt down at her mother's side and drew the aching head on her shoulder.

"What is it, mammy darling?" she said, giving the tender nursery name with a loving intonation. "Has anything happened while I have been gone?"

"I can't bear it, Averil. Oh, I can't bear it. I must see my boy, my boy Gerald again, or I shall die. What was the use of coming to live so near Hartborough if we have never been to see him?"

"But we are not allowed to visit him," said Averil gently.

"But people can see them working in the quarries. I could see him, if it was only for a few moments. I must see him, Averil, or I shall die," cried Mrs. Vernon wildly. "You do not know what it is to have a child—and he was such a darling, with his winning ways and his lovely head of curls—and then not to see him for five years."

"Mother, he had only seven years' sentence. He will soon be out now. Have patience, my poor darling."

"I have had it for five years. I am tired of patience. I must see my boy. He may have forged his employer's name, Averil; but I know he never injured the man who came to arrest him. He was so gentle, was Gerald—so tender and loving; and if your father had not invested all his money in Carson's Building Society, he would never have had to leave Christ Church and work in a horrible

office, where, of course, he felt the want of money. I must see Gerald again, or I shall die, Averil."

And Mrs. Vernon, whose heart was weak, broke into a paroxysm of hysterical crying that terrified Averil into a reluctant consent to the expedition.

She came out of her mother's room later, and faced Louise in the dining-room, sitting gloomily over the fire with a novel.

"Well," she said laconically, "what have you done with her?"

"She has made me promise to take her to Hartborough, Louise. She is wild to see poor Gerald."

Louise flung the book away from her impatiently.

"Poor Gerald, indeed! I have no patience with him. How dare he injure our future as well as his own. Why did he make a murderous assault upon the constable who arrested him and lame him for life, and get shut up for years in that horrible gloomy place, to be stared at in the quarries by every tripper who visits Hartborough? Forgery is a more gentlemanly vice, but the other is——"

"Louise," said Averil shortly, "you must not talk like that. How can you judge Gerald when you know nothing about his sin or his temptation. We used to be so fond of him, and he is only a boy yet—only six-and-twenty, Louise; and oh! how sorry he must be, how sorry for his madness."

"I shall never speak to him again," said Louise sullenly. "You can do as you like, but don't ask me to take mother to Hartborough."

"I will go myself," returned Averil. "I will ask Lady Darrel for a holiday to-morrow, and we can go on Friday."

Louise picked up her book again with a shrug.

"You choose your company strangely, Averil—eccentric women and convicts," she said, with a sneer.

And if Averil remembered that there was One who companioned with the sorrowful and the outcast of the world she kept silence.

When Averil requested an audience with Lady Darrel next morning, she was shown by her maid into her boudoir; for, although it was ten o'clock, the mistress of Westhayes had only just breakfasted, as was her custom, in her own room.

On her way through the long tapestried corridors she met Sir Alwyn, who stopped to speak to her, as he always did. He had just come in from cubbing, and was still in his hunting things; and his face looked fresh and healthy after his race through the dewy meadows and the frosty valley.

"Good morning, Miss Vernon," he said breezily. "How are the little kids? Not stuffing themselves with too much education, I hope. Smart little chap, Nigel—and Molly, too. Can't think where they got their brains from. Not from me, I'll warrant; for I never was anything but bottom of every form at Eton. Do you think Molly is looking well, Miss Vernon?"

He lowered his voice anxiously.

"I hope she goes out in the donkey carriage. Beevor is choosing her a nice little Shetland pony for driving. It's a pity she mustn't ride—it's a thousand pities, and it vexes her mother so."

Averil looked at his honest, good-humoured face, and realised the depth of his love for his afflicted child.

"I am sorry for her and for you," she said gently; "but I think Molly is as well as usual, Sir Alwyn."

"When my lady goes to Cannes next month I can see more of the child—there will be more time," he said; then, conscious that he was encroaching on delicate ground, he blundered into a further pitfall.

"You're not looking well, Miss Vernon—too pale by far. I'll tell you what: I'll send you down a nice hamper of game. I'll warrant it'll do you far more good than any doctors' tonics, and I'm sure you can't afford such comforts—at least, I mean no doubt you want your money for other purposes. I hope I have not offended you, Miss Vernon; but I am a blunt fellow, and you know what I mean."

Averil put out her hand and shook his warmly, and there were tears in her eyes as she looked at the ruddy, distressed face and the boyish eyes.

"Thank you so much, Sir Alwyn; indeed, I accept your offer gratefully, and I quite understand you."

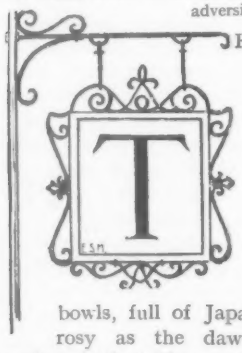
"You are so good to the children," he said impulsively, stammering in his earnestness. "I have cause to be grateful to you for that. You are a good girl, Miss Vernon; and you are teaching Molly the good old truths that my mother taught me at her knee, and that the present generation seem to have no time for."

He nodded to her and was gone, and Averil

knocked at Lady Darrel's door and was admitted.

III.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."



THE walls of Lady Darrel's boudoir were hung with pale blue silk to set off her fair beauty; and the furniture was white and gold, with touches of pale pink here and there; and green bowls, full of Japanese peach blossoms, rosy as the dawn, stood upon the various little tables scattered about the room. In a pale blue lounge chair Lady Darrel herself was sitting, dressed in an exquisite *negligée* of white and silver, with a silver arrow stuck carelessly through the loose masses of her hair.

She was reading a French novel in the interval of discussing a new ball dress with her French maid, the material of which, like billowy clouds of opal gauze, overflowed the sofa. She looked up as Averil entered, with a touch of disdain.

"Good-morning, Miss Vernon," she said frostily. "You wanted to see me, I think?"

The slim, tall figure of the girl in the shabby blue serge coat and skirt seemed an incongruous element in that abode of heavy perfume and delicate colouring, and Célise made no attempt to disguise her contempt for a costume that had been made at home, in an antiquated fashion of quite two years earlier. But Averil bore herself with the composed dignity that always irritated Lady Darrel.

"I have come to ask you if I may have a whole holiday to-morrow instead of on Saturday, Lady Darrel, for my mother wishes me to go with her into Monks Regis."

"It's hardly convenient," said Lady Darrel languidly; "but still, as it is the first time that you have made such a request, I will grant it, Miss Vernon. Célise, leave the room."

The colour faded from Averil's cheek as she tightened her grasp on the exercise book that she held; for she was afraid of what Lady Darrel was going to say to her, with the shadow of the prison in her thoughts.

"My boudoir overlooks the carriage drive," said Lady Darrel frostily, when they were alone; "and I warn you, Miss Vernon, that I do not allow any attempt at flirtation between my governess and my guests. That is all; you may go."

"Lady Darrel," said Averil passionately, looking straight into the cold, cruel eyes, "I had no wish to speak to Sir Philip Lascelles. He insulted me by his attentions, and I told him what I thought of his conduct."

"I have told you that you may go, Miss Vernon," returned the other. "I have accused you of nothing."

"In what have I displeased you?" cried the girl, with a rush of tears. "I try so hard to please you, Lady Darrel, with such small success."

"On the contrary; you are an excellent governess," said Lady Darrel hastily. "Pray do not cry, Miss Vernon. I felt it my duty to warn you—that is all."

And Averil stumbled out of her presence with a sense of despair in her heart, for she knew that in some way she had incurred Lady Darrel's displeasure. She feared it was through Sir Philip Lascelles, and in that case she was an innocent victim.

Nigel was waiting for her in the schoolroom when she came in, as fresh as a round rosy apple in his sailor suit.

"What a long time, Vernie. Why, I heard you come before I had finished dressing, and I've learned my hymn and A B C since then. Oh darling, have you been naughty? Your eyes are pink round, like my rabbits'."

"Nigel, you naughty boy," said Molly severely. "It's only indigestion, which people often have when they get grown up."

But at intervals through the morning a pair of tender arms would slip round Averil's neck, and Molly's silent kisses showed her sympathy and her love, as only the wonderful discretion of a child can do. They lunched together, and drove in the donkey cart, and talked of the thousand and one beautiful things that would happen when Nigel and Molly grew up; and all the time there was a dull burden upon Averil's heart, that never lifted through the long hours of the day. It might seem an easy thing to her mother, and a desirable one, to see her eldest born; but to Averil it was the revival of the most terrible time in all her life, when peaceful, sheltered girlhood ended in tragedy and shame. She remembered her father when he lay dead, and the gossip of evil tongues, in spite of the



"'There is trouble not far from you.'"—*p.* 198.

doctor's verdict that the shock of his complete ruin had been too much for his weak health. She had loved him so dearly—the grey-haired father of her childhood, full of refinement, a cultivated scholar to his finger-tips, and yet the best Master that the Lennet Pack had ever known. He was that *rara avis*, a thoroughly sympathetic man with the heart of a little child and the courage of a giant, and when he looked despair in the face for the first time, through no fault of his own, it broke his honest, trusting heart that had done no man any wrong, and had never been wronged till then.

All the childish questions seemed aimed innocently to hurt her with little, poisoned shafts. There was the interest of a policeman outside the lodge gates, and of a boy arrested for stealing apples, and a long laboured argument upon the painful consequences of evil doing. There was a discussion upon Hartborough itself, and finally, in the history lesson, the escape of Lord Nithsdale from his prison. And when evening came, and Averil went home, she was glad for the first time to escape from the innocent, searching questions of childhood.

The next day dawned with a grey sea and a grey sky, and a north-easter that lashed the waters of the sea into white-topped waves. There was a flick of rain and spray on the window when Averil looked out. She could see a fishing-boat struggling under full canvas before the wind, with red sails etched against the leaden sky, and a great gull blown like a feather across the waste of waters. She was thankful for the stormy weather, since now she need not dread other visitors to Hartborough; for the tourist season at Wyndquest was over, and people wishing to visit their friends in the town upon the cliff would certainly choose a better day.

Mrs. Vernon came down to breakfast in her heavy mourning; and, much later, Louise lounged downstairs with sullen, sleepy eyes, and refused to discuss the expedition at all.

"Whatever happens, mother, I shall blame you," she said, as they parted. "You are doing a very mad trick to go off to Hartborough like this when we have lived here for five years, and no one has guessed anything. Don't ask me for my sympathy if everything goes wrong after this."

Averil looked from her sister to her mother's white, worn face. It had never struck her so forcibly as it did now how thin Mrs. Vernon had grown, and the hollows of her haggard face made her deep-set eyes more full of tragedy than ever. She looked a woman beaten down by the storm of life and unable to lift up herself from the mire where she lay; and the heart of the girl ached for her with the pain that is worse to bear than physical agony, for it is the pain of seeing those we love in trouble, and ourselves helpless to help them.

"Whatever happens, Louise," she said sternly, "you have no right to question our mother's wishes."

"I still maintain," said Louise sulkily, "that, considering he is only in prison for seven years, it is ridiculous going to see him when he has been in Hartborough five years next month."

And so, with the knowledge of the disapproval of Louise, Averil and her mother got into the little train and started away on the hour and a half journey to Hartborough. Mrs. Vernon leaned back in the carriage with her eyes closed, and once Averil leaned forward and touched her hand.

"Give it up, mother darling, and let us go back," she said tenderly. "You are not strong enough to bear it."

"I will not!" cried Mrs. Vernon hysterically. "Night and day I have thought of Gerald for all these years, till his name is engraved on my heart. You cannot understand that a mother loves her child through good and evil, for he is still the baby that lay on her breast, and it must be some fault in her training that has made him fall so low. The most wonderful moment in my life will be when I am telling Gerald that I love him in spite of all, and that, whatever the world may say, his mother will be faithful to him."

Averil kissed her gently. She would not tell her what a hopeless quest theirs seemed to be in her eyes; for they were absolutely ignorant as to what Gerald's work might be, or whether it might not in some way aggravate his punishment if they made any attempt to communicate with him.

They alighted at Hartborough Station and drove up the hill, Averil making all the arrangements, for her mother was speechless with grief. The little waggonette crawled up the steep side of the cliff, and the girl looked down on the white road that wound away through Monks Regis up to Wyndquest, among the Downs where the Westhayes Woods could be faintly seen rimming the sky line on a clear day. The mist was rolling away now, and

through the grey sky the sun shot an arrow of light upon the stormy bay and touched the brilliant scarlet and green paint of an automobile that was tearing its way towards Hartborough at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

"That is the Westhayes motor, I believe," said Averil suddenly; "I hope none of the house party are coming here to-day."

"You are always ready to imagine evil," said her mother irritably. "Do keep your mind on poor Gerald for a change," and the girl was silent.

The grey rock ridges, the bold outlines of the fortifications above them, the great cranes for carrying the stone, all filled her with a sense of the grimness of the place, and when they jolted up a narrow road across a truck line the ruddy-faced driver pointed with his whip to a great wall in front of them.

"Yon's the convict quarry," he said; "you can see the sentry at the corner."

It was then that Averil realised the full horror of the thing that her mother had done in visiting Hartborough, and one glance at Mrs. Vernon's face showed her that she must exert all her own courage to avert a breakdown.

They alighted at the little inn where the brakes drew up to deposit passengers, and went upstairs in silence to the room to which the neat little maid-servant led them, and where she took Averil's order for tea to be served later in the afternoon. To Mary Jane they were only two more of the tourist variety who came every day through the summer to stare at the convicts, and she felt no interest in them at all, save for the fact that they were later in the year than usual. When they were alone in the room together, Averil took her mother's hand.

"You must be brave now, my dear," she said; "for we must have no scene here."

Then she drew her into one of the bow windows and drew the lace curtains across so that they were hidden from anyone who might enter the room. The window faced the road, and when Averil had mastered the sick shivering that shook her like a reed, she saw that they could see over the wall into the quarry. There were men in motley dress working there in gangs, pushing the heavy stone up the incline in trucks, carrying it out in great blocks from the pit, and breaking it into heaps for the roads, or slinging it in the cranes for delivery at the railway station. Their dress was so grotesque, with their blue and red jackets and their khaki breeches and caps, marked everywhere with the broad arrow, that she did not wonder to see her mother cover her eyes with her hand, and then suddenly, as if gaining courage, from the thought that she might be so near her child, sit up erect in her chair, straining forward as though she must not lose one instant in recognising him It was a tragic scene, and Averil cried out in her heart upon the heartlessness of those who could treat those outcasts of society as an amusing sight. She felt the tears rush to her eyes; but she drove them back sternly, and as the gang immediately below them turned to drag the truck back again, she scanned every face with the eagerness of a shipwrecked sailor for a sight of the face she sought. But of the lowering dozen faces turned up towards the window none of them was Gerald's. They were the typical scum of the earth, so far as she could see—men who fulfilled every horrible dream of evil and corrupt feature, into whose lives had come the time

> "When the insensate brute within the man,
> Weary with wallowing in the mire, leaps forth
> Devouring—and the soul sinks
> And leaves the man—a Devil."

She drew a quick breath of relief, and saw her mother close her eyes and fold her hands with a sigh of bitter disappointment.

"Gerald is not there."

Then, after long silence, she reached out impulsively, and took up the binoculars that lay on Averil's knee.

"There are some more of them coming away from gardening work," she said. "Perhaps he is among them. Gerald was always fond of the garden, even when he was a little child."

The mournful party, under the charge of two warders, tramped up the quarry path, and through the glasses Mrs. Vernon scanned every face as it turned drearily towards the window of the little inn. Gerald was among them. She saw his face clearly, with the afternoon sun upon it, but he was too far away to distinguish more than a blur of figures behind the glass.

"God help me! It is my boy, my little boy," she cried distractedly. "Oh, Averil, Averil, that I should ever live to see him in those hideous things. His face is so changed, so old and grave; and they have cut his hair so short. In all his sheltered life he had never known about sin and wickedness, and

now he is hand and glove with it. Why, he may be walking next to a murderer!"

"Hush, mother, hush!" said Averil in great alarm, striving to calm her; for she had heard the door open behind them, and knew that there were other people in the room.

"He is innocent! I know it is all a mistake! Gerald! Gerald!" and her strength failing her, she fell suddenly sideways from her chair, and Averil caught her in her arms in a dead faint.

"Can I help you?" said a strange voice from behind her, and before she could reply Mrs. Vernon was lifted in a pair of strong arms and laid on the sofa, where she slowly recovered consciousness.

When Averil had time to think of anything but her mother, she glanced up into the face of the young man who stood holding the medicine glass and helping her quietly and unobtrusively to restore the fainting woman, with evident sympathy on his face. He was a tall, good-looking man of about thirty years of age, with kindly dark eyes, and a mouth that looked very firm under his brown moustache. He had the distinctive line of sunburn on his forehead that is the hall-mark of the soldier, and somehow, seeing him, Averil felt that she had found a friend.

"How good of you," she said tremulously. "My mother has had a shock."

"I heard her say the name of 'Gerald,'" said the young man with some hesitation. "Do tell me whether I am right in supposing that—that you are some relation to Gerald Vernon, with whom I was at Eton."

His delicate reserve touched Averil, and she bent her head.

"He is my brother."

"Then I may tell you that it is on his account that I am here to-day. I am Captain Hugh Darrel, the nephew of Sir Alwyn, and I was always fond of Gerald; and, may I say to you in all kindness, I know that his one fault was his weakness of character."

"Yes, I know it," said the girl gently. "We never let him think for himself until it was too late for him to decide between right and wrong."

"We cannot talk much here; but since I know you live at Wyndquest, perhaps you will allow me to come and see you. I was on my way to see the Governor and to lay before him the fact that poor Gerald's evil angel has died, and in dying confessed that he was the greater sinner, though the boy got the punishment. He told him what to do and how to do it, and when he was arrested this man had kept him drunk for days, so that he was not himself when he struck the detective. Nothing can be done now, I fear; but much can be done afterwards, and it is of that that I wish to speak to you later."

"Thank you a thousand times," cried Averil, with great agitation. "It was the old story—drink and bad companions and gambling."

"You need dread nothing," said Darrel earnestly. "He will have good friends. I am just coming, Lascelles. Wait for me, there's a good fellow; there is a lady ill here."

But Sir Philip Lascelles had forced himself into the room, and now stood facing the trio, with a dawning expression of malevolence upon his lips as his eyes rested on Averil's miserable face.

"I am extremely sorry, my good fellow, to intrude; but isn't it a little overwhelming to find a public room turned into a hospital? Miss Vernon at Hartborough! And, dear me, an invalid—a shock perhaps. I am extremely grieved; but as Captain Darrel has been so useful, perhaps I may be allowed to help?"

"No, thank you," said Averil, with a sudden thrill of passion. "We are going home now, for my mother is better; and you may as well know, as, no doubt, everyone soon must do, that my brother is a convict."

"Dear me, how shocking!" murmured Lascelles; but Hugh Darrel, looking at the noble figure and shining eyes of the girl, realised that here was one of the heroines of the world—a woman whom any man should be proud to know, and still prouder to be able to befriend, and all unconsciously he moved a pace nearer to her side.

IV.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."



IN Saturday morning Averil was met at the door of Westhayes by a supercilious footman, who acquainted her with the fact that Lady Darrel wished to speak to her at once. She had slept but little that night; and, indeed, her mother, who was in a pitiable condition from hysteria, had demanded

every moment of her attention. Louise had been sullenly satisfied as to the success of her prophecy, and had been useless with Mrs. Vernon, since she could not resist the temptation of telling her that she had known what the result of her visit to Hartborough would be, from the beginning; and, therefore, when Averil found herself outside the door of Lady Darrel's morning-room she felt ill prepared for the avalanche that she felt certain was about to descend upon her. Lady Darrel was a very severe figure that morning, in a short blue coat and skirt, with a scarlet tie, and her hair coiled away in a workmanlike fashion under a blue shooting-cap. She was engaged in answering notes, and when her eyes fell upon the girl's slight figure, Averil noted the insolent triumph in them before she veiled them by her lashes.

"Good-morning, Miss Vernon. I am really pained to have to speak to you on such a matter; but since Sir Philip Lascelles has brought it to my notice I cannot keep silence."

Her attitude was a judicial one, but her manner was scarcely impartial, and Averil flushed hotly.

"I know what you are going to say, Lady Darrel, and I had intended to speak to you on the same subject to-day."

Lady Darrel waved an imperious hand.

"Pray be silent, Miss Vernon. I have very little to say; but you must allow me to say it without interruption, for I have to join Sir Alwyn in the coverts before lunch. I consider that you came to Wyndquest and took my situation under false pretences. Did you ever imagine that had I known that your brother was actually a convict at Hartborough now, I should ever have allowed you to enter my house or teach my innocent children? Tell me, is it or is it not true?"

"Perfectly true," said Averil, with as much calmness as she could summon. "I have made a mistake, and I deeply regret it; but till now I thought that the sorrow and shame concerned only ourselves in all the world."

"Then you made a big mistake. Do you imagine that I should ever engage a housemaid whose brother was a convicted criminal? I am sorry for you, Miss Vernon; but Sir Alwyn and I both feel, after thoroughly discussing the subject with Sir Philip Lascelles and Captain Darrel last night, that there is nothing for it but for you to leave us. I have written out a cheque in lieu of a quarter's notice, and I hope you will find another situation where the parents are not so particular."

Averil bent her head, feeling acutely the shame of her position, which was unbearable.

"I cannot accept your cheque, Lady Darrel, after your words; but I hope you will allow me to say good-bye to the children. God knows the innocent have to suffer with the guilty; but I cannot see how my brother's sin contaminates me, so far as your children are concerned."

"You can say good-bye to them," said Lady Darrel calmly. "I have told them why you are leaving, and explained it all to them."

"You have told them! Oh, Lady Darrel!"

It was more than she could bear, and, choking down her tears, Averil escaped from the room, leaving her accuser silent with a disagreeable sense that she had gone too far and had sinned against every feeling of womanhood. Lady Darrel made some attempt at amends by ordering her pony carriage at once and driving away without interfering with Averil's last interview with her little pupils; for, woman though she was of inordinate vanity and jealous temper, yet the haunting look of the girl's young face, as she had smitten her with cruel words, penetrated even to the apology for a heart that was within her breast.

Averil hurried along the corridors into the schoolroom passage, and stood for a few moments to regain her composure by the window that looked out over the park. The sun was glittering on the dewy grass; and the yew trees, copper and brown with the touch of autumn in the air, looked like brilliant shadows of their former selves. The rooks were drifting in the south wind above the tree tops like sparks of sunlight, cawing leisurely as they circled above the bare sticks that were their nests; and the long grass below seemed to be alive with restless motion, as a flock of fallow deer fed timorously within earshot of the house. Far away in the heart of the wood was the enclosure where the red deer were shut in, and on the stillness the trumpeting of one of the great stags seemed to break the edge of the silence. Averil wiped her tears, and turned to prepare for her interview with Molly and Nigel, and for her sad return home to face Mrs. Vernon and Louise, when she came face to face with Captain Darrel coming down the passage towards her.

"Forgive me, Miss Vernon," he said humbly. "You must not think me impertinent; but I want to tell you how deeply sorry I am for

you, and how much I blame my aunt for her conduct. I tried last night to convince her that she was wrong; but, Miss Vernon, what have you done to make Sir Philip Lascelles your implacable enemy?"

Her flush and conscious silence told him the truth, and he hurried on.

"I must go now; but I am coming down to see you to-morrow, if Mrs. Vernon will allow me, to talk about Gerald"

He shook her hand warmly and departed, finding it very difficult to be civil to his uncle's wife for the remainder of the day, when he recalled Averil's wet eyes.

The girl went into the schoolroom comforted a little, and when she opened the door both children ran to meet her with open arms.

"Oh, then, it isn't true; and you are not going to leave us! Molly and me have been crying quite a long time, and then we tried to do our lessons so as we should please you; but Molly's map was all wrong, and my pothooks and hangers is just crazy, as nurse would say," cried Nigel.

Molly said nothing; but her eyes were on Averil's face, and the girl felt the intensity of her sympathy and slipped her arm round the child's waist.

"Yes, I have come to say good-bye for the present, dears; but I hope it will be a very short good-bye, and that you will have someone very nice to teach you in my place."

She spoke cheerfully, and Nigel looked at her curiously.

"Muvver says that your brother is a bad man, and he wears yellow stockings and broad arrows, and perhaps you'll wear them soon too. But Molly and I doesn't think you will; but if you was took to prison, Molly and I would come and see you, and bring you cake and sweets every day."

Averil kissed the troubled face with a pang of real sorrow; for she had loved him since he was born, and now for the first time she had been the one to bring him face to face with shame and sin.

"Thank you, darling," she said softly. "Would you and Molly like to hear about my brother?"

Molly laid her head on Miss Vernon's shoulder, but Nigel sat on her knees staring up open-mouthed into her face.

"There were three of us," said Averil, "and dear father and mother; and once we were rich and lived in a castle—a prettier place even than this—and one day we woke up and all our money was gone, and dear father died, and we had to go out into the world to earn money. My brother wanted money—oh, so badly, because he had never known what it was to be poor—and because he was weak he was led away by bad companions and—and took someone else's money."

Averil's voice faltered.

"Muvver said he killed someone, too, just like Oldgood did the snake the other day with the hatchet."

"Oh, no. He never killed anyone. Thank God, he never did that."

She could not explain the scene that was ever with her—Gerald, caught like a rat in a trap, mad with drink, striking down the man who had come to take him, with the frenzied folly of a madman.

"We thought he could not have done that," said Nigel cheerfully; "and Molly and I shall come to tea with you every day at the nice little house where you live; and we like those cakes with the currants on the top that your sister makes."

All this time Molly had not spoken; but Averil could feel the long-drawn sobs that shook her frail body, and knew what she was enduring.

"Whenever your mother says that you may, you shall come," she said; "but I think, Nigel, that we are going away from Wyndquest. Perhaps some day your mother will let you come and stay with me."

This idea filled the boy's mind with such dreams of unknown rapture that he forgot his grief in planning out a programme for each day they were to spend with Averil.

"Miss Vernon," said Molly in an odd, strained voice, as they parted, "you remember about the hill of difficulty. Am I climbing up it now?"

"Yes, Molly darling; and if you persevere you will see the sun rise out of the night. Only, go straight on and do what you know is right."

Averil said good-bye to the two little forlorn figures with a great semblance of cheerfulness which she was far from feeling; but when she reached Rosanna Smith's gate she had realised to the full that her dismissal from Westhayes meant means too narrow for them to exist upon, and that her renunciation of the money that was due to her meant that they would not be able to meet the quarter's rent at Christmas. Something of her despair was written on her face when she crossed Miss

Smith's threshold and found her old friend sitting by the fire with Marco on her knee. A slight chill had made Rosanna Smith rather more silent than usual, and she was wrapped up in a white woollen shawl, out of which her sallow, pinched face and restless eyes peered curiously at the new-comer.

"Goodness, Averil!" she said, "Not at lessons? What has happened?"

But the girl's quivering face and sobbing breath enlightened her, and she sprang to her feet, forgetting that she was an invalid. Marco, who had been drowsing on her knee, gave an indignant yap, and she caught him up at once to comfort him.

"Oh, my darling, my darling Marco, did I hurt you? Now then, Averil, I must have the whole story, please, at once. I have been feeling so ill, and though I was galvanised for a moment by the shock of your face, I feel as weak as a kitten and quite unfit for any nonsense."

"It is only—that Lady Darrel has dismissed me. Sir Philip Lascelles told her about my brother Gerald, and—and she said I was not a fit person to be with her children."

Rosanna Smith sat down forcibly in her chair with a decision that made the wood creak ominously.

"Very well," she said; "oh, very well, Lady Darrel! You will be sorry for this some day. Sit down, Averil; I have a story to tell you, and though I have lived here ten years come Christmas in silence, I suppose it had to come at last. I might have been Sir Alwyn Darrel's mother."

Averil looked in blank astonishment at Miss Smith's figure, upright and gaunt in her high-backed chair, her thin hand gripping the arm until her knuckles were white with the strain. She felt a wild desire to laugh hysterically at the thought of big, good-tempered Sir Alwyn, with his ruddy, honest face.

"I don't understand you," she said faintly.

"You soon will do, and then you will realise what small cause I have to love the Darrel family. Why, I came down here to watch them and be near them, because I knew they would do me an injury if they could, for they are a bad lot, root and stock—a bad lot."

Averil stared at her silently, for she was under the impression that Miss Smith had suddenly gone out of her mind.

"No, I am not in the least mad," cried the other irritably, "not in the least. But I am going to tell you a great secret. My name is not Smith at all, but Bosanquet; but when I dropped my money, I dropped my name for safety's sake. Before Sir Alwyn was born, and when I was a poor girl, his father was engaged to me; but he jilted me for Lady Anne Hemming, who was Sir Alwyn's mother. They are both dead now, and these two Darrels have never heard the name of Bosanquet very likely, although we are blood relations; for, as you see, Madame la Duchesse de Saint Martelle was my great grandmother, and the same relation to Sir Alwyn's father. Then my money came to me, and Sir Anthony was sorry—oh, very sorry, I think—but I went away and lived in Scotland, far off from them, and my name died out of his memory. Then, fifteen years ago, Lady Darrel's father—Mr. Temple, a fashionable lawyer, and a scoundrel if ever there was one—had control over a great part of my fortune, and he had the audacity to risk it in a speculation of his own, and to lose it, and then to have the impertinence to make me an offer of marriage. Therefore, I have no reason to love Lady Darrel either, though I never saw her till I came to Wyndquest. That decided me, Averil; for I had been simply disgusted with the world since I had become an heiress, for on an average, though I was never beautiful, I had five offers of marriage a year, all for love of my golden sovereigns. So, when I came to look into my affairs, I found that my money had disposed of itself for me, and I was left with a tiny income, as you know. So I changed my name, lived about at one place and another till people fancied I was dead, and then I came down here to watch the Darrels, and now I have found them out again."

She ended with a burst of coughing, and Averil said, with a bewildered sense of unreality:

"But what are you going to do? This is like a fairy story, but it will not help me."

"Yes, it does indirectly; for I have been prepared for this emergency all along, knowing the Darrels as I do. And now that it has come, I will tell you my plans, that I have been weaving when you were asleep."

She rose from her chair again, and moved feebly over to the bureau, and sat down before it with the key in her hand.

"Of course, you cannot stay at Wyndquest now," she said. "That would have been impossible for much longer—as soon, at least, as your brother came out of Hartborough."

"Of course, we cannot stay here; we shall



"Averil felt that she had found a friend."—*p.* 204.

have to leave Wyndquest," said Averil mournfully. "Louise will be very glad, for she hates the place, and only I shall be sorry."

"We will go to London," said Miss Smith calmly, "and I shall go with you. You will get work there, and so will Gerald and that lazy cat, Louise; and I shall pay you a hundred pounds a year for the privilege of living with you."

"Oh, Miss Smith," gasped Averil, "that would help us out of all our difficulties. I am sure my mother will be grateful to you, but—can you afford it?"

"I can and will; and not only that, but I am going to provide you with a sum of ready money for your present expenses, for I know that you are not going to take that harridan's money—a nagging, scolding Xantippe, as I call her."

"Please don't, Miss Smith. I did not understand her, perhaps, and she has her good points."

"And not anyone—not even her poor, wretched husband—has been able to find them out," cried Rosanna triumphantly. "But see here."

She fitted the key into the lock, then turned back again.

"Every word I have told you is private, remember. You are not to repeat anything. I have trusted you as I have never trusted anyone before."

"I quite understand."

"Then see here!"

One turn of the key released the lock, and she began to open the drawers one after another.

"These are what were given me and what I bought when I was going to be Lady Darrel, though some of them I have inherited later."

Averil stood staring over her shoulder in silent amazement, as she displayed a perfectly marvellous collection of jewellery, that lay glittering under layers of cotton-wool.

"I meant to have left most of them to the Darrels if they had behaved as they ought to have done; but now they are for you, Averil—willed to you after my death in proper form. But we may as well realise a little ready money by selling this diamond brooch that is not of a good design."

Under Averil's eyes the firelight caught the jewels, and glistened on a string of diamonds, each stone round and perfect, that lay in a velvet case under Miss Smith's hand. There were sapphires such as she had never dreamed of, blue as violets in a hedgerow. There were pearls set in dull gold, and rings of ruby and emerald. And all the time, with this fortune under her hand, Miss Smith had starved herself and had lived as though she had not a penny piece in the world.

"I think that they are worth ten thousand pounds, but I made up my mind long ago that they were never to be sold until I was dead," said Miss Smith with a sigh, folding the brilliant jewels away in the cotton-wool again and locking them up, "for often when I have been very miserable I have taken them out and been comforted and warmed by their beauty."

"It is like a Christmas pantomime," said Averil, with a little sigh of wonder, "and you are the good fairy."

Miss Smith nodded her head sagely.

"Now, be off, my dear, and keep a still tongue about all this, and ask your mother if she will have me as a boarder in London, and tell her I will pay for the moving. I can't ask you to lunch, because I have only a poached egg. Georgina's appetite is so large that she demolishes a pound of meat at a sitting."

And lost in wonder at the strangeness of this woman who could starve herself when she had a fortune shut up in her bureau, Averil put on her coat and departed.

V.

"Out of the darkness, day is born."

AVERIL VERNON was greeted at home by tears and distress first of all, and then by incredulous surprise. That out of this maze of difficulty a good angel should appear in the shape of a woman whom Mrs. Vernon and Louise had always made a point of despising, was extraordinary, and the girl was at once accredited with a character for extraordinary shrewdness in the eyes of her younger sister. The plan was at once discussed and approved, and Mrs. Vernon was beginning to think that life might, after all, have its occasional bright side, when there came a ring at the bell, and the small maid of all work dragged with difficulty into the drawing-room a hamper addressed to Miss Vernon.

Averil opened it, and found that it contained a brace of pheasants and a leash of partridges, with a dozen other luxuries, and on the top of the straw lay a message, written in Sir Alwyn's boyish handwriting, "From the children, and please don't say anything about it," which delicate admission of the supreme authority of Lady Darrel made Averil laugh and then cry without knowing the reason of her tears.

"Averil," said Louise carelessly that evening, "what is the name of that handsome man staying at Westhayes?"

"Captain Hugh Darrel," said Averil, with a faint flush of colour.

"Goodness, no! I don't admire Hugh Darrel. This man has a dark, waxed moustache and beautiful dark eyes, and such small hands and feet, and he is so well dressed, and his voice is so agreeable. I call Captain Darrel a very ordinary-looking young man."

"It sounds like Sir Philip Lascelles," said Averil cautiously, "but I hope you will never have anything to say to him. I do not like him at all."

"My dear Averil, you have yet to learn that your friends and mine are chosen from an absolutely different class of individual," returned Louise contemptuously, and Averil was left wondering miserably whether Louise had managed to scrape an acquaintance with Lascelles or no. She certainly had not the requisite strength of mind to ask her, but she determined to keep a sharp look-out while Louise remained at Wyndquest.

"I hope that you will not consider my visit an intrusion," said Captain Darrel pleasantly, as he stood inside Mrs. Vernon's little drawing-room, looking about him with quick, kindly eyes; "but Gerald must be my excuse, and my real desire to help him."

"You are very good," faltered Mrs. Vernon, "and I did not expect a Darrel to be so considerate."

"You have a right to say that," he returned gravely, "and I cannot tell you how grieved both I and my uncle are for what has happened. It has hurt him very much, but Lady Darrel was very determined."

"It was very unfortunate," murmured Mrs. Vernon, with a sniff; "but, then, life is generally so."

Captain Darrel had walked into the little house at Wyndquest as he had promised, on the following day; but his arrival was so unexpected that he found Averil engaged in the kitchen, making a cake, and her mother full of apologies for the fact that they had not expected him so early. He had wondered very much as to the sort of home that would enshrine Averil Vernon. Frankly, he had never seen anyone more beautiful than this girl, who was the sister of his unfortunate friend. He had seen her several times in Wyndquest village, had come across her unseen leaving Westhayes and her little pupils, but always her face had been the unvaryingly lovely one of his dreams—the face of his ideal woman. She was like some lovely Greuze, some delicate maiden of the mist; but all the grosser element seemed to have been eliminated from her loveliness, leaving only the spiritual behind. He loved to see her hair, golden brown as the heart of a chestnut, clustering in tendrils and curls about her forehead. He wondered at the beauty of her deep eyes and the curve of her delicate lips; and, more than all, he wondered that she had been allowed to live Averil Vernon until she was one and twenty.

Hugh Darrel was the son of Sir Alwyn's younger brother, who, with a younger brother's portion, had married a penniless wife and reared a large family, of whom Hugh was the eldest. And as for many years it seemed probable that he would eventually be heir to Westhayes and the baronetcy, Sir Alwyn had sent him to Eton and Sandhurst, and now that he was a captain in the Loamshire Fusiliers, he was making him a moderate allowance. Of course, with the birth of Nigel, his claim to Westhayes fell to the background; but Sir Alwyn was a just man, and while he lived he declared that Hugh should not lose the hundred a year he allowed him. His life had been a simply happy one always, in spite of its poverty, and he was hardly at his ease in the atmosphere of Westhayes, for between himself and Lady Darrel there existed a dislike that the lady herself made no attempt to conceal; but to good-hearted Sir Alwyn it was a real pleasure to have his nephew on a rare visit, and he said in his honest heart that he hoped Nigel would be as good a chap as Hugh at his age.

When Averil came in shyly to greet their visitor, she found him talking away pleasantly to her mother, but she could not tell that he had been waiting for the sound of her step with an eagerness that seemed to his calmer mind to be ridiculous. She seemed to make the

room beautiful as she entered, and to bring with her an atmosphere of light and perfume that started with the October roses in her belt, and the very touch of her soft hand filled him with a sense of profound pity at the thought of her young life so shadowed at its outset.

"I am so anxious to know what your plans are," he said, and it seemed to the two women to be perfectly natural to be talking of Gerald to this man who a few days ago had been an absolute stranger to them.

"I know that in a very few weeks Gerald will be out of Hartborough; for I have interested myself in learning every detail of his past and future, and, as is the custom with exemplary characters, a portion of his sentence has been remitted. A friend of mine, who has a big business in the City, and who knows his history from beginning to end, has promised to take him on as his private secretary at a very small salary; but he is really creating the post, just to while away the time that he is under police supervision, and to see if he is suited for better things. The salary will be only fifty pounds a year."

"But the idea of his being able to work, of his being able to restore his self-respect. Oh, Captain Darrel, what can we say to you?" cried Averil, with parted lips and eyes dewy with tears. "Mother, how good Captain Darrel is. How can we thank him?"

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Vernon, with a heavy sigh. "Yes, indeed, it is very good of you, Captain Darrel. I suppose every man's hand will be against him and us. What makes you so good to him?"

"I will tell you the reason," said Hugh Darrel simply, "and no one has ever known it till now. Years ago, Mrs. Vernon, when Gerald and I were boys at school, your husband came to see him. I had got into big trouble, and only Gerald knew it, for he was my chum. Some seniors had tempted me to break bounds and visit a shooting gallery that was in the neighbourhood, and I had run up a huge bill with the proprietor which I was totally unable to pay. Exposure would have meant disgrace, and I shall never forget Mr. Vernon, for he gave me the gravest and kindest lecture on my delinquencies, went straight off to the saloon, and paid every penny to the proprietor, threatening him with the severity of the law if he ever allowed a boy to run up scores again in that fashion. I shall never forget the frantic relief that it was to me to be saved from the burden of that debt, and I vowed then that I would repay his goodness some day, whenever the chance came to me; and it came with my knowledge of Gerald's sin and punishment."

"We have just made up our minds to leave here and to live in London, so that we shall be near my poor boy," murmured Mrs. Vernon. "I wish my poor husband had been as careful of his own affairs as he was of yours."

Averil reached out a hand to him, indignant a little that any thought of their own affairs could enter into her mother's mind just then.

"Thank you—oh, thank you," she said. "I love that story of my father, it was so like him—so true and honest in all his dealings that he could not imagine anyone being anything else to him, and when he woke to his hard lesson, it killed him."

"I wish he had woke a little earlier," lamented Mrs. Vernon. "It has been a hard life for us all, and I plainly see that there is a much harder one ahead; and I am too old to enjoy changes, as my daughters seem to do."

Averil's eyes met Darrel's with a faint quiver on her long lashes, for the taunt was too obvious to be resented, and he felt a dim wonder that any woman could see unmoved the pathos of the girl's face and think she was happy.

VI.

"Who love would seek, let him love evermore."

HUGH DARREL and the Vernons had discussed their plans in every aspect before the end of the young man's visit, and he suggested a neighbourhood that would be within reach of Lombard Street, and approved of Miss Smith taking up her abode with them, and announced that he was going to meet Gerald when he came out of Hartborough, and bring him to their house. Then he rose to go, and his eyes fell on a photograph of Louise standing on the mantelpiece.

"Who is this?" he said. "I met her the other day with—I mean, I saw her the other day, and wondered who she could be."

"She is my sister," said Averil quietly, with her eyes on his.

Mrs. Vernon launched out at once into the

iniquity of the fact that a beautiful girl like Louise should be compelled to be shut up in a hole like Wyndquest, when she might make quite a stir in society.

Contrary to her custom, Averil took her visitor to the door, and stood there a moment, with a hand on the latch.

"Tell me," she said abruptly, "when you saw my sister, was she with Sir Philip Lascelles?"

He was forced to the truth by the command of her eyes.

"Yes," he said reluctantly.

"Were they apparently on intimate terms. Oh, forgive me for asking you; but I distrust the man, and I did not know till yesterday that Louise knew him."

"They seemed on friendly terms," he replied; "but pray do not be alarmed, the acquaintance is simply a very natural one."

"You know it is not," said Averil in a low voice. "You know that we are not on visiting terms with Westhayes; and I think that Sir Philip is no friend to me, and would be glad to do me an injury through Louise. He might try and win her love, and then laugh at her."

"Indeed, Miss Vernon, you are mistaken. "I have never heard him mention your name since I entered the house, save with respect, and though I know very little of him, he seems always to be——"

"I have made up my mind," said Averil, shaking her head, "and I know directly I see anyone whether they are worth liking."

It had been such a tragic afternoon that it may be forgiven to Hugh Darrel if he attempted to lighten it a little.

"Then I must say, Miss Vernon," he answered with mock gravity, "that I am only thankful you did not take an instant aversion to me. Perhaps you have done so, and are concealing it successfully?"

The sun was on her hair, turning it to glittering gold, and in her eyes and on the sweet oval of her cheek, as she stood among the rosemary and thyme of the little garden. His eyes noticed the shabbiness of her gown and the country make of the shoe that could not disguise the shape of the little foot within it, and there suddenly came upon Hugh Darrel a very storm of feeling that almost swept him from his balance. He would like to have taken this girl into his arms and to promise her that he would shield her for ever and ever against the rough storms of the world that had blown upon her for so long. But he was only a poor soldier himself, struggling with all the difficulty of supporting his position adequately in a crack regiment upon nothing, and he went his way, contenting himself with touching her hand.

"You must let me come again and help you arrange your plans," he said awkwardly enough; "and as I have to go up to town for a few days at the end of the week, I will bring you down a list of suitable houses for you to look at. It will be no trouble, I can assure you."

He went back to Westhayes in a brown study, and Averil went indoors to prepare for the great event of a visit from Miss Smith, who, having resolutely refused to be on terms of intimacy with her mother for so long, had now sent a message that she was coming to take tea with Mrs. Vernon, and that she hoped the whole family would be at home. If Mrs. Vernon had not realised that the hundred a year that was to be her contribution to the household expenses was a necessity, and if she had not received the impression firmly in her mind that Rosanna Smith was a miser, she would not have contemplated her addition to the family circle with such equanimity.

"Since I have known her, my dear," she said complacently to her eldest daughter, "I have always been convinced that she had money, and that some day you would wake up to find yourself the possessor of three or four hundred a year of your own. Don't tell me that I am not always trying to do the best for my children."

"I am sure you tell us that often enough," said Louise from her far corner, with a little scornful laugh; "but so far as I can see we have all found our way through the world without any reference to you."

Averil turned to look at her sister, who had just come downstairs. There was something so new and sparkling about her beauty that Averil was suddenly alarmed. She had woke from the sullen-featured girl, whose beauty had been eclipsed by her heavy expression of discontent, till the girl who sat now in her corner in her white gown might have sat for a quivering, breathing image of Carmen herself, brilliant as a Southern night. But she had no time to do more than feel a pang of terror, when the door opened to admit her old friend in all the glory of her best cap and lace collar. She had donned for the first time a wonderful diamond brooch, that flashed with sullen fires in her laces, and on which the eyes

of Mrs. Vernon settled at once with great complacency.

"Good evening to you all," she said, sitting down in the armchair by the fire that Averil pushed out for her, and looking round the room with sharp eyes. "This is the first time I have been out to tea for a great many years, and I feel as if a sort of moral earthquake was taking place within me."

Mrs. Vernon expressed her pleasure at the society of her guest, and begged to introduce her daughter Louise. The keen eyes of the old woman lighted upon the younger Miss Vernon with an expression of malign surprise.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Louise," she said coldly. "Not very like the rest of the family, Mrs. Vernon. I should say she must have thrown back to a past generation. You have French blood away back in the early part of the century, I believe?"

Mrs. Vernon admitted the fact, with surprise that Miss Smith should know so much, and Rosanna continued:

"I know a great deal more than most people about north country families, and I believe Miss Louise resembles an old Señora Cabena, who hangs in the west gallery at Kilraith Castle, and who was an ancestress of yours?"

Mrs. Vernon admitted the fact with surprise, and Rosanna continued again:

"She ran away from school with her husband, and introduced an undesirable element into the Vernon family"

And a timely remark from Averil as to the weather alone saved the situation, for Louise was on the point of a retort that would have ruined the harmony of the evening.

Mrs. Vernon sought by every means in her power to discover the connection that her new acquaintance had with the north, but with indifferent success; for Miss Smith was an adept at skirting round all undesirable attempts at extracting information, and by the end of the evening Mrs. Vernon was in the same situation of bewildered perplexity as she had been at the beginning.

"There is one thing that I must say before we take up our abode together," said Rosanna, with unabated cheerfulness, as she sat at the dining-room table, discussing the varied meal that is dignified by the name of high tea. "I am not hard to suit, but I like cheerful faces and busy lives about me. What work do you intend to take up, Miss Louise?"

"I never have been accustomed to do any," said that young lady with unnecessary vigour. "I was brought up like a lady, and I certainly do not intend to spoil my eyesight and my youth in slaving for disagreeable people who treat you as Lady Darrel treated Averil."

Miss Smith looked at her, and her eyes narrowed a little.

"You are a very obstinate young lady, I can see," she said softly. "Pray, why is Averil to support the family alone? I have yet to learn that she was brought up in a different fashion from yourself."

"Louise does not mean anything wrong," said Mrs. Vernon hastily. "She is a good girl, and helps me in the house."

"I was going to have made an offer," continued Miss Smith imperturbably, "to the effect that I should be glad, in return for the use of a private sitting-room, to have increased my payment to £150 a year, but if it is to keep Miss Louise Vernon in luxury I shall decline to do so. No, you must not think I am rich; but my small income is elastic, and with my savings I can manage this in return for a perfectly comfortable home."

Louise rose from the table.

"I do not intend to work," she said unsteadily in her anger. "I have quite another future before me," and, as if fearful of saying more, she swept like a whirlwind from the room.

"I thought so; I was aiming at that," said Rosanna Smith, with a smile. "Do you know, Mrs. Vernon, that your youngest daughter is on the point of becoming the talk of the village from the way she is going on with Sir Philip Lascelles?"

Averil gave a faint cry, and Mrs. Vernon burst into tears.

"Why shouldn't she talk to him?" she said feebly. "I know that she is a very pretty girl, and in old days she would have met that sort of man every day. I don't know who he is. I never heard his name, but it is hard that a girl like her can have no opportunity of making a good marriage."

"A good marriage! My good woman, do you imagine that Sir Philip Lascelles would look in this cottage for his wife? No; he would amuse himself with Louise, and leave her broken-hearted, and then laugh at her. It has not gone so far as I have said. I have only heard a few times that they have been seen together—an occasional meeting, a walk from the village—but she is the sort of girl to be careful of, and I know what that man Lascelles is."

Mrs. Vernon still cried miserably, and repeated that it was very hard that her daughter could not have the same chances as other people, and with a gesture of despair, Miss Smith turned to Averil:

"You are sensible, you will understand," she said. "When I have gone you can explain to your mother the absurdity of the whole affair. Meanwhile, the sooner we go to London the better."

"You are quite right," said Averil. "Only Louise did not know his name three days ago."

"Is that necessary?" said Rosanna scornfully. "He would not give her his name while he could help it; he would say that a few talks and walks with a handsome girl mean nothing."

"I will do what I can," said Averil miserably; "but Louise is not a girl you can drive, or even a girl who will take advice."

"A woman's name," said Rosanna Smith, "is so delicate a thing that one breath upon it seems to spoil it. I think that a true woman should be one of whom it should be impossible to speak lightly."

"Louise will be very angry if you speak to her," broke in Mrs. Vernon nervously. "It will make the house so disagreeable."

Miss Smith rose, and took the thin, cold hand in her own.

"Believe me, Mrs. Vernon," she said kindly, I want nothing but your happiness. I am so fond of Averil that I could do a great deal for her relations."

And Mrs. Vernon, comforting herself with the idea that at any rate Miss Smith's £200 a year must come to her eldest daughter eventually, made up her mind privately to encourage Louise in every way in her power to bring about a successful marriage with Sir Philip Lascelles.

When their visitor had departed, Averil went out into the garden to cool her throbbing pulses. It was a quiet evening, with the restless moan of the sea in the air, and the scudding clouds hid the moon in a grey mist. The trees in the Westhayes avenue were tossing their boughs to and fro to the south wind. There would be rain before the morning, and the scent of it was heavy in the air. She could see the dim outline of the tall church tower, and the unearthly chime of the clock as it struck echoed and throbbed on the still night till the echo died away upon the cliff. She moved nearer to the gate that gave upon the road, and leaned her hot cheek upon the cool bar. Her thoughts were one unconscious prayer for help and comfort, and she prayed that their way might be guided into the paths of peace once more, when Gerald came back to them. But the quiet of her thoughts was sharply broken in upon by voices coming up the lane, and before she was aware of them it was too late to retreat, and she heard Sir Philip Lascelles say in his dilettante tones that seemed to have a mocking ring in them, underlying his whole nature:

"We have had a charming meeting, Miss Louise. Good-night, and good luck to the next time you feel inclined to stroll as far as Westhayes gates after dinner."

Averil lifted herself up, and the moonlight shone upon her white, indignant face.

"Louise," she said. She flung the gate open, and drew her sister's arm into hers. "Sir Philip Lascelles," she said in a voice that rang clear and distinct in her indignation, "you have no business to be here. If you want to make my sister's acquaintance, it must be through our mother, and in our own house."

"It is made already," he answered with a low bow, "though it was not under the ægis of Lady Darrel's wing and in the intervals of playing accompaniments."

"And if," said Averil again, "you cannot remember that my sister and I are ladies, I shall have to ask Lady Darrel to remind you."

"I recognise a threat," said Sir Philip lightly, "and I am afraid that I shall have to give in, Miss Louise, before the fury of your elder sister. So good-night and good-bye."

The two girls stood there until the sound of his feet had died away upon the hard road, and then Averil drew Louise inside the gate.

"How could you do such a thing?" she cried, and suddenly broke down into bitter sobbing.

"Don't cry like that—oh, Averil, don't cry," said Louise, suddenly moved to sorrow and shame at her conduct. "I will never do it again—never, never, if you will forgive me this time and will not tell mother."

"You will never have anything more to do with that man?"

"No—no. Forgive me, Averil."

And, recognising the ring of truth in her frightened tones, Averil forgave her. But all that night she lay in broken slumber, wondering how Louise could sleep with the quiet of a little child, when she herself woke from her dreaming with tears of fear and pity on her face for the girl who had so far forgotten her womanhood as to tamper with the most beautiful side of life that men call love.

VII.

"Oh! fear not in a world like this,
For thou sha't know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."



"MOTHER dear, I do think the house looks quite nice," said Averil enthusiastically, as she surveyed her last piece of handiwork in the shape of a most effective drawing-room carpet, made out of two remnants pieced together and decorated fancifully in a quaint Oriental pattern of scarlet and blue braid.

"Really, if you did not know that the ottoman was made out of two orange boxes and the sofa was covered with your old tea gown, you might imagine that they were *chef d'œuvres* bought in the Edgware Road."

"So it pleases you to imagine, my dear," said Mrs. Vernon dismally. "For myself, I always see the makeshifts under the covers, and I feel quite convinced that no one could ever think for a moment that the tea table was anything but painted deal."

Averil's bright face fell for an instant. Her mother was sitting squarely and miserably on the most comfortable chair in the room; and she herself, flushed and tired with a fortnight's continual labour, in which she had been spasmodically assisted by her family, was standing contented and pleased with the results of her work, in the centre of the little drawing-room that her hands had made so pretty. Then she pulled herself together with a smile that was a little forced, kissed her mother, and ran off to get her some tea—the woman's panacea for every ill.

The house to which the Vernons had moved was No. 40, Lempriere Street, and though it was within easy reach of the great thoroughfares of the city, yet it was more or less secluded and old-fashioned in its appearance; and although to Mrs. Vernon's eyes it was a very sordid neighbourhood, yet Averil saw it through roseate spectacles as a far more attractive home than they might otherwise have hoped for. The girl had had a hard task to accomplish during the last three weeks, and yet her bright spirits had never quailed under any circumstances. She had indomitably lifted the burden of her family with unfailing courage, and had compelled them to see the brightest side of life, though Mrs. Vernon, Louise, and Rosanna Smith seemed to have conspired together to make her task more difficult than she had ever expected. Averil had not supposed that leaving Wyndquest would be to anyone of the trio a great misfortune, but Mrs. Vernon cried herself ill because she was leaving the shadow of Hartborough Prison behind her, and Louise was so irritable and moody that her sister could only imagine that her *affaire* with Sir Philip Lascelles had been very successfully broken off. Even Miss Smith made a great trouble of her move at the last, and to Averil's lot it fell to break up her home, as well as their own, and pack the furniture for transportation to London. She had so many complaints to combat, so many troubles to smoothe away, that it seemed to her afterwards that she must have been buoyed up by some stronger spirit than her own and helped miraculously through a period of great difficulty. She had not seen the little Darrels since the day she had bid them farewell, but she had received one letter from Molly that was very characteristically signed by a great flourish of kisses from Nigel. It told her that they had a new governess whom they did not like, and that they missed her more every day. The quaint missive ended, "I read in my 'Hill of Difficulty' book, and try to make the best of things, like you do, Miss Vernon, darling."

And perhaps it had been the child's thought that had helped to carry Averil through her days of hard work.

Lempriere Street that afternoon in November did not look its best, for a grey mist had dulled the windows and damped the dirty street with oily slush. The houses were mainly of the lodging type, with dingy white lace curtains in the windows, and frowsy women who now and again opened paintless doors to take in the milk, or to stand to gossip with arms folded at the top of the area steps. But it was an eminently respectable neighbourhood, and even the costers who turned up out of the thoroughfares with their barrows of faded greens lowered their voices in sympathy with the atmosphere of the place.

The landlord had put No. 40 in complete repair for the Vernons, probably under pressure from Captain Darrel, who had taken the house for them, and the brown paint and green window-boxes made quite a centre of attraction in the street, which was enhanced by the neat servant who opened the door, and the knowledge that she had an understudy

in the kitchen. Miss Smith had two comfortable rooms, and the remainder of her furniture had gone to swell the plenishing of the rest of the house, so that No. 40 was certainly the best-appointed household in Lempriere Street. Louise had attempted to take up some definite work about the house; but whatever she undertook had to be done over again, and she presently ceased—save in Miss Smith's presence, of whom she stood in genuine fear—to make any pretence at helping Averil.

There was one room on the third storey that Mrs. Vernon had insisted on preparing for occupation with her own hands, and that apartment was already dignified by the name of "Gerald's room." In it somehow had collected all the most choice of the furniture and the freshest hangings, and the window had the most cheerful outlook in the house, for from it was caught a glimpse of the river and the gold cross of St. Paul's pointing its solemn way to heaven.

Averil hoped that some day Gerald might learn the lesson of that cross, and although she knew his character better even than did the mother who idolised him, yet she hoped great things from the awful lesson of his fall and its punishment. He was to be released very soon now, and, indeed, Mrs. Vernon hoped that they would all spend Christmas together; and Averil was happy in the knowledge that Hugh Darrel would meet him at the very gates of Hartborough, and bring him home to them.

When Averil went down to the kitchen in search of the tea that was to cheer her mother, she found Louise sitting there moodily by the fire, for the maid was busy upstairs.

"My dear girl," cried Averil, as she ran lightly in, "what are you doing here? I thought you had gone to see about those typewriting lessons that you thought would be so useful to you."

"No," said Louise, with a sudden flash of anger; "I am not going to work, and that horrid old cat upstairs shan't drive me to it. Do you think it is fitting for a Vernon to learn to be a typist in an office, and rub elbows with quite common people? I had far rather go to the workhouse."

The dim underground kitchen was lighted by a flaring jet of gas, and under it Averil paused, with the light glittering on the crown of her bright hair, surveying her sister gravely. Louise wore her black serge gown in a slovenly fashion, and her dark hair was ruffled and untidy; but, in spite of it all, she looked a splendidly handsome woman, even to her sister's impartial eyes, with all the southern warmth of colour and passion smouldering in her being. Her dark eyes had a sombre fire in them that half startled Averil, for it was a suggestion of the strong will and feeling only lightly buried beneath the surface.

"My dear Louise, you would have to associate with far more vulgar people in the workhouse," she said, with an attempt at lightness that disguised her real feelings. "Now help me with mother's tea, and you shall do work at home, if you like, instead of going out to earn money. There are lots of things to be done, and poor Charlotte is not very capable, after all."

Louise shrugged her shoulders, and, rising reluctantly, began to toast some bread at the gas stove.

"The fact is, Ril," she burst out at last passionately, "that I was cut out for quite a different life. I am only fit for luxury and a lady's refined existence. Now, you are so different."

Averil dropped the loaf from which she was cutting, and laughed gaily.

"I can assure you, Louise, that work comes as hardly to me as it does to you; but, at the same time, I must go out in search of some to-morrow, now that the house is furnished, or we shall soon feel the want of money. I had thought of getting a few pupils here for classes, but mother does not like the idea of it."

"No, indeed!" cried Louise. "Why, I should be driven to the kitchen every day of my life when I wanted to be alone, instead of sometimes being able to take refuge in the dining-room. I am terrified of falling over that old cat more often than I need."

Averil sighed a little, and, picking up the tray, went upstairs. She was passing Miss Smith's room when that lady's imperative voice called her from within, and, summoning Charlotte to wait upon Mrs. Vernon, she entered the old lady's room. Miss Smith was certainly more comfortable in her present home than she had been at Wyndquest. All her prettiest possessions were crowded about her, and a bright wood fire leaped upon the hearth; while the silver tea service, beautifully cleaned, was drawn up under the lamp, with a dainty little meal prepared upon it by Charlotte's willing hands. Miss Smith herself looked brighter and younger than she had done at



"'Sir Philip Lascelles . . . you have no business to be here.'"—*p.* 214.

Wyndquest, and, although she would not have for worlds confessed such a thing, yet the bustle of the great city was far more sympathetic to her than the sob of the sea under the cliffs.

"Sit down, child; you look like an embodied ghost," she said sharply. "Here is some tea for you; for I suppose, as usual, that you have been doing all the work, and that lazy toad, Louise, has been sitting idle. I have no patience with her."

"We are not all made the same way, dear Miss Smith," said the girl imploringly; "and Louise has had her own trouble, you know; and perhaps it went deeper than we think, but I believe she is thoroughly cut adrift from Sir Philip Lascelles now."

"I should hope so, indeed! And pray tell me when the young lady is intending to get any work to do?"

"She is going to help in the house—there is so much to do—and to-morrow I am going out to try and get some children to teach."

"Slaving your very brains away for a pittance," snorted Miss Smith, with a watchful eye upon the girl.

Throughout their intimate association during the move to London she had never known Averil falter once in her bright cheerfulness, even under the heaviest provocation, but now she fancied that she had detected a faint suggestion of weariness about her.

"That may be the case," said Averil bravely; "but that seems to me to be the only profession for which I am suited."

"It will end in this, Averil Vernon," answered Miss Smith severely, "that on your shoulders will rest the burden of the support of your whole family, Gerald included; and if your mother is under the impression that——"

She paused, for it had been on her lips to accuse Mrs. Vernon of assuming her to be a rich woman, and trying to compel her to contribute more generously to the family exchequer. But before Averil's innocent eyes she contented herself with concluding:

"Sometimes I fancy that your mother thinks you were born to be the drudge of the Vernon family."

"Only the horse that is to drag them up the hill of difficulty," cried Averil gaily. "And now listen to my plans for to-morrow's voyage of discovery."

She made so light of their difficulties that before long Miss Smith was laughing as pleasantly as though she had never prophesied evil for the Vernon family, and was being thoroughly amused over Averil's account of her battle with the milkman who had given Charlotte short measure that morning.

But Averil Vernon found that to seek employment in London with few accomplishments and no recommendation is about as easy a task as looking for a needle in a haystack, and after a whole day spent in visiting one registry office after another she turned her face sadly homewards, in a state of depression that was very foreign to her buoyant nature. She had grown tired of hearing the same answer to her question, "Crowded with applicants—no vacancy," and the ill-concealed contempt of one or two of the manageresses of those establishments on hearing that she had no certificate, and could only teach little children, hurt her sensitive nature. She was looking as she felt, thoroughly depressed, when she turned her face eastwards from Piccadilly, with a poor attempt at keeping a brave front to the world. Several passers-by turned to look at her as she walked along; for her beauty made her remarkable wherever she went, although her quiet dignity kept her from any attempt at impertinence on the part of the loungers who thronged the street at that hour. Her head, with its coronal of bright hair, held high, the disdain of her lifted chin and firm mouth, were belied by the trouble in her clear eyes.

"Averil! Good gracious, I believe it is really Averil Vernon," said a charming voice at her side, with an accent of surprise and delight, and Averil started, flushed, and looked down into the face of her old school friend, Victoria Churton.

"Vic, my dear, how you frightened me! Where did you come from? How delightful!"

The two girls stood hand in hand in the crowded thoroughfare, each for a moment oblivious of time and place; each back again for the moment at the dear old school where they had been inseparable allies from the moment that Averil, fresh from home, had crept to the bedside of the sympathetic elder girl and cried herself to sleep in Miss Churton's arms. Their paths in life had divided since those days; but the affection was there unchanged, and Averil saw it in her friend's sparkling eyes and lips that were longing to bubble over with the joy they felt at the meeting.

"Not Vic Churton now, my dear, but Mrs.

Christian—otherwise Mme. Chrétien, Court Milliner in Stracey Street, and quite the rage just now."

"My dear Vic!" cried Averil, bewildered.

"Yes, and thereby hangs a tale; and if you will come in to tea with me here at Noble's, instead of standing outside creating a furore by your lovely face, I will unfold it to you."

Averil followed her friend into the shop, where the neat waitress brought them a steaming cup of tea and some sugar cakes, and left them alone.

"And now, Vic, I am longing for your story."

Mrs. Christian was certainly a woman who looked as though the world had prospered with her. She was about five-and-twenty, vivacious, and sparklingly pretty, with dark wavy hair, a brilliant complexion, and brown eyes that were alert and full of energy. She was beautifully dressed in grey cloth trimmed with blue fox, and a black velvet hat shaded by long ostrich plumes, and every angle of her plump *petite* figure seemed fragrant with violets, and rustling with silken prosperity. Averil felt the difference of her own black gown and straw hat, and sipped her tea meditatively.

"Well, my dear, I married Tom Christian five years ago, and you know the saying, 'If you change your name and not your letter, you change for the worse and not for the better,' chattered Mrs. Christian; "but I must not say that, bless him! as he could not help going to South Africa and returning a permanent invalid, with an income of two hundred pounds a year and lots of honour and glory. But, of course, somebody had to work, and I conceived the bright idea of investing all my little patrimony in my shop, and in making my influential friends of some use; and here I am, clearing a thousand pounds a year, and busy as I could hope to be, and one of the most fashionable modistes in London. And now what have you been doing?"

She paused for breath, and Averil expressed her interest and sympathy; and in a few words outlined her own little tragic history, and saw the quick tears flash into the sympathetic eyes in an instant.

"My dear, I somehow guessed you were down in the world by your face," Mrs. Christian said, reaching out her pearl grey gloved hand and pressing Averil's warmly; "and now, my dear, I have an offer to make to you. Come to me; I want a smart, tall girl to help show off my things, and be manageress with me, and your lovely face would attract hosts of people. Say, is it a bargain? And will you begin to-morrow? You shall have a pound a week to start with, and as much as you like afterwards. Say, is it yes?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Victoria!" cried Averil. "Oh, what a godsend you are to me! I was almost beginning to lose heart."

"Never do that," said Victoria brightly; "and now here is my card, and come right away to me to-morrow to start work. You can do the dignity of the business, and I the—I was going to say impudence, but we will term it the partner with business principles, if you like. Now I am going to see a customer who has to be bullied into liking a new hat that I have just sent home to her, and which is quite the *dernier cri*."

"Good-bye, Victoria," said Averil tremulously. "If I had words to thank you, I would."

"Don't do that, my dear. You will thank me by attracting people to my shop by your lovely face. Good-bye; I should like to kiss you, but it would not be proper here."

And she was gone, leaving Averil to return home as happy as though she was walking on air. As she ran up the steps into the house she saw that a cab was just driving away from the door, and that in the hall were signs of an arrival. A new portmanteau and a man's overcoat lay on the chair, and in an instant her thoughts flashed to Gerald.

"He has come," she said to herself, and leaned against the banisters to steady herself for a moment, for she felt faint with the shock of the idea. Then, her habitual self-control coming to her rescue, she moved slowly up the stairs and opened the drawing-room door.

She was conscious that Louise, with mutinous shoulders, stood with her back to her; that Hugh Darrel was warming his hands a little awkwardly at the fire; and that her mother was sobbing bitterly, with her arms round the neck of a man whom she recognised, with a fresh feeling of shock, to be a far older, sullen-faced edition of her brother Gerald.

"My darling—my son—oh! my Gerald—my baby boy!" sobbed Mrs. Vernon, with the same agony of tone that has rung down the ages, from the moment when the pages of the Old Testament are stirred by that splendid

agony that must surely bring tears to every eye—"Oh Absalom—my son—my son Absalom!"

VIII.

"There are in this loud, stunning tide of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart, thro' dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their task with busier feet, because their secret tones a holy strain repeat."

"I HOPE you have got a more cheering welcome for me, Averil," was Gerald's greeting to her. "Louise only just condescends to shake hands, and mother can do nothing but weep; and when we arrived there was an old lady in here who went off with a shriek at the mere sight of me, and vanished as though I were an infectious disease."

His flippant tone covered so much tragedy in the lined face that Averil controlled her own tears with difficulty, and took his hand.

"Dear Gerald, how glad we are to see you back again," she said tremulously, and then turned to Hugh Darrel. "You must not think that we are ungrateful to you," she said gently, "because we have not thanked you for your care of him."

Hugh turned and looked down into her shining eyes, and thought once again that he had never seen a woman truer or more tender than Averil Vernon. Her beauty shone out like a star wherever she might be; and now, with the pathos of her tired face and the black lines under her eyes that told of her fatigue, she was far more dear to him, because he longed to comfort and shield her against all the world. Why was she to bear the burden of so difficult a family upon her shoulders—she whose very face suggested all that was young and happy in life?

"I want no thanks," he said brusquely. "I told you before that I owe a debt to Gerald that I shall not forget in a hurry. A child's trouble is a hundred times more overwhelming than that of a grown-up being's, for the child sees no way out of the maze, but black darkness, and there is always some way out for a man."

"Darrel lays great store on what my father did for him," Gerald said, with a faint laugh. "It has been lucky for me, for he has been very kind. He met me at—at the prison gate, and I have been staying with him for a few days to get accustomed to civilisation again."

Louise moved impatiently, and something like anger flashed into her dark face.

"Don't mention the word," she said. "Can't you try and forget that you brought us all so low?" And with a passionate gesture she turned and rushed out of the room, and Gerald looked after her curiously.

"Louise was always a little spitfire," he said; "but she and I were great pals. She will soon come round again. I say, mother, your rooms are very nice, though they are not quite like Kilraith."

Mrs. Vernon shivered a little.

"We never speak of Kilraith," she said. "We have learned to forget that we ever owned a stake in the country."

Gerald sat down at her side on the sofa, and, seeing his mother's evident sorrow, began to talk more naturally, and Hugh Darrel lingered by Averil, wishing that he could put back the hands of the clock that imperatively bade him depart.

"May I bring my mother to see you in a day or two, Miss Vernon?" he said. "She knows all about you, and is so anxious to make your acquaintance, and she is in town for a few days this week."

"We shall be delighted," said the girl, with a quick flash of sympathy. "It will be delightful for you to have Mrs. Darrel. I know what you two are to one another."

For he had confided in her all his family history—his delightful Irish mother, with her charm and her love for her sons; his father, whom poverty and circumstances had soured, and whose ambition, smothered on his own account, seemed to blaze with fiercer light where his children were concerned, ; his five brothers and sisters, whom Averil knew by name and character, and felt that some day she must know personally.

"Well, good-bye, Gerald," said Darrel at last. "I shall think of you beginning your work to-morrow, and feel sure you will like old Vavasour. He is a good chap."

"I expect he will look at me askance, as all your good fellows do," interrupted Gerald bitterly. "People who have never had any temptation are always the sternest judges."

"If you resolutely go about the world looking out for slights, you will be sure to come upon them," said Captain Darrel gravely. "My advice to you is to go straight on, looking neither to the right nor to the left."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders, and Averil broke in:

"Oh, by-the-bye, that reminds me. I, too, am going to work to-morrow, mother," and in a brilliant, amusing fashion she sketched out her meeting with Victoria Christian and its far-reaching result.

She was not, however, prepared for Mrs. Vernon's cry of dismay.

"A shop girl! Oh, Averil, you will just be a shop girl, and nothing else."

And it was Darrel who came to her help again in answer to her unspoken appeal.

"My dear Mrs. Vernon, it seems to me to be an entirely excellent idea. Why, surely you remember that our very nobility think nothing of setting up shop for themselves. So it is quite an ultra-fashionable thing to do," and after a brief enumeration of celebrated names well known to be connected closely with mercantile enterprise Mrs. Vernon gave way.

"I am sure that, for the future, I shall not be in the least surprised if one of the children takes to sweeping the roads," she said, with an air of resignation; while Hugh Darrel laughingly assured Averil that he should compel his female relations to throng the shop of Madame Chrétien from morning till night to make vast purchases.

Averil accompanied him to the door in obedience to an unspoken wish on his part, and when they were alone he turned to her quickly.

"Miss Vernon," he said, "I want you to be very patient with Gerald. He has changed, and now sees the world through a very black haze, and it will take all the love and all the gentleness of his friends to restore his mental balance. Think of the associations that have been his, day and night, and you may well wonder that he has any semblance of his old self left in him."

He did not warn her of one trouble that seemed to loom ahead, or tell her that he had found Gerald the first night after his release dead drunk in his room; for he hoped that the stimulant had only been taken to drown inevitable remorse, and he had little fear that it would occur again, for he had spoken to him very strongly on the subject. There was so much trouble in her face now that he could only bid her good-bye as cheerfully as possible, begging her to remember that he was her friend and Gerald's, and that in case of trouble he would come to them from the ends of the earth, if possible.

"I think," said Averil gravely, "that your idea of a debt to be paid is connected with a great deal of extortionate interest. Do you really mean that your gratitude to my father and Gerald has led you to all this?"

He looked into her eyes, and what she read in his own made her lower her lashes swiftly, so that he might not read the glad love-light that flashed into their violet depths.

"No," he said slowly; "it is not entirely gratitude. Some day I will tell you what it is, but not yet."

He broke off abruptly, and Averil hastened to say good-bye, and ran off upstairs again, hoping that her flushed face would cool before she met the rest of her family again. She was passing Miss Smith's door when she found herself imperatively called from within, and on entering she found the old lady in some agitation, pacing up and down the room.

"So you have got him back, after all," she said, "and a nice kettle of fish with him, no doubt. I am sorry for you all, for your brother Gerald's face is hardly one to inspire confidence."

"He will do better now, I am sure," said Averil sadly. "He has had much against him."

"Good heavens, child, and so have we all; though some learn Schopenhauer's lesson sooner than others—'Life is the finest of the fine arts; it has to be learned with lifelong patience.'"

"Gerald is very young still. He has plenty of time to learn the lesson."

"Well, well; and what did you do to-day?"

Miss Smith sank into a chair, huddling over the fire with the look of a very old and disappointed woman, and against the background of her old-fashioned furniture and the deep crimson of the wall paper she made a quaint figure in her rusty black shawl and the wonderful cobweb texture of her Limerick lace collar and cuffs. Averil gave her an outline of her afternoon, and Miss Smith listened with deep attention.

"Dear me," she said. "Victoria Churton! Why, that must be Victor Churton's daughter, and I knew him as a baby! Well, you will be happy with her, if she is like her grandmother. But what about your clothes? Are

they smart enough for the position in a fashionable milliner's shop? I suppose your mother would be inclined to blame me for allowing you to go out in that sort of position, but honest work never hurt anyone's character yet."

"Why should mother blame you, Miss Smith?"

Rosanna avoided the clear transparency of Averil's eyes.

"I don't know," she said evasively; "but sometimes I think that she fancies things about me—that I am rich, for instance!"

"Oh, I don't think so, indeed. We have no reason to be anything but grateful to you," cried Averil.

"Well, well, my dear, I am tired now; but if you will come to my room in an hour's time I will give you something towards the purchase of a new frock, and you can get a ready-made one on your way to business in the morning."

And when Averil obeyed her summons she found that Miss Smith had a little envelope ready for her containing a bank-note for £5, for which she absolutely declined to be thanked.

"Good girl, to be punctual! I wanted to see you alone first, so I had you in here," cried Victoria Christian, springing up to meet Averil. She was looking very business-like, sitting in her private room surrounded by books and papers; and her gown, although it had a suggestion of frivolity about its lace fichu and trimming, was severely black. She cast a quick look at Averil as the girl took off her coat. "What a nice frock—just the thing," she said, giving a deft touch here and there to Averil's black voile gown, with its square muslin collar and cuffs. "How clever of you to get it!"

"It was a present," answered the girl, dimpling into a smile as she surveyed herself in the long glass at the end of the room, rejoicing at her first pretty gown for so long, and hardly recognising the stately, slim figure that she saw reflected as the Averil of the every-day short coat and skirt. "I got it at Digby's coming along here, and it fitted me admirably."

"That is just the beauty of you," said Victoria, triumphantly. "You are stock size, and therefore of the greatest use to me! But now, while I just go into the shop and speak to Miss Hilton, you must come and be introduced to my husband."

IX.

"Their strength is to sit still."

VICTORIA CHRISTIAN opened a door at the end of the room, and Averil found herself in the most charming snuggery imaginable. It was a room full of light and freshness and gay with flowers; and all the furniture had been chosen with an eye to lightness and colour, so that the white and gold of the paint work and the delicacy of the inlaid marqueterie chairs and tables all seemed to harmonise with one another. On an invalid couch, drawn up to the crackling wood fire, a man was lying, and all about him were the newest books and papers; while his hands were busy designing some figures upon a sheet of paper. He had the pinched, white face of an invalid, and the injury to his spine had left him powerless, save for his arms; but he looked perfectly happy, and greeted Averil with a boyish smile.

"Tom, this is Averil Vernon," said his wife brightly, and it was only Averil's quick eyes that had noted the passionate pity of Victoria's expression as she came up to her husband's sofa and laid her hand with a swift caress on his. "Now, talk to her for ten minutes, while I go and begin work for the day with Miss Hilton, and then I will come back and put her *en train* with the flourishing business of M. et Mdme. Chrétien."

"Isn't she wonderful?" said Captain Christian as his wife flashed out of sight like a brilliant bird. "Here am I, tied like a log for life to this sofa, and she—God bless her!—having to do all the work, and with such a willing heart, too. And, what is more, she has found out that I have a pretty taste in designing. Now what do you think of the Duchess of Amhurst's evening cloak? This is quite a private view."

Averil looked down at the coloured outlines on his paper, and appreciated the cleverness of the design and the braveness of the uncomplaining hero before her. It seemed to her the most pitiful thing she had ever imagined to see this man, whose frame had evidently been designed for all muscular interests, reduced to this employment. Before him on the wall hung his helmet and sword and his

medals and decorations that he had won in his brief and glorious career, and here he must lie, his active work finished for evermore, waiting for death, but still patient to the end.

"I think," said Averil, with shining eyes, "that I am more than fortunate to have found such friends as you and Victoria. You are the most wonderful people in the world, I think!"

"Victoria is," said Tom proudly. "Just imagine how cleverly she has worked up her business to get an income like this, and people say how remarkably successful her work is, and all the time she has never grumbled once, or complained of the hardness of her fate in being linked to a log like me."

"But she loves you," said Averil softly; and suddenly her face flushed rose-pink like the dawn, and Tom Christian, looking at her, glanced away again as swiftly, for he knew that he had surprised some holy secret of her heart.

"Now then, Averil," cried Victoria's pretty staccato tones, breaking in upon their *tête-à-tête*, "come along and start work, and I will show you all the mysteries of the trade"; and, with a nod to her husband, she dragged Averil into the outer room again, where a morning's hard work put her into thorough comprehension of the work that she had undertaken, and Victoria pronounced her a quick pupil.

Business was rather slack that day, so that Madame Chrétien could spend more time with her new pupil; and Averil watched in wonder her fingers flying backwards and forwards over some deft draping of lace or some cunning arrangement of flowers that the ordinary milliner could not grapple with. She released Averil at an early hour, bidding her to return next morning, when she would have to take her place as saleswoman.

"I am so glad to have you, my dear," she said, kissing Averil affectionately, "and so proud and happy to show you my dear husband. Is he not the bravest man in the world, to lie there with never a grumble and always a smile?"

And Averil went home, refreshed in her heart by the association with the husband and wife, whose devotion and cheerfulness in adversity made them the most charming couple she had ever met. She hurried home, eager to relate her experiences to her family, and ran into the drawing-room to find her mother entertaining at tea Captain Darrel and a stout, middle-aged lady, who bore so strong a likeness to the young man that she immediately recognised his mother in her. They turned to the door as she came forward a little shyly, and Mrs. Darrel put down her cup and rose to meet her.

"I am sure you must be the Averil Vernon of whom I have heard so much of late," she said heartily, and the girl fell in love with her pleasant voice and friendly manner at once.

"Yes, and you are Mrs. Darrel, of course. You are so like your son," said the girl eagerly, her eyes passing Mrs. Darrel and lighting on the face of Hugh Darrel in the background.

"And so you have taken up this new work? I am so interested, and think you most brave," continued the elder woman, drawing her down into a seat beside her, while Hugh beamed upon them from his position at Mrs. Vernon's side. "I should like to feel that my daughter would be as brave as you under your circumstances."

And Averil soon found herself talking away like an old friend to the woman, whose smiling, good-tempered face and fine Irish eyes redeemed the untidiness of her dress and the unbecoming hardness of the black felt hat that was fastened by a tight elastic under her knot of grey hair. Mrs. Vernon contributed very little that was cheerful to the conversation, although she was pleased at the friendly attitude of the Darrels; but her conversation harped on the old familiar theme of old-time prosperity and present misfortunes, until Averil was silent from sheer distress, and their visitors rose to go.

"Good-bye, my dear," said Mrs. Darrel, with an impulsive kiss. "We are staying at Logan's Hotel in King Street, quite a quiet, inexpensive little hostelry; and you must come and dine with us one night. I long to be better acquainted with you. Will you come on Friday at seven, and we will do a concert afterwards, if you like?"

She was delighted with Averil's ready assent, and when they were out again in the street she clutched her son's arm delightedly.

"My dear Hugh, she is lovely, quite lovely! That colouring, and those eyes, and the grace of her figure in that pretty gown! My dear boy, I do congratulate you."

"You are going too fast, mother dear, as usual," laughed Hugh. "I don't suppose for an instant that she will have me—and even if—she will—there is my father."

Mrs. Darrel's radiant face fell. "Oh, Hugh, your father will be horrified. He wanted you to marry Lady Nesta Phillips."

And although Hugh Darrel said nothing,



"Averil looked down into the face of her old school friend."—*p.* 218.

yet he knew in his inmost heart that he would have a hard part to play with his father, whose precarious health made him even more difficult to please than he would otherwise have been; and he knew enough of Averil to be certain that she would never marry him without Mr. Darrel's consent.

Gerald had very little to say of his new work, and as he gradually settled down into the every-day life of the Vernons he became so silent and morose that no one liked to question him. From the light-hearted youth, who had never seemed to realise the responsibilities of life until too late, he had changed into a sullen, brooding man, who seemed to think that the hand of everyone must be against him. Averil began slowly to realise that the only way to help him for the present was to leave him alone, and to treat him with as little notice as possible, for he seemed to resent any special attention and to prefer to brood over his own affairs in secret. He was barely civil to his mother, whose open affection seemed to annoy him; while between Averil and himself there seemed to be a barrier fixed, which, to the girl's great distress, was impassable; and it was to Louise that he turned after a few days, with a strange sense of companionship that he had never felt before. Averil felt surprised at the sudden friendship that had sprung into existence between brother and sister, but she was thankful to feel that Gerald could have some outlet for family affections, and did her best not to feel a little sore when their *tête-à-têtes* stopped abruptly at her entrance.

Between the two sisters there was a hedge of reserve that had arisen out of the resentment that Louise felt at the summary dismissal of her admirer, Sir Philip Lascelles, and Averil's sensitive heart was deeply grieved by the want of sympathy, but at the same time most thankful that such a disastrous love affair had been put a stop to at the very beginning. She was far too busily employed at Victoria Christian's shop to have much time to spare for worrying herself over trifles; and when she came home in the evenings she was too thoroughly tired out to be able to do more than see that the routine of the house was going on satisfactorily, and that Miss Smith was as comfortable as the small establishment could make her. She often spent her evenings with the old lady, for Miss Smith's aversion to Louise and ill-concealed dislike to Gerald made her unwilling to spend more of her time than was absolutely necessary with the Vernons.

It was an unfortunate state of affairs altogether, and neither Louise nor Gerald did anything towards contributing to a more friendly feeling between them, in spite of Mrs. Vernon's reiterated assertion that Rosanna Smith was really a very rich old lady, and that it was to their advantage to be agreeable to her. Neither brother nor sister was very cordial to Averil on the subject of her work, which seemed to them, as well as to Mrs. Vernon, to be beneath the standard to which a lady should aspire; and therefore it was a relief to escape to Miss Smith's room and to be able to talk about her friends.

Hugh Darrel called in Lempriere Street two or three times before the eventful Friday. Once it was with the pretext of arranging for fetching her and taking her back again from the hotel; and once with a bouquet of flowers that had come up from the country, he said, that day; and the next time to inquire after Mrs. Vernon's headache; but each time there was a look in his eyes that made Averil's heart beat to see written there, since it was love for herself that she recognised in its fulness.

"I say, Gerald," said Louise one evening after Hugh Darrel had departed, "it strikes me that we shall not have Averil with us much longer. What do you think?"

"Don't know, I am sure," returned her brother, looking up from his cigar and the long drink that seemed to be indispensable to him after his work in the office. "I suppose you mean that Hugh Darrel wants to marry her?"

"Yes, of course. It is as plain as the nose upon your face; but what are we all going to do without her earnings? And the young man is as poor as a church mouse. If he were a rich suitor, it would be a different pair of shoes."

"It will simply mean that you will have to put your shoulder to the wheel, my lazy sister," scoffed Gerald, with a laugh, "for my pay will only keep me in clothes and necessaries."

"Nothing will induce me to do that," cried Louise passionately. "Rather than that, I would—I would——"

"Marry the first beggar in the street who had a crossing to sweep—eh, Louise? But Darrel is too much a man of the world to want a penniless wife, so take heart," and for the moment Louise assured herself that this might be the case.

X.

"I know not how others saw her:
To me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heavens she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair."

MISS SMITH was much interested in the anticipation of Averil's visit to the Darrels. She had not been in good health since her arrival in London, and that week had kept her a prisoner to her own fireside; but she aroused herself to be enthusiastic over the girl's pleasure.

"Your black dress are you going to wear, Averil?" she said. "Dear me! that old grenadine is a little shabby, and I remember Charles Darrel, Sir Alwyn's brother, as a most particular man—indeed, everyone was surprised when he married pretty, untidy Bessie Danberry. But I have got a lace fichu that I will give you, my dear, to brighten it up, and a little diamond cross to hang on a black velvet ribbon round your neck; and then you will look nice enough to please Charles Darrel's fastidious eyes."

It was a very lovely Averil Vernon who walked into the sitting-room at Logan's Hotel on Friday night when the gong for dinner was sending its imperative summons through the corridors, and even Hugh Darrel had never seen her as dazzling as she appeared to the eyes of the three people assembled to meet her. Her gown of simple black stuff fell in severe folds about her graceful figure, and the bodice was nearly covered by a wonderful square of Limerick lace so fine that it would have passed through a ring, and knotted on her breast with a bunch of white violets. Her slim throat, white as a marble statue, was outlined by its band of velvet, from which the glittering cross was suspended; and her hair, parted in the middle of her shapely head, was the colour of a cleft chestnut touched with threads of gold. Her eyes, full of happy girlish satisfaction for once, shone like stars; and her parted lips, scarlet as two rosebuds, were wreathed in smiles.

Mrs. Darrel, big and handsome in a black silk gown, greeted her warmly, and presented her, with a strange nervousness as Averil thought, to a tall, dark, grey-haired man of middle age, whose face was severe in its settled gloom.

"Charles, this is Miss Vernon," she said; and Averil put her hand timidly into that of Hugh's father, and found it coldly touched and dropped at once.

He bore small likeness to his son; and, indeed, he looked more like a man whose life had been soured by some failure, which was the case, in that Charles Darrel considered nothing but wealth was worth living for, and had long ago determined that none of his family should follow his disastrous example, and marry for love alone.

"Come along, Miss Vernon. I never keep dinner waiting," he said, with an attempt at gaiety that was more chilling than his usual manner. "Dinner is one of the most important principles of life, and though we are certainly not treated in an astonishingly generous manner here in the matter of eatables, yet the dinner is invariably good."

Averil sat between the two men at the table, with Mrs. Darrel just beyond her, and Hugh exerted himself to make the evening a pleasant one; while his father silently devoted himself to his food, giving vent now and again to a sarcastic remark that seemed to take the edge off the girl's happiness for the moment.

"And how do you like selling hats to Mammon, Miss Vernon?" he inquired when they had reached the sweets, for which he had little relish. "I hear that no one but a Crœsus can afford to buy from your shop, and nowadays there are no wealthy ladies and gentlemen, for the money has all sunk into the next tier in the social scale."

"My dear Charles," said his wife plaintively, "is not that rather sweeping?"

Mr. Darrel stuck his eye-glass in his eye and glared round him at the assembled guests.

"Not in the least, Elizabeth, not in the least. I am quite prepared to welcome a daughter-in-law with open arms who has no quarterings, but whose yearly income is well into four figures."

His remark fell like a thunderbolt upon his neighbour, but Captain Darrel took up the challenge quietly.

"I suppose that applies to me, my dear father, since I am the only marriageable son just at present; but please don't expect me to marry a wife who can buy her hats at Mme. Chrétien's. Mother, I shall have to take you in some day, and see whether your classic features can be suited by Miss Vernon's clever fingers."

Averil hoped that the hot flush aroused by Mr. Darrel's pointed words was not visible, and she turned eagerly to Hugh and entered into the laughing argument on the subject of a new hat for Mrs. Darrel, until dinner was over and her host announced gloomily, with his eye upon his watch, that if they wanted to hear any concert at all they must start immediately.

Mrs. Darrel carried off Averil to put on her cloak, and hovered about her a little wistfully, for the wrap was a shabby, thin one, and she longed, yet did not dare to offer to lend her her fur cloak.

"My dear, I am glad to have you," she said with the reckless impulsiveness that had brought Bessie Darrel so many friends, and, alas! so many enemies. "You are just the prettiest creature I have seen this long while, and I know so much about you from my Hugh. Now, you must not mind what my husband says. He—he is not sympathetic—not pleased; but Hugh is his own master, after all."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Darrel, don't say any more," murmured Averil, blushing like a rose in great distress. "You must not imagine things; there is nothing between Captain Darrel and me."

Mrs. Darrel bent forward imploringly and kissed her on the cheek.

"Not yet, my dear," she said meaningly; "and I am sure that Hugh would be very angry with me if he thought that I had put my clumsy foot into the matter at all; but I feel that I really love you, and I am so anxious that you should not be depressed by my husband. He does not mean anything half so bad as his words sound, I have no doubt; but he is so fatally ambitious for his children"; and, pitying the girl's confusion, she led the way back to the sitting-room, where Hugh and his father were impatiently awaiting them.

It was very little of the concert, very little of the exquisite singing of Madame Teresina, or of the violin playing of Lorne Davies that Averil heard, for her ears were ringing with Mrs. Darrel's words to her, and the thought that Hugh must have confided his love for her to his mother made her silent with joy. For she loved him. She had known that, confessing it to her lonely heart, for a long time. He had won her first love by his unselfishness and kindness of heart, as much as by the charm of his personality; and with Averil love once given was impossible to recall. He sat at her side now, silent as herself; while Mr. and Mrs. Darrel chatted about the people in the hall, the wonderful jewels among the audience, and the performers whose voices were not beyond criticism to the elder man's fastidious ear. Hugh Darrel, with folded arms, sat with his eyes upon the platform, his mind wrapped up in the silent girl at his side, his thoughts busy with the moment that was still to come when he would tell her that he loved her, and ask her to be true to him till he had won his father's consent to their marriage. If he could not have her, he would never ask another woman to be his wife; but he felt sure that patient affection would conquer in the end, and that God would bless a marriage that had most surely been made in heaven. He stole a glance now at her downcast face, serious and troubled, and yet at the same time unutterably dear to him, from the waving hair round her tiny ears to the little foot that peeped out from under the frill of her gown. Her perfect profile, and the shadow of her lashes upon her creamy cheek, hid the wonder of her eyes from him; but he wondered whether he should find them homes of love, ready to flash with confessed joy at his words. How he longed to shelter her by his love from every rough wind that blew, and to teach her—the girl who spent her life in caring for others—how sweet it was to be looked after and shielded from every trouble by a strong man's affection! He had her alone with him for almost the first time now—away from her clamorous family—and he was resolved to make the most of the opportunity, so that when Mr. Darrel at an early hour in the evening suggested that he was bored with the music, and that they should all return to the hotel, his son made no demur.

He helped his father and mother into a hansom, and before anything could be said, announced swiftly that Averil was tired, and that he should take her home. One glance Mr. Darrel threw round the corner of the cab before he let down the glass with a crash, and that was so full of threatening anger that Hugh was at no loss to realise what was passing in his father's mind He thought it best to ignore the fact that neither father nor mother had bade good-night to Averil, but his mother's comical glance of half dismay and half delight spurred him on to action. He wrapped the girl's cloak tenderly about her, and in another moment they were walking briskly through the crisp frosty air back to Lempriere Street.

"I am afraid that I made arrangements for your departure rather peremptorily," he said after a moment's silence, "but it is so difficult to talk to you. I never see you alone."

"No," said Averil faintly, with a swift sense of powerlessness in every nerve. "I am quite ready to go home, thank you. I am tired."

He mastered with a great effort the words that were upon his lips, for he would not speak of love to her until she was under the shelter of her mother's roof; but when the little house was reached he took the latch-key from her, and, opening the door, drew her into the dining-room upon the first floor. Then he laid his hand suddenly and masterfully upon her cold, trembling fingers, and held them firmly.

"I want you to listen to me, darling. I want to tell you that I love you. You must have known it for a long time, although this is the first opportunity that I have had of telling you so. Averil, will you be my wife?"

Gone was the impassioned speech that he had been planning in the concert hall, and in its place would only come the few awkward, stammering words that were at the tip of his tongue, and even as he spoke them he felt how feeble she must think them.

"I cannot," said the girl faintly. "Your father would never give his consent."

"You are fencing with me," said Hugh, gravely. "Do you love me, Averil?"

"Yes."

She gave the answer out of her true honest heart simply and gravely, and he realised the value of her words.

"Then nothing but death can part you and me," he said joyfully, and before she could resist he had gathered her into his arms and had kissed her full on the lips. "Oh! my darling," he said. "My darling, what have I done to deserve your love!"

With wonderful joy she lay trembling in his arms, feeling for the first time the rapture that love brings in its train, but after a moment she drew herself away.

"Hugh," she said slowly, "you must remember that I cannot be anything to you until your father gives his consent."

"I shall get it to-night before I sleep," he cried, with the certainty of a man in love; "and even if I do not—why, sweetheart, we can wait. You will wait for me, Averil?"

"I would wait for all my life," she said simply.

"I have made up my mind to go to India," he continued; "for there a man can carve out his own fortune better than in England, and when I know that I am working for you I shall have double courage."

He turned her face up to his, and saw the tears glittering on her lashes.

"Take heart, my dear," he said; "take heart." And she tried to smile up bravely at him.

"India is a long way off," she said.

"Nowadays it is nothing—no distance," he protested; "and you could write to me every week. You would write, Averil?"

"Oh, yes, I would write. There could be no harm in that," she answered simply.

And they stood hand in hand in silent contentment, until there was a sound of movement upon the upper floor, and Averil heard her mother call querulously to her over the banisters.

"Is that you, Averil?"

"Don't wait now," she girl said brokenly. "I could not bear to talk about this to-night with anyone else."

"Good-bye, my dear one, for I may say that, since our hearts belong to one another," said Darrel, understanding her thoughts.

He kissed her passionately again and again, and when he left her he felt that all his hope and joy went with her, and like a young lover he did not leave the street until every light in No. 40 was out, and the windows shone black and dead into the night.

"Good-night, sweetheart. God help you!" he whispered, and went back to his hotel and the inevitably disagreeable interview with his irate father.

XI.

"Oh, well for us all some sweet hope lies,
Deeply hidden from mortal eyes."

IT was well for Captain Darrel that he had no idea of what was passing at the back of the house in Lempriere Street, or he would hardly have parted from the girl he loved with such an easy heart. Averil went quietly upstairs, nerving herself for the interview with her mother upon the third floor. But as she passed Miss Smith's door

the rustle of her skirt must have betrayed her, for it was quietly opened, and a grim face framed by a night-cap peeped out into the corridor.

"It's well for yourself that you've been enjoying your evening, Averil Vernon," said Miss Smith sarcastically. "I can see by your eyes that you've been foolish enough to listen to a man's soft sawder, and the man, of course, Hugh Darrel; but there's a peck of troubles waiting for you upstairs, my dear, and there's no one can help you to bear them. I was sorry for you when I heard him come in, but, as usual, your mother acted like a——Well, I had better say no more, perhaps; but good-night and good luck to your better fortune, you poor child."

Averil felt the colour ebb from her cheeks as the door shut firmly, and she leaned against the wall for an instant to steady herself, for suspicion pointed at once to Gerald, and she wondered faintly what he had been doing now. Her wonder was soon at rest, for on the next landing she came face to face with her mother, whose reddened eyelids and tear-stained cheeks showed that she had been crying.

"Oh, Averil, I am glad to see you back," she said, clutching her daughter's hand. "My poor dear Gerald is so ill. He came back in such a faint, miserable condition, and now he has fallen into a sleep that does not look at all healthy; and Louise is no use in illness. She only shrugged her shoulders when he found it so difficult to get upstairs, and went off to bed and left me."

The indignant colour flashed back to Averil's face. She knew now in what condition Gerald had come back to his mother's house, and she felt nothing but anger for such disrespect.

"Were you alone? Was he late?" she said quickly.

"Everyone had gone to bed, and it was eleven o'clock nearly, but I was sitting up for him."

There was one thing to be thankful for then, in that the servant did not know of his degradation; and, pushing her mother gently aside, Averil entered her brother's room. It was a pitiful, sordid sight that met her eyes, and she nerved herself to bear it unflinchingly. Gerald lay on his bed fully dressed, breathing heavily, and with all the degraded appearance of a man who has had too much to drink. The horrible atmosphere of the room, the flushed face and loose lips, all told their tale, and Averil faced her mother sternly.

"It is a terrible thing, mother. Gerald is drunk!" she said. "You must go to bed, and I will sit up with him till he wakes. I do not think we ought to leave him."

"What nonsense, Averil!" cried Mrs. Vernon in shrill excitement. "You are all against my poor boy. You always have misjudged him. Why, he told me himself that he had been faint and had had a drop of brandy to revive him." And she burst into hysterical crying that roused all the swift compassion of the girl's nature

"Say no more, mother darling. Go to bed, and I will put on my dressing-gown and sit up with him," the girl said; and her mother at last, exhausted and hysterical, allowed herself to be led away to her own room.

Averil laid away her pretty gown and her ornaments, and prepared for her lonely vigil. Her room communicated with that of Louise, and she went in to her for a moment on her way back.

"So you have seen our dear brother?" said Louise, pushing her heavy hair out of her eyes with a laugh. "And I suppose you are going to make a scene?"

"I shall make no scene, Louise."

"Leave the wretched boy alone, my dear, is my advice—and wink at him," said the mocking voice of Louise, as she turned back to her pillows again. "Every man gets overtaken occasionally."

"Louise!"

Averil's voice, stern and indignant, was the natural outcome of her passionately aroused feelings, fresh from the realisation of what a good man could be.

She sat down in Gerald's room, with her nerves quivering, her senses thrilling with anger against the criminal weakness of the man,on the bed, who had not the strength of mind to turn over a new leaf and blot out the past. She had tried to help him. Everyone had been so good to him on his new start in life. This should have been so helpful to him, and now he was going to throw it all away by his folly. She felt no pity for him, only stern condemnation of a vice she hated; and she turned her face to the window, away from the bed, so that she might not see the huddled figure whose weakness had brought him so low. It seemed to her as if she were at the end of her patience as she sat there. She forgot that God is all merciful, and can forgive seventy times seven, and she remembered only that Gerald had once more disappointed their

hopes, and determined to tell him what she thought of him when he awoke.

She sat on in silence, and watched the stars fade above the maze of chimney pots, and the crescent moon swing to its setting in the far blue of the horizon. London roared itself into absolute silence for the one hour that precedes the arrival of the country waggons for the early markets, then woke again with an ever-increasing roar to the reality of life. And the motionless log on the bed stirred and opened his eyes at last. Over the house-tops Averil watched the grey dawn quiver into an opal sunrise, and turned her head swiftly to see the haggard eyes of her brother watching her in sullen silence.

"Gerald," she said, quivering with pent-up indignation. "Oh, Gerald, how could you?"

Then he spoke hoarsely and disagreeably, reading the passionate resentment in her eyes.

"What the dickens made you sit up like this, Averil? You might leave a fellow alone sometimes."

"What right have you," cried the girl, "to come back to our mother's house in that disgraceful state? Gerald, I was sorry for you before, but now I despise you. You are a coward!"

Her thrilling words roused only a dull anger within him, and he turned away his head.

"I shall do as I like. You have no business to preach to me," he said. "You can keep your interest for your own love affairs."

He was only conscious of anger against her, and of a longing to injure her in some way, in return for her attitude towards him, and he could only think of this unworthy sneer. Averil was exhausted and overwrought by her long vigil, or she might have remembered that oftentimes love will succeed where rebuke fails; and now she only laid the rug above him straight, and gave him a cup of hot, strong coffee in silence, listening to his complaints of his wretched headache with contempt.

"Now, since you are better," she said at last, "I will go and lie down a little, as I have a long day before me."

"Go!" cried Gerald bitterly. "Take your self-righteous self away. A poor weak man is no company for you."

"Oh! Gerald," she said more gently, "but you might turn your weakness into strength, and rise on the dead ashes of your old self to higher things."

But with a muttered desire that she should cease to preach to him he covered up his face, and after a moment she went away to her own room to cry herself into a short and unrefreshing sleep before the serious work of the day began.

Meanwhile, in serene unconsciousness of Averil's unhappiness, Hugh Darrel had faced his father in the sitting-room of the hotel, where Mr. Darrel had sat up with the evident intention of seeking an interview with his son. The interview had been firm on one side, and stormy on the other, and had concluded, as Hugh had feared, in a most unsatisfactory fashion.

"We shall not marry without your permission, sir. Averil would never do that; but if I do not marry her I will never take another woman for wife."

He had stood up against the wall, looking so handsome and firm in his resolute attitude that for a moment the heart of his father had gone out towards him. But only for a moment; the next, Mr. Darrel, with a frown, was walking towards the door.

"And my permission you shall never have. You of all men, a pauper yourself, shall never marry a pauper. When that girl who was here to-night is pronounced heiress to at least seven hundred a year, I will give you both my blessing; otherwise, if you marry her, I will cut your name out of the family Bible."

Hugh Darrel bowed with wonderful self-control. "We shall hope to win your consent," he said. "We have my mother's sympathy, at least."

"Your mother always was a romantic fool," said Mr. Darrel savagely, as he went out and shut the door behind him, leaving his son with a heavy heart at his failure to enlist his sympathy.

"My dear Averil, you look like a wretched ghost," cried Victoria Christian, with a little shriek, as the girl entered her room the next morning. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

Averil gave a quick glance at herself in the glass. It was hardly the happy face of a woman who has won a man's true love, for she was very white, and the black circles under her eyes told of her night of watching. But she was too loyal to explain her trouble, even to her friend.

"My brother was ill in the night," she said

quietly, "and I sat up a little with him—that is all, and I shall be all right when I have had some work to do."

Victoria saw that she was in no mood to be questioned, and began to talk on some indifferent subjects, guessing as she did that life was not always easy for Averil in Lempriere Street. But when she had given her last direction for the day she caught the girl round the waist, and put her mischievous face very close to hers.

"Averil, dearie, I saw you last night at the Queen's Hall, and what a good-looking young man! What is his name?"

Averil's delicious blush enlightened her.

"Oh, Hugh Darrel, is it? And where is your ring, for I am sure he is deeply in love with you." And in an instant Averil's head was down upon her shoulder, and the girl was making her first confidence to her friend, and forgetting for the moment her trouble of the night before.

"Well, well, true love never does run quite smoothly, and the old father will give in in the end; and then, if you are half as happy as Tom and I, you may consider yourself a lucky woman!" cried Victoria, turning away to hide her quick tears of joy, and at the same moment the electric bell summoned Averil to the shop, and she hurried quickly out.

The show-room at Madame Chrétien's was brilliant that morning with a fresh assortment of Paris millinery and Oriental embroideries that had just been unpacked, and the December sun was shining through the windows till the whole place seemed to be glittering with gold and silver and brilliant flowers. In the middle of the Persian carpet of scarlet and blue two people were standing, examining a length of material that seemed to have all the jewels of the gorgeous East glittering in its folds. They turned as Averil entered, and for an instant her heart stood still, for she recognised Lady Darrel and Sir Philip Lascelles. Lady Darrel put up her long silver eye-glasses as though the graceful black figure moving towards them through the long room was an interesting study in natural history, and stared silently until Averil was close at her side.

"Good gracious! it is really you, Miss Vernon," she said with her accustomed insolence of manner. "I could hardly believe my eyes."

Averil made the faintest gesture of recognition, and stood silently determined to be nothing more than the ordinary saleswoman.

"What may I show you this morning?" she said. "Yes; it is I myself, Lady Darrel."

She was conscious of Sir Philip's curious glance at her; but she cast no look at him, only devoting herself to showing Lady Darrel all the newest modes in millinery, and listening to her languid comments on the price and style with resolute silence.

"I was told to come here, Miss Vernon, by so many people that really I expected to find something far better than this collection," she said at last, insolently. "However, as I have troubled you so far, I will take the straw hat with the grapes. How much? Four guineas! Good heavens! anyone must be made of money to come here. Send it to the Métropole, please. Now, Philip, are you ready?"

Her voice was a little sharp, for Sir Philip was engaged in conversation with one of the pretty girls behind the counter; but Averil was too deeply wrapped up in her own thoughts to notice that he extracted some information from Miss Price that he considered worth transferring to his note-book. He then bought an exquisite fan of frosted silver and grey gauze, for which he paid in what was evidently a Bank of England note, and when Dolly Price tendered the change he refused it with a laugh and a glance of admiration that the foolish girl seemed to think quite irresistible.

All this the sharp eyes of Lady Darrel noted; but Averil was too deeply absorbed in the one question that had risen to her lips, and that presently found hesitating utterance.

"Lady Darrel, how are the children, Molly and Nigel?"

She could not help the question. Even her dignity was not proof against it, but the affection in her lovely, pathetic eyes steeled Lady Darrel's heart against her.

"Oh, perfectly well, thanks," she returned lightly, "and admirably happy with their nice new governess. Children are very fickle beings, you know, Miss Vernon, and I fear they have quite forgotten you."

Averil felt her eyes swim with tears, and she turned her head away quickly, hoping that those malicious eyes would not notice her discomfiture. She was so glad that the children were happy, but that they had forgotten her entirely she hoped was not true; and when she looked up again Lady Darrel and her

cousin were gone, and the shop seemed to be the lighter for their absence.

She did not like to ask Miss Price what Sir Philip had been saying to her, and she never suspected that it was her own address in London that he had triumphantly secured at the cost of a purchase for which he had no use

XII.

"Life needs perpetual patience."

WHEN Averil reached home that evening, tired after her long and agitating day, she found Hugh Darrel sitting in the drawing-room with her mother, and he rose to greet her with a smile.

"My dear Averil," cried Mrs. Vernon. "I am sure I am delighted to hear this dear fellow's news So nice to have an engagement at last in our family, and in the army too—so suitable. I *must* kiss you, my dear child, and Hugh too. Of course, his father—stupid man—will relent before long, and we can have quite a nice, smart wedding; and I am sure Miss Smith will give you your trousseau, for you are such a favourite with her. And now, my dear, I shall leave you alone to talk, while I go to tell Gerald and Louise this delightful news."

And, still talking, Mrs. Vernon went out of the room, delighted at the mere idea of a love affair in the family, and completely ignoring the one disastrous fact of the utter disapproval of Mr. Darrel, and Hugh took Averil's hand in his own strong grasp.

"Darling, it has seemed quite an age since last night," he said tenderly; "and now my little girl looks so tired and ill—what is it?" And Averil confided to him Gerald's downfall, and listened to his indignant words with a feeling of consolation that she had not known before.

"I will speak to him before I go. It is a disgrace," said Darrel sternly. "He shall promise me to sign the pledge, for otherwise I could never be happy at the thought of what might be happening here. I will tell him what I think of his conduct, and put him on his honour to retrieve his false step. And this, too, when you have all done so much for him, and suffered so terribly!"

Averil felt with relief that now the matter was out of her hands, and under stronger influence than her own, and she could turn to their own affairs with a lighter heart than she had known all day.

It was no news to her that Mr. Darrel would not sanction their engagement; but though it saddened her to realise that Hugh was to start for India in a week's time, yet she knew that his plans were all for the best, and that each succeeding month would bring them nearer to one another and make his own chances of fortune more sure. She could promise him to wait in love and faith, and she also promised to write to him by every mail; and when he left her a little turquoise hoop shone upon her finger that he had placed there as a sign that nothing could ever come between their two hearts for evermore. Then, with a tender farewell, he went downstairs to seek an interview with Gerald, which must have been a stormy one, since the traces of it were still on Gerald's lowering brow when he joined his family an hour later.

"It seems very strange to me," said Miss Smith sarcastically to Averil, as they sat by the fire in her sitting-room one night, "that you are the only person who works in this house."

"But Gerald is hard at work all day, and Louise has so much to do in the house," returned the girl, with sudden anxiety.

"Then why were they having tea with a man in Clarkson's restaurant in Piccadilly yesterday? I saw them through the window, and that is how I got my cold, for it was no day for a dog to be out."

Averil laid down her work. "What time was it that you saw them?" she faltered. "I cannot understand it."

"Four o'clock, my good girl" snorted Miss Smith; "and, if I am not mistaken, the man they were with was that good-for-nothing Lascelles fellow."

Perhaps, if Miss Smith had not been suffering from a cold and sore throat, she would not have launched her bomb-shell at Averil with such uncompromising vigour, but she felt out of patience with the whole world for the moment.

"Oh, I hope not," cried Averil, in such poignant distress that Rosanna Smith was melted at once.

"Well, really, don't take it to heart like that, Averil. After all, you are not keeper-in-chief to your family, and you must learn



"She was conscious of Sir Philip's curious glance at her."—*p.* 231.

that Gerald and Louise have to stand alone sometimes."

But Averil had risen to her feet already. She had had so much to bear for the past week. Hugh had sailed for India, and their parting had been a bitter one; and ever since the night of Gerald's intoxication he had hardly addressed a civil word to her, and Louise had taken up the quarrel and the cudgels on his part. They had made Averil a sort of pariah in the family, and she was kept ostentatiously outside their interests, as though she was neither kith nor kin of theirs. She knew that they had amusements in which she had no share, and when she made overtures of friendship they were received with scathing contempt. It was very bitter to her in her loneliness of heart after Hugh's departure; for, although Mrs. Vernon sympathised with her, yet her words somehow grated upon Averil's sensitive nature, seeing that they had a false ring about them, and through them all ran an undercurrent of why could she not have fallen in love with a rich man who was independent of his father, as so many girls had done before her. Once she had asked Gerald the meaning of his resolute avoidance of her, but even she had shrunk back at the look in his eyes.

"Can you ask me that, Averil?" he said in a low, measured voice, full of pent-up feeling. "Who set young Darrel on me to preach like an old woman on temperance, if it was not you? A milksop like him cannot possibly know all the temptations of a man of the world. He may have been very good to me when I—when I left Hartborough; but, after all, he owed me a debt, and I prefer a man who is good company. You and he are too good for this world."

"Oh, Gerald, he is no milksop," said Averil indignantly. "I do not know what has come to you lately, you are so changed, so unkind."

"Nothing has come to me," he said, with a laugh, "only I have found new friends who will sympathise with me, and who have some sense in their heads, and don't look on me as a reprobate."

"Gerald, we do not look on you as that," she cried; but he was gone, and she was left to wonder dismally as to who those friends could be, who had evidently so evil an influence over him. But now she had discovered the truth, and with it there flashed across her the meaning of Gerald's alliance with Louise, and the cunning fashion in which Sir Philip Lascelles had wormed himself back into the family once again.

"Oh, Miss Smith," she cried, in genuine distress, "Sir Philip must have got my address at the shop the day he came there with Lady Darrel; and now he has had plenty of time to grow intimate with Gerald and Louise, and to do untold harm. I must go and ask them at once."

"My advice to you, my dear, is to leave them strictly alone," said Rosanna Smith emphatically. "They are both old enough to know their own affairs, and it strikes me that you will do no more good with that brother of yours now that he has taken to intemperate habits."

"I will not give him up," cried Averil passionately. "If I was not a wretched weak woman, I should be able to help him, and now I shall make at least one effort to win him back."

Miss Smith shook her head, and sat rocking herself backwards and forwards over the fire when Averil left her. She knew far more of the habits of the family than Averil did, who was away all day; and she could have told of Gerald's late hours in the mornings, and of the mysterious expeditions taken by Louise in the afternoon, from which she returned with a heightened colour and brilliant happy eyes, adorned so often by some new piece of jewellery or some fashionable article of dress that was put hastily away before her sister's return. The affairs of the Vernon family were not going as straight as they might, and Miss Smith was honestly sorry for the girl on whose young shoulders the burden of life fell so heavily. Her engagement, too, had not been a period of unalloyed joy, for Mr. Darrel was implacably set against his son's marriage with a portionless girl, and would have taken any means in his power to prevent any open engagement between them, and the small share of sympathetic congratulations that she had received touched the old lady with a sense of trouble. But she was obstinate enough to be convinced that the furnace of affliction is very good for every man and woman, and although she often sat by herself thinking over the difficulties of the girl she loved, yet she was determined not to put out a hand to help them until the time had elapsed that she had appointed in her own mind.

XIII.

"There is a moment in a man's life when the choice comes between good and evil, and if his heart is hardened it is the devil's opportunity."

WHEN Averil reached the dining-room, where Gerald sat and smoked every night, she heard the sound of laughing voices inside, which died away as she opened the door and entered the room. Gerald, with his cigar and his glass of brandy and water, was sitting over the fire, and Louise, on a low stool at his feet, was holding up something for him to admire that looked to Averil like a jewelled ring as it caught the light and flashed brilliantly.

"What on earth has given us the pleasure of a visit from you?" cried Louise lightly, springing to her feet and facing her sister.

And Averil, looking at her, thought that she had never imagined how beautiful Louise could be. There was something coquettish about the deep red gown she was wearing, low at the throat, with a lace fichu crossed over her full figure and fastened at the waist by a glittering clasp. And surely her dark hair was arranged in some new fashion that lent fresh beauty to her brilliant face with its dark eyes and glowing colour. Averil had not noticed before how completely her sister seemed to have emerged from the untidy school-girl into a living, palpitating woman, whose face was glowing with some fresh, absorbing interest as to which Averil dared not inquire. By the side of her young sister she looked a very pale lily indeed, for her own delicate colouring was always eclipsed by the Spanish beauty of the younger girl.

Gerald turned round to look at her with a touch of uneasy insolence, for there was something about her quiet, resolute manner that he suspected concealed some strong purpose.

"Louise," she said, standing there straight and tall, "Louise, it cannot be true that you and Gerald are friendly with Sir Philip Lascelles? That, indeed, you have been to tea with him in a restaurant? Oh, Louise, you promised me that you would give him up."

Her gentle, thrilling voice was so full of sorrow that Louise paused.

"Who told you this cock-and-bull story?" interrupted Gerald. "The Smith woman, I suppose? I thought I saw her buying cakes in the outer shop—meddlesome old creature!"

"Then it is true?"

There was no anger in Averil's face, only quiet, stricken grief; for she read in their faces that in the fortnight that had elapsed since she saw Sir Philip he had made great strides in his acquaintance with them.

"We are old enough to choose our own friends."

Louise had found her voice again, and was facing Averil defiantly.

"And he is very good to Gerald. We are both very dull without any friends of our own, and since he came into our lives again we have had some amusement."

"Oh, Louise, but why did you do it all so secretly? If he had wanted to be friends with Gerald, he could have come here to see him."

"Yes, and brought down your wrath upon all our heads," said Gerald contemptuously. "Look here, Averil, I am quite old enough to take care of my sister; and she has told me a lot about her friendship with Sir Philip and the high-handed way you put an end to it. It would be a jolly good thing for the family if she married him."

"Sir Philip Lascelles would not take a wife from here," said Averil, with a sob in her voice. "He would flirt with her and break her heart, but that is all."

"You think no one can have a lover but yourself," cried Gerald, growing bolder as the contents of his glass diminished; "and I can tell you Sir Philip is a jolly sight more amusing companion than Hugh Darrel, and far freer with his money."

"Then how can you manage to leave your work in the afternoon, and have tea in Piccadilly?" cried Averil, with a sudden pang at her heart as a new thought flashed into it.

"My work? My good girl, I left Mr. Vavasour a week ago," said Gerald carelessly. "I am going to be agent to Sir Philip Lascelles at the new property he has bought in Essex."

His assumption of mighty dignity brought the blood rushing into Averil's face.

"Gerald," she cried, "then you are earning nothing, doing nothing! God help us all! Do you not see what a worthless life yours is without definite employment?"

"I was not going to stay with old Vavasour," muttered Gerald sullenly. "He took exception to my habits, and was ruder than one gentleman should be to another."

"Your habits!"

Averil could not keep back the ringing scorn of her voice. "Gerald, surely he never saw you as I saw you that night?"

"And what if he did? All men are not plaster saints like Darrel."

"Then remember this, Gerald and Louise," said Averil, reading nothing in the two faces but unconcealed triumph and unkindness, "I shall tell our mother everything, and then, if that is no use, why, I shall——"

"Tell away!" The scornful red lips of Louise parted in a little laugh. "Mother is quite pleased about Sir Philip; she thinks I am a clever girl"

Averil looked at her sister, and read determination in her face.

"If you ever were to marry him, you would be sorry for it every day of your life, Louise. There can be nothing so terrible as life-long association with a man whose standard is a low one, and whose nature is unscrupulous."

"That is enough," said Gerald threateningly. "You had better say no more, Averil, and abuse our friend, or else I may do you a bad turn one of these days."

"That would be impossible," said Averil confidently. "You could not hurt me, Gerald, I am secure in a good man's love."

She flushed hotly at the sudden laugh that arose at her expense, and, seeing that she could do no good by further argument, she hastened from the room, restraining her tears with difficulty. Her interview with her mother was also unsatisfactory, for Mrs. Vernon acknowledged complacently that she knew all about Louise's friendship with Sir Philip, and thought it an excellent thing, which would lead to a brilliant marriage; and as to Gerald, no sane person could expect him to slave for a pittance when he could get congenial work at double the salary under Sir Philip Lascelles.

"But if Louise were to marry him she would not be happy, mother."

"My good Averil," returned Mrs. Vernon petulantly, "there is only one thing that matters in the world, and that is money, and she would have plenty of that."

And, seeing that expostulation was absolutely useless, Averil went to her lonely room and cried herself to sleep. She wondered whether it was her fault that her world looked so dark, and whether she had failed through her own weakness to win the confidence of her brother and sister. How she longed for Hugh's stronger mind to lean on and to advise her, now that the outlook seemed so despairing; and at the very thought of him she lifted the little turquoise ring to her lips in the darkness, and smiled even in the midst of her trouble.

The next day Gerald Vernon made no pretence of going to work, for now that Averil knew everything any attempt at disguise was absurd. But when he lounged down to breakfast somewhere about mid-day he found that both his mother and Louise had gone out shopping, and, according to the little maid of all work, there was a lady waiting for their return in the drawing-room.

"Who is it, Charlotte?" he said lazily, as he began to attack his fried bacon.

"A lady with a title, sir," she answered "This is her card." And she handed him a square of pasteboard on which he read the words, "Lady Darrel, Westhayes."

"Who did she ask for?" he said, with sudden curiosity, laying down his knife and fork; for he had heard the whole story of Averil's dismissal from Westhayes from Louise, and he did not think that Lady Darrel could have come to see them under the guise of friendship.

"She asked for any of the family, sir—the missus or Miss Louise."

"Then I will go to her," said Gerald, struck by a sudden thought, and, leaving his half-eaten breakfast, he pulled himself together and went up to the drawing-room.

Lady Darrel was sitting on the sofa, and at his first glance at her in the shaded light he thought that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her brilliant gold hair, frosty blue eyes, and finely moulded figure seemed to him the beau-ideal of what a woman should be, and as his eyes travelled to her rich sable cloak and her gown of pretty coloured cloth trimmed with the same fur his admiration increased. Lady Darrel herself was amazed at the unexpected entrance of a young man whose face did not suggest to her everything that was creditable and desirable; but, as she suddenly remembered the convict brother, the thought flashed into her mind that here was material ready to her hand of a sort that could be easily moulded to her wishes, and that probably this interview might lead to far more satisfactory results than the one she had sought between either of the two ladies of the family. So she flashed a gracious smile at him, gauging his character from his weak mouth and his shifty eyes, and he sat down opposite to her, wondering whether any perfume could be more delicious than the

heavy scent of heliotrope that seemed to pervade every part of her gown.

"You are Mr. Vernon, of course?" said Lady Darrel, with her most fascinating manner. "And I really am delighted to see you, instead of your mother or sister, for it is always so much easier to deal with a man. Your sex is so much more sensible, so much more broad-minded."

"Ah, yes," said Gerald, drawing himself up with a sudden sense of dignity.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Vernon, I come on rather a painful errand," pursued Lady Darrel, pulling out the lace of her Honiton handkerchief, but with her clever eyes now and again on the weak face opposite to her. "It is better, perhaps, to go to the point at once, as you are a sensible male being; but the fact is, I come from Hugh Darrel's father—in fact, I may say from the whole family—to entreat your sister to be sensible about this ridiculous love affair and to give Hugh up. She has no money, and he is desperately poor; and, of course, he is next heir to the title after his father, and therefore must marry money."

Her quick eyes took in the changing light on Gerald's face, his shabby clothes, the well-worn furniture of the room, and the general appearance of poverty that pervaded the house.

"He could be of no use to you as a brother-in-law," she added quickly. "Now with her—her looks she might do so much better for herself than marry Hugh."

"Of course," said Gerald. "But girls are such fools, and if she marries now she would neither help us nor improve her own position," he added with the wisdom of a man who is enunciating a fresh opinion.

"I see that you are sensible, and, after all, a girl so soon gets over any trouble of that sort, and I am sure your sister would not feel it long," cried Lady Darrel enthusiastically. "And if she would give him up the family would make it worth her while; in fact, make her any present in reason, or, indeed"—she spoke more slowly—"give anyone a handsome present who would break off—the affair between them."

Gerald's slow brain took in the meaning of her words, and he looked at her with a sudden cunning in his bloodshot eyes.

"I understand. And the money would benefit the family—Averil, I mean—far more than the penniless husband."

There was no trace of confusion in her manner as she nodded at him. No one could ever know that she had come there that day entirely on her own initiative, and that Mr. Darrel would have been horrified at the thought of any such conspiracy. But to her it was impossible to imagine even a remote chance of Averil reigning at Westhayes in her stead, and she had all the unscrupulous desires of a woman who has never learned to control her own base passions.

"You understand. When it is broken off definitely a handsome cheque would come into the hands of—of——"

"Of G. Vernon, Esq., 40, Lempriere Street," said Gerald eagerly. "Oh, I understand."

"Then there is no reason to say any more; but, if you earn the undying gratitude of the Darrel family, I suppose I may depend on your silence?" said Lady Darrel, rising.

"Most certainly," returned Gerald emphatically, as he opened the door for her and bowed her out.

"A thumping cheque for fifty pounds would be the greatest help to me just now," he said to himself meditatively, as he returned to finish his breakfast. "I do not believe that Averil would ever be happy with that preaching fellow; and, after all, she has not known him long. I know that Lascelles has no cause to love either of them, and perhaps he can put me up to a wrinkle or two."

There was no touch of compassion or of honour left in him at that moment, for truly the spirit of evil had entered into Gerald Vernon and had quenched the small spark of good that lay within his heart.

XIV.

"Slight are the strings which fate control."



WINTER slipped into spring, and there seemed to be little change in the family affairs in Lempriere Street. Averil had grown accustomed to expect no sympathy from her brother and sister, and had become so entirely thrown in upon herself that it seemed difficult to her to find any outward expression for her own troubles; and they were legion just now, for no letter had been

received from Hugh Darrel since he reached India. She said nothing, bearing her own sorrow bravely; for she knew that not one member of the household, save Rosanna Smith, cared whether or no she ever saw Hugh Darrel again. Three letters she had written herself to him, each line breathing warm affection and loyalty; but since that last letter in which she had implored an explanation of his silence she had written no more.

March was upon them now, and the month, though it had been ushered in wildly, had melted in its third week into soft spring weather that brought out the buds in the park and sent a ripple of blue across the heavy sky. Averil had been so busy that she had had but little time in which to indulge her grief, for with the sunlight the demand for spring millinery increased, and Mme. Chrétien and Averil could hardly cope with the orders that poured in upon them.

It was fortunate for the Vernon family that Victoria had declared Averil's help to be so valuable to her that she was worth far more than the original salary she had received, and therefore insisted on raising it to nearly double the amount, for Gerald had brought home not one penny since the first week of his return. Averil had ceased to ask him any questions as to his doings, for she felt that the barrier between them was impossible to cross, and she did not know of the increasing number of small sums borrowed from her mother and filched from the house-keeping allowance.

The Lascelles agency was still in abeyance, but apparently a well-built castle in the air; and, as Louise never referred to the man who admired her, Averil hoped against hope that the affair had died a natural death. Her own sorrow was too deep for words; and although she could not indulge it, save in nights of weeping that left her pale and heavy-eyed, she knew that her family noticed the absence of Darrel's letters, and were not ill-pleased at his silence. She did not at first imagine that the fact of his not writing to her meant that he had forgotten her, for that idea was hard to entertain, but rather that he had been sent to some place where mails were irregular, and she hoped this until she could think it no longer. If she had not been too proud to speak of her anxiety to Victoria, or even to write of it to Mrs. Darrel, the mystery might have been solved; but she bore her burden alone in proud silence, and even Rosanna Smith guessed nothing of the agony she was enduring.

The Darrels had left London immediately after the night she had dined with them, and she knew that Mrs. Darrel's silence, broken only by a Christmas card, was dictated by her husband's inflexible opposition to their engagement. Her burden of loneliness and despair grew with the dying winter, and, if her friends had not seen her every day, they must have noticed how thin she was growing, and that the proud carriage of her little head bore in it something of defiance as the days passed on. Mrs. Vernon was a woman so entirely influenced by everyone with whom she was in daily contact that, even before Hugh's ship touched at Ceylon, she was quite ready to use every means in her power to discourage an "entanglement," as she heard it contemptuously called by Louise and Gerald twenty times a day.

"You know, mother, when I am well married," Louise said, with a giggle, "I shall be able to look round and choose a rich husband for Averil. She is really a very pretty girl, and it seems ridiculous to think of her being wasted on a poverty-stricken soldier and losing her looks in a bad climate."

"My dear, you are always so sensible," said Mrs. Vernon. "It really is for Averil's good that her engagement should be discouraged, but the young man was very nice, I thought."

"Pooh! all young men are nice when they want to marry your daughter," Gerald retorted. "You wait till Louise has made the match of the season and lifted up the Vernon family out of the mud. Why, if Averil married Darrel, she would only be taking money out of the family, instead of helping us, and he would be tired of her directly her looks began to fade. It is entirely for her good that I say this, mother."

Mrs. Vernon sighed and yielded, for she had begun to realise that, unless money came in from somewhere, the family exchequer would be entirely emptied by Gerald's demands upon it. He had told his mother, with an air of authority, that he was to begin his agency work at Ladywood after Easter, and until then he must live somehow, and Mrs. Vernon believed him.

One morning, when March was blowing itself to a close in a whirl of east wind and brilliant sunshine, Averil came down to breakfast to find herself the last at the table and the others absorbed in various communications

that had arrived for them by post. The girl bade them good-morning with her usual resolute cheerfulness, and took up her own share of the mail, over which she puzzled for a moment before tearing the flimsy wrapper. It was an obscure Indian paper, addressed to her in an entirely unknown hand, and she opened it with a sudden sinking at her heart. It was folded carefully, with the sheet containing the announcements of births, marriages, and deaths on the outside, and a great cross in blue pencil marking out the line. As she read it her face changed to ghastly whiteness, and for an instant she thought that she was on the verge of fainting; but she mastered her senses with an effort, to find that she was sitting in her place cold and still, with the paper grasped in her hand and the astonished eyes of her family fixed upon her face.

"Averil, what has happened?" cried Mrs. Vernon in great alarm.

Averil's heart was crying out in its loneliness and sorrow. "Oh, God, help me to bear it. Oh, Hugh, my love, my dear, you have broken my heart!"

But her lips moved stiffly in answer. "I want you to read—this," she said, rising to her feet; "and when you have read it, for pity's sake, say nothing to me. Never mention his name again. I—I will go to my room for a little, I think."

And she hurried away, knowing that one kindly word would break down all her self-control and make her helpless for the day.

"What does she mean?" cried Mrs. Vernon in great agitation. "Louise, you made me write that letter. Do you think the young man has—has made away with himself?"

"Nonsense!" said Louise, with a harsh little laugh. "More likely got married to someone else, I should think, for your letter showed him pretty plainly that it was much better for Averil that she should have nothing more to do with him."

"I wish I had left the affair alone," moaned Mrs. Vernon, always ready to accuse everyone but herself. "But I am sure I thought that, as he never condescended to answer the letter, I must have saved Averil from a husband who could never have made her happy."

Gerald had the paper in his hand, and there was something strange in his face that arrested his sister's attention.

"Here it is, mother," he said. "On the 22nd inst., Captain Hugh Beauchamp Darrel, the Loamshire Fusiliers, to Margaret, daughter of Colonel Bland, Sub-Commissioner for Blantan."

Mrs. Vernon heard it and burst into tears.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she said. "He need not have got married so soon. Louise, I wish I had never written a word; and now I can never tell Averil what I did, for she would never speak to me again."

"No, for goodness sake, mother, say nothing of your share in the matter," said Louise hastily, and, shaking her head, Mrs. Vernon hurried out of the room and up to her daughter, suffering for the moment the bitterest remorse for her ill-advised letter that she had ever endured in her life.

When brother and sister were left alone, Gerald turned round and faced Louise sternly.

"Do you know anything of this, Louise?" he said in a voice that showed he was suffering from strong agitation.

Callous and dead to all sense of honour though he might have become through his fatal habit of intemperance, yet that morning he had seen Averil moved to the very depths of her being in agony, and had realised, with a shock that had sobered him, that his affection for her was not yet dead.

"What should I know?" said Louise defiantly. "How should I know anything about the contents of an Indian paper or the vagaries of a young man in love?"

"Nonsense, Louise. Had Lascelles anything to do with this?"

"I tell you," cried Louise defiantly, "that I know no more than you do. You told him, as a good joke, that you wanted to get rid of the 'canting humbug'—I believe those were your very words—out of the family; and you remember that he laughed and said he would give you a helping hand, if he could, for he had no cause to love him either. I tell you that is all I know."

"If he has done this, I shall tell him what I think of him. Why, it is a punishable offence, I should think."

"It is all very fine for you to talk," said Louise triumphantly, "but what about the four letters from Hugh Darrel that you burnt?"

Gerald turned round and faced the searching sunlight impatiently. He had changed in those three months beyond all comprehension, save to those who knew what sort of life he had led since he left Hartborough. He had aged by at least ten years, and there were lines upon his face that Louise noticed now

for the first time as he faced her with something like contempt.

"You have no right to say anything," she repeated. "You wanted them separated—for what reason I don't know. I suppose because they were too good for you."

For what reason? A slow flush burned up into Gerald's face as he remembered Lady Darrel's visit—her beauty and fascination and her promise that had never been fulfilled. He had not burned Hugh's four letters, but had locked them away in his desk, and since then there had been no reason for him to act any further, for Darrel had never written another line after Mrs. Vernon's letter to him peremptorily forbidding the continuance of the engagement, and Gerald had profited nothing by the transaction There had been no cheque from Lady Darrel, no acknowledgment even of a brief note that he had sent to her. She, at least, had tacitly refused to be drawn into such a disgraceful affair, and had repudiated her own obligation, since Gerald had no witness to their interview. He had therefore profited nothing by his treachery. And although at this moment he felt almost thankful that such was the case, yet he remembered that there was a pile of debts slowly mounting upwards for him that he had no hope of discharging. At that moment he hated the very look of Louise, in all her rich beauty, sitting opposite to him, with that self-sufficient smile upon her lips; and his looks expressed his feelings.

"I cannot think what has come to you, Gerald," she said resentfully. "You were quite as keen as Philip to break off the match, and now that it has been done you look as if such a thing had been very far from your thoughts."

"But I did not mean a lie of this sort—a base fabrication," he answered passionately. "Why, to my mind, it bears the impress of falsehood in every word. What reason has Lascelles to dislike Averil?"

Louise shrugged her shoulders. She only dimly guessed at the admiration repulsed that had laid the foundation of Lascelle's dislike; but she knew enough to be aware that she had not come first in his affections, and her dignity was sore.

"How am I to know? He was very angry indeed because Averil wrote to him at his club after she had found out that we had met him, and, I suppose, did what she could to warn him off. He is a man who never forgives an injury or a slight."

Gerald was silent. He fancied that he could hear Averil sobbing in the room overhead, and his irresponsible, impulsive nature turned suddenly towards remorse. But, like Esau, it seemed to him that he could find no place of repentance, for he dared not tell the truth to his sister since such a tissue of lies had woven itself about the affair. He sat down dizzily and laid his head upon his hands.

"We can't go back upon it, Louise," he said at last. "We must stick to it now, I suppose."

"Gerald, you are a fool. There is no other word for you," said Louise angrily. "If you say one word, I shall let out all about your cards and billiards and the amount of money you owe to Sir Philip."

Gerald sat down, growling under his breath. Truly he was finding out now that the way of transgressors is hard, and in his heart he bitterly regretted the day when he had given way to that fatal craving for drink that had swamped every good feeling in his nature.

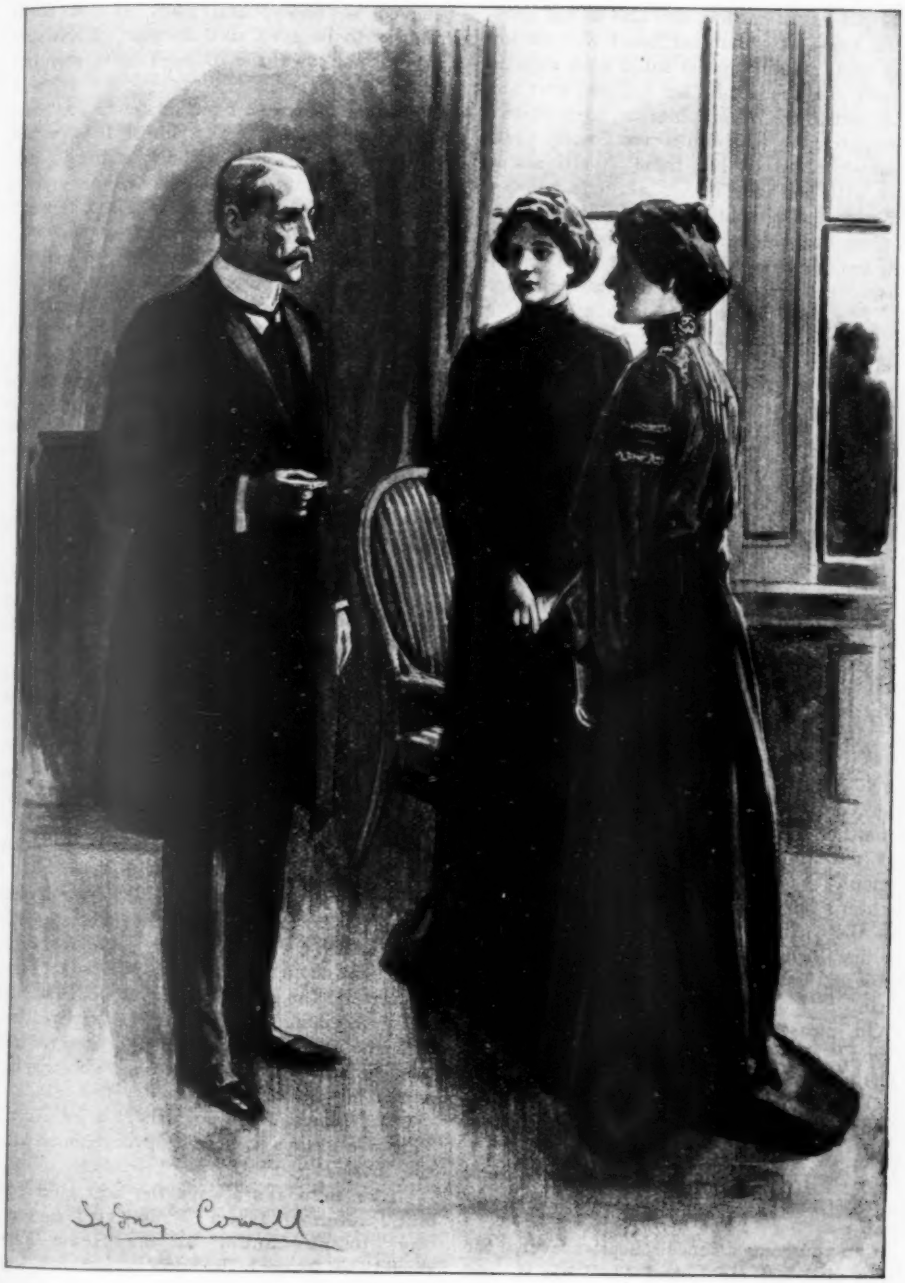
"You women are queer creatures," he said harshly. "I am going out, for I simply can't bear to think of it all, while you sit there and smile. I shall not be back till dinner time, but I am going to see if I can find Lascelles, and get the truth out of him somehow, and then I shall know what to do. If Hugh Darrel has really married this girl, it is all right, and Averil is well rid of him; but, if it is not true, something will have to be done."

Louise flew towards him with the sudden leap of a wild cat, and caught him by the arm.

"You are not to go to Philip, Gerald. You are not to go near him to-day. I forbid you; for, as you are now, you and he would quarrel, and that would never do."

Gerald threw her off roughly. "I shall do as I like, Louise," he said. "You and I have had some very good times with Sir Philip, but there are some things that a man must not do, and, if what I suspect is true, something must be done."

And he went out of the room, downstairs into the street. Louise stood there where he had left her, with the bright colour fading from her face. Gerald's threat was a very vague one; in fact, she hardly knew what he could do, but at any rate she had reason to believe that his suspicions were well founded, and that a friend in India was responsible for the notice of Hugh Darrel's marriage. If Gerald, in his new fit of virtue, should find



"'Nothing on earth shall part us but death.'"—*p.* 246.

this out, she would be separated from Sir Philip, and with him would go all the colour and brightness of her life, and also all the love; for she knew now that her heart was his unasked, and, making up her mind with impetuous swiftness, she put on her hat and coat and hurried out to the telegraph office, from whence she despatched a telegram to the County Club.

Meanwhile, up in her room, Averil sat in silence with her hand in her mother's, soothed a little by the sympathy that had been withheld from her so long. Mrs. Vernon was very silent, for she knew that she had been an unacknowledged traitor to her daughter's happiness. She knew nothing of Gerald's behaviour with regard to Hugh's letters, or of Lady Darrel's visit; but the letter that she herself had written to Darrel lay heavy on her mind. But she had not the strength for confession, and looked in hopeless misery at the white face and stricken eyes of her eldest child.

"I did not know that you would take it like this, Averil," she murmured at last confusedly. "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry for you; but if he was so fickle you could not have been happy with him, and, after all, he was a wretched match for you in the way of poverty, and his people would never have allowed it."

"Don't say any more, mother," pleaded Averil passionately. "I had just given him all my heart, and all my happiness dies with him But I cannot understand it. I cannot indeed. There—there might be another Hugh Darrel."

Her voice faltered over the dear name, but her mother shook her head.

"I am afraid not—at least, in the same regiment," she said, and fell to stroking her daughter's hand again in silence.

As they sat there a hurried knock at the door heralded Charlotte's entrance, and she advanced, holding out a telegram towards Averil.

"Oh, please, miss, I am sorry, but this is for you," she said breathlessly.

The girl tore open the flimsy envelope.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "It is from Westhayes. Nigel is very ill, and wants me. I must go to him."

Mrs. Vernon, in blank bewilderment, took the message from her hand and read it slowly aloud.

"Can you come at once? Scarlet fever. Sir Alwyn died last night, and Nigel has it, and is asking for you."

"It must be a virulent type," said Mrs. Vernon, in distress. "My dear, you ought not to go. And just when Hugh Darrel has behaved so badly, and Lady Darrel never troubled to be even civil to you. I am sure you do not owe the Darrels anything but dislike."

"Mother dear, don't forbid me to go," said the girl hurriedly. "You know I have had the fever, and am not in the least afraid, and little Nigel wants me. Don't tell me not to go, for I believe some active work like this will help me more than anything to forget."

And Mrs. Vernon gave her reluctant consent, and ended in helping her daughter to pack and in making all arrangements for communication with Victoria Christian.

But it was not until Averil was steaming westward as fast as the express could carry her that she realised what it would cost her to face Lady Darrel again.

XV.

"The Master hath need of this little child
To play in His garden above."

THE carriage that met Averil at Wyndquest station late in the afternoon was driven by the old coachman who had been in the Darrel family for a generation, and his face expressed the sorrow that had hardly had time to be realised.

"Aye, he's gone, miss," he said to Averil, who had always been a favourite in the servants' hall.

He bent down from the box to speak to her, touched by the grief in her eyes, and scornful of the footman, who was a new importation, and who was holding open the door of the brougham with the air of a man who was impressed by the occasion.

"Oh, James, I am so sorry," cried Averil. "He was always so good to everyone, so kind and lovable."

"Aye, miss, it's always the best that goes first," returned James; "and if I had my way, Joseph Cantley at the Home Farm should be hung high upon a gallows tree. Caught the infection from the milk, the doctors said—a dirty, lolloping lot of farmers as

don't know a drill from a harrow are all the Cantley family, and now it seems they had the fever in the house and never said a word to no one."

"Who caught it first?" said Averil eagerly, longing for and yet dreading the answer.

"Miss Molly, and she got over it all right, though she was bad for a bit; but Sir Alwyn was mowed down by it like the poppies in the orchard. He'd been ailin' for a bit, and he would sit up of nights with Miss Molly; and when the London doctor sees him, he says as it was the worst type of the fever, and now—little Sir Nigel——"

He choked and broke off short, giving the off-chestnut horse a cut with his whip, for the child was the delight of the household.

And Averil got into the carriage, with the tears that she had been unable to shed for her own sorrows streaming down her face. It was pitiful to hear the child's new title—so sadly assumed, so soon, alas! to be laid aside again; but the girl, knowing that she must be brave, controlled herself with an effort as the great white front of Westhayes came into sight with every blind drawn blank against the pane.

"My lady will see you at once," said the housekeeper, who had come forward at the sound of wheels upon the drive. "She was very thankful to get your telegram, miss, and the poor child calls your name in his delirium so often that it makes one's heart ache to hear it. Most of the servants have gone, miss, and my lady's French maid was the first to leave when the fever took a bad form. But at such a time my lady has found, I make no doubt, that old friends are the best, after all."

Mrs. Parsons spoke with a faint sniff, for Lady Darrel had not kept up the traditions of her husband's family in preferring the old servants who had been connected for generations with the estate, and the French maid had been a case in point, for Mrs. Parsons' own niece had been deposed for her sake. But she left Averil at the end of the passage that led to Lady Darrel's boudoir, and the girl went on alone with a beating heart.

"Come in," said a voice, in answer to her knock, that she had some difficulty in recognising as belonging to the mistress of Westhayes; and when she entered the room, into which the afternoon sun was streaming, she could not keep back an exclamation of surprise. For the woman who came forward hurriedly to meet her was a new Lady Darrel, with swollen, haggard eyes, and a face from which all beauty had been swept away as a sponge blurs the outline of a crayon drawing. Her hair was knotted in an untidy mass upon her neck, and her gown was hurriedly arranged; and it seemed to Averil that she had never realised before how much of her good looks Angela Darrel owed to the art of her maid

"Thank God, you have come, Miss Vernon," she said harshly. "I did not think you would. I did not think that you were Christian enough for that."

Her eyes were so wild and tearless, her manner so bereft of its charm, that Averil could only look at her in pitiful sympathy.

"Lady Darrel, I cannot tell you what I feel for you. How could you think I would not come to you, when Nigel wanted me?"

Angela Darrel quivered at her child's name.

"He is dying. It is only a question of hours," she said in the same strained voice. "What have I done that God should punish me like this? First my husband, and then my child—the one I was so proud of—the only being in the world I passionately loved."

Averil laid her hand on the cold, twitching fingers, and held them firmly.

"It is not a punishment. Oh, Lady Darrel! But God wanted them. They are taken from the evil to come," she said, very softly.

"Pray that Nigel may be spared. I have prayed till I am weary," the other said, hoarsely.

Very simply Averil drew Angela Darrel to her knees, and laid her face in her hands silently, while the hungry eyes of the mother watched her with something of fierceness in their haggard depths.

"What have you prayed for?" she said, when Averil rose to her feet again, still silent.

"That God will do what seems best unto His all wisdom," said the girl reverently. "He knows best what is right for us all."

Lady Darrel dropped her despairing hands. "You do not know what it is to see a little child die. One that has lain on your breast, close to your heart, to go out alone into the dark unknown," she said.

"Not that, but rather to the light of heaven. And not alone, but with Christ. Oh, Lady Darrel, remember that," cried the girl passionately. "He gathers the tired lambs in His arms. He is far tenderer to the children than any earthly mother can be."

"I cannot believe like you do; I cannot. My heart seems dead. I seem even to have no feeling; and when they drew this blind

down this morning, I tore it up, though I saw Alwyn die," cried the tortured woman. "I was not a good wife to him. I did not study his tastes or his interests."

Oh, saddest of sad sorrows—the useless grieving over love that might have been given to a dead heart in its lifetime! Oh, foolish souls that will not love when they may! And even Averil had no words to comfort her here.

"Now come with me, Miss Vernon," said Lady Darrel at last. "Take off your things here first."

There was something so defiant in her tired face that Averil could only look at her in wonder and in pity, and when she felt the touch of her cold hands the girl followed at once. Down the long corridor they went, that had once been redolent of roses and lilies and full of heavy Oriental perfumes, but which now was only full of the smell of carbolic and disinfectants.

Lady Darrel opened a door to the right, and Averil followed her blindly. They were standing in the middle of a room heaped with flowers, and through the light blind drawn against the window a steady ray of sunlight danced in and set the bed aflame with its solemn burden.

"I want you to see him, Averil," said the harsh voice again. "I want to tell you something that I have been making up my mind to tell you, and it will be easier here."

She turned the sheet back for a moment, so that Averil, through her tears, could see the solemn dignity of the face at rest on the pillow that had once been the hearty, bluff squire she had known so well. She knelt down and said her reverent prayer, while from the other side of the bed Lady Darrel looked at her in silence.

"He is with God," she said at last, wishing that tears would soften the eyes that were so unnaturally bright. "I ought not to cry for him, Lady Darrel, but he was so invariably kind to me."

"And I so invariably unkind," said the measured voice again; "but if I make a confession to you over my husband's dead body, I have hopes that you will forgive me, and perhaps he will, too; and I cannot let you go to Nigel without knowing what I am."

Averil tried to soothe her, for she imagined that her brain was overwrought to snapping point.

"No, I will speak, for I want you to know what a jealous woman can be, and you must know that now, after Nigel and his own father, Hugh Darrel is the heir, and I never liked him or you——"

At the name Averil put her hand to her heart to still its swift throb of pain.

"And so I went to your house before Christmas," pursued Angela Darrel, "and found your brother there; and I told him that if he found means to break off your engagement to Hugh, I would give him a large sum of money, and he wrote to me some time ago and said it had been done, but I never sent the money in return, for I was frightened."

Averil felt so overpowered for the moment that she feared she was going to faint.

"I do not understand," she said. "I had an Indian paper this morning to say that he was married to someone else."

"It is not true," said Lady Darrel harshly. "I do not believe it for a moment. He would never do that. But what can I do to show you I am sorry?"

"Telegraph to him," said Averil breathlessly, the slow colour creeping once again into her face, though she dared not allow herself to think for an instant over the treachery that had been woven about her in her own home.

"I will, and then, will you forgive me?"

For one imperceptible instant Averil faltered, but she glanced down at the silent figure between them—the man who had led such an upright life and had clung to the straight path with such unswerving loyalty, and the thought of him gave her strength.

"I have forgiven you," she said simply, and held out her hand.

She would not allow herself to think of all that the confession entailed, as she stood there with Lady Darrel's hand in hers, but she only saw the amazed wonder of the woman who had to learn what Christian forgiveness can be.

"Now come to Nigel. I am not so frightened now."

Averil never paused to think of the selfishness that dragged her into the presence of such illness without any precaution as to infection; but the nurse who met them at the door of the sick room insisted on having her own way and in not admitting Averil until she was rested and refreshed, and the girl was too stunned and bewildered to refuse.

"The child is no worse, Lady Darrel," said the nurse, in answer to the sullen question in her face, "and we cannot do with another patient on our hands just now."

Lady Darrel took the girl to her room and left her there.

"Miss Vernon, I am going to send a maid to you to look after you for a bit, and I am going to telegraph to Hugh. My message will be that he is to return at once, for there has been a terrible mistake between you and him. I shall not spare myself, you may be sure. I shall need Hugh here, too, for his father will be of no use. You know he has a most dangerous disease of the heart, which prevents him from being able to bear any agitation, and which has affected his very nature, as you know."

Averil lent a quick thought to the sour, irritable man, and wished that she had been more gentle in her estimation of him, then closed her eyes for a few moments' rest—too weary, even, for consecutive thought.

It was early in the evening when she was roused from a sound sleep by a touch upon her shoulder, and, looking up, she saw the nurse standing over her.

"I think you had better come now," she said quietly. "The child is sensible, and is asking for you."

She helped Averil into her gown, and looked sorrowfully at the slim, young figure.

"You will not be afraid?" she said. "We do not think that he will live through the night. He has wanted you so much, and the sight of his mother seems not to satisfy him."

Lady Darrel was sitting by the child's bed when Averil entered, but she made room for the girl at once.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "You will know better what to say to him."

Averil's eyes passed beyond her to the little face upon the pillow where the shadow of death rested so visibly.

"Nigel," she cried. "My little boy, I have come."

The look that swept over his face was so beautiful in its happiness that his mother, who had never won such a glance, shivered and looked away from him.

"Oh, Vernie, now you will say 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' for I cannot 'member it all," he said, with a fleeting smile; and Averil steadied her voice to comfort him with those words that have smoothed so many a dying path.

With his hand in hers he lay watching her face with his dim eyes till the sunset, red and gold, flamed in the sky outside, and the last rays of the dying day stole up the white quilt to his whiter face, and rested above it like a halo. He had to shut his eyes to the dazzling light, for the faces about him were growing dim, and he was very tired. And so it happened that when the light faded Averil gave a little cry, and the nurse, bending down, covered the tiny face with the sheet.

"He has gone," she said simply. "It was very peaceful."

Lady Darrel rose to her feet, and tottered forward a few steps, till she stood face to face with the girl to whom her child had given his last look, and for one instant Averil was afraid that her reason was leaving her. But suddenly she gave a great cry and fell upon her knees by the bed.

"My darling, my darling! God has punished me," she said, and she broke into weeping that threatened to shatter the very foundation of her being. The nurse gave a swift glance towards Averil, and lifting Lady Darrel to her feet, they helped her from the room and laid her on her own bed to weep and weep until the cold ice about her heart melted away.

XVI.

"Led by a little child."

AVERIL found that it was impossible for her to leave Westhayes for the present, since Lady Darrel did not seem to be happy away from her; and poor little pale-faced Molly, slowly convalescent from the fever, clung to her in all the newness of her grief for father and brother, as though she recognised in her her only comfort.

The new baronet came down for the funeral and for the reading of the will, and Lady Darrel received him with Averil at her side. He came in nervously, looking thin and ill, with the irritable manner that Averil remembered so well.

"I came, of course, Angela," he said; "but I could not bring my wife, and pray do not ask me to stay the night. I have taken rooms at Wyndquest. How terrible all this is! Believe me, I would help you in every way; but, with my unfortunate health, you must understand how I dread any infection."

Lady Darrel, straight and tall in her heavy mourning, stood up with her hand in Averil's.

"I understand, Charles," she said quietly. "You and Alwyn were never much to one another, I think."

"Oh, it is not that," he began uneasily; "but really, with my wretched health——"

Then he broke off, with his eyes on Averil.

"Miss Vernon," he said. "Surely it is Miss Vernon?"

Lady Darrel kept her silent by a pressure on her hand.

"Yes, it is Miss Vernon. She has helped me to realise what a good woman may be. She came to me because Nigel wanted her, though she knew that I had—separated her from Hugh, and that even you had never been kind to her; and she—was with my child—when he died."

Her voice broke in a sob, and Mr. Darrel's complaining tones took up the theme.

"I am at a loss to know what you mean, Angela, by saying that you broke off the injudicious affair between Miss Vernon and my son. Perhaps that will explain the mad letters we have had from him of late."

"I telegraphed to him yesterday to come," cried Lady Darrel. "He was always fond of Alwyn."

"He is on leave," said Sir Charles Darrel. "He was going tiger-shooting when we last heard from him."

"Then that is why there has been no answer," Averil said, with a quick sigh of relief that he noticed at once, and turned to her.

"If my family has caused you any trouble of which I am not cognisant, Miss Vernon," he said pompously, "pray allow me to tender my apologies, as the head of the family."

Lady Darrel gave a shudder, for the remark was not in the best taste, and cut her to the heart.

"Sir Charles," said Averil very gravely, "I loved your son and he loved me, and you knew it. You might have been kinder to us; but I quite understand your feelings, and I never resented them. But if it pleases God to bring Hugh and me together again, nothing on earth shall part us but death."

He bowed to her, not ill-pleased at her spirit, and in another moment was talking to his sister-in-law on various questions connected with the estate. He had never expected to find her a disconsolate widow, and it gratified his sense of personal judgment to discover that she speedily assumed her usual self-control, and conversed for the short time that he remained with her like a sensible woman of business.

"My dear Elizabeth," he said to his wife, when he reached home again, "Angela was just what I expected—a woman with no heart."

But it was only Averil who knew the agony of her self-contempt and her suffering when they were alone again.

"How can I care for what he thinks?" she cried. "I only wanted to make him think that I was heartless, and I have succeeded. I don't want anyone but you, Averil, to know what I really feel now."

That night, as they sat talking sadly enough over the fire, two cablegrams were brought in by the housekeeper, and Lady Darrel tore hers open.

"Oh, Averil, he can't come. He says, 'Have volunteered for North-West Frontier—am writing.'"

But Averil slid to the ground, rosy as the day, and hid her face in the heavy black crepe gown.

"You may—read mine," she said. "Oh, what have I done to be so happy?"

For the words on her flimsy sheet of paper were as follow:

"Thank God—write explanation—cannot understand. Courage, darling."

"Averil, the day that Nigel died I wrote a full explanation and confession to Hugh," said Lady Darrel quickly. "Tell me that I have done what I could."

"Oh, you have, you have; but if he dies out there what shall I do?" cried Averil, smitten by a new fear; and though Lady Darrel soothed her, yet that terror took up its abode in her heart and rested there like a black shadow.

Their bereavement brought Molly and her mother together in some strange fashion that could never have been otherwise accomplished; and Averil came into the child's room one afternoon to find her eagerly explaining to her mother the history of her beloved book, "Crumbs of Comfort," that lay open on her knee. Lady Darrel was trying to follow the eager flow of words; and Averil watched her face, pathetic with the new struggling light of motherhood dawning in her eyes, and saw that death had been the shock necessary to wake her heart from its sleep. It was most touching to see how patiently she tried to win the love that she had so carelessly thrown aside, and how Molly responded to her mother's touch, like the sensitive strings of a piano to the hand of a good musician. The pathos of

the little figure with its fair tangle of hair over the blue dressing-gown struck Averil very forcibly as she stood contemplating the mother and child. Lady Darrel's colouring had faded, and her hair looked dull and dead; but the child, newly recovered from her illness, was pretty as a flower, with little to forcibly remind the observer of her pitiful malady.

"Mother, there is something for everybody in my book," she was saying in her shrill, childish tones; "for you and for me, and for everyone. I read you the one about the 'Hill of Difficulty,' and told you which Miss Vernon said was mine, and now we must find yours."

"I see mine, Molly. It is here on this page," and Lady Darrel bent over her daughter's shoulder. "Every sorrow is a step up the hill of difficulty. Not always as punishments do such visitations come to us, but as finger-posts to warn us on the road of life that we are pilgrims here and our goal is heaven."

"That is about father and Nigel. We ought to think of our sorrow like that," said the reverent child voice, "and it won't be so lonely when you and I come to die, mother, because they will be waiting for us. Nigel and father have both climbed their hill of difficulty."

"And if it was not for you, Molly, I could wish, too, that I had climbed it with them."

Molly looked up into the white face above her.

"All this time, mother dear, I never knew you properly," she said earnestly. "I believe you loved me always, though you had no time for me—that was all."

"Yes, that was all," said Lady Darrel softly. "I think one half of me was asleep."

"But it will always be awake now, mother, always, for ever?"

"I hope so, Molly. Oh! I hope so."

"I can't make up for Nigel, I know," pursued the child gravely; "but I can love you, mother, and you will forget about my back?"

"Oh, my darling, I never think of it. I am thankful to have you. Without you I should have been a very miserable woman indeed." And the kiss that Angela Darrel laid on her child's hair was passionate in its earnestness.

"Mother, Miss Vernon had a verse she once read to me," pursued Molly. "She and I were talking about people who didn't like to go to church and never thought about God at all, like Miss Willesden and Lady Barton; because I was saying what would they do when they were ill and had to die and go to God, when they had not really tried to believe in Him or to be His servants; and Miss Vernon said that perhaps the verse was what they would say to themselves when they came—to die."

"Tell me, darling."

Lady Darrel hid her face in Molly's curls, thankful that the child could not see the look in her eyes; for the women whose conversation and behaviour had so deeply impressed Molly had been among her most intimate friends. She thanked God that Molly herself did not seem to realise that her mother had been a leader among her careless, irreligious set, and that her regular Sunday morning attendance at the village church had counted for something after all, though it had been kept up more as a salve to her own conscience than as anything else. Molly paused for the words for a moment, and then continued reverently:

"But I have caught the contagion of a world that I never loved,
Pleased myself with approval of those that I ne'er approved,
Dreamed of pleasures that pleased not, and fame where no fame could be,
And how shall I look, do you think dear, when the angels are looking on me?"

Lady Darrel moved her face a little further into the shadow. She could not imagine Betty Willesden or Lady Barton ever being placed in a position to use those words, and yet she knew that some day the realisation of their wasted life must come upon them with the shock of an earthquake, as it had done to her in these past weeks.

Just then, to her relief, Averil came forward into the room, and she sent the child to the nursery, reading in the girl's troubled face that she had something to say to her that had better be said in private.

Ever since the day of that most wonderful telegram that had perfected her life once again, Averil's beauty had seemed to increase every day. The worn look had gone from her face, and the haunting sorrow from her eyes, to give place to a marvellous content and peace. She had not dared to trust herself to think how far her own family were responsible for her trouble. She had not allowed herself to reflect on the very painful explanation that Lady Darrel's confession made inevitable between herself and her brother. She could only reproach herself for the want of sympathy that had arisen between them, and with bountiful forgiveness vow that



"She bent down with a sudden passionate gesture."—*p.* 253.

on her return she would be the one to turn over a new leaf and to ignore what had passed, so that together they might begin a fresh life free from misunderstandings. In her great happiness she was ready to condone their treachery, for she felt sure that there had been another and a stronger mind at work against her in the person of Sir Philip Lascelles, who prided himself on never forgiving an injury or forgetting slights.

"Well, Averil, what is it?" said Lady Darrel, and the girl pushed a letter into her hand with a troubled:

"Read this; and it will show you that I must go home at once, Lady Darrel, though I am so sorry to leave you."

"Oh, must you go? I shall be lost without you," said the other in dismay; but a glance at the letter in her hand assured her that she ought not to keep the girl against her wish.

"40, Lempriere Street.

"My Dear Averil,—If your new friends are not more to you than your family, you will come home at once, for we are all at sixes and sevens, and I really do not know which way to turn. First of all, there are Charlotte and Miss Smith down with influenza, and wanting waiting on every hour, and Victoria Christian sending to me to know when you are coming back and worrying me out of my life. Then you may think that Louise is a help to me, but she is not; and I am really alarmed about her, for she goes out a great deal, and won't tell me where she is going. And your brother Gerald goes with her most days, and there are very queer-looking men—for I can't call them gentlemen—who come to the door asking for him.

"I assure you, my dear child, that I am so worried with all this that I hardly know which way to turn. And before you come back I want you to know how very sorry I am that I ever wrote to Captain Darrel and told him that he was too poor for you to marry him, for I am afraid we brought a great deal of trouble upon you. And now that he is heir to Westhayes, of course, it is all very different, though I am sure, if you knew what hard things Miss Smith had said to me when she got to hear about it, you would be sorry for me. So now I hope soon to see you, my dear Averil; and believe me to be your affectionate mother,

"E. A. Vernon."

"It is all a little involved," said Lady Darrel, bewildered, "but what is your sister doing?"

"There lies the greatest anxiety in life just at present," uttered Averil; then growing bolder: "Oh, dear Lady Darrel, if you have any influence with Sir Philip Lascelles, use it now; for Louise seems to me to be completely under his influence, and Gerald too. And think what a mistake a marriage with him would be for my sister."

"When you told me of all this at the first I wrote to him," said Lady Darrel quickly. "I used to have some influence with him; but just before my husband's illness we quarrelled. He had treated a girl I knew very, very badly, and there seemed to be no excuse for him and no palliation of his action. He has not answered my letter. No doubt I made him angry, for I represented to him the injustice he was doing to your sister and her family by raising hopes that could never be fulfilled."

"Thank you," said Averil gratefully. "That was good of you, and perhaps now I shall be able to free Louise in some way when I get home again."

"I hope you will, Averil. I hope you will," cried the other passionately; "for the woman who marries Sir Philip Lascelles will be one whom every good woman will have a right to pity."

And, though she said no more, Averil had learned enough to make her more miserably certain of the unworthiness of the man whom she disliked and feared.

She left Westhayes early next morning, knowing that Lady Darrel was genuinely sorry to lose her; but comforted not a little by the fact that Molly had turned to her mother, and was lavishing upon her the wealth of affection stored up in her nature that had hitherto had so little outlet. And Averil's last sight of them was very comforting, as the carriage turned the last corner in the Westhayes drive; for Lady Darrel, in her heavy mourning, was standing on the white marble steps, with the brilliant sunlight upon her, and Molly clinging to her hand.

As they left the woods and pleasure grounds behind them that made up the beauty of the great estate of Westhayes, there flashed into her mind that before long, in all human probability, she would be reigning there as mistress, since the life that stood between Hugh and the title had such a precarious hold on existence. The thought filled her with dismay,

XUM

for she felt that she was not fitted for a high estate; but she prayed that she might have the strength to help her husband, and that together they might keep up the tradition of the Darrels, as Sir Alwyn had always striven to do.

XVII.

"Life is a tangled thread which the finger of God unravels."

THE journey home seemed to be a longer one than usual, for each moment was fraught with gloomy anxiety; and when her cab drove up to the door in Lempriere Street she sprang out and rang the bell impatiently. The door was opened by a charwoman with a frightened face, who gave vague answers to her eager questions, and, passing her, she ran upstairs. Her mother met her on the top landing, her face swollen with crying, and with an air of utter despair about her whole figure that struck Averil with a complete sense of catastrophe.

"Oh, my dear, what has happened now?" she cried in dismay.

"You may well say that," sobbed Mrs. Vernon, throwing herself into her daughter's arms, "for I really don't know which way to turn, with Miss Smith so ill still, and last night Gerald was brought home after being run over by a cab in the City, and the doctor says that he is badly hurt, and the worst of it is that he had been—oh! Averil dear—drinking at the time; and Louise never came home all night, and just now I have had a letter from her to say that she and Sir Philip Lascelles were married yesterday, and she encloses the certificate. And I think it is so heartless of her not to be married from her own home, and to have kept it all so secret from her family till now, when she knew how I should have enjoyed a wedding."

Averil felt her heart stand still. One calamity after another seemed to be heaped upon the family, and she felt that even her brave heart quailed before these two blows of fate.

"Oh, mother!" she said faintly, "I can hardly believe it. Louise gone!"

"And her letter so heartless too, saying we can keep all her old clothes and rubbish, as she calls her treasures; for that her husband will give her everything new now that she is Lady Lascelles."

Averil put her hand to her head bewildered. Sir Philip must have married Louise out of sheer obstinate pique, in return for Lady Darrel's letter of advice, and she could only guess at the deceit and folly that had led up to such a disaster, and of the awful awakening that awaited her sister when she should realise what it was to be the wife of an unprincipled man.

"We can do nothing for Louise now," she said at last; "but there is Gerald, mother. Where is he?"

"In his room, my dear," said Mrs. Vernon, subsiding into a chair; "and now that you have come home again I shall take a rest, for really, Averil, I am half out of my mind with worry."

"Who is with him, and what is his injury?"

"Who should be with him?" returned Mrs. Vernon irritably. "The charwoman and I sat up with him all night. There's something wrong with his side, and his leg is broken; but now you have come I daresay he will be better"

Averil saw that her mother was overwrought and exhausted, and took her to her room and made her lie down on the bed, while she took off her coat and hat and prepared to go to her brother.

"You will be very kind to my poor boy?" said Mrs. Vernon suddenly. "He is in a dreadful state, and somehow you and he never got on well together of late, and he turned quite queer when I said that you were coming home to nurse him."

"Oh, mother, I will be very gentle," said Averil, with quivering lips. "I blame myself for a great deal—indeed, I do."

Gerald's pitiful silent figure, with sunken, haggard face, lay facing her on the bed as she opened the door of his room and went quietly in. His eyes were closed, and the bandage upon his head, with its stain of blood, made his appearance more ghastly. Averil went up to the bed and knelt down by him, laying one gentle hand upon his twitching fingers.

"Gerald!" she whispered. "Poor boy, I have come back to nurse you, and you will soon be well again."

He opened his eyes with a start, and, when he saw her, shrunk away and hid his face in his uninjured hand.

"You can't mean what you say," he said hoarsely. "You can't have come back to

nurse me. I can't let you, Averil, till you know what I did to you. It has been on my mind for so long, and I think it drove me to drink more, so that I might not remember what I had done."

"I know all about it, Gerald," she answered simply. "Lady Darrel told me; but now that Hugh understands that I loved him always what you did does not matter. I daresay I was often hard and unkind to you, and you were angry with me."

The humble simplicity of her words broke down the barrier between them with a rush.

"You can forgive me?" he cried wonderingly. "Oh, God! I can hardly believe it. But if you can, then it makes me realise how good God can be; but I must tell you everything, Averil, for fear you should not have really understood."

His hot, fevered hand was gripping hers, and he was looking into her face with an intentness that was full of agony.

"I thought I was done for, Averil, yesterday when that cab knocked me down, and I may not get better even now; for I know what the doctor's looks meant, and what life I have been living lately. But I was with Louise and Lascelles yesterday—you know they were married, and I was the witness—and afterwards we had some champagne, and he laughed and said that, through a friend, he had put that advertisement about Darrel's marriage in the Indian papers, just 'to spite the pretty Puritan Averil.' And it seemed all to come before me—what I had done by drinking—and I got mad and drank more to drown my thoughts; for I kept back four of Hugh Darrel's letters, and—and I burnt two of yours that you left for Louise to post. You know why I did it? Because I was a villain, and because Lady Darrel offered me a large sum to break off your engagement; and we got mother to write to Hugh, because he was poor and could not help the family. And now that you know everything, Averil, you had better go away and leave me to die, for you cannot forgive me. No one could."

He turned his head away, for her answer did not come directly, for she was fighting with her tears, and he was afraid of what her next words would be.

Then she said very quietly, "Dear Gerald, I do forgive you. Will you let me be more of a sister to you in the future? I want to help you and to love you."

His weak mouth quivered, and she saw the tears rolling down his cheeks, and with a gesture of supreme compassion she leaned down and kissed him.

"Ril," he whispered, "the letters are in my desk. You will like to have them. I am sorry, old girl." And from that moment onward Averil resolutely closed the subject between them for ever, and, with the loving words of Hugh's letters fresh in her heart, freely forgave Gerald everything.

When he was asleep and lying comfortable and refreshed in his bed, with the room about him made daintily neat and clean, Averil remembered Miss Smith, and crept away to her room. She found the old lady looking gaunt and shrunken, sitting by the fire writing, wrapped in a great shawl, and looking as if her illness had aged her by many years.

"Averil Vernon! Goodness, child!" she said, laying down her pen as the girl entered. "I never thought I should be so pleased to see anyone in my life. Without you this house is unbearable, and I want to know all your news, and the truth of all these mysterious happenings of which I have caught tantalising whispers."

Averil kissed her gently and sat down at her side.

"What shall I tell you, Miss Smith?" she said a little apprehensively. "What do you want to know?"

"Just everything, my good girl—from the day that Hugh Darrel left here up to this minute. And I want the truth, mind—the unvarnished truth, or else I shall get it out of someone else."

And, without allowing herself time for reflection, Averil told her the whole history of the past three months without any reservation or undue blame to anyone concerned.

"I guessed it," said Rosanna Smith triumphantly, "and the only thing that causes me real pleasure out of all this entanglement is that Louise—the cat!—has caught herself the biggest Tartar in the shape of a husband that any woman possessed on this earth. I know the Lascelles family, my dear—I know them well. And now, Averil, I want you to post this letter to my lawyer, Mr. Snow. It ought to have been done long ago, but I was watching you—and waiting—like the suspicious old woman I am. But I want you to know now, my dear, that there will be no poverty for you in the future any more; and that you are to write and tell Hugh Darrel that you are an heiress, and that he is to come

back at once to marry you, for his father will go on his knees now to entreat you to be his wife. You thought I was a poor old woman, Averil, I know; but you had no idea that you were entertaining an angel unawares."

Averil looked at Miss Smith for a moment in blank amazement, then with a swift gesture flung herself, weeping for joy, into her arms.

XVIII.

THE CHIME OF MARRIAGE BELLS.



"O, Averil, don't leave the room. I want you to hear it all. Mr. Snow, pray induce her to remain," said Rosanna Smith, with feverish eagerness.

The firelight was shining gaily upon the walls of the little sitting-room into which Averil had just entered in obedience to an imperative summons from the old lady. Ever after that night the girl connected the leaping, fitful flash of a wood fire with the scene that then met her eyes, and what she saw never passed away from her in all the years that she came to live. Rosanna Smith was seated in an arm-chair at the round table in the centre of the room, facing the lawyer—an elderly man in an immaculate dark suit, with a subdued air, as though he bore upon his shoulders the burden of the secrets of many a great family. The table was littered with papers and legal documents of every description, and Mr. Snow himself was busily writing from dictation The Sheraton bureau that stood in a recess to the left of the window was open, and Averil's amazed eyes could see the cases that contained the jewellery exposed to view as though their value had been appraised before the business of the moment began. Mr. Snow rose with a stiff little bow, and it seemed to Averil that his keen, kindly eyes took in every detail of her figure and face as she stood hesitating in the doorway.

"Pray come in, Miss Vernon," he said. "I should think that you have every right to be here, and Miss Bosanquet wishes it."

It was so strange to hear that name from the lips of the lawyer that Averil started a little, then came in quietly, and sat down with her face in the shadow away from the lamp.

"Mr. Snow's firm has done business for three generations with the Bosanquets," said Miss Smith's harsh voice in explanation. "He has no sympathy with my wish to remain incognito, and he has never used my assumed name."

"I must confess that I thought the whole affair rather romantic folly," said the lawyer quietly; "but I hope I always respected your wishes, Miss Bosanquet?"

"You were always considerate, except in one thing—that you never seemed to understand what a woman, hurt in her most tender feelings, may suffer, even after many years have elapsed," snapped Miss Bosanquet sharply.

Averil, looking at her, saw that a new, firm light seemed to have swept much of the morose bitterness from her eyes, and that a fresh spark of electric energy seemed to have awakened a new zest for life within her.

"Go on," she said again. "I am waiting; but first, between us, I want to explain to Miss Vernon exactly what we are proposing to do."

Mr. Snow cleared his throat and settled his spectacles, then cast a swift glance at the slight, girlish figure in the armchair. He had not in the least expected to find Averil Vernon the beautiful woman that she so surely was, and he told himself that he had seldom seen anyone who realised his idea of feminine charm so completely as did the girl before him. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, her sweet, serious eyes bent upon him, the shadow of her cloud of bright hair framing her face like an aureole. Her simple gown only served to set off her fresh beauty, and he was acute enough to read in the innocent wonder of her eyes that she had not the least idea of what awaited her.

"You men are so slow," said Miss Bosanquet impatiently. "Averil, here is the gist of the whole thing in a nutshell; and perhaps it will come better from me, because I have known you for so long, and this is Mr Snow's first introduction to you. Child, you know the whole story, for I told it you at Wyndquest just after our first troubles were at their height. You know I was to have married poor Sir Alwyn's father; but you did not know, perhaps, that I loved Anthony Darrel with an affection that has never changed, worthless scamp though he may have been.

I never turned my mind to anyone else, nor ever dreamed of marrying elsewhere; and when he died I came to Wyndquest to be near Westhayes, and to watch the Darrel family, for I am a lonely old woman, with no near relations, and it was in my mind always that my money should some day benefit the Darrel family, if they seemed to be deserving of it. You know they were not, for Sir Alwyn was a worthy soul, under his wife's thumb, and the child's character was unformed. And then, Averil, I met you; but I could not believe in you at first. I thought you were helping me for what you could get out of me, and that you had guessed I was not the poor old woman I feigned to be. It has taken me five years to know you—I am ashamed to say it—but in all that time you have not failed me, Averil; and I believe I love you as I had never thought to love a human being again; for you have made me see the beauty of goodness and the nobility of a high ideal of life."

"Oh, please, Miss Smith, say no more," cried Averil in great distress, her face burning with a hot blush. "I did nothing. I do not like to hear you talk like this."

"I shall say no more." Miss Bosanquet made an imperative gesture to the lawyer. "You can go on, Mr. Snow. I will only add this, that my resolution has been completely cemented by the fact that you are to marry Hugh Darrel, and that my money will eventually benefit the Darrels of Westhayes, as I originally intended."

She leaned back in her chair and shut her mouth with the firmness of a steel trap, and the girl in all her blushing distress had time to think how tired she looked, and to wonder whether Rosanna had ever loved Anthony Darrel as she loved Hugh. But she had to rouse herself to force her brain to understand the sentences that were falling so glibly from Mr. Snow's lips; and perhaps he saw how bewildered she was, for he paused to say emphatically:

"I hope you are attending, Miss Vernon." And she put her hand to her head with a gesture of bewilderment, and forced her mind back to the subject in hand.

She must be mad. She must surely be at least dreaming, and would awake to reality before very long, and find out that Rosanna Bosanquet was only the owner of the modest fortune that Mrs. Vernon had always prophesied she was possessed of. But at last she sat still, with pale cheeks and dilated eyes, striving to realise that it was all true, and that the stocks and shares and property that were being enumerated so glibly were not the imagination of a mind diseased.

"The whole personal estate amounts now to about half a million of money, with all the varied accumulations of so many years, and I may congratulate you, Miss Vernon, upon your fine prospects. There will, of course, be the jewels and the estates of Farnwell and Murdow besides; but Miss Bosanquet wishes you to understand that you are left in undisputed possession of everything of which she dies possessed."

He paused, and Miss Bosanquet's shriller tones took up the next words:

"And, child, you may send for Hugh Darrel to come back immediately; for till I die I shall allow you ten thousand a year, and I think that will buy you bread and butter."

Averil rose feebly to her feet, for the shock had been unexpected, and she felt that she was on the verge of tears.

"I can't thank you, Miss Bosanquet. I can't pretend to thank you; but I will try to show what I feel, and Hugh will tell you when he comes back."

She bent down with a sudden passionate gesture and kissed Rosanna's withered hand, then hurried from the room.

Miss Bosanquet sat silent for a moment, then glanced oddly at the place Averil's fresh lips had touched. A tear glistened there, brilliant as a diamond, and even as she gazed another fell beside it and lay glittering there—a tear from the depths of a heart embittered by disappointment and loneliness, and thawed at last into quick life by the touch of a loving, noble-hearted woman.

"I suppose you think I am an old fool," she said harshly to the lawyer.

"On the contrary, my dear madam," he returned, "I hardly know whom to envy the more—yourself or Captain Hugh Darrel. And now let us finish the business, for I have another engagement at six o'clock."

For the first time since her father's death Averil Vernon knew what it was to be perfectly happy during the four weeks that followed the announcement of Miss Bosanquet's intention towards her. She was fêted and made much of by her mother, to whom she seemed a very different person indeed under the desirable circumstances in which the world now viewed her.

"You really have pleased me very much,"

sighed Mrs. Vernon, as she sat one day with a long list of requisites before her for Averil's trousseau that was quietly in progress. There was to be no sparing of expense now, for Miss Bosanquet had given a generous cheque, and had expressed a desire that the girl should be provided for as a future Lady Darrel of Westhayes, and Mrs. Vernon was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

One blissful letter from Hugh, written in the intervals of a long march, had set every pulse in the girl's body throbbing with new life. He had received her letter and Lady Darrel's confession, he said, and he prayed God that he might some day forgive those who had come between them; but he would make the man suffer who had sent the false report of his marriage to the Indian paper, for that, he fancied, was a legal offence. Nothing could come between him and his darling now, and when the little campaign was over he should come straight home to her and marry her in spite of everyone. And, seeing that this was so, Averil kept the secret of her inheritance in her own heart, preferring to be loved for herself alone.

"I really am delighted," continued Mrs. Vernon. "Everything is going on well now. Here is Gerald on the sofa again, and really quite a different fellow, with his signing the pledge and asking Mr. Vavasour to take him back and all that, and you with the finest of lace and muslin for your trousseau and such a big order for Victoria Christian, and she not a bit annoyed about your not coming back to her. Really, Averil, I believe our luck is on the turn at last, if it wasn't that I am not quite sure about—about Louise."

Averil looked up with a clouded face from the pile of lace she was examining.

"I am quite sure about her, mother. If she was happy she would have come to see us, since she has been in London for the past fortnight; but, save for that scribbled letter the other day, she has taken no notice of us at all."

"But, dearie me, do you suppose that a Lady Lascelles can have much sympathy with Lempriere Street?" said Mrs. Vernon, with some complacency. "Really, it is quite pleasant to think that both my girls will have a handle to their names."

Averil sighed a little, for she was convinced that her sister already regretted her marriage, and after a moment or two she rose and went back to her brother's room with the sensation that silence was the only possible attitude to adopt towards Louise.

Gerald's sofa was drawn up to the window, and he was lying there with the April sunlight upon him, busily engaged in studying a legal book concerned with some abstruse problem of commercial law.

"Hulloa, Ril," he said brightly, as his sister entered. "I really think I am getting the thing well into my head; and old Vavasour was so kind yesterday that I am simply longing to please him. He and I had a grand talk, and I really think that, after all, there is a future ahead for me."

"Why, Gerald, I am sure of it," said Averil, looking down at her brother with lips that smiled a little with the new love and tenderness that was born in her towards him.

He had changed greatly in that short month; and now it seemed both to his mother and sister that the Gerald of old days had returned—the bright-natured, impulsive boy, who had been so easily swayed through his affection. But it was a Gerald made of finer, firmer stuff than in the old days; a Gerald whose limp would always remind him of the furnace through which he had passed, but whose eyes were now striving to fix themselves upon the goal of higher things that lay almost within his grasp.

Averil sat down at his side, and asked him to explain his work to her, following his words with deep interest, because under them she could read the reality of his purpose.

"And Mr. Vavasour says, Ril, that in time I shall be put into the office and learn my work thoroughly," he said, with the old boyish enthusiasm she knew so well. "And then——"

"Averil, my dear, are you there?" broke in Mrs. Vernon's voice upon the opening door. "Oh, yes, and Gerald too. Come in, Louise. Why, we were only talking about her this morning, Averil, and now here she is—my Lady Lascelles—looking so handsome and well dressed, too."

"Louise!"

Averil started to her feet, with her hand still in her brother's.

"Hulloa, Averil! And Gerald, too. All right again, I see. So sorry to hear of your smash up," said Lady Lascelles, as she rustled in with a jingle of bracelets and necklets and a shimmer of pink and silver draperies that seemed somehow too smart for the afternoon. "I have only a moment to spare, as I have to meet Phil at his club. He thinks I am shop-

ping, but I wanted to come and see you all, so I braved his wrath."

Louise was looking her old dark, handsome self, but there was a new forced ring in her laugh and an artificial tone in her affected voice that grated on Averil.

"Dear me! how small and gloomy this room looks," she continued, when her brother and sister had greeted her quietly; "and really, Averil, I should have thought you could have afforded a new gown with all this mighty wealth of which mother has been telling me. Dear me! I suppose you will be a great swell some day, and Phil will be wild when he hears it. He hates anyone to be richer than himself, I believe, and his investments have not been doing well just lately. However, we are off to South Africa for a trip to retrench, and to leave all our creditors mourning behind us."

She laughed a little unnaturally, and Averil murmured some confused reply.

"I suppose you were all just mad when I went off and got married, but I told Philip it was either then or never, and he was frightfully in love with me. But mark my words, Averil. Make hay while your sun shines, for a man gets tired of a woman in five weeks."

She sat chatting a few moments, then rose and bade them good-bye lightly.

"I don't know when I shall see you again, I am sure," she said. "Perhaps never."

Averil followed her to the door, struck by something indefinable in her manner.

"Oh, Louise," she said, "you are not going like this? Tell me, are you happy, dear? Has your marriage been a success?"

Louise bit her lips under her spangled veil and freed herself from her sister's clinging embrace.

"My dear," she cried hardly, "is matrimony ever a success? I suppose I am as happy as most women, for Phil doesn't beat me. But, to tell the truth, Averil, his affairs are so horribly involved that I believe we shall end by having about twopence a year to live on, unless we can get clean out of the country. I may be coming to you to beg for bread before I die, only I suppose that you would not give it to me because of the way I behaved to you and Hugh; but Philip hated you so, Ril. What did you do to make him hate you so?"

Averil murmured something in distress, and Louise stood silent for a moment, with a light dawning upon her hard face.

"I suppose you would have nothing to say to him. Perhaps you were right. But I am sorry for what I did. I am not completely bad-hearted, Averil, and to prove it I brought some papers for Gerald. Here they are."

She picked up a bundle of newspapers from under her sable cloak, and, carelessly kissing her sister, she hurried away out to her carriage.

Averil stood still for a moment where Louise had left her; then went slowly back to her brother's room, and laid the papers on his knee.

"Mother, she is not happy," she said quietly. "I am troubled for her."

"Happy!" cried Mrs. Vernon indignantly. "My dear, what else could she be, with her skirts all lined with silk, and such diamonds! You always were so fanciful, Averil; and just because she talks of poverty I suppose you get alarmed. But, good gracious, child, your poor, dear father always complained about his tenants who would not pay their rent, and often told me we were on the verge of the workhouse, and many a time I have wondered who was going to bring the tea and sugar there, out of all our grand friends."

"Oh, Averil!" cried Gerald, suddenly, his voice breaking across the even monotone of his mother's remarks like a sharp note of pain.

He had the evening paper in his hand, and even as the girl turned her head he tried to shuffle it under the others. But Averil was too quick for him, and had caught the flimsy pink sheet from his hand. She steadied her nerves with an effort, for the words seemed to strike at her, aiming full at her heart:

"There was a brisk skirmish on Thursday in the Nylgharie Pass, the details of which have been delayed in transmission. There were seven casualties among the advancing force—Captain H. Darell killed."

She read no more. What did it matter to her how many other hearts were widowed and mourning, since she was bereft? She heard Gerald's quick sob, and felt her mother's arms about her, and knew in her inmost heart that she was praying for unconsciousness or for death. But the pain was too sharp for any alleviation, and presently she begged that she might go and be alone with her grief for a little—that she might creep away like a wounded thing, to hide even from the eyes of those who loved her. She knew that her weeping mother, whose tears could fall so blessedly and so easily, took her into the drawing-room and left her alone among the flowers and the

sunlight, and presently she rose and drew the blind across the window to shut out the happy day. Then she returned to her seat and sat stunned and silent, with her hands folded upon her knee.

So she was not to be happy, after all! Wifehood and love were not for her, but they lay shut away for ever in the still heart in the hill country of India. She knew he had died bravely—she needed no newspaper paragraph to tell her that; but it seemed so pitiful a thing to her that the good fortune of her inheritance had come all too late for her, and that now she would far sooner be Averil Vernon the penniless than a woman who would never any more have to work for her bread.

The slow hands of the clock crept on round its face, and the dusk fell. She would have to face the long hours of the night very soon. God help her! for there would be no bright, hopeful morrow to wake up to, no daily portion of Indian letter to write, remembering whose dear eyes would read and love her words.

There was a sudden commotion in the house below. She could hear it through the closed door, and drearily wondered if Louise had come back, perhaps to condole with her. She hoped not. She shivered a little as a coal fell out of the fire with a chink, then hid her face in her hands that she might not catch even a brief sight of the photograph of Hugh Darrel on the chimney-piece, in all the bravery of his uniform. The door opened quickly and shut, and she rose half impatiently with a sense that she had perhaps been selfish in claiming these hours of lonely grief.

"I am—coming, mother," she said. "Do you want me?"

"Averil!"

Her voice died on her lips, for the voice was Hugh Darrel's. Ah! perhaps her wild sorrow had brought him back from the very verge of the grave. She could not bear the thought. Her imagination was running riot with her, perhaps, and she was going mad; but there were warm arms about her, and there were tears and kisses raining down on her cold, pale face.

"Averil! Averil! It was all a mistake. It was another Darell—poor chap. I was invalided home before that, with a stupid bullet in my side that they could not extract, and fever too. Averil, darling of my heart! Oh, what is it—have I killed her?"

For she knew the truth now with the first touch of his lips, and in the sudden revulsion of joy she had fainted in his arms.

* * * * *

"Averil, why do you keep your eyes to your needle like that? I want to see them. Don't you realise that I am a convalescent, just pronounced sound by the doctors and dismissed from the nursing home? Averil, don't you know it is June weather, and that June is the month for weddings?"

Hugh Darrel was lying on the sofa in the drawing-room in Lempriere Street, a most contented-looking invalid, although his pale cheeks still showed the severity of the operation through which he had so successfully passed. And Averil was sitting by him, with her embroidery in her hands, and the new, happy look upon her face that his kisses had left there.

"Well, sir," she said, rosily blushing, "and who wants to get married?"

"I do," he returned sturdily; "and Miss Bosanquet vowed to me this morning that she would cut us off with a shilling if we were not married before June was out, and my father wrote to ask why we were delaying the wedding only yesterday. Averil, what do you say?"

Averil dropped her eyes on to her work again.

"I—I don't want to be cut off with a shilling," she said in a demure, small voice.

And Hugh Darrel kissed the words from her lips.



UNIV. OF MICH.



GIFT HOUSE BRETHREN.

(From a Painting by W. B. Fortescue.)

A PLEASANT SATURDAY EVENING.

By Harry Davies.

IT is Saturday night. The brightly-lit windows of the hall shine out upon the squalid street with a friendly gleam of welcome. "Come in! Come in!" they seem to say. And who can wonder that their invitation is largely and eagerly accepted? For outside the damp, raw breath of a December fog is hanging over the scene, rendering dingier still the dingy courts, making slimier still the slimy pavements; while within there is a cheery glow of light and warmth that seems to pooh-pooh the drooping spirits of the evening. Outside there is naught to be seen but a drab, mean street of tenement houses, narrowing at one end into a ramshackle court, fading away at the other into a gloomy blackness of mist; while within the pink-coloured walls, tastefully decorated with texts and inscriptions, the long rows of comfortable backed benches, the roomy platform, with its piano and music stands, and its red curtains behind, all seem to hold forth mysterious promise of delights to come.

I emerge at the side door, after an inspection of the interior, and mingle with the crowd who are waiting for admission at the main entrance. Like true Cockneys, they are boisterously jolly.

"'Ello, Sararann! Where d'yer git that saucy 'at? It looks like a tea-pot turned upside dahn. Look at the spout!" pointing to a stiff, slanting erection of red velvet in front.

"Never you mind, impidence! Where d'yer git yours? You've got a coal-scuttle on, you 'ave."

"Talkin' abaht 'ats," says a third girl, looking sideways at me, with a mischievous smile, "there's a rare smell of *'igh* 'ats abaht to-night."

"Garn!" puts in a boy's shrill voice to my right. "It ain't a 'igh 'at. It's the funnel of a boat in the river as you're lookin' at."

I quickly move to another side of the crowd.

"Nah, then, 'oo's feet yer treadin' on?"

I humbly apologise.

"All right, guv'nor," says a short, stumpy man beside me. "But I only got one pair o' feet, an' they've bin runnin' abaht the Borough Market nearly all dye."

I am about to reply when there is a sudden rattling of bolts, and a flood of light bursts out upon us. The crowd cheers and whistles; there is a mighty surge; a



THE RUSH FOR THE DOOR.

short period of swaying and tussling; and before I know what has happened I have been carried willy-nilly into the hall.

The seats rapidly fill up. I secure one facing sideways, near the platform, so that I can look partly at the performers, partly at the audience. In an incredibly short space of time the building is filled, and a small sea of faces is swaying underneath the gas-lights. I look at those around me. They are mostly pale and toil-worn, and it is apparent that their owners are among the very poorest of London's denizens. Sitting next me is a thin, under-sized, near-sighted man, with a cravat tied loosely around his neck. His features are familiar, and after some mental probing I succeed in locating him. He is the jobbing cobbler who may be seen all day and every day, save Sundays, in the dark little window of his dark little room at the corner of the tenement buildings, his nose almost touching the boots on which he is putting "two-penny patches" or "sixpenny heels." He is always working at his hardest, yet always in poverty, for he has a drunken wife. He sits forward now, with his cap between his knees, and peers at the platform with the greatest eagerness.

At the end of the seat in front of me is a wizen-faced woman, with grey hair, a faded shawl about her shoulders, an ancient bonnet, trimmed with rusty crape, on her head. She, too, has eyes for nothing but the platform, and although she frequently makes remarks to a woman sitting next her (a cherubic-faced dame who looks fifty-five and might be thirty), she always gazes straight in front of her. I hear scraps of their conversation.

"There's picters ag'in to-night. See the sheet for 'em? They've got the lantern fixed up be'ind us. I seed it as I come in."

"Mr. B——'s a-goin' to read, too."

"No! Is 'e reely? 'E's a funny un, ain't 'e? I like to 'ear 'im read. 'E makes me laugh fit to split."

"'Ow do they make them picters move?"

"I don' know. I s'pose people stands be'ind 'em and makes all the motions. I ast my ole man, but, bless yer, 'e don' know anythink! 'E wouldn' know where 'is 'ed was if I didn' look arter 'im!"

"Consider yerself lucky to 'ave an' ole man, Mrs. Dobbs. I wish mine was livin'. I often think of the dyes when 'e used to sye to me, ses 'e, 'There's no one can myke toad in the 'ole like you, Mary.' An' I ses to 'im, ses I——"

The rest is drowned in a shrill outburst from my left.

"Oo! I seed Mr. B—— be'ind the curtain! Oo! 'E's a-comin' on the platform!"

Thereupon the speaker springs to her feet excitedly, and begins to clap her hands with such gusto that the feathers in her hat dance again. The cue is taken up by the whole audience, who greet the advent of Mr. B—— with a perfect furore of clapping, stamping, and whistling. He acknowledges the compliment with a smile and a nod, and holds up his hand for silence.

I am fortunate enough to have the friendship of this gentleman, but it is no mere partisanship that makes me say that if ever I am impelled to take my hat off to any man it is to such as he. He is cheery-voiced, cheery-faced, broad-shouldered. I have never met a breezier optimist. I have never known a kinder, warmer, more outspoken and sympathetic nature. Whether sitting by the sick bed, or fetching Bob Craggs by the coat-collar out of the public-house, he is equally at home. He is the life and soul of the mission. It is a marvel to me how, in the face of such depressing and squalid surroundings as those in which he works, he can maintain such a genial, happy outlook on the world in general. I can only put it down to his love for his Saviour, and his delight in serving Him. He is hail-fellow-well-met with every man, woman, and child in the district. He is a highly-educated, refined man, but there is not a scrap of "ikeyness" or affectation about him. As I watch him moving about among the people, saying a merry word here, a comforting one there, a reproving one in another place, I often mentally take him by the hand and say: "God bless you for a simple, manly, Christian gentleman!"

This is the man who comes forward amidst a storm of applause. He wants to tell them a little about the selection which the band is going to play. In a few terse, simple sentences, punctuated by a running fire of humorous asides, he gives them a lucid account of the composer, of his career, of the work in which the selection appears; and then the players come on and the music strikes up. It is a voluntary band, composed of amateurs, who have mostly been brought together through the efforts of the missioner. Its execution would not be considered highly finished from a technical point of view. Perhaps the hypercritical would turn up their noses and pronounce

it bad. But, my dear sir, if you are that way inclined, you had far better go out. What matters it that the fiddle is just a wee bit out of tune, that the flute is weak in the quick movements, that the time gets mixed up once or twice? It vastly delights the audience, and that is the main thing. The selection is a spirited march, with a swing and a lilt, and the stamping of feet on the floor tells how thoroughly they are enjoying it. During the softer passages I catch interjectory remarks from my excited friend on the left.

"Oo! They've got a great big fiddle to-night! Oo! Ain't it a big 'un? Oo! What if it fell on 'is toes?"

"Oo! Don't she look nice a-playin' of the vi'lin. She've got a gold brooch on. Oo! Look 'ow quick 'is arm is a-workin' playin' the big fiddle! I shouldn' like 'is elbow to come up agin' my nose!"

The march concluded, and the clapping at last over, the missioner comes on with a book in his hand. Signal for another storm of applause. He smiles, sits down easily in a chair, crosses one leg over the other, and rests the book on his knee. He tells them about Charles Dickens, of how he wrote about this very part of London,



"EYES FOR NOTHING BUT THE PLATFORM."

of the "Pickwick Papers," of Mr. Winkle, who figures therein; and then he proceeds to read to them of that gentleman's vagaries. I have never seen an audience more appreciative. Whether it was Mr. Winkle with his gun; Mr. Winkle on the ice; Mr. Winkle shut out of the house at Bath in his night attire; they are equally delighted, and equally hilarious. It seems, once or twice, as though the cherubic-faced little woman in front of me must inevitably choke with laughter. As she wipes away the tears from her eyes, she says:

"Well, 'e was a funny cove, that there Wintle, an' no mistake!"

The next performer is an excellent baritone, who gives a sea-song, the swinging chorus of which finds the greatest favour. They all join in it—the under-sized little cobbler to my right, the cherubic-faced dame, the wizened, toil-worn widow at her side, and the young lady of the many "Oo's" to my left; while from the back of the hall comes a perfect gust of voices. Of course there is an *encore*, and in response the baritone gives that charming little song, "The Garden of Sleep." Don't tell me that the poor people cannot appreciate what is best in music. They listen with the most evident pleasure, and the applause is as generous as ever.

I cannot go into all the items of the liberal programme, but suffice it to say that they are well and carefully selected. There are songs that make the people tap their feet on the floor, songs that hold them in silence, a recitation that makes them laugh, another recitation (admirably given, this!) that makes them disposed to cry; and then the missioner comes on again. Without the slightest preparatory announcement, he proceeds to tell a story which from the very beginning gets the ear of the whole audience. A true story; a story of a man in their own walk of life; a man who worked at the riverside wharf hard by. He went out in the morning, after having had a violent quarrel with his wife. He was brought back an hour later, dead. He had fallen down the hold of the ship which he was helping to unload. The speaker pauses, and looks round the room. There is a dead silence. No smiles on the faces now! The speaker shakes his head sadly.

"She has never ceased to wish that she hadn't quarrelled with him that morning," he says quietly.

He pauses again.

"It might happen to any of us," he goes on. "Whenever we say a bitter word one to another, we can never be sure but that it will be the last word that will ever be spoken between us."

Again he pauses, and one might almost hear the proverbial pin drop in the hall.

"If, each time a nasty or unkind thing springs to the tongue, people would always count twenty, instead of giving utterance to it, what a lot of misery would be saved!" he says. And then, before we are aware of it, he is in the midst of an earnest, impressive little address on happiness in the home. He has a wonderful way of holding the attention of these people. He draws all his illustrations and allusions from their own daily lives. He knows them through and through; knows all their habits, troubles, difficulties, failings, and he makes use of his knowledge in an able, tactful way. He has the gift, too, of pungent, racy expression, so that each argument tells. A powerful little address, which gains in earnest-



"IT IS A VOLUNTARY BAND.



"I HAVE NEVER SEEN AN AUDIENCE MORE APPRECIATIVE."

ness and intensity at each sentence, until it leads up to its crowning point, that panacea for all the human failings and woes of the world, the Love of Christ.

"Oh, if you would only believe it," he says; "if you would only try it and act upon it, if you would only let Him do it, He could come into every wretched home in this street and make it one of the sweetest and happiest spots on the face of the earth. If you think that because a home is poor it must also be miserable, you are terribly mistaken. The happiest home I have ever known was a poor home; but Christ was in it, and that made all the difference. If you would only let Him do it, He could come to the wickedest, darkest life in this street, and touch it with His finger, and make it pure and whole again. He could cure the drunkard, soften the bitterest tongue, make the most wretched heart happy again. There is no foulness and no sin but He could cure it and make it clean. Think what a difference it would make if you would only let Him enter the home. No quarrels; no bitterness; no money spent in drink and gambling; plenty of food for the little ones; plenty of means to take a happy little holiday now and again. Can't you see what a difference it would make?"

And so on to a strong appeal to those present to attend the mission services on the following Sunday.

I cannot but believe that those burning words will bear fruit. I cannot but believe that they have found their way straight into the hearts of some present, and are causing them to think, which is, after all, the first step.

The audience is in a subdued mood, and the next item—a reading—is excellently calculated to clinch the effect of the address. It is an exquisite little story of the way in which a child's love unites a bickering husband and wife; and even the aggressive, stumpy little man who resented my intrusion on his feet, and who is sitting not far away, hastily brushes the corner of his eye in a suspiciously covert manner.

For the second part of the programme comes the great event of the "movin' picters," and there is a hum of expectation in the room as the lights are lowered and the preparations are quickly made. The missioner comes from behind the platform and pulls up a chair at my side.

"Is this a sample of your usual audience?" I ask.

"Very fair," he answers. "There are sometimes a few more, sometimes a few less; but, as a rule, the hall is filled"

"I must say you give them a liberal programme."

"So we ought to do. If we of the churches don't give these poor toilers an evening's recreation occasionally, how can we wonder at their taking refuge in the music-hall or the public-house? My experience is that if you go about it in the right way, you can get hold of them, and, having got hold of them, you can do some good amongst them. Is it to be wondered at that they want recreation? Do you see that wan-faced woman with the dingy crape bonnet?"

"Yes; I have been watching her."

"Now, what do you think her life is like? She is a mantle finisher, earning fifteen shillings a week. She has to be away at work from eight in the morning till nine at night. She has four young children, one of whom she leaves at our crèche. Two she leaves at home all day. The fourth is consumptive, and she has to pay 4s. 6d. weekly for its keep. The rental of her one room is 3s. 6d. She has to pay her landlady 5s. weekly for the food of the children at home. This leaves only 2s. for her own support. After paying her debts on Saturday she has frequently to borrow money with which to commence the week. She scarcely ever goes to work with more than a piece of bread and a pennyworth of cheese for her lunch. Can you wonder that she wants a little recreation when Saturday night comes round?"



THE READING.

I look at her again. She is leaning forward and laughing until the tears are coursing down her cheeks at the picture thrown on the screen. It is certainly a most amusing picture. Two youngsters, mere babies, are shown in a back yard. One is rocking himself on a low toy horse, and broadly beaming as he looks towards the audience; the other baby suddenly catches hold of him behind, and, pulling him off the horse, mounts it himself. The first baby, utterly surprised and nonplussed, turns towards the people and stands a moment in indecision, and then his countenance suddenly puckers up in a dozen wrinkles, the corners of his mouth droop.

"Oh, poor little dear!" says the woman in the crape bonnet. "Diddums, then! Oh, I should like to see 'im be'ind the screen! There must be a byby a-doin' of it. Oh, I should like to 'ug 'im!"

"That girl with the feathers, to our left——"

"The young lady who says 'Oo!'"

"I see you have been observant. Well, what do you think her life is like? She does artificial flower-making, at which she has to toil early and late to make ten shillings weekly. On that she helps to support a bed-ridden mother."

At this point, as if by design, the girl jumps to her feet, and yells ecstatically, the while she claps her hands:

"Oo! There's Lord Roberts! Good ole Bobs! 'Ooray for Bobs!"

We look at each other and smile.

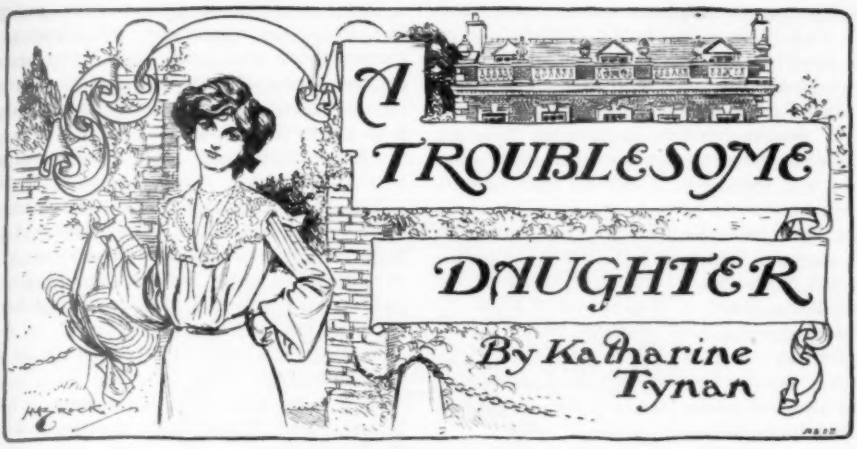
"I am with you entirely in all you say," I remark. "This is the best tonic I have had for many a day."

It is indeed a tonic, and the raw, murky streets, when we come out into them, seem all the colder and more depressing by the very contrast.

As we surge towards the door I hear a conversation behind me.

"There can 'ardly be somebody be'ind them movin' picters, a-doin' of 'em, Mrs. Dobbs, 'cos, you see, they 'ad Lord Roberts an' las' week they 'ad the King. Well, *they* wouldn' be 'ere a-doin' of it!"

"Well, I don' know," says Mrs. Dobbs, rather hazily. "I s'pose they wouldn'. I s'pose they mus' 'ave somebody dressed up to look like 'em. But I'm sure that byby was there. 'E done it so nat'ral, bless 'is little 'art!"



A SERIAL STORY.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—VIII.

The first chapter introduces us to the village of Stannington, where Judy Evelyn, third and youngest daughter of Mrs. Evelyn, of the Red House, is visiting all her friends round the village green in company with Jack Winstanley, her great ally, the thirteen-year-old son of Major and Lady Mary Winstanley, of the Court. Judy is just home from her French school, and on this, her very first evening, she offends her mother, who does not altogether approve of Judy's ways of being late at dinner. Judy is not at all emancipated, however. By her mother's wish she is put back into the schoolroom with her old governess, Miss Meredith, and is restricted to a hard and fast schoolroom course, which frets the high-spirited girl. In the second chapter, Lady Flora Lindley, Judy's god-mother and the autocrat of Stannington, carries her off from her lessons to a seaside village near a great port, where presently Lady Flora's son, Major Lindley, is to arrive, invalided home from the South African war, with the Victoria Cross. Lady Flora has succeeded in dividing her son and his cousin, Miss Rosamund Lindley, at the Manor House, to whom he has been devoted all his life, for reasons of her own. In the third chapter, Lady Flora and Judy go to town for shopping purposes, and visit the Duchess of Glastonbury, who is the head of an East End settlement. In the fourth chapter Major Lindley arrives, and it is decided that they all stay on a while at the big seaside hotel, so that the hero may pick up after his wounds. Judy and Major Lindley are constantly together, and Judy, who is a hero worshipper, is dazzled by the friendship and affection shown to her by the distinguished soldier. He confides to her that he is going back to Rosamund, his old love, to clear up the misunderstanding between them, before he returns to the front. When he has gone to receive the Victoria Cross from the King, Judy tells Lady Flora that he loves only his cousin, and is going to seek her out and ask her to take him back again. Lady Flora is furiously angry, and writes a letter to Miss Rosamund's strong-minded elder sister, Miss Primula, which is bound to widen the breach between the two branches of the family, and when her son returns she tells him that Miss Rosamund is engaged to marry the Rector of Stannington. She also suggests to him that he has made Judy care for him. At the great military reception at Lord Waldersee's, he asks Judy to marry him, believing that she cares for him and that the woman he loves is out of his reach, and Judy says yes. Everyone smiles on the engagement except Judy's father, who has other views for her. There is a certain Maurice Evelyn, a distant cousin, who loses a portion of his inheritance if he does not marry one of his three cousins. Mr. Evelyn thinks that Judy should have been free till Maurice Evelyn came. The girls knew nothing about this provision in old Mr. Peter Evelyn's will, and have never met Maurice Evelyn. Mrs. Evelyn for once is delighted with her troublesome daughter.

CHAPTER IX.

SHADOWS.

BERTHA and Mabel thought that Judy had very little fun out of her engagement. It was not their idea of how things should be. If *they* had had a lover, especially so distinguished a one as Major Lindley, they would have liked to show him off a little—to call with him at the neighbouring houses, to ride with him, to drive with him, to walk with him.

As a matter of fact, Judy's lover seemed to shrink from publicity. He would accept no invitations, not even from Mrs. Parkinson, the great rich lady of the neighbourhood, who came driving over, with her nephew Teddy in tow, especially to ask the hero to dinner.

Mrs. Parkinson was comparatively a newcomer to the neighbourhood, and had been accepted, not altogether because of her fabulous wealth, but to some extent because of her real good qualities.

People as yet had not quite placed Teddy. He was a subaltern in a crack regiment, which had its headquarters in London, so that he was often able to run down to be with his aunt for a day or two. He seemed extremely amiable; but as he said nothing, only sucked the gold-headed crutch of his cane when he paid a visit in his aunt's company, some people were rash enough to put him down as a fool.

On one occasion Sylvia Hunter had expressed

this opinion in decided tones, and had been picked up sharply by Mabel Evelyn —at least, as sharply as it was in Mabel's nature to pick up anyone.

"Mrs. Parkinson has plenty of sense," she said. "She wouldn't be so devoted to Teddy if he were a fool; and he must be a good fellow, too, for her to lavish all that love on him."

Mrs. Evelyn, who was present, flashed a little glance of approval at Mabel; but all she said was, "My dear, I wouldn't speak of Mr. Parkinson as Teddy if I were you."

"But, mamma, everyone does," said Mabel, turning red.

Sylvia Hunter laughed a little maliciously. "We all know whom Teddy stares at when he sits and sucks his cane," she said.

And then Mrs. Evelyn had thought it time to change the conversation very decidedly.

But Mrs. Parkinson's invitation was all in vain. Major Lindley's curiosity was not stirred by the description of Battlements, Mrs. Parkinson's new old house, as an Arabian Nights' tale. The splendour and luxury did not interest him. He was an austere, unworldly soldier, who could have done with very little of this world's gear.

For the time he spent in Stannington he was content to stay most of his time in the gardens of the Red House, unless when he and Judy escaped over a stile into the woods, and buried themselves for hours among the tender wonder of green, where all the world was vocal and madly happy because the time of wedding was over and the time of birth come.

Once when they had taken to the high road —if you can call it the high road—which runs between open woodlands, where a stray cyclist or a farm-cart are the only things to be met with the length of a summer day, they suddenly came upon Miss Rosamund Lindley, with a basket on her arm, evidently returning from some charitable expedition.

Major Lindley lifted his hat, and Miss Rosamund glided by in a scared way, looking more ethereal than of old in her white gown. She had not known them till they were face to face, as the startled fluttering of her brown eyes told.

After she had passed Judy lifted her gaze to her *fiancé's* face. It wore a stern and cold expression, such as it had never worn for her; and for the rest of the walk Major Lindley spoke scarcely at all.

The incident made Judy vaguely unhappy. She found an opportunity to speak to her mother about Miss Rosamund, with a pretence at carelessness which was a woeful failure.

"Is it true," she said, "that Miss Rosamund is to marry Mr. Neville?"

"I have not heard. I suppose it will come to that one day. They are great friends."

Mrs. Evelyn wondered what was perturbing Judy. Was it possible that she could be a little bit jealous of her lover's old love? The mother hoped not. It was a far-away vulgar passion, as much out of her personal ken as, for instance, drunkenness.

"Lady Flora said so," Judy went on, with averted face.

"Oh well, then, I suppose it must be settled at last. Lady Flora would not say it without knowing. Perhaps they will not take this moment for announcing it."

"But why?" Judy asked herself afterwards, while Mrs. Evelyn was troubled at her own indiscretion. Why not, indeed? Except that it was the moment in which Miss Rosamund's old lover had announced his final renunciation of the dead past.

Judy was pitiful over the idyll that was done with, as though she had no personal concern with it. After the first moment's uneasiness she relinquished any doubt as to the truth of the story of Miss Rosamund's engagement. She thought over all the years during which she had woven a veil of romance about Rosamund Lindley, and felt lonely because it must be done with.

At the very last she met Miss Rosamund face to face, and alone, as it chanced. She was going up to stay with Lady Mary Winstanley till the House should rise. Before that Major Lindley would be back at the front with his regiment. She would return to make acquaintance with the unseen cousin, the buzz of whose coming was already in the air. Judy had noticed and wondered a little at her mother's unwonted excitement about the coming of Mr. Maurice Evelyn.

She was returning from seeing a sick girl, a friend of the old days whom she could not expect to find on her return; and the grief of the parting was apparent in Judy's expressive face as she and Miss Rosamund met in the little green lane, the end of which ran between the Court and the Red House.

Miss Rosamund recognised her, with a startled air; then looked around her furtively, and saw no one in sight except Goody

Wilkins feeding her great crowd of hens at the cottage door. She took Judy's hands in a trembling way.

"Dear child," she said, "dear child, I have heard about you, and I hope you will be very happy. I have been hoping to meet you alone. I have a little gift for you, which I have been carrying about."

She fumbled in her pocket, and produced a little box, which she placed in Judy's hand.

Then she kissed her in a nervous way, and glided off up the green avenue. At the gate which led into the demesne beyond she stood and waved her hand in Judy's direction, though Judy was almost certain she could not see whether she still stood there.

It was only when she was gone that Judy remembered how she had not wished Miss Rosamund joy.

In the box was a little oval brooch, with an amethyst in the centre surrounded by a ring of diamonds, and then a ring of seed-pearls. An old-fashioned thing of no great intrinsic value. When she had looked at it with delight Judy raised the little trinket to her lips. She had always loved Miss Rosamund. And now she felt the impassioned throb of grief that the love of years had not ended differently. Mr. Neville was everything admirable, but to Judy's young eyes he seemed very old. She had never thought of Miss Rosamund as anything but a girl, oddly enough.



"'I hope you will be very happy.'"

She found Major and Lady Mary Winstanley in a delightful house on the river's banks. The ivy had quite covered the original white stucco of its outside walls, and there were great roomy balconies that looked across the enclosing wall over a narrow tow-path on to the broad, beautiful river, at the sight of which Judy fell to reciting Spenser half under her breath.

Judy had a room all hung in green chintz, with a suggestion of rose-colour to keep it warm, high up, overhanging the river. It was an old-fashioned house which had been modernised, with spacious gardens, and Judy found the current of air along the river delightfully fresh and invigorating; while the spring foliage with which the river was overhung these late May days, interspersed with pink chestnut, and pink and white May, lilac, and laburnum, and the beginnings of syringa, made a vision of beauty.

Judy was a little bit disappointed in Lady Mary. She was content to lie all day in her balcony, and her manner was languid. There were rings about her fine eyes, and though she roused herself to talk to Judy, it was something of a palpable effort, and after a time she seemed glad to relapse into silence and thoughts which did not appear to be altogether happy ones.

Yet there was so much to make her happy. The great world had endorsed the opinion of little Stannington concerning Major Winstanley.

He had become a man of mark among his own party, and it was said everywhere that he would find himself in the Ministry some day.

Naturally, he was much sought after; but his new life did not seem at all to have diverted him from his invalid wife, to whom he was as tenderly and chivalrously devoted as ever.

Yet Judy was not long an inmate of the house before she discovered that there was something wrong with Lady Mary. Major Winstanley himself drew Judy's attention to it, urging her in a half-playful way to make Lady Mary rouse herself and act the hostess as she ought. It seemed that at first, after coming to London, she had made a strong effort to break the habit of years, and had allowed herself to be helped to her carriage for drives, and once or twice had gone on the river and had been glad to receive people and entertain them. But now she seemed to have relapsed into the invalid's ways, and, when she got used to Judy's presence, would often forget it and look tragically melancholy, although when Major Winstanley appeared there was always a palpable effort to be bright and cheerful.

The second or third day after Judy had come to town she found a visitor at the luncheon table, and was surprised to recognise one of the Duchess's helpers and friends, whose height and beauty and distinguished bearing had struck her the day she and Lady Flora were in the East. She remembered that the Duchess had introduced her as Margaret Greville; and now, for the first time, country-mouse Judy learnt that she was the niece of a Cabinet minister, and quite a notable figure in fine society.

Major Winstanley happened to be at home for lunch that day, and Philip Lindley also was of the party. Judy was delighted with the conversation between Miss Greville and her host, to which they all listened perforce. She was fascinated by Miss Greville's face, which was of an unusual type—wide, calm brows, with the brown hair rippling off them like the water of mountain streams, eyes that darkened and lightened by turns, and were of a beautiful grey hazel; a mouth perhaps a little over-large, if one had time to notice that for watching its sweetness and mobility.

"She ought to be a statesman's Egeria," said Major Lindley afterwards to Judy.

Judy repeated the remark later to Lady Mary, who smiled, and there was something in the smile Judy did not quite understand.

"She could be the Egeria of half a dozen—I mean of one of them, if report speaks truly," she said. "Even Mr. Mountford is supposed to have fallen a victim to her bow and arrow, if one can ever imagine her to have let fly a shaft."

"She and Major Winstanley seem to understand each other so perfectly," said Judy; "but the thing I like her best for is her devotion to you."

"Ah yes, that is very sweet of her; and it is quite genuine. She has missed very big political events in order to stay with me when I have been ill. That is real devotion, Judy."

"I can't imagine anyone not preferring you to a political event," said Judy, with the honest, tender flattery she used to those she loved.

"Ah, but you can't imagine what it means to Margaret," Lady Mary said. "She has a passion for politics—for power too, I believe, and it would be safe enough in her hands. I wonder she doesn't marry Mr. Mountford and become the great lady of the administration. Hugo says she would be the ideal lady of a *salon*. She has such tact, with her big brain and great heart."

After that Miss Greville and Judy met constantly. She was always running in with flowers or a new book or some other offering for Lady Mary, and she was very often at lunch or at dinner.

She dressed beautifully. Perhaps it was the contrast that made Judy discover with a shock of surprise that Lady Mary was allowing herself to become dowdy. Despite years spent on a sofa, Lady Mary had hitherto always been well dressed.

It was something Judy could not touch upon, however remotely. It gave her an odd, painful feeling to see Lady Mary lying there on her sofa with those dark circles under her eyes, and a tired look about her, with an air of finality as though she had returned from the battle of life worsted, and there was nothing to do but to lie still.

Judy had imagined Lady Mary entering into all her husband's plans and ambitions and successes. Now she sat by as though she were outside them all. It was only when Miss Greville was there that they had those brilliant occasions which made Judy's heart beat and her eyes brighter, feeling great things in the air.

"Next month Jack will be here, and he will rouse her," Judy said to herself.

Despite her engrossment with her lover, and his coming departure, Judy had time and thought to feel that all was not well with Lady Mary, and to be in trouble for her sake.

CHAPTER X.

THE STREET OF THIEVES.

MAJOR LINDLEY was gone, and Judy was very lonely. Lady Flora had come up to town for the last few days of his stay, and had postponed her return to Stannington.

"No, no," she said, "let us be lost in the crowd, Judy, for a few days. Don't let us go back to where everyone will stare at us as the mother and the sweetheart of a man just returned to the front. Let Philip's going be an old thing before we go back."

Judy understood, and was glad to remove herself from under Lady Mary's wing to keep Lady Flora company at the very quiet hotel in South Kensington, where she was going to be free from all the pity of her intimates.

Judy understood. She had winced at the avoidance of the topics that were in everyone's mind at River Lawn, as the Winstanleys' house was called. It made the danger Philip was returning to twice as near and palpable a thing, because no one would speak of disaster nor of danger and death in her presence, as though the topics must have a personal application.

Lady Flora was not one to sit and twiddle her thumbs, as she would have said herself, nor to let Judy do it.

She manifested all at once a desire to revisit the lions of her young days in London, and to make Judy do them conscientiously. Major Lindley's expeditions with his sweetheart had mostly lain out of town; but Lady Flora plunged the girl into the labyrinth of London, where life is so much in evidence that even the dread hints of the undertakers' shops find no listeners.

The Tower, the Abbey, the Zoological Gardens, Madame Tussaud's, the British Museum, the Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, and the other collections, Judy was carried to day after day; and, being Judy, she won some delight from everything, even if it were dry-as-dust, although her lover had just gone out to face the guns of the enemy and the more deadly fever.

Once being in the neighbourhood of the Duchess's settlement, they saw her Grace for half an hour, and the occasion left more deeply on Judy's heart the impression the gracious woman had made at their first meeting.

"I don't mind Caroline's way of being sorry for one and understanding," Lady Flora said afterwards. "She can touch an open sore without hurting it."

"If ever I am in great trouble I shall go to the Duchess of Glastonbury," said Judy.

"Nonsense, child, you are never going to be in great trouble," said Lady Flora sharply. "Philip's wife will be the happiest woman in the world. And supposing natural troubles did come—we are none of us exempt from them—you will have Philip to turn to, and after Philip, if you want anyone else, there is myself and there is Mary Winstanley, and"—Lady Flora made an effort—"there is your own mother. Why should you go trapesing off to the East End of London after Caroline Glastonbury?"

Judy held her peace. She had no idea when the words were said how soon she would put her thought into practice.

June was flinging its faint dusts over the easily sullied green banners which are the divine gift of the pity of spring to London. One began to feel that legions of little leafy mouths were gasping for breath, parched with thirst, for there had been a drought of some weeks' duration. The exhaustion which creeps over London in a hot June, and drags more wearily as the summer progresses, till one longs for a tearing equinoctial to buffet and beat down the aching streets, had begun to be felt. The season was nearly at an end. A week more and it would be Speech Day at Harrow. Judy must not disappoint Jack Winstanley. "Nonsense," Lady Flora said again; "we are not mourners, you and I, Judy, but the proudest of women."

After that was over, it would not be long till they were all back at Stannington. Judy thought, with only languid curiosity, of the unknown cousin who was expected at the Red House in a week or so. Why hadn't Maurice Evelyn turned up six months ago? she asked. She would have been interested then. Now, her only interest—she had really a hundred, but she chose to say she had only one—was in the letters from Africa that she might be expecting about the time of her return to Stannington. Of course, as an engaged girl she could not be expected to

take an interest even in a cousin who had come on the scene so unexpectedly, and about whom they had hardly heard before.

The weather, and perhaps other things, told on Lady Flora, despite her indomitable spirit. One day, to her utter disgust, she was laid up with a headache.

"No, no," she said, waving off Judy; "I don't want any smelling-salts nor any eau-de-cologne. As for drugs, I never take them. I want to be left to myself for about twenty-four hours. And I'll tell you what: Philip would be little obliged to me if he could see you this minute. I've been racketing you as well as myself too much. Go over to the station across the road, take a first-class ticket to Richmond, and spend the day and night with Mary Winstanley. If Hugo's at home to-night he'll take you on the river for a blow; but, anyhow, you'll sleep in fresh air. I wish I'd a maid to go with you, but since I haven't we must just make the best of it. I don't want to see you before lunch to-morrow."

Judy saw that Lady Flora wanted to be alone, and having left her in charge of a kind young blue-eyed chambermaid, whose brogue and manner showed that she came from the Emerald Isle, she went off obediently. She was sure of her welcome where the Winstanley household was concerned.

It was early afternoon when she reached Richmond and set out for the walk through the delightful old town and along the towing path which would take her to River Lawns.

She found the postern-gate ajar, and went in, looking around her with delight on the green velvet of the grass, that seemed darker and richer by contrast with the arches of roses and the glimmering of the big white lilies which the hot sun had brought into premature flower.

She crossed the garden and went up the iron steps to the verandah in which Lady Mary was usually to be found. She was not there. She peeped into the boudoir; that, too, was empty. Perhaps Lady Mary was lying down asleep in her bedroom, or perhaps the Major had enticed her out for a drive.

The green quiet of the garden; the river beyond, with its one or two house-boats in sight; the lazy plash of oars in the water, the silver laughter of a girl—the only sounds audible besides the singing of birds—were delightfully restful. Judy sat down in the rocking-chair which was dedicated to her special use when she was at the Lawns, undid her fluffy white chiffon boa, took off her big white hat and laid it on a chair beside her; and leaning back, began to rock, with half-closed eyes.

There was no one to see her but a blackbird, who cocked his head knowingly at her and watched her between his short flights, till her eyes closed and the rocking became less and less energetic, till she was asleep.

She had slept perhaps an hour when the sound of voices found its way slowly into her consciousness. One voice was Lady Mary's, the other was—why, surely it was Miss Rosamund Lindley's. Between sleeping and waking she caught some sentences of the conversation, till at last the shock of what she heard forced her wide awake.

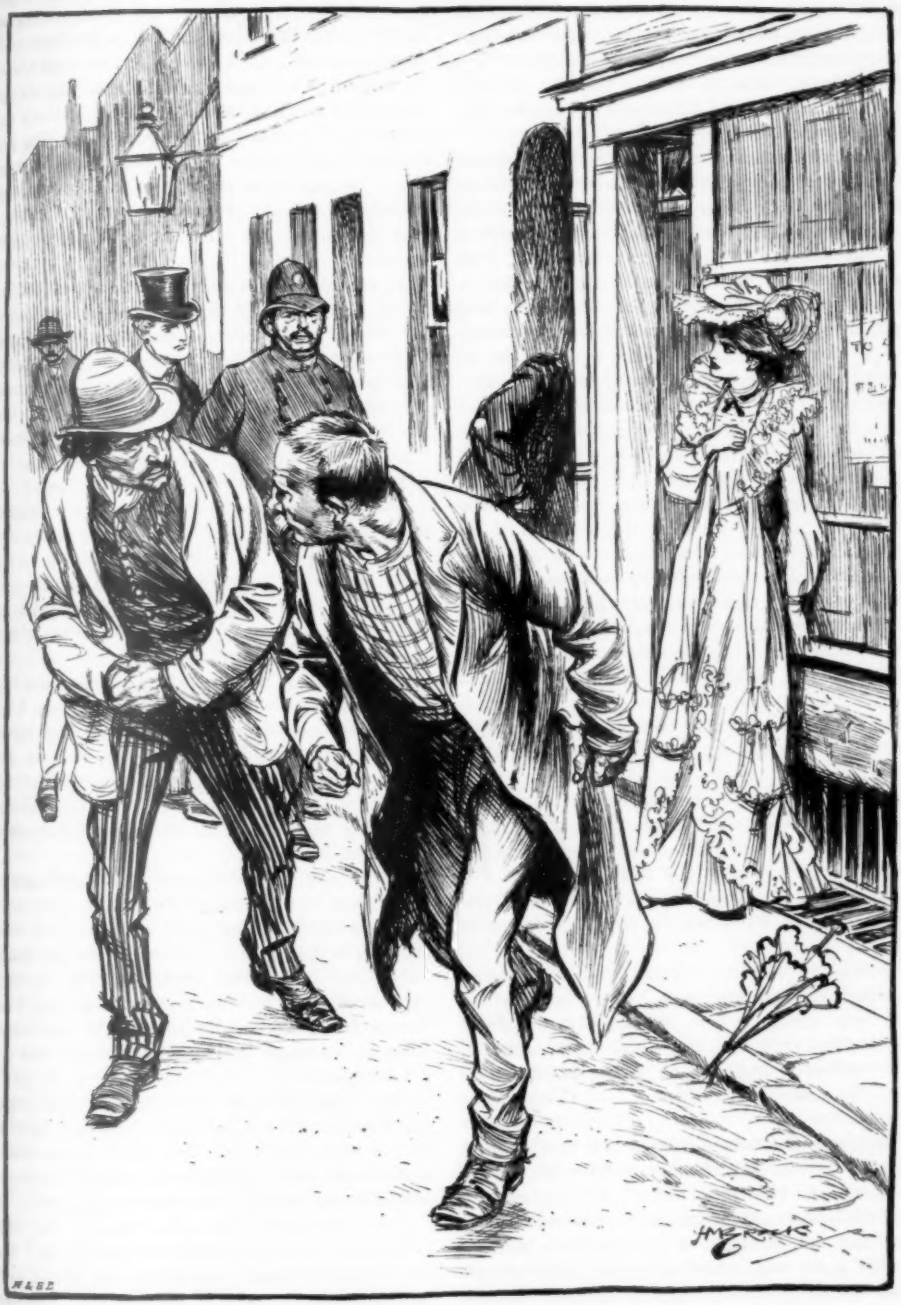
"I do not know," Miss Rosamund was saying, "why Lady Flora should have believed that I was engaged to Mr. Neville. Of course, I never was and never shall be. I suppose she must have been misinformed, for it could not be that she said it knowing it wasn't true. Besides, she could have no motive. It was not likely, after all these years, that—that—Major Lindley should have thought about me: especially is it to be thought now, —that he could think of anyone but little Judy? She is a sweet child, and I hope she will make him very happy. But Prim is so angry about some letter she has had from Lady Flora; and we are giving up the Manor House, dear friend, and going to live at the Spinney Farm. We are to make room for Major and Mrs. Lindley."

Judy clapped her hands to her ears, and began hastily gathering up her hat and boa. What would she do if they were to come out and discover her? She must go away somewhere and get time to think.

She heard, as in a dream, Lady Mary's voice answering Miss Rosamund's tremulous and agitated speech. They were in the boudoir. Any moment they might come out and discover her. And she could not face Miss Rosamund Lindley, whom she had robbed—yes, actually robbed of her lover. Perhaps they would think she was prying, eavesdropping. Judy's impulse was for flight, and she very rapidly put it into execution.

She ran more lightly than a fawn over the velvet grass, which muffled the sound of her feet. Still holding her hat and boa in her hand, she was outside the gate, and drew the postern, which fastened with a spring lock, closely to after her.

What was she going to do? She would not go back to Lady Flora. The river was full of



"In the instant Judy knew she was saved."—*p.* 271.

pleasure-seekers. There was no quiet, no seclusion here, no place in which to collect her thoughts so far as to realise what she had heard, and to think what she would do. Why, she had no right to Philip Lindley at all! He had meant to go to his old love, who had had his heart all his days.

Through the hurry and scurry of her thoughts it came to Judy that there had been something in Major Lindley that had not come up to her romantic ideal of a lover's conduct. It had set in after the first few days, and seemed to her now to have taken tangible shape from that day when they had come face to face with Miss Rosamund in the woodland road. He had been kindness and tenderness itself, but—but—Judy remembered an occasion when his thoughts had been abstracted from her. It had been at an afternoon concert, when a great contralto had been singing an old-fashioned love song.

It had given Judy a sudden fear, seeing the tragic intensity of his face, the coldness of his eyes, as though they looked over a dreary landscape for just one moment; then he had felt her eyes upon him and had smiled, and the fleeting impression was forgotten.

But now she remembered many things all at once, many things pointing the one way. And was it possible that Miss Rosamund and Miss Primula were to be turned out of their beloved home because she, a wretched little usurper, must come and take their place? That must never be. If she had unwittingly wronged Miss Rosamund she must make retribution. She must give up Major Lindley. Why, it would not be so hard. It would be a thousand, thousand times easier than keeping him when he really belonged to another woman.

In the hurry and turmoil of her thoughts she had been walking fast, not knowing where she was going. Now, as she turned from the towing path into the streets of Richmond, she realised that it would be impossible to go back to Lady Flora till she had thought out things.

Suddenly the name of the person to whom she ought to go leaped into her mind with the remembrance of the speech made to Lady Flora a few weeks ago. The Duchess! How was it that she had not thought of the Duchess before?

Her mind was concerned with great things. The conventionalities of the matter hardly occurred to her, or occurred only to be dismissed contemptuously. It was not a time to think whether she ought to be flying about London and through the East End streets by herself. The Duchess did it, and those girls who followed and worshipped her. If Violet Wyndham and Margaret Greville could go alone into the East she could do it.

She took a ticket for Aldgate, a station she remembered. When she got out in the Whitechapel Road people stared at her as she passed. Her white hat and frock were fitter for a West End garden party than for the East End streets.

Judy noticed the staring at last, and looked about her for a cab. She saw one and called it. Then, as the cabman drove up to the kerb and the doors of the hansom clattered back, she put her hand in her pocket, and turned rosy-red. Her purse was gone.

"I'm so sorry," she said to the cabman. "I've lost my purse, so I had better walk."

"I'll drive you all the same, miss, and I can call for the money," the man said civilly; but Judy had already walked on after her hasty apology.

She crossed the crowded ample street at a point she seemed to remember, and without a thought of misgiving plunged into a network of narrow streets.

But presently she pulled up, baffled and disturbed. She must have taken a wrong turn. There was no one to direct her. The street was oddly quiet, no children playing in the gutters, no slatternly women standing on the doorsteps. Yet a policeman would have told Judy that she was in one of the most dangerous streets in London.

While she looked about her helplessly a man came out of one of the black doorways.

She looked up at him eagerly, her first impulse being to ask her way; but he had a villainous face. His little furtive, hungry eyes were fixed on the diamond lace-pin that fastened a flower in her dress. He said something in a foreign tongue which luckily she did not understand.

But suddenly she took fright and began to tremble. She looked to right and left as though she would fly. The blank house-fronts had become alive and furtive; stealthy creatures were closing in upon her from every side.

Judy had never been afraid before, but now her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She could neither speak nor move, but could only turn appealing eyes, like some hunted, terrified creature, from one side to the other.

The man who had come first made a dash

at her brooch. She uttered a cry. Then someone spoke close at hand, shouted in the strange foreign speech also; but in the instant Judy knew she was saved. She saw the threatening hordes slink away and disappear. She looked round and beheld the friendly face of a policeman, and another face which for the moment seemed so full of splendid wrath that she thought vaguely of an archangel's.

But this was only an ordinarily handsome young man in a white passion of anger and terror.

"Good gracious!" he said, "if we had not caught you up! I followed you from the Whitechapel Road, and lost a second or two getting this good fellow to come with me. Then I almost lost you. What brings you into such a place alone? There, let us get out of it as fast as we can. See; they are all gone."

"Run into their burrows like so many bunnies!" the policeman said cheerfully. "They're mortal afraid of bringing the law down on 'em. You wouldn't have had much chance, sir, without the uniform."

"I know these parts," the young man said grimly; "and now that we are out of this rat-hole I think I can see after the young lady, if she will allow me."

"I got lost," said Judy, when they had taken one or two turns; "and, after all, I was quite near the place I wanted. This is River Street, is it not?"

"This is River Street, miss. There's no harm in River Street," said the policeman. "I'm sorry you were frightened, miss. A young lady like you shouldn't be about in these parts alone."

He went off touching his helmet, and then the young man with close-curling hair, like a picture of St. Michael, looked down at Judy.

"Promise me you will never do it again," he said.

"I will never do it again," said Judy. "Oh, if you knew how frightened I was! I thought I should be quite safe, because the Duchess and the other ladies go about here, and the nuns."

"Ah, you see, they know where they can go. You are going to the Duchess of Glastonbury?"

"Yes. You know her?"

"I know of her work. I have a friend—a number of friends here, who are doing the same kind of work. I happened to be visiting my friend Trafford"—a name which even that country-mouse, Judy, knew—"and I was just coming back from him when I caught sight of you. I had a feeling you were lost and might get into trouble, so I followed you, picking up the first policeman I could get hold of on the way. You were in a street of alien thieves. Luckily, they are as frightened of the law as a lot of rabbits, and our friend knew them and knew their lingo. I can never forget how we found you among those wolves like a white lamb. Thank God we were in time."

They were at the door of the Duchess's house now, and Judy held out her hand to him.

"I can never forget, never, what you did for me."

He looked in a fascinated way into Judy's eyes, which were lightening and darkening with the strength of her emotion.

"Good-bye," he said. What delightful hair she had, and how delicately the little ears, with their tiny jewelled studs, peeped out of the curls!

"Good-bye," said Judy.

The door was opened, and Peter, the hump-backed janitor, stood looking at them.

It was only when the door had closed upon Judy that she remembered her forgetfulness in not having asked the name of her deliverer.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW COUSIN.

THE Duchess had heard of Judy's trouble. It had been so easy to tell it there with the Duchess's hands holding her fast, holding faster when Judy broke into sobs and tears, the firm grasp giving the oddest sense of security and comfort to the girl.

"You are the only one in all the world whom I could have told," Judy said, when she had finished.

"Well, then, I am glad you found me, even though you had to venture into the East. I hope you took a cab from the station. I always insist on my girls doing that when they come. You are only safe on foot here if you know every twist and turn of the place. There is so much virtue in the East—oh, thank God!—miles and miles of streets where the virtues flourish at least as well as in the West. But they are elbowed by the vicious streets. When you go away I must send one of my working girls with you. They are better than a policeman."

Judy had forgotten her recent peril for the moment. Now she remembered and poured the recital into the Duchess's horrified ears.

"My dear! my dear!" was all the Duchess could say. "That you should have gone into such peril! Yet God was in the thieves' street as well as anywhere else. He sent that young man to your help. And you do not know his name?"

"I never thought to ask him," Judy confessed. "Yet I hope, I hope I shall meet him again."

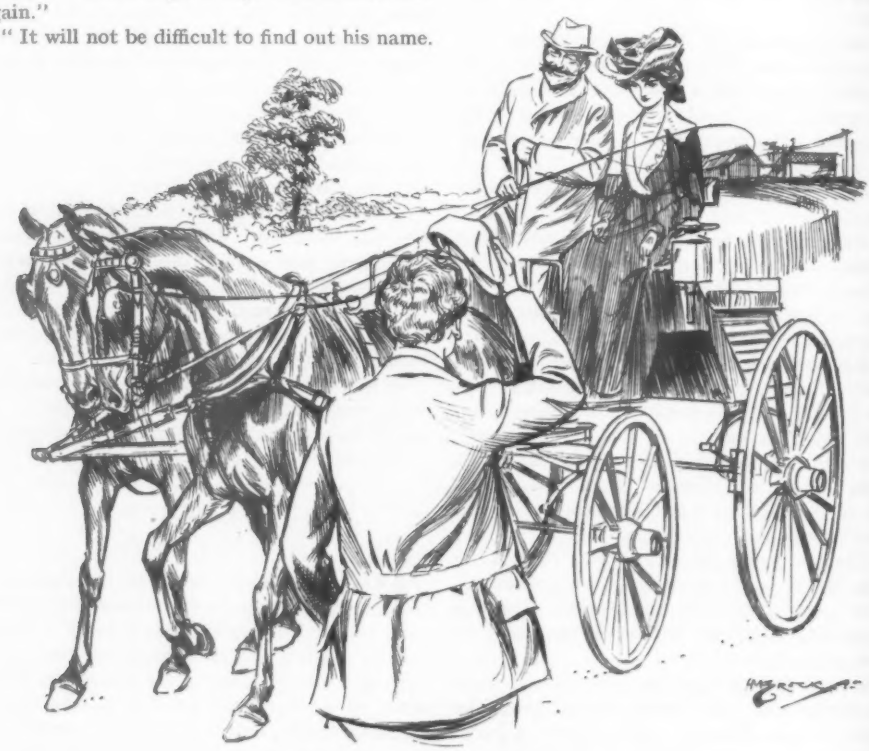
"It will not be difficult to find out his name. I know Mr. Trafford, his friend. What would your mother say if she could know?"

"It was my first thought," said Judy, "and afterwards I thought of how Philip would feel if he could know, for Philip is very fond of me, even if he loves Miss Rosamund Lindley better. And I have always been so used to the thought of that that it seems quite easy to go back to it. I thought of how Philip would have fallen upon them. And then I looked round and saw this gentleman's face, and I thought it was like the face of an angel!"

"Of course you did, poor child," said the Duchess compassionately. "You will never do such a thing again, Judy?"

"*Never!* I promised *him* I should not."

"And now about this other case. It is wiser and kinder for us, Judy, to believe that Lady Flora's information was a mistake. Indeed, we must not think anything else. Flora Lindley is a just and honourable woman. I would say nothing to her at present, little Judy, and I would do nothing. It is possible that Philip has ceased to care for his cousin."



"'Come to meet us, Maurice, hey?'"—*p.* 275.

Looking at Judy, the Duchess thought it more than possible; but Judy shook her head obstinately.

"I am quite sure he cares," she said.

"And you, child? Will it break your heart?"

Judy winced. She had been very proud of her lover.

"You see, I have always been used to think of him as Miss Rosamund's lover," she said.

"After a time, I daresay these few weeks will be like a dream."

"You mean to give up Major Lindley?"

"There is nothing else to do, is there?" asked Judy ingenuously.

"Unless he would not be given up. Little Judy, I have lived in the world many years longer than you, and I have had many experiences. I have seen those old patient loves wear themselves out, and the heart that had been supposed to be broken suddenly take on a new lease of life. Child, I would do nothing. Wait till Major Lindley comes back. The war cannot be prolonged indefinitely. When he comes back tell him about the mistake, and let him go to the old love, if he will. I think perhaps, myself, that he will keep to the new."

She had seen that wincing in Judy's face, and had gathered from it that her happiness was involved. After all, Rosamund Lindley had grown used to doing without her lover. Perhaps marriage at her age was a risk. And the Duchess had little doubt in her own mind that Judy had consoled Major Lindley.

Judy looked down at the ring on her finger, and twisted it about once or twice.

"It has a posy inside it," she said. "It is 'God in Trinity bless our unity.' I will do what you tell me. You must know better than I. Oh, do you think—would you take me in here for a time, even? I believe Mother would not object. I can't be supposed to have any heart in the common everyday life of other girls, with a lover at the war, can I? I thought when I was coming down here that I would just write to Philip, and tell him that it was all a mistake, that Miss Rosamund was free and he was free, and then that I would ask you to take me in and keep me for ever."

The Duchess smoothed Judy's hair. Judy had flung herself impulsively on her knees beside her, and had told her tale with her face half buried in the Duchess's lap.

"My child," she said, "this is not a conventual establishment, nor even one founded on a conventual model. My girls come and return to the world in which God has placed them. You know that Violet is married; and I have not altogether said good-bye to the world. And Margaret Greville—she tells me she has been making friends with you. Margaret is often here; but Margaret's place is in the world, where, poor child, I think she will be called to a position of great responsibility. She is fit for it too, happily. I should be glad if you would come like Margaret and Violet and Hilda and the others; but you will return. You have something happier before your youth than a perpetual mission in the East."

"If you would have me for a little while!" Judy pleaded. "I am sure mother would consent. Mother would win over papa; and though Lady Flora would not like it she would put up with it because of you, Duchess. Indeed, indeed, I would do everything you told me. I don't see how I am going to bear it, being accepted by everyone as a happy, engaged girl, for I shall never feel that I am really that at all. My ring even ought to be Miss Rosamund's ring."

The Duchess put two fond protecting arms about her.

"Why, you shall come to me, little Judy," she said. "And you shall learn how the East lives. I don't think you need the lesson, but it is very often a salutary one for those who have lived in the West all their days. I shall give you in charge to Martha Driscoll, who will know how to take care of you. You remember Martha, the Irish dressmaker, with the red hair and blue eyes. She is very wise and careful, and fearless as well. I should not like to have Martha angry with me myself. Ah, there is the tea-bell!"

"You will keep me for to-night, Duchess?"

"Is it likely I should let you go after what has happened? You look pale, and no wonder. You shall have Violet's little room under the roof, close beside mine. You will find the air is not really so bad—better than the West End, I think, for the wind blows up the river from the German Ocean, if it has to pass those miles of docks and warehouses on its way."

"I shall not find fault with the air," said Judy.

Nor did she. The room was so dainty that it might have been in a country house rather than in the black East. Its chintzes and white covers and curtains and bedclothes were spotlessly clean. The room was immaculate, as might well be where the work was done for love. And Judy slept, as she had not thought to sleep after the trouble and terror of the day, dreamlessly. Indeed, she awoke with a start to find a pattern of chimney shadows on her counterpane, and to realise that she had slept nearly all round the clock.

As soon as breakfast was over, the Duchess herself took Judy and put her in a train for South Kensington. Everyone seemed to know

the Duchess in the streets through which they passed, and to greet her with the utmost respect and affection.

"They all know you," said Judy.

"I have been working here a good many years. I can go into streets where only the doctors and nurses are safe, worse even than your street of yesterday. Even the outcasts know their friends."

The train puffed off from the black station into the blacker tunnel, but the radiance of the rose and white face of the Duchess, the impression of her spotless white bands and inky draperies, the stern simplicity of which seemed to throw into strange relief the fresh fairness of that heavenly countenance, remained with Judy long after she was out of sight of them.

She found Lady Flora well of her headache and ready to suggest a jaunt somewhere or other. She was evidently tired of her own company, and delighted to welcome Judy back.

Judy had wondered whether Lady Flora would discover anything wanting in her, anything of the change which she felt must have come over her since yesterday; but Lady Flora seemed content, and made much of Judy in a way that stirred the girl's generous heart to an ache of compassion towards the godmother whom she felt she was in a sense deceiving. She had accepted the Duchess's will for her, as one might accept the will of some great servant of God, believing that it must represent His will. But it was hard for impulsive Judy. She would, if she had followed her own wishes, have made an end of the thing then and there, telling Lady Flora that it was all an inexplicable blunder that had made Philip believe Rosamund Lindley lost to him, and that being so, she must step out and make way for the old love, whom he had never forgotten.

She fell in with Lady Flora's plans, with a new readiness of acquiescence added to her usual sweetness. Lady Flora detected something wrong about that.

"What's the matter with the lassie," she said, "that she doesn't stand up for herself and choose where she'd go, knowing that the surest way to please me, who have seen all the things till I'm tired of them? It isn't like Judy to be indifferent; and I won't have Caroline Glastonbury making a saint of her."

Judy had made no secret of the night spent in River Street, merely mentioning that Lady Mary Winstanley had a visitor from Stannington, Miss Rosamund Lindley, staying with her, and that she, believing that she might be in the way, went to the Duchess instead.

Lady Flora rated her half humorously for the daring of the expedition.

"Hoity-toity," she said, shaking her curls at Judy, "because we're an engaged young lady we think we can make expeditions anywhere alone and unescorted! It wasn't the way when I was a girl, I can tell you. And what would your good mother think of it?"

Keen as Judy was to get back to Stannington, she did not forget the blow it would be to her old ally, Jack Winstanley, if she failed to attend the Speech Day at Harrow, so she waited with what patience she might.

On the great day she dressed herself in her best to do honour to Jack, and was rewarded by the young gentleman proposing to her in a tentative fashion while they strolled about after the lunch. Jack as yet was unacquainted with the fact of Judy's engagement.

"You've turned out a stunning girl," he said, "and I believe you're the only one in the world I'd sacrifice my independence to. If you wouldn't mind waiting while I finish here and go through Christ Church, we could be engaged now. I never thought I'd do it for any girl, much less for you, Ju, who used to fag for me; but you've bowled me completely over, and I don't mind telling you that you're the prettiest girl in the place to-day, which is, of course, a gratifying fact to me."

Judy did not tell him that Major Lindley had anticipated him. Indeed, she had the oddest feeling that she was not really engaged to Major Lindley at all, although she wore his ring on her finger.

"I don't think we'll talk about it yet, Jack," she said. "You see, there are so many things you want to do, and, of course, a wife is a great tie to a man."

"That's quite true, Ju," he said, with unflattering readiness to accept her decision, "though it isn't every girl would have the sense to see it. Well, anyhow, don't go getting engaged to anybody else while I sow my wild oats. That green frock you're wearing is no end becoming to you, Ju. All the other fellows are furiously jealous of me. Funny, isn't it, that the Pater and myself should be squiring the most charming girls in the place?"

Judy looked over at Major Winstanley, who was talking to Miss Greville with a very absorbed air, and smiled faintly. She hardly knew this coxcombical Jack.

A week later they were all at Stannington. Judy knew in an uninterested way that the distant cousin, Maurice Evelyn, was staying at the Red House. She hoped he would not disturb the quietness of the dear old sleepy place. Just at present she would have preferred to be free of strangers.

Her father met her at the station with the mail phaeton. It seemed that the rest of the family were lunching with Mrs. Parkinson, and were to be home in time to give Judy her tea.

They let the Court barouche start first, so that Lady Mary and Lady Flora, who had taken a seat with her, should not get the dust of the mail phaeton.

Mr. Evelyn sat contentedly enough with a cigar between his lips, waiting till the clouds of dust raised by the other travellers had settled a bit.

"I don't remember a much dryer time, Ju," he said, looking from the little height of the railway station over the beautiful country. "If it goes on, we'll have an early autumn."

Judy looked fondly at his rosy face and good blue eyes.

"I like to be back with you, papa," she said, giving his arm a little squeeze.

"I like to have you, Ju," he answered. "It was about time you came back, too. You're looking fagged, little girl, as though you'd been going the pace. You must stay at home now, and become a little country girl once more. We're very gay. Maurice has brightened us up a lot. We'd better be getting along now."

They drove down the incline from the station.

"You like the new cousin, papa?" said Judy, not greatly interested.

"He's a capital fellow," answered Mr. Evelyn cordially. "I wish you'd known him, Ju, before——Why, here's the fellow himself!"

A tall, alert young figure in a suit of homespuns was coming from under the arch of the railway bridge into the sunshine beyond. Mr. Evelyn pulled up.

"Come to meet us, Maurice, hey?" he said, well pleased. "That was right, boy. Jump up behind. Ah, this is Judy!"

"I wanted to welcome my cousin," said the young fellow pleasantly. The strong afternoon sun was in his eyes, but as he lifted them to Judy startled and delighted recognition leaped into their expression. As for Judy, she had known him from the first glimpse of him. He had a way of holding himself, of throwing his curling head back on his square shoulders.

Maurice Evelyn was her friend who had come to her rescue in the East End, and had never been out of her prayers since, nor far from her thoughts.

[END OF CHAPTER ELEVEN.]

THE VOICE OF GOD.

A Prayer for the New Year.

"They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."—GENESIS iii. 8.

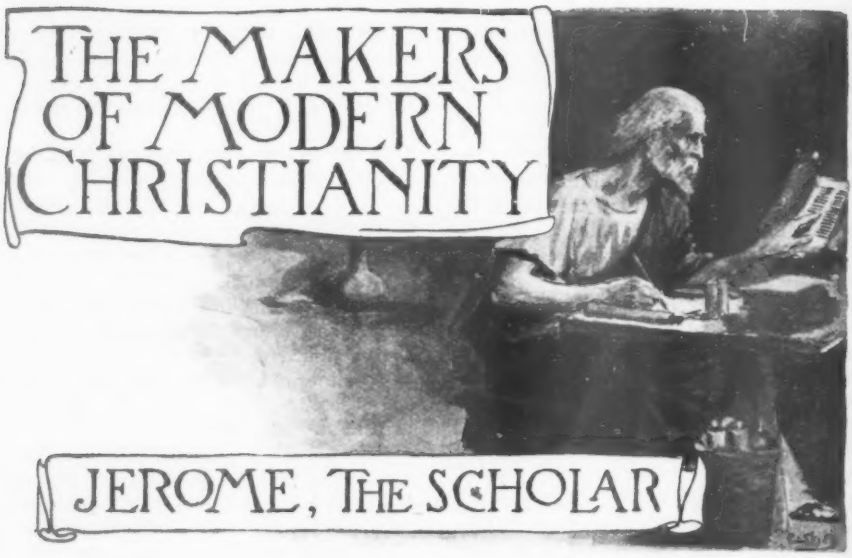
O GOD, I pray Thee grant to me
To find within the daily life
A space fenced off from earthly strife,
Where I may wait and watch for Thee.

A garden which Thyself hast made;
Where grow Thy graces rich and fair,
And gently breathes the fragrant air,
And blooms the bliss that doth not fade.

And listening let me gladly run
With eager steps to walk with Thee,
With heart aglow to talk with Thee—
An hour when earth and heaven are one.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY



JEROME, THE SCHOLAR

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

II.

THE FORTUNES OF JEROME'S VULGATE THROUGH THE AGES.



HE work was done at last. The Latin Bible—"all of a piece," so to speak—soon was in many a scholar's hand through the length and breadth of the poor, distracted barbarian-harassed empire. The New Testament had been completed years before, when Damasus ruled over the Roman Church. This New Testament was a revision of an old rather than a new work, and it gradually and quietly took the old work's place in the Church and in the student's chamber. It (the New Testament) excited, comparatively speaking, little criticism, for the changes from the old Latin Italic version, although numerous, were not startling enough to excite much attention among the rank and file of Christians. A powerful and masterful Bishop of Rome (Damasus) had simply commissioned a well-known scholar to carry out the needed work of revision, and when it was completed sealed it with his *imprimatur*, and it seems with little stir to have passed into the Western Church's life.

But the Old Testament, done from the hitherto well-nigh inaccessible Hebrew, was a very different piece of work. It was undertaken under no official sanction, and received no official *imprimatur*, as had been the case with Jerome's New Testament version. Thousands, however, in many lands for the first time saw in Jerome's Latin Vulgate what the Old Testament really was. To the great majority, learned and unlearned, it was almost a new revelation; and, as might be expected, was very generally received at first with a loud cry of reproach. Even Augustin, in his distant African city, though he loved and admired the great scholar of Bethlehem with an ungrudging love and admiration, was afraid as he read the new translation, with its many corrections and changes, and as the work went on, and book after book of the holy volume issued forth from the Bethlehem cell, positively tried to dissuade Jerome from pursuing his task, which seemed to him dangerous, almost profane!

But gradually all hostile clamour seems to have died down, and men began to see what a mighty treasure they possessed in the new translation.

Long before the task was done, when only some of the Old Testament books had appeared in their new form, the name and fame of the old man of Bethlehem had gone out into all lands, and before he passed away men recog-



JEROME AND THE ROMAN LADIES.

nised that in good truth a giant had arisen up among them; that the greatest, truest scholar ever known in Christendom was toiling night and day in his lonely cell hard by Jerusalem in the service of the Master Whom he loved.

* * * * * *

Undertaken, as we have already noticed, without any official inspiration, the Old Testament*—the Vulgate version, as Jerome's translation is commonly called—soon became the recognised form in which the Hebrew Scriptures were known and studied in Western Christendom. The following brief "historical" notices of its reception through the ages will be interesting.

In the fifth century the well-known Bishop Eucherius of Lyons formally adopted it in his great diocese. The famous theologian, Vincent of Lerins, in the same century, used it as his version. In the same age Isidore of Seville, the renowned Spanish canonist, while strangely enough affirming the inspiration of the Septuagint translation, recommended the use of Jerome's Vulgate version. In the first years of the ninth century Alcuin, the friend and Minister of Education of Charlemagne, at his master's bidding, revised the Vulgate text, which from frequent transcription had become in many places faulty. The English archbishop Lanfranc, in the days of the Conqueror, again attempted to correct these errors of the countless scribes of Jerome's great work.

All through the Middle Ages the Latin of Jerome was *the* version—the *only* version—of the Holy Scripture with which the schoolmen and the great theologians as a rule were alone familiar, and from his nervous, pregnant words, which reflected so much of the original with an almost faultless accuracy, they drew their knowledge of the infinite love and the perfect wisdom. In the fifteenth century the Bible, in the version of Jerome, was the first book which issued from the printing press. In the following century—the sixteenth—the Fathers of the Trent Council gave it their official *imprimatur*, when they affirmed its authority. A few years before, Cardinal Ximenes, in the splendid Polyglot edition of Complutum (Spain), after a careful revision of the text, printed the Vulgate of Jerome in the middle place of honour between the Septuagint (the Greek) and the Hebrew.

To sum up our story of Jerome's work. It is an undisputed fact that for many centuries the Vulgate was *the only Bible* generally used in the Western world. From it, directly or indirectly, all the vernacular versions of Western Europe were made, with the solitary exception of the comparatively unimportant Gothic translation of Bishop Ulphilas in the fourth century.

Coming down the stream of ages, we find the well-known English version of our Wycliffe (made in the latter years of the fourteenth century) is a literal translation of Jerome's work. In Luther's Bible the Vulgate had great weight. Through Luther the influence of Jerome's Latin passed into our own Authorised version. In Tyndale's and Coverdale's Bible the weight of the Latin (Jerome's) translation is indeed singularly marked.

* * * * * *

The great scholar survived the completion of the principal labour of his work-filled life some think several sorrowful years. It was a time of grievous anxiety and crushing care. He heard in A.D. 410 of the immemorial, world-famed Rome being taken and sacked by Alaric, and before he passed away in several of the provinces of the Empire the crushing fact was borne in upon him that the barbarians, ceasing simply to raid and to plunder, had come to stay. The closing years of Jerome's life were the most sombre period through which the world had ever passed, and the prospect grew darker with each succeeding summer and winter. His last years were indeed clouded with many sorrows. Most of his old friends who had cheered his middle and late life had passed away, and weakness and sickness enfeebled his body; but his powers of work and the vigour of his intellect seemed to have endured to the end. From all parts of the Roman world pilgrims constantly arrived at Bethlehem to see and to consult with the aged scholar, and almost to the last he maintained a vast correspondence with all sorts and conditions of men and women, who sought advice or counsel from one who was universally regarded as the "Oracle of Orthodoxy." Well-nigh his last letter was to Augustin congratulating him on his victory over the party of Pelagius.

* * * * * *

In this little sketch of the life of the greatest scholar Christendom has ever possessed,

* The New Testament (Latin Vulgate of Jerome), as we have already observed, was also the work of our scholar, but his individuality was not impressed upon it, as in the case of the Old Testament. The Latin text of the Vulgate Gospels was, in the main, Jerome's work; the text of the remaining New Testament books was in reality his somewhat hurried revision of the old Italian text.

we have only really dwelt on *one* of his many literary efforts; but *that one* will never perish, that one has permanently affected the whole Christian story. His other works were very numerous, and in their day, too, powerfully influenced Christian life and thought. But they cannot be compared with that gigantic literary production we have faintly sketched out—but this is, after all, only a slight sketch. Jerome, besides, was a commentator of no mean power, and his expositions of large parts of the books of both the Old and New Testaments are still among the treasures of Christian theology. His writings on questions connected with Holy Scripture, particularly his book on Hebrew names, which proved part of his preparatory studies for his great work, have considerable value. As an ecclesiastical historian he occupies no mean place. Among his writings here may be enumerated his lives of some of the more famous hermits, his translation of Eusebius' Chronicle (with certain additions of his own), and his "Book of Illustrious Men."[1] The last-named is a work of vast value, and one that is constantly quoted and frequently referred to by all writers of ecclesiastical history. He was, too, an indefatigable controversialist, and his vigorous, though occasionally violent and somewhat exaggerated treatises on the many points of dispute which were constantly agitating the Church of his day, rank still as classical pieces of reference, although they contain opinions and conclusions often at variance with modern thought. While his letters to his disciples, his friends, and to those who sought his counsel and advice, very many of which have been preserved to us, are of priceless value as living pictures of the life and society of Christians of varied ranks and orders of his time; still it must be confessed that although the value of many of Jerome's writings—historical, expository, controversial, epistolary—is generally acknowledged, this eminent Father, compared with Augustin or with the older Latin writers, Tertullian and Cyprian, has been little read by the mass of students in any age. Jerome was no popular writer, no winning theologian. He ever appeals (different from Augustin) to the head, rarely to the heart. "He is little read," says a brilliant modern writer, "because he seldom consoles." Sympathy, that divinest of gifts, rarely lives along the learned and often eloquent pages of the austere Bethlehem scholar. His fame, after all, must rest upon his *magnum opus*, the Vulgate. Into it he poured all his vast, his incomparable learning, his research, his matchless power of eloquent and picturesque composition. It is for *this work* Jerome is remembered. In it he has won, as he well deserved, the enduring gratitude of all the Christian peoples of the West.

* * * * * *

Monasticism, and all that Monasticism brought with it, was introduced into Rome and the western provinces of the Empire in the lifetime of Jerome, and before he passed away had become—if one may use the word—popular exceedingly, especially in the higher stratum of Roman society.

Jerome, in his earlier teaching during the period of his residence in Rome in the Pontificate of Damasus, was a passionate and consistent advocate of this form of Christian life. His best-known disciples and followers were among the first who in the West adopted celibacy and a rigorous life of self-denial. Paula, Marcella, Fabiola, Eustochium, and other well-known noble Roman ladies, are justly regarded as the pioneers of that great army of female monastics who for many hundred years exercised so vast an influence in the Christian world; and the life they led and emphatically adorned was, no doubt, adopted under the immediate inspiration of that great master, parts of whose career and influence we have been dwelling upon.

But although Jerome was an earnest and even an impassioned preacher of the glory and beauty of the monastic ideal, it is scarcely accurate to speak of him as the founder of the system. There were other great ones in that sorely troubled and eventful age as earnest and even more influential than even Jerome in the work of laying the foundation stories of the countless homes of those mighty religious companies of both sexes whose influence for good and evil has been so enormous in the many-coloured story of Christendom.

When we come to the strange romance—for it is verily a romance—of Basil, the saintly Bishop of Cappadocian Cæsarea, the *real founder* of Monasticism, we will discuss the momentous question in all its bearings.

* * * * * *

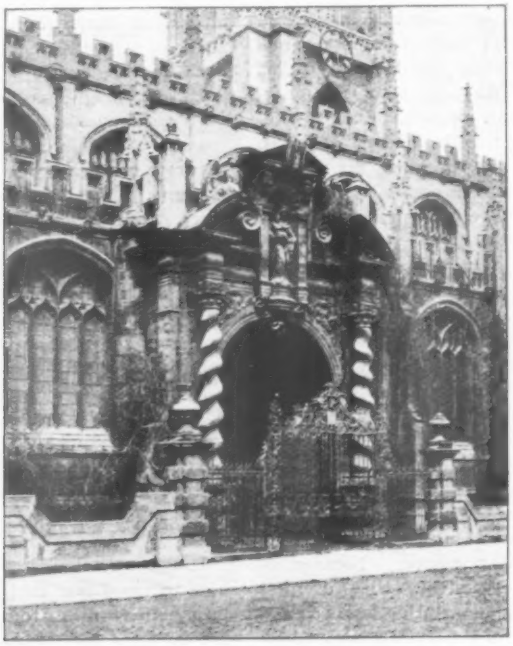
It is always hard for a writer who loves his hero to lay down the pen with which he has been endeavouring to make the long-vanished heroic form live again and walk once more among the sons and daughters of men. It is especially hard in the present instance, when

so much in that busy work-filled life, which filled so large a place in the story of that age of stress and storm, when the mighty Empire was fast falling into utter ruin, necessarily has been left unwritten, the narrow limits of such a study as this rigorously forbidding all digressions, however full of interest, which did not bear directly upon the great work of his life, the grand object for which the scholar was raised up among us—the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into the Latin of the peoples of the West.

Much, indeed, has been left untold. The story, especially of that wonderful society of noble Roman ladies, that charming picture of Christianity in the palaces of the Imperial city where Jerome was at once the inspiration and the life—this, too, must be told, but not here, not now. Only let the reader of the above sketch of a tireless Christian scholar remember how much *has* been left untold in that strange, wonderful life which did so mighty a work among us for God and His people.

* * * * * *

Looking back, as we can now look back, from the vantage ground of many piled-up centuries, we see how the strange experiences of a life like Jerome's were all part of his training for his supreme effort. His long and careful early education, his presence in the lecture rooms of so many of the renowned teachers of the East and West; his friendship with great ones like Gregory of Nazianzus at Constantinople; his training under the powerful Bishop of Rome, Damasus; his long intercourse with and his marvellous influence over the great ladies of the capital in the last sad days of her vanishing grandeur; his long and arduous travels in search of knowledge; his restless, tireless, patient industry—all these things, what he had seen and suffered, what he had done and learned, were necessary for the *one* work of his life. They all appear and reappear, in many forms and in divers manners, a thousand times in the charmed pages of his wondrous version of the Book of Life, which for centuries after Jerome fell asleep have been the joy and the solace, the comfort and the hope of uncounted thousands of loving, weary pilgrims to the King's City.



PORCH OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD

Love of Comrades.

A Winter's Tale by Dora M. Jones, Author of "A Soldier of the King."

PERHAPS one of the worst moments that Charles Forster ever experienced in his life was when he knew that his intimate friend, Maurice Raymond, was coming to Les Charmettes for a fortnight's skating.

People did not go to Les Charmettes in the winter five or six years ago as they do now. The little village at that time of year was practically deserted by the tourist throng, and only one hotel kept its doors open for about twenty enthusiasts—old Alpine Club men and a few of their womenkind—in the great white world of the Alpine winter.

Raymond's note was brought to him by the morning post, as he sat over his coffee and rolls and honey, opposite Sir James Farrar, the great throat specialist, who was there with his daughter Celia and his son Arthur, Forster's old school and college chum. As he read it his face fell, and he half uttered a vexed exclamation.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said his kind old friend, Sir James, looking across the table.

Forster assured him that it was nothing particular. How could he have said that his friend's presence would not be welcome to him? They had all heard him speak enthusiastically of Maurice Raymond, and would never have understood why his arrival should be unwelcome. After all, why was it unwelcome?

There are things we are not in a hurry to admit, even to ourselves.

Of course, he reflected, he would be glad to see the old fellow. The only thing was that when you had a thoroughly nice party and were completely at home with one another, an outsider coming in did make a difference. It was never quite the same, and he was having such a delightful time with the Farrars. That was all.

Then Miss Farrar appeared with a sealskin toque on her trim little head and a sealskin coat over her arm. There were only a few other ladies in the hotel; so that, even had she not been the very pretty girl she was, she would probably not have lacked attention, but she was distinguished enough to have made her mark in a regiment of "superfluous women." Forster, needless to say, was her obedient slave, and she made him happy and reduced two or three other young men to a state of pulp by walking off with him as her companion on the glacier excursion which had been planned for the morning.

Charles Forster's great enemy was one which no one would have suspected in the rising barrister. It was a deep-lying self-distrust, not of his capacity in the world of men, but of his power of winning affection. A motherless boy, brought up in an unsympathetic home, bookish at school, unpopular, averse to games, he was generally respected, but made few friends outside the Farrar household, where Arthur looked up to him for his cleverness and the saucy, gay Celia tyrannised over him at her will, till he met Maurice Raymond at Cambridge. They renewed their friendship in London. Forster read for the Bar, worked hard at his profession, and had inherited an income from a relative, which, taken with the fact that he was spoken of as certain to rise, made him not unwelcome in the houses of ladies with daughters and a due sense of their responsibilities. Meanwhile, Raymond, the handsome, brilliant Irishman, had shared the ruin of his family through the depreciation in the value of their estates. He had been forced to study his profession seriously, and after some vicissitudes, in which Forster had borne a part, and of which more hereafter, he had

qualified as a surgeon and joined the Army medical service. Since then he had seen some service, had taken part in one or two brilliant exploring expeditions, and had gained distinction, but very little money. In a world which values wealth, respectability, a settled position, a dignified future, there could be no doubt as to which of the friends had done the better; and yet Forster had often felt that he would give up his good income and his professional success, the smiles of the mothers of Kensington, and the politeness of the party chiefs who were looking to him to contest Little Pedlington in the party interest at the next election, for a small fraction of Maurice Raymond's power of winning hearts. Yes; he was doing well enough, but who cared for him? Wherever Maurice went he conquered. The very tradesmen whom he kept waiting for their money, the servants to whom he gave endless trouble by his thoughtless ways, would let themselves be victimised by him to any extent, whereas they stood on their rights with Charles, who paid his bills with the regularity of a machine, and never rang his bell if he could help it. It would be the same again now.

At this point Celia asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking of Raymond," he said, not knowing, in fact, what else to say. "I was wondering when he will be here."

"What, Mr. Raymond, your great friend? The Victoria Cross man? Is he coming to stay here? Are you not delighted?"

"I shall be glad to see him, of course," Forster said; "but when one is having a perfect time, don't you know how one dreads any change that might make it less perfect."

"I wonder you never came out in the winter before if you like it so much," said Celia, with a demure twinkle under her lashes; "but it would be very horrid of you not to be glad to see your friend. I think he is a perfect hero, and I am longing to meet him."

And when they sat down for an *al fresco* lunch a few minutes later on some logs by the wayside, backed by a grove of snow-laden pines, she proceeded to tell her father and brother how Raymond had won the cross for attending wounded men under fire in one of those Indian frontier wars at some unpronounceable place. He simply stayed there while the bullets were raining round him, and did his duty as calmly as if he had been in a hospital.

"Quite his 'bedside manner,' in fact," said Arthur.

"I hate the present generation," replied the young lady. "I wish I had lived in the dear old early Victorian times, when people were not ashamed to show a little enthusiasm."

"And the porkpie hats and the horsehair chairs."

"Better than cheap cynicism and imitation Chippendale. The old times were better, weren't they, father darling?" she said, with a tender little touch on the old physician's coat-sleeve. "At any rate, I am sure the men were."

II.

IT was a week later. As Forster stood in the hall, about nine o'clock at night, he was aware of much rushing to and fro, the girls of the party running upstairs for their snow boots and furs, the men muffled up and waiting—in short, the usual preliminaries of a great moonlight tobogganing excursion. Mrs. Dudley Brown, a florid matron of juvenile manners, who dragged a neutral-tinted husband in her train, and who could always be relied upon to chaperon a frolic of this kind, stopped on her way through the hall to tell him what an acquisition his friend was. "Everything has gone with a swing since Mr. Raymond came," she said.

At the same moment Raymond came out of the hotel drawing-room immediately behind Celia. "Aren't you coming, old fellow?" he said to his friend.

Celia glanced up at him with the same question in her eyes. She was looking exquisite. Her delicate, unusual beauty—Japanese, some people called it—her look of brilliancy and finish, with her creamy satin skin and the velvet blackness of her eyes, had never struck him as they did in this rough little mountain hotel. Raymond and she had been talking eagerly and gaily since they left the dining table. And now they were going out tobogganing together. Well!

Forster told his friend curtly that he had letters to write

"Won't they wait?" said Celia softly. "Your correspondence was not always so absorbing."

There was reproach in her eyes, and his heart leaped as the thought crossed his mind that she really wished him to come. But the bitter feeling with which he had watched Raymond's handsome head so near hers in the *salon* five minutes ago was still too strong.

"No," he said, "I don't care for these hilarities. I should only be a spoilsport."

"Everyone to his taste," she responded, with a little air of *pique*, and she ran up the stairs after the others.

Then Charles Forster betook himself to his room to attend to his correspondence, which important business he managed by staring moodily into the glowing depths of his wood fire, as, lounging back in an armchair, he reviewed the situation since Raymond came. All his presentiments had come true. The handsome Irishman with his dancing eyes and his irresistible tongue, his romantic record, and his winning pleasantness and kindliness, had not merely established himself as the leader in all the amusements of the little society—that was a trifle. He had got himself accepted by the Farrars, who were quite as exclusive and critical as most English people of any standing; he made one in their little excursions; Sir James and Arthur liked him heartily; and Celia—ah, could there be any doubt about Celia?

"My one little ewe lamb," he said to himself bitterly. "The one girl I have ever cared for seriously. And just when I thought she was beginning to like me."

He thought over Maurice's innumerable flirtations—innocent enough, but shallow and fleeting, the follies of a youth who had been spoiled by women for his beauty and his brightness ever since his babyhood; and asked himself if it were possible that such a one could bring any woman a deep heart-whole devotion. And yet, what chance had he now? He only knew he could not bear to look on any longer. Much better to leave at once, to make some excuse and get back to town, before he made an exhibition of himself with his miserable jealousy.

Suddenly a thought came to him that sent a burning heat through his frame. There might be a way of stopping it, if he could bring himself to use it; and why should he be scrupulous when so little consideration was shown to him?

There was a knock at the door, and in came Raymond, looking—splendid Hercules that he was—more triumphantly handsome than ever.

"Done your letters, old chap? You ought to have been with us. We had a glorious time."

"Thanks, I see no fun in sliding down a hill on a tea-tray or any other contrivance, especially in the company of Mrs. Dudley Brown and her train. But you have torn yourself away rather early."

"Oh, the others are still at it. Miss Farrar was tired, and I walked back with her. Then I thought I would look in on you and have a chat. We have not seen much of each other since I came, somehow."

He said it affectionately, but Forster hardened his heart. He was not going to be blarneyed.

"Well, whose fault is that?"

"Oh, no one's. Mine, if you like. I own I haven't much thought left for any but one thing, and I suppose you can guess what that is."

Forster was not going to help him He looked grimly into the fire.

"I never in my life met a girl like Miss Farrar," Raymond continued. "How you could have said so little about her in your letters baffles me. She is wonderfully pretty and dainty, she's clever, she's refined, she's adorably fresh and natural—in short, Charley, old man, it's the real thing this time."

"And so it was last time, and the time before that, and so on, ever since you fell in love with the girl at the tobacconist's at Cambridge."

"I see," said Maurice, looking at him with serious compassion, "I have come at a bad time. Something has put you out. I'll let you go to bed now. To be continued in our next."

"No, no," said Forster, "we'll have it now, please. If you have anything serious to say, say it."

Thus adjured, Maurice stated succinctly that he was over head and ears in love with Miss Farrar, that he had grounds for a modest hope that she would have him if he offered; but that he wanted Forster's assistance in approaching the father.

"It's nonsense, Raymond," Forster exclaimed. "You can't offer yourself to a girl like Miss Farrar. What sort of an income have you got? What sort of position can you give her?"

"I should hope," said Raymond, "that a Raymond of Castle Eden is good enough for a doctor's daughter; and as my cousin Fitzneligan will never marry now, I am bound to come into the title some day."

"I question if Sir James will think the prospect of a needy Irish peerage in twenty years' time particularly attractive.

"Well, hang it! I've come into a little money lately. I'll spend it in buying a West End practice, and my father-in-law can push me on. You know as well as I do that there are

plenty of things a man can do with brains and connection. I have never shown what I can do yet, but I have a motive now. I want you to put this to Sir James for me."

There was silence for a minute or two Then Forster said, with a visible effort :

"Look here, Maurice ; we have always been good friends."

"You're the best friend I ever had in the world," cried Maurice, "and that is why I am here this minute."

"I've never refused you a thing yet," Forster went on, "but this thing I can't do for you."

"But why ?"

"Why ? Did it never occur to you ? Because I have hoped for years to make Miss Farrar my wife."

The bright confidence died out of Maurice's look as he replied in a grave, changed voice.

"I am sorry. I might have guessed. No one, of course, could help caring for her, especially you, who have seen so much of them. I see I can't ask you to help me ; but, all the same, a man must think of himself in a matter of this kind. I shall do the best I can alone."

"You are going to make love to Celia Farrar ?"

"I am going to try and win her for my wife."

"No, you are not," cried Forster, leaping out of his chair, his pale, nervous face tense with passion. "I can stop it. I can tell her about that affair in Great Ormond Street. She'll never take you after that."

Maurice had risen too. "You wouldn't do that, Charlie ?" he said, in a low, agitated voice.

"I will, indeed. You say that we must be each for himself in this matter. If she accepts you, she shall, at any rate, do it with her eyes open. I owe her father that much."

"Very well," said Maurice, in high scorn and anger. "Do your worst, I defy you. I was in your debt, Charles Forster, for more than I liked to think ; but you have wiped it out now. That score is settled."

And the men who had been closer than brothers in their love parted like bitter enemies.

III.

THERE is a hamlet about ten miles up the valley from Les Charmettes, which was a favourite goal of the winter sleighing parties. One of these expeditions was planned for the afternoon which followed Maurice's unfortunate explanation with his old friend. Forster excused himself from joining it, and Raymond had—what was a great satisfaction to him at the moment—the opportunity of putting Miss Farrar into her sleigh before his rival's eyes, and following on a "tailing" toboggan.

The arrangement was that they were to have coffee and drive back by moonlight.

Raymond had tried in vain to secure a few words with Celia during the afternoon. She seemed grave and preoccupied, and kept as much as possible at her father's elbow. At last, a little while before the word was given to collect the party for the return, while some of them were chatting in the verandah of the little inn, and others strolling about in twos and threes, admiring the exquisite colour effects of the setting sun on the snow-covered landscape, he saw that she had slipped away and turned into a path among the groves of pines, alone.

He followed her. He had too much to say ; it was not a moment for hesitation.

She looked surprised when she saw him, grave and troubled, but he had determined not to be discouraged.

"Miss Farrar," he began, "I want to ask you two questions, and in order that you may answer them I shall have to tell you a story. Will you listen ?"

She promised, and as he spoke the light of deep sympathy grew in her beautiful eyes. It was hard not to be interested when Maurice spoke, especially when he spoke as he did then. He described a pampered childhood, followed by a sudden change of fortune ; he hinted at the temptations of a great city to a thoughtless, undisciplined lad ; the careless habits fostered by evil company ; and at last the one act of dishonesty, committed in a moment of despair to cover a "debt of honour," at the expense of the friend who had stood by him through all, and who screened him and saved him then. Ought such errors as those, repented, lived down, forgotten or unknown by the world, to bar a man's right to honour and happiness for all his future life ?

"You need not ask," said Celia, with generous eagerness. "It is done with, repented, and lived down. It is no concern of anyone's."

"Then could you, could you," he said, almost stammering with eagerness, "receive such a one, think of him——?"

"*As a friend*, yes ; and honour him the more for what he had overcome."

"As a friend ?" he repeated. "That brings



"It was hard not to be interested."

me to my second question. I told you that this lad had a friend, who saved him and shielded him, forgave him the fraud, and covered it up so that no one knew of it but their two selves. Suppose that he at last, of all people, were to threaten to make this old story known, in the most damaging, the most hateful way."

Celia interrupted him with passionate energy. "Mr. Raymond, he would never do it."

He looked at her in astonishment, not so much that she had divined him—he had meant that she should—as at her attitude of indignant defence. That she should be so much concerned for Forster's character!

"He could not," she said eagerly. "He might be angry, he might threaten; but when it came to the point, he could do nothing base or ungenerous. Oh, I can't pretend not to know whom you mean, and I am absolutely sure you are wrong."

There was no time for more. The sleighs were waiting at the door of the inn, and the ladies were taking their places for the return journey.

Forster, meanwhile, had spent an unenviable day. After dinner, as he sat and smoked in the hall, he heard one of the men in the *salon* —a curate from an East End parish — singing one of Kipling's songs. There was a touching quality in the young fellow's voice, and a plaintiveness about the melody, that attracted Forster before he began to listen to the words, and it was only the last verse that he followed throughout.

"Cabul town was ours to take,
Blow the bugle, draw the sword.
I'd have left it for his sake,
His that left me by the ford,
Ford, ford, ford of Cabul river."

Something rose in the throat of the angry man as he listened. The smoky, dimly-lighted hall, and the careless chatter of the guests as they came out in twos and threes grew intolerable. He caught his fur cap and coat from the peg where they hung, wrapped himself up, and went out into the silent purity of the night.

As he crossed the courtyard the sleighs rattled up to the door with the returning party. He passed them quickly lest he should be recognised, and walked with long strides through the village, and along the main valley road. Overhead was the brilliant winter sky, sparkling with innumerable star points, around him the white silent waste. He was alone with his memories.

How he had loved that boy! How he had borne with him, saved him from disgrace, fought for him with the flesh and the devil! And had he gained nothing in return? What would his life have been worth without Maurice's trusting affection, his gay temper, his delightful companionship? He remembered one August when tedious illness kept him in London, and the lad had thrown up an invitation to one of the pleasantest of country houses to be near him in his lonely bachelor quarters, to nurse him and cheer him. The best thing in his life had been this elder-brotherly feeling, for the brilliant, careless fellow whose nature, both in its qualities and defects, "fitted in" so well with his own. All these years Maurice had leaned on him and loved him, and now—and by his own fault—

"Oh, we that were dear, we are all too near,
With the width of the world between us."

A couple of hours had passed somehow before he found himself under the window of the *dépendance* where Raymond was lodged. Most of the lights were out, for people go early to bed when they winter in the High Alps, but in one room a lamp was still alight. Forster saw his friend's tall figure emerge on the balcony for a minute, and disappear. The French window was shut, and a minute or two afterwards Forster was knocking at Raymond's door.

Maurice looked up in astonishment from the Gladstone bag he was packing.

"Charlie!" was all he could say.

"I am glad you are up, Maurice. I just wanted to tell you that of course I should never say a word about that old affair. I don't know what possessed me to think I could."

"All right," replied Maurice. "She said you wouldn't."

"Who said?"

"Miss Farrar. I told her, you see."

"What!"

"Yes, I told her the whole story, and I am not sorry I did. She is a girl of girls, Charlie. And, what is more, I can tell you, old fellow, she has a most uncommon opinion of you."

"Then I suppose," said Forster, with a gulp, "I am to congratulate you."

Maurice stood up from his work, and laughed a little sadly. "Do you see what I am doing?" he said. "I am packing my bag. Before you have finished breakfast to-morrow, I shall be off. My dear fellow, go in and win. The coast is clear, the road is open. There is one girl in England, or, to be more accurate, in Switzerland at this moment, who knows a good man when she sees him."

"Then, do you mean——" stammered the bewildered Forster.

"I was dreaming, so were you; and a sorry dream it was, bad luck to it, but it's over now. We can't afford to quarrel, eh, old man, especially as you carry off the prize?"

"Rather not," was all Forster had to say for the moment. But as he walked back to his room that evening in the keen frosty starlight, what was uppermost in his mind was not the image of Celia. That would come as he realised that the heart he had sought for so long was his at last. But just then he had no thought for the future. He was absorbed in the solemn sense of a present deliverance. It would be over no murdered friendship, but with the old comrade feeling warm at his heart, that he should step into his new life.



By the Rev. Frederick Hastings.

PAUL gives us a bit of secular history in his first letter to the Corinthians, in the eleventh chapter, verse thirty-two. He tells of King Aretas. The name of one who was ethnarch of Damascus under the king is unknown. Future researches may discover it, but for the present it is hidden. Aretas or Hareth was the father-in-law of Herod, and felt greatly the insult when the latter neglected his daughter for the sake of Herodias. To avenge it he seized Damascus, and certainly, when he afterwards retired to Petra, would leave a strong man over it and its garrison. This man may have been an Arabian or a Jew, who would doubtless obey orders implicitly. Whether Aretas was prejudiced against Paul or not, we know that the governor or ethnarch certainly objected to his presence in the city.

Paul's conversion was a sort of birthday in the world's history. He spent the first three years after that remarkable change in Damascus or in Arabia. There he doubtless had great influence. Possibly he came in contact with the governor. He may have spoken to him as plainly concerning moral and religious matters as he did afterwards to Felix. When he came back at intervals from Arabia to Damascus he evidently proclaimed the Gospel with power, and put to confusion the Jews. They were annoyed that they could not controvert his utterances, and had therefore recourse to that "force" which has been called by one the "last argument of a desperate cause." His conversion was startling, and the Jews could not deny it. He showed that Christianity was perfectly demonstrable, and that the expected Messiah had come. The Jews, in their deadly malignity, planned to get rid of Paul. They seem to have won the ethnarch over to their scheme. Professing to hate Herod, they would the more easily win over this man to their murderous plot. They, as Conybeare says, "furnished the motive, the ethnarch the military force." By the way in which the account is given we should infer that the commandant of the garrison was himself the subject of an increasing prejudice. The expression "desirous to apprehend" does not fully give the force of the phrase. He had a fixed purpose to seize Paul, and in every way he sought to carry his project into effect. He "kept" the city. He had the gateways carefully watched by day and by night. He had strictly commanded the guards to seize the renegade, turncoat, traitor—that ringleader of a seditious sect. Exact and detailed description of the proscribed man would be given. The governor intended to make short work of him. A bow string would strangle his earnestness, or a sweep of the sword cut short his career. The apostle was in great danger. Every outlet from the city was closed to him. He remained in hiding as long as possible. This would be trying to a restless, energetic man like him. He must attempt something. Is there no one to help? He is hunted like a hare from point to point, from street to street, from house to house. He seems completely hemmed in.

We doubt not but that Paul had recourse to God in prayer. "O Lord, defeat the arms of this military tyrant, deliver me from the mouth of this lion." But prayer was followed by effort. He keeps an open ear to any suggestion. Some individual believer has an idea. A friend has a house on the wall with overhanging windows, where a rope and a basket might offer means of escape. The risk is great to all,

but if the apostle will venture to get into a basket he may evade the clutches of the governor. He consents. He waits in that house by the wall for darkness. He creeps up. A board is lifted between the ornamental beams. Fast hold of the rope cling several of his faithful friends. The tireless missionary, the expounder of Christian doctrine, the great apostle of the Gentiles, crouches in that non-creaking basket—a basket such as those slung over the camels to-day in the same streets, ofttimes with fuel or food. Slowly, silently, the apostle is lowered. No word of farewell is loudly uttered, for the watchmen on the wall would hear it. At length, disentangling himself, Paul creeps along the wall in shadow to some bank or deep shade of tree, and so finds security.

He can breathe now. He might still be seized by prowling guards or watchful sentinel. But he escaped, having passed through a period of intense anxiety, which evidently made a deep impression upon him. He refers to it afterwards as one of the pivotal points in his life

The ethnarch who kept the city could not keep all in his power. There was a greater than himself. He had not taken God into account. Paul had. That man of small stature and strong convictions was under the protection of a mightier King than the emir of the rocky fastness of Petra or the Emperor of Romé.

Note, then, that God can always find a way of escape for His servants. He is never baffled. His help comes in the most unexpected manner, and at the extremest point of our need. Thus Peter found it; shut in prison, the gates were opened unexpectedly. Daniel found it in the lions' den, when God shut every mouth as with iron bands. Jeremiah found that God delivers when an Ethiopian eunuch was moved to draw him up out of the miry prison. Further back still the Israelites found that when the foe was behind and the sea before them, a path was made through the waters. Thus many of God's servants have found deliverance. Thus Wycliffe found that John of Gaunt stood by him. Thus Luther found it when the Elector Frederic shielded him. God has His window and basket for men who put their trust in Him. He has also one that just fits—one the right size even for the fearful, as well as for the courageous. God knows where to find it and when to bring it out, and He produces it always in good time.

We cannot but notice, also, that insignificant things are often used by God to help His servants. The rod of a Moses is used at one time to deliver His people; the jawbone of an ass in the hands of a Samson at another. A smooth stone from the brook in the sling of a David is used to save a nation; stricken sinners are healed by the sight of a brazen serpent; a prophet is carried to his destination by a shark. God accomplishes His purpose by the arrow shot at a venture. He saves a nation by the sleepless night of a monarch. He delivers by the rumour in the ear. He alarms the enemies of Israel by the ditches of blood-red aspect. In this case a mere basket and piece of rope become the salvation of an apostle. More remarkable still, a cross becomes the sign of the salvation of the world, and an ancient gallows is seen to be rayed with glory.

We have to recognise the fact that the way of God's deliverances are sometimes humiliating to carnal nature. We can imagine that when Paul first looked at that basket he would shrink from creeping into it. Shall he who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, he who had been accounted a great Jewish rabbi, he who was conscious of great abilities to rule, he who had seen the risen Christ, shall he have to submit to such humiliation as to crouch in possibly an old, repulsive, and strong-smelling basket? Yes, that is God's way. So it may seem repugnant to some to be saved and gain eternal life simply by faith in a crucified Saviour. It is not the way proud human reason would prefer. We like not to be reduced to depend on another. We have no objection to admire Christ, to attach ourselves to Him as a great leader, or as an inspiring example of self-sacrifice; but to admit that our forgiveness is not through a general passableness of character, but through the work of another—that our eternal life is through simple faith in another—this is not the way which we should have preferred. The Cross is still to many a stone of stumbling, and its preaching sounds like "foolishness."

An apostle in the basket dangling from a beam outside a wall would be a strange object by daylight, and a proud man at the foot of the cross is just such a remarkable centre of attraction. Over it angels may even stand in mute astonishment; for it they will even wake up praise in heaven. They know how much is involved. When a spirit escapes from sin's besetments, from

its prejudices, from its slavery, it is a joy to the angels. We can imagine how the arch-enemy of souls, like the Damascus ethnarch, would, at the sight, gnash his teeth with anger in the abode of his despair. The spirit of malignity and envy must be piqued and angered when the snares are broken and the walls of hindrance to good are fallen.

The ethnarch was foiled, even as Saul was foiled when David by Michal's desire escaped. He was foiled as Benhadad was foiled when the prophet warned the Israelitish king over and over again as to an intended assault by his enemy. He was foiled as Herod was foiled when the wise men went not back to tell of where Christ was born. He was foiled as the officers who were sent to take Christ were foiled and compelled to return and say, "Never man spake like this Man." He was foiled as the forty men were foiled who found themselves under an oath not to eat or drink until they had killed Paul. Paul's sister's son carried the report to the Roman officer, and those men must have had long to wait for their breakfasts.

How the ethnarch of Damascus would rage when his officers said that Paul could not be taken, but that he had escaped and was preaching in another city! "Foiled! Foiled by that Paul! My precautions useless—my watchings vain!" Thus will the Evil One be foiled in respect to those who trust in the work of the Crucified One, and humble themselves under the mighty hand of God.

The Evil One sees a congregation gathered, and he says, "I will scatter their thoughts; that Gospel shall not be effectual; that preacher shall not win souls. I will pluck away the seed." Just then a sinner cries, "God have mercy on me." The Devil cries, "Foiled!" "Foiled" echoes to the uttermost dark ridges of despair.

Thus we are sure that if the arch-enemy of souls thinks that in the world the truth of God will be undermined, he will eventually be foiled. Whatever form the attack on truth may take, however keen may be the watch on the part of some to overthrow the servants of the truth, God's word will still be secure. Although the discoveries and speculations of some may be placed in antagonism to the truth, the reverent researches of others will show that there is no need to think that a true science is necessarily opposed to religion, and the doctrine of development merely a "development." Science need not be opposed to Christ. It must, if true science, fit in with the doctrines of Christ. "He must reign." All enemies must be put under His feet. The subtlest schemes even of Satanic hate will be seen to be only as the "baseless fabric of a vision." Devilish designs against souls, against the truth, against Christ or His Church, must eventually be defeated.

Ah! men may well ponder what they are doing when they set themselves against the truth. They will be "hoist with their own petards." They will be defeated like the Damascene ethnarch. I once heard that earnest evangelist Fleidner, of Madrid, tell of how persecutors in Spain were foiled. He had been becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, and translated into Spanish the hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save." The sailors learned it, and when, for some infringement of ecclesiastical law, they were fined they had no money to clear the fine. Being unable to pay, they were thrown into prison for ten days. At the end of that period they were still unable to pay, and were remanded for another ten days. They still sang and rejoiced. The priest, hearing of their remand, himself went to the judge praying that the sailors might be released. Said he, "If they stay in prison longer, singing their hymns, alas! I shall soon have no one left in all the town to come and hear mass." One can easily understand his desire when we remember that in Spain prisoners can see and speak with their friends from the window grating. Hence the tremendous effect of the singing of that beautiful hymn. The incident illustrates aptly how all opponents of truth must always count on eventually being foiled.

We can imagine how great would be the apostle's gratitude for his deliverance from the Damascene governor. What should not be the depth of our thankfulness when we find we have been for ever delivered from temptation and sin and death?

The God who foiled the ethnarch and set Paul free can deliver us. But we must trust Him. We must accept His plan. We must not despise His way, nor expect the miraculous when the ordinary will serve. While we are grateful for deliverances, let us Christians be active and learn how the humblest may be useful to help forward the Gospel. And if we have only a basket, let us use it. Let us use any and every talent for Christ. Let us by any means glorify Him, and so foil the evil designs of the great enemy of souls.

A CONFIRMED BACHELOR

By Beatrice M. Brown.

"HE is quite a confirmed bachelor, my dear," Mrs. Martin was saying in one of her most assertive tones.

"Humph!" ejaculated the American woman, shrugging her shoulders, "there is no such prodigy as a confirmed bachelor."

"And yet," persisted her visitor, "you will find out, in time, that I am right. Yes, a confirmed bachelor, and the most strong-minded man I have ever encountered." And the disappointed matchmaker slightly frowned at the thought of her unsuccessful campaign.

"Humph!" Miss Bolton ejaculated again, "it's not so easy to tell whether a man be strong-minded or only obstinate."

But such fine disquisitions were quite foreign to little Mrs. Martin's mind, so she answered not a word, thus proving once more that "even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise, and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

"And what may his strong point be?" Miss Bolton asked.

"In what way?"

"Well, what does he get excited, flustered about? Has he a hobby?"

"Oh, I see. He takes a great interest in missions."

"Um!" and Miss Bolton looked thoughtful. "Splendid!" she said, after a moment. "That's it."

Mrs. Martin wondered whether this woman were just a trifle wrong in her head. But no, her next question was quite a sensible one.

"What kind of missions?"

"All kinds. Principally Chinese, I believe."

"Splendid!" Miss Bolton reiterated.

Mrs. Martin's eyes turned to the clock.

"Dear me, it is six o'clock!" she cried in dismay, and rose to go. How time had seemed to fly. She had been there over an hour.

"I will come and call on you soon," Miss Bolton said, following her newly-made acquaintance to the door, and I will show you how to make those cuffs. Yellow silk and green velvet. Don't forget. Good-bye."

Mrs. Martin smiled as she walked up the street. "Yellow silk and green velvet! But I must humour her. I hope Lewis won't be a fool and let this chance also slip by. He is another of my failures. But brothers, especially elder ones, are not manageable. Now it was quite sweet of her to let me know how rich she was. Fancy an Englishwoman coming out with such a statement! Hope, however, she will not be so frank with everyone else."

Meanwhile, the object of these considerations had taken up her work—one of the green velvet cuffs, and was also softly speaking to herself. "Strange people these English! Quite babes in such matters. But, lah! it is we Americans who know how to manage the men. Now, with this kind it is always wiser to begin with a right-down good quarrel. Put him down, trample on him—anything that will force him to think of you. When once he is really interested in you, the hardest part of the task is over. I should like to try it myself, but, even if I wished to, I am too old to marry now, and I should not like—but there, it would not break his heart, in any case, for I am no beauty—never was," and she looked up at the reflection of the big angular face in the mirror and smiled.

She forgot, or did not take into account, that the smile was pleasant, even bewitching, for beneath the matter-of-fact exterior was a large, yearning, empty heart, which had never found its rightful inmate. She was, by no means, the woman in a thousand. Oh no; she was fretful at times and easily hurt, and, as most of us, she was not quite free from cant; but she loved children and flowers and righteousness and truth and courage. There was so much of the simplicity and ingenuity of a girl in this great big woman; something which forcibly reminded one of wide stretches of land and infinite horizons. She had been the best of daughters to her old widowed father and the kindest of sisters to Flossie and Eva. Now

these were both married to Englishmen, and she was alone. But at forty-five one has got used to one's own company, and has generally schooled oneself into the belief that to be free and independent is the best thing, after all.

As she turned her eyes away from the unflattering mirror, the door opened and Dr. Robertson was announced. Miss Bolton was quick at preparing her smile of welcome; she deemed it "good style."

"How do you do, Dr. Robertson? Glad to see you," was what she said. Mentally, she was asking herself how anyone could possibly care for such an insignificant bit of humanity, or wish to marry him.

Not that this red-haired man was much beneath the average height of an Englishman; but his stoop made him appear much shorter than he really was. His face bore the indelible signs of past hardships; but the mouth and eyes told silent tales of kindness, and the smile which hovered around them at the unexpected greeting spoke of a sensitive soul.

He came forward in a somewhat shambling fashion, more due to habit than to timidity.

"I meant to come before, but I have been very busy preparing some young people for confirmation," he said, speaking as through closed teeth. His thoughts were always so occupied with his work and the welfare of his flock, that, when not talking of what lay near his heart, he made a poor conversationalist. But Miss Bolton, as a true American, could make up for that. She easily ran through all kinds of topics; she touched on America and its idiosyncrasies, then passed on to England and France, and finally successfully landed in China.

Then the clergyman's moment had come. He pressed his hands together nervously, and paid no heed to her further remarks.

"I am greatly interested in these poor Chinese," he said abruptly, interrupting her

The American woman was on the point of smiling, but she refrained.

"Poor Chinese?" she said, staring inquisitively at him. "And pray, why do you consider them poor?"

"Don't you know? Oh, surely you must feel sorry for them, labouring under delusions. We who are more advanced——"

"Are we?"

"So far above them in the matter of civilisation, we ought to help them."

"Now, Dr. Robertson, I am afraid we cannot agree——"

"Not agree that——"

"No; I consider the Chinese quite as civilised as the average Englishman—in fact, far more so in many respects."

"But you are mistaken," and his tone implied more than his words.

"I beg your pardon. Prove it."

"Well, to begin with, think of the poor Chinese women. What lives! They might as well not exist."

"Just so. Now please look at the English woman—I do not mean the upper classes, although even they are in sad plight! Think of the selfish husbands, the tyrannical husbands, the intemperate husbands."

"But they are not all so."

"Oh no, not all; but a very great number of them. Why, the life of a Chinese woman is a state of bliss compared to that of many of your countrywomen."

Dr. Robertson was not clever at arguing, and he felt ruffled. Moreover, he was not used to have his statements confuted.

"But surely their religion——"

Like most deeply religious people, the Doctor did not care to speak of what he felt so keenly; but here he was compelled for the sake of argument.

"Religion!" she put in. "Why, as far as that goes, it is more thorough than the European, and nobler in many respects."

She did not for a moment doubt that Christianity in itself was incomparably above Buddhism, Confucianism, and the like. What she meant by her crude statement was that in the faithful practice of the religious duties of the heart many of those we call heathens could teach us many a wholesome lesson. But the Doctor was shocked, and did not hide it. After a few commonplace remarks he rose to go. He had purposed asking this rich American for a contribution to foreign missions, but under the circumstances that was out of the question. He went home to his solitary dinner and, to his housekeeper's astonishment, forgot to make his usual kind remark about the food she so carefully prepared for him; and she was still more astonished, later on, when, having gone to bid him good-night, she found him sitting with his face in his hands and his books all closed.

The fact was that Miss Bolton's words had impressed him, as she had meant them to do, and he had done the best thing he could under the circumstances; he had given himself up to think the matter out. The American woman had vexed him; but withal, had not failed to awaken his interest.

In fact, their discussions did not end with that first meeting. Miss Bolton returned the clergyman's call within a few days, and when they separated it was on more friendly terms, although he had not succeeded in convincing her on the Chinese question.

As time went by, their friendship grew stronger, and the American old maid, with all her hostile ideas, proved a great help in his church.

She brought the women together by instituting all kinds of practical charitable work; and although at times she was laughed at for her pains, yet it was never in an unkind vein, for both young and old had learned to love this abrupt, outspoken stranger from over the seas.

Mrs. Martin was, perhaps, the only one who was not satisfied with the turn matters had taken. Although she had planned all sorts of excursions, fetes, and such-like, and had tried all in her power to bring her brother and Miss Bolton together, she was beginning to realise that even this campaign promised to be a failure. If she could have guessed what was going on beneath the surface, she would have harshly reproved herself for having ever mentioned missions or their upholders.

But as it was, neither she nor anyone else knew Miss Bolton's thoughts, and much less her feelings. In fact, the American was not quite sure of them herself. As a practical woman she put herself the question, "Do I love him? Should I care to live with him? Shall I make him love me?"

That she could fail to bring him to her feet, if she cared to, she never for one moment imagined.

There was no doubt that the growing friendship between them, and the confiding trust he had put in her was more than pleasing to her. If he went out of her life, she would sorely miss him, and whenever he failed to call she began to experience a strange new feeling of impatience. And yet nothing in their relationship led others to suspect that more than mere platonic friendship existed between them.

One stormy afternoon he dropped in, on his way back from a collecting tour. He looked weary and fagged, and Miss Bolton was quick to perceive it. The rain was pouring down, as only autumn rain can, and the parsonage was half a mile up hill.

"You must dine with me, Dr. Robertson," she cheerfully said, handing him a cup of tea.

And as he raised a deprecatory hand and glanced at his mud-bespattered clothes, she went on, "I take no refusal. We will dispense with evening dress; I can get plenty of those any day. Twenty years ago I was more used to homespun."

"And I to a very different kind in China. Perhaps *those* would be more to your liking," he said, with a faint shadow of amused irony.

She laughed good-humouredly. "As a true Californian, I hate black, and dearly love colours. But I had no idea that you had lived in China yourself; that accounts for your interest in the people."

He did not answer her; a far-away look stole into his pale blue eyes. She could not help being impressed by it, and she wondered at the infatuation of this man.

"Why did you come back to Europe, then?" she asked, following her own train of thoughts.

He turned his eyes from the fire, and looked away.

"Gracious me! The man is weeping, or, at least, not far from it." And the mother-love, born in every noble woman, rose within her. There was then something personal, as well as missionary work in this matter.

"How obtuse of me," she said to herself. "Poor fellow!"

He saw the pity in her eyes, and knew that she had guessed. What could he do but tell her all? It was the old, old story. He had known her out there in China—a frail-looking Californian, with all the energy of a man and the insight and kindness of a real good woman. Then, after nearly a year of daily intercourse, she had received a call to the interior, and had not been heard of for months. Meanwhile, he had sickened, and been sent home, a wreck of his former self. When fairly recovered, he had written, making inquiries about her; but for answer all he got was that it was believed she had gone back to America, but even that was not sure.

"What's her name?" asked Miss Bolton.

"Lucy Clare."

"Ah!" and the American woman bit her lip. "And were you engaged?"

"Not exactly, but—you know."

As a matter of fact, Miss Bolton had never been in the case *to know*. But is there a woman that does not understand, even although she has never known?

"Yes," she softly said.

The gong sounded just then, and the subject was dropped, and during the meal they managed to keep up a fairly lively conversation—this



"'Gracious me! The man is weeping, or, at least, not far from it.'"

man and this woman—while each was busy with other thoughts.

He took leave soon after dinner, and Miss Bolton gave him a friendly grasp of the hand, and as he passed under the window she called out a cheery "Good-night!" Then she rang for Johanna, and told her that on no account was she to be disturbed.

Left alone, she crouched by the fire. She felt cold, and the pain in her hip, from which she often suffered, was intensified. She had no doubt now that she loved him, and that she wanted him. Had she then gone through life, to reach the supreme moment of bliss? Why shatter the glistening cup of joy? For in time, if she so willed it, he would marry her—of that she was sure.

"O'er the land of the just
And the home of the brave——"

came ringing in her ears, with the old refrain—"Just and brave"—that had always been her motto. Should she then fall short of what was right? No, oh no! Even to have entertained the thought was unworthy of her. But there was a new ache to carry about with her now. Oh! the yearning of a heart which has found its rightful inmate and knows that it must not appropriate it.

She went to bed, and lay awake all through the night; but the next morning she rose at her usual hour, and before breakfast a letter had been written and sent to the post.

A month went quietly by. Neither Miss Bolton nor the clergyman ever referred to that memorable evening, and he was man enough of the world to be able to meet her without the least sign of constraint. Moreover, there was that something about her—the strength of the man and the insight and tact of the woman—which made him feel quite at his ease—although she knew.

The whole town was astonished one morning by the news that the American lady had a friend visitor from over the seas.

"Fancy coming down upon her so suddenly! Miss Bolton herself could not have known previously, or she would have told me," Mrs. Martin cried in astonishment.

But, as it happened, Mrs. Martin would have been the last person to whom Miss Bolton would have confided anything in the way of a secret.

The callers did not fail to drop in, but were disappointed for their pains.

"My friend is not very strong, and is resting," was all they obtained by way of food for gossip, and they found out, when they had left, that they had not even learnt the stranger's name.

That was on Saturday. On Sunday she did not appear in church, to the great disappointment of the curious amongst the flock. But Mrs. Martin, to her extreme annoyance, overheard Miss Bolton asking Dr. Robertson to go up to tea that afternoon. If it had been any other day but the Sabbath she would have ventured calling, under some pretext or other.

Miss Bolton, however, had carefully laid her plans, and she did not mean to have them thwarted.

Three o'clock, and the two American women sat cheerfully chatting of things at home and the past. Withal, Miss Bolton was on the *qui vive*, and kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on the street.

Suddenly she started. "Just so," she said, *a propos* of nothing, "I must fetch a book I promised the Doctor. Excuse me a moment." And she was gone.

"Dr. Robertson," the maid announced, and shut the door behind him.

It took Miss Bolton about twenty minutes to find that book—quite a wonder for such a careful, methodical person, but——

On returning to the sitting-room, she turned the handle of the door noisily, and paused a moment to let those within know of her coming. But on entering, two pairs of blue eyes looked up into hers. Possibly the owners thought themselves in China, and wondered who had thus come to disturb them. But, as light suddenly dawned upon them, they rose to meet her.

"I wish you joy," Miss Bolton quietly said, taking their outstretched hands in hers; and a glorified smile shone on her countenance, irradiating the plain features with a halo divine.

And wot you not that her happiness was as great as theirs?

IN TOUCH WITH THE OLD PURITANS.

By Sarah Wilson.

THOUGH so many of the first meeting-houses of the earliest Nonconformists have been rebuilt, either on account of dangerous dilapidations, or because of the selection of more accessible sites, or for the sake of more accommodation, it is a matter of satisfaction that in various parts of the kingdom there are yet a few of the buildings still standing that were reared by the steadfast Puritans in the days of old.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

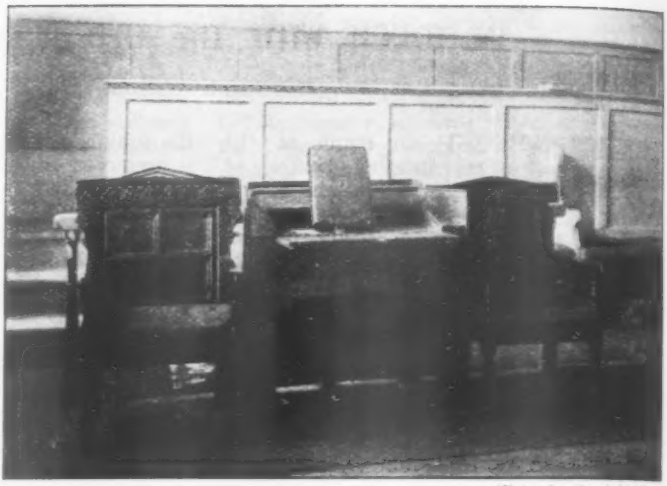
THE ANCIENT CHAPEL OF TOXTETH LIVERPOOL

Moreover, in those chapels that have been entirely rebuilt, we may often find some relic of the first simple building carefully preserved in it, which keeps us in touch with the old pious builders. For instance, in the rebuilt Ancient Chapel of Toxteth Park, as it is called, Liverpool, reared on the site of that built by the first settlers among their farms and meadows, there is a stone from the original edifice carefully placed in a prominent position over one of the windows. It has the date 1650 cut upon it. Some of the woodwork, too, carved with the initials D and M, with the same date, is preserved among the pews; and there is a bell in use there dated 1751, which is said to have been a gift from Oliver Cromwell, which was then recast. In the Presbyterian chapel in Alnwick, known as St. James's Church, which has been also entirely rebuilt, the tablets that marked the date of erection of the edifice taken down have been inserted in the walls of the new one. The original pulpits and other items of furnishing have been retained, too, in several new erections, as well as a few chairs, a few chained books, some items of Communion plate and alms-dishes.

Some of these interesting old structures, however, have only been enlarged, and retain within themselves two or three of the walls that were reared with so much zeal more than two hundred years ago, as well as several other features connected with the old Puritans. Others have been but slightly touched, except for repairs; and, as stated, some few remain as first erected. The bare whitewashed walls, the earthen or brick floors, and the plain forms for seats, in some of them, give us a very good idea of the

rigorous-minded people who reared them.

There is one built by George Fox for the Society of Friends at Swarthmoor. Over the doorway is a stone on which is cut: "Ex dono G.F. 1688." Within are the same white-washed walls, unpainted seats, and the flagged floor, that were there from the first. There is a large Bible padlocked to a desk in it, printed by Richard Grafton in 1541, that was also the gift of George Fox. The meeting-house at Chalfont, with its bare white walls, oaken panelling, lattice windows, and brick floor, is another example. Knutsford Chapel will come to mind as a most interesting instance. It consists of a long, two-storied building, the upper one forming the gallery; and on the exterior at either end are flights of stone steps giving access to this upper part. In the recesses under the stairs are the approaches to the body of the building on the ground floor. It is so mellow with its years, so fraught with associations, so serene and orderly, it is a pleasure to look upon it, irrespective of its hallowed association with the memory of Mrs. Gaskell. We hear of others that were originally like it, at Dean's Row and Macclesfield.



(Photo: Cassell and Co. Ltd.)

BIBLE IN THE MEETING-HOUSE AT SWARTHMOOR, PADLOCKED TO DESK, THE GIFT OF GEORGE FOX, AND TWO CHAIRS BELONGING TO GEORGE FOX.

Matthew Henry's Chapel in Chester is of another form. It is square and lofty, and divided by two rows of oaken columns into a nave with aisles. In 1707 another congregation joined that already meeting there, which led to the erection of a gallery to acquire the needful extra accommodation, and after many years the space under the gallery was partitioned off, and made into schoolrooms. The great bulk of the building is the same as that of which the foundation-stone was laid in September, 1699. Matthew Henry wrote word in his diary that an older place of assembly proved inconvenient, and as "most places had built them new chapels, so it



(Photo: Cassell and Co. Ltd.)

MEETING-HOUSE BUILT BY GEORGE FOX FOR THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AT SWARTHMOOR.

was agreed that we should build one." He took possession of it in August, 1700, and wrote subsequently, "It is a very commodious, capacious, pleasant place, and many a comfortable day we have had in it. Blessed be God." There are many particulars concerning it preserved in the chapel records — the names of the staunch Nonconformists who defrayed its cost; details relating to the workmen engaged on it, and the price of repairs in 1763—which enable us to realise various circumstances of interest.

A petition addressed to the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England gives us significant information relating to the form of chapels and churches in the seventeenth century. It stated that a brief was granted, laid, and collected in the City of London and in six counties, in the years 1641 and 1642, for the rebuilding of the parish church of Long Ditton in the County of Surrey, and that certain of the moneys then collected were remaining in the hands of Dr. Thomas Evelyn for the past twelve years, and that the ruin and exposure of the church was meanwhile getting worse and worse. But seeing that the church had to be rebuilt, the petitioners prayed that it might not be "re-edified" in the old superstitious form of chancel, church, and church-porch, "but in one entire roome as more convenient place for dispensing ye ordinances of God's publique worship to ye greater edification of all." The chapels of the Nonconformists were all built as "one entire room." A list of the briefs received and collected for in Matthew Henry's chapel was kept from 1713 to 1739. In 1728 the brief presented for Trinity Church, Chester, was responded to by the congregation to the amount of twelve shillings and sixpence. Some other items set down in the books belonging to this chapel are of equal old-time interest. A family going to New England had a gift of a shilling. Another, with a recommendation from Dr. Calamy, with the still inadequate sum of two shillings.



(Photo: G. Ward, Amersham.)

JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE, CHALFONT.

A minister required on account of the illness of the one in charge was rewarded with six shillings and sixpence.

Besides the chained Book at Swarthmoor, there is another relic from early Nonconforming days chained to the Communion table at Lydgate, a few miles from Huddersfield. This consists of three volumes of

Tillotson s sermons. As we know that a copy of Matthew Henry's Commentaries was once chained under the gallery of his Chester chapel, we may conclude there may have been others elsewhere that have since been removed. The instances that remain bring us closely in touch with the past, as do the articles of church plate that have seen similar years of personal association and careful handling.



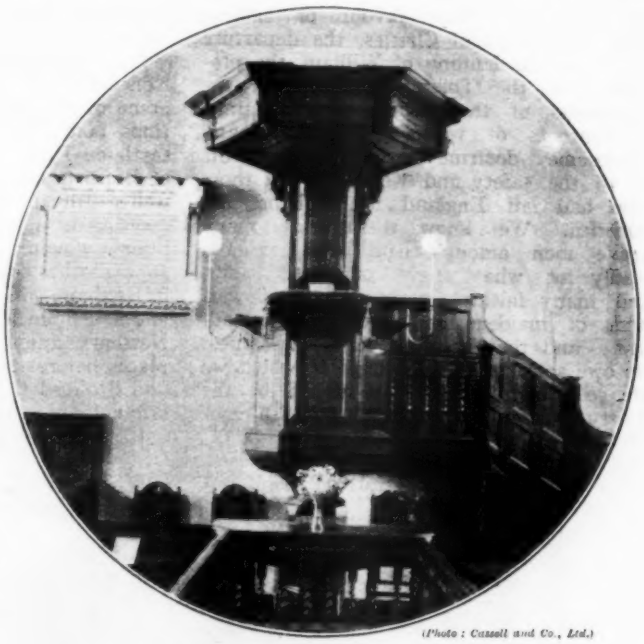
(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

KNUTSFORD CHAPEL.

The Presbyterian chapel at Newbury, now Unitarian, is another of the original buildings of the days of William and Mary still left to us. Its serene simple front has three gables and two tiers of mullioned windows. It was founded in 1697; and with the earnestness of those days, when the practice of extra-mural interments was only just beginning to be advocated by Sir Christopher Wren and others, it was thought fitting, on the death of an esteemed minister, to bury him at the foot of the pulpit.

Ipswich possesses an ancient meeting-house of equal charm, known as St. Nicholas's. It is a timber framework building, filled in with lath and plaster; with many of the old staid features undisturbed. There is another old-world chapel of a much earlier date at Horningsham, in Wiltshire, which has on its picturesque front a tablet inscribed 1566. This place of worship is understood to have originated with a party of Scottish masons brought to the spot by Sir John Thynne for the purpose of building Longleat House, who objected to attending the services in the parish church. The grant sets out that the walls are never to be raised, and the roof is always to be thatched. Compliance with these requirements has handed the building down to us with its earliest aspect unimpaired; its hipped roof covered with thatch, its sedate doorways and dormer windows, and its general air of steadfastness and sturdiness. A Cheshire chapel, at Hill Cliffe, near Warrington, has in its graveyard a stone dated 1528, and another 1599. Jordans meeting-house, belonging to the Society of Friends, is another edifice that has endured but little structural change since its erection. Members of this branch of Nonconformity still meet in a part of the Dominican Friary, at Bristol, undisturbed by the changes around. As a rule, however, the larger towns have made most havoc with the buildings reared or used by the earliest Dissenters, owing to the great increase in the number of worshippers, and the ample means at their

disposal. However desirable and admirable large modern edifices may be, all the same, it must be owned, there is an indescribable attraction in the modest efforts of the devout and ardent people, now generally spoken of collectively as Puritans. Their presence lights up the narrow lane or by-way, or quiet nook, in which they are situated; and as we look upon them, weather-beaten as they may be, we can but picture the streams of pious people so long ago departed to the mercy of God, who threaded the inconsiderable approaches to them with unflinching courage and enduring constancy, and feel ourselves, to an extent incommunicable, in touch with them.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MATTHEW HENRY'S CHAPEL, CHESTER.

As we look at the interiors of these old meeting-houses, it is interesting to consider the aspect and characteristics of the congregations that took their seats in them in placid silence so many years ago. Their costumes would be different from our own—with strange articles of attire not known to us now, save by mention in old books (Pepys writes of a jackanapes coat with silver buttons brought him by his brother, of a black camlet coat with silver buttons, of black silk suits, linen and black cloth stockings and wide canons); their coins, to be given generously on occasions, would be impressed with other royal profiles, William and Mary side by side, and later Queen Anne and George I.; their speech would have many different accents from those now in use, and some words, especially exclamatory, perhaps, that have since become obsolete; and their thoughts would turn to subjects very different from those that occupy our own, though it might be the news of the day—fresh



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IPSWICH: ANCIENT MEETING-HOUSE, KNOWN AS ST. NICHOLAS.

enactments in their favour or against them, the return of Charles, the departure of James, the landing of William, the provisions of the Toleration Act, or the arguments of the divines of the time, or contents of works "of godly and wholesome doctrine"; or wonderments as to the safety and well-doing of those who had left England for Holland and America. We know there were many brave men among them who suffered gladly for what they considered right, and many faithful matrons and flower-buds of maidens as staunch and steadfast; and that it is to their earnestness we owe some of the privileges of which we are so proud. Then there would be the hearty, solemn service, perhaps with congratulations afterwards that it had not been disturbed (by constables, informers, magistrates, or soldiers), and finally the friendly dispersion from the inconsiderable lane or nook in which the building was situated. The state of the roads would present difficulties to be got over, and the absence of efficient lighting would make evening services in the winter months undertakings requiring considerable determination, quite apart from the consequences of zealous opposition from those who did not approve of their dissent.

It is computed that the efforts to suppress Nonconformity lasted for four generations. Some of the dates of the earliest congregations take us a long way back. In Newcastle-on-Tyne the first gathering together of Baptists consisted of members of Cromwell's army in 1650. We read of them as meeting in a building on the steep Tuthill Stairs, which contained a large room. In 1652 another congregation gathered together in Hexham. North Shields had one in 1662, and South Shields, Penrith, Whitehaven, and Newbury, among other places, had meeting-places before the century was out. Kendal and Stafford have passed down to us their original meeting-houses. Remote places among the hills and lakes followed suit. We hear of one early meeting-house at Gulliford, in Devonshire, as being in the middle of a wood, and of the only access to it being a narrow footpath, though the congregation numbered some 500 souls from the neighbouring Exeter and Exmouth. After a time the wood was cut down and a portion of the site provided for the erection of a meeting-house for "the people commonly called Presbyterians" in 1689.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

HORNINGSHAM CHAPEL, WILTS.

"PURE RELIGION AND UNDEFILED."

By James Miller, Fairyburn.



"Reading to her the blessed words of peace."—*p.* 303.

IN our countryside each season has its own particular charms, and no change in the weather develops but can at once claim a section of our small community as more favourably disposed to it than to any other portion of our year. The days of summer have a large following; the long clearness, and the beauty of the face of Nature at this period, making outdoor work practically a day-by-day holiday.

But those of winter can likewise claim admirers; the older farmers, the dominie, the inn-keeper, watch the advent of this season with impatient anticipation, and at the first nip in the night air enthusiastically greet one another with such as:

"Ay! its drawin', Dauvid; I'm certain o't. Gi'e her a clear week, and who says but you and I'll be tearin' back and forrit wi' switch and stane, fightin' the battles o' last year ower again!"

In the year particularly of which I write we had had an exceptional spell of frost. For weeks the Knaeck burn had proved an excellent sledge-run to the youths of the Loaning, and the soap-boxes which their respective fathers had converted into sleighs, with the aid of two chair-backs to act as "runners," at the first signs of frost, had long since developed unmistakable signs of rough usage, but earth, burn, and pond were still bound hard and fast.

It was a delightful Sabbath morning towards the end of March. Through the night there had been a slight fall of snow, just sufficient to

give a fresh appearance to that of the previous day, and as yet no footstep had wandered abroad to disturb its perfect purity. But before nightfall it was doomed to be very much otherwise, for on the Sabbath I believe more people pass by my cottage door than on all the other days of the week taken together. There are very few indeed of the Loaning villagers who do not betake themselves at least once on that day to the kirk of their fathers, standing far up on the braeside.

This, too, is a day in the history of our kirk. Our old minister, ripe in years and good deeds, has gone to reap his reward, and to-day we have to pass a criticism on him whom our Committee unanimously recommends as a successor.

When it was first intimated that a young City assistant had been selected to come amongst us and stand for trial, there was no lack of householders eager to have the honour of putting him up for the time, but all willingly gave way before the claim of worthy Mrs. Eadie. In doing so, we call to remembrance a young man, beloved by the whole village years before, who came home one day from the City College, to find awaiting him a call to the Greater Ministry beyond.

From the interior of "Ivy-Twine" Cottage, it is evident that Mrs. Eadie has been early at work, getting all made comfortable for her guest; a huge log fire is blazing in the parlour grate, and the sofa has been drawn invitingly close to it, while a pair of hand-sewn house slippers is heating, soles upwards, on the fender. Although it is not yet much after eight o'clock—and with us the kirk does not take up till twelve—the minister can be heard moving about in his room, and Mrs. Eadie hastens to invite him ben.

"I have a fine gless o' warm milk standin' ready for ye, sir, if you would care for it the noo."

The minister appears at once.

"This is really too good of you, Mrs. Eadie; I thought I should have had to keep my room for an hour at least, yet. . . . Milk! did you call that milk? Why, in the City, if we get cream half as rich at that, we consider ourselves well off."

"I believe that, sir; but then, you see, you're no' in the City, and in the country we like a'thing to our taste. Even our sermons, if ye'll excuse me sayin' it, we like so that we can fully tak' in their meanin' and enjoy them."

With which remark the good woman took her departure.

Left to himself, the Rev. Adam Logan, B.D., began to manifest signs of conflicting thoughts. He had every reason to feel proud of the position he occupied, and perhaps he did so, to his own undoing. He was young, very young; he had not yet celebrated his quarter century of life. His last two summer vacations had been spent as tourist missionary at two of the most fashionable Highland resorts, and now, no sooner has he been granted his full "Reverend" than a beautifully situated and important country kirk like that of the Loaning invites him to preach a trial sermon, without having to undergo all the annoying preliminaries of a Short Leet. He has many a time dreamt of such a chance as this; at intervals in his College course he has gone over in his mind the great sermon he would preach that day; but now that the day has actually arrived he feels strangely dissatisfied.

"Hang it all!" he mutters, "that's the second time I've got dinned into my ears how much this people enjoy a simple service. I wonder how my 'Resurrection or Transition—Which?' will go down with them? I'm afraid I've made a mistake. But," he added, endeavouring to ease his mind with a shrug of the shoulders, "it can't be altered now anyway."

He had just arrived at this cheering reflection, and was endeavouring to draw the sofa even closer to the roaring fire, when the room-door suddenly opened (we do not stand on ceremony in the North), and Mrs. Eadie again appeared.

"I'm rael sorry to be troublin' ye again, sir; but I'm sure when ye ken the reason it'll be a' richt. That's ane o' the bairns doun frae 'Viewfield' Cottage, greetin' fit to break her little he'rt, wi' the news that her granny's no' sae weel again, and would like very much to see ye and wish ye weel before you preach. If it had been onybody else, sir, I would hardly have thocht mysel' justified in troublin' ye at sic a solemn 'oor, but every minister that e'er I've kenned liked to gaun and ha'e a crack wi' Mrs. Reid."

"Oh, but I'll be delighted to go, Mrs. Eadie. Just hand me in my great-coat, and ask the girl to wait to show me the way. I don't suppose it will be very far?"

"No, no, sir, just half a mile up the braeside, past the kirk. It's very guid o' ye to gaun, when every minute maun be counted."

Donning his coat, the minister set out, with the little girl by his side. He tried to get some particulars from her on the way up, but

failed. Her nature was not one to open out at once, and all that he could learn was that her "granny wanted him," with which he had to be content.

The little girl's father, who had been standing at the door since sending her off on the errand, eagerly hurried down the brae, when he saw the two approaching.

"It's very guid indeed o' ye to come, sir. My mither wanted sae muckle to see ye. She likes to ha'e a word wi' every minister that preaches in the Loaning kirk. Will you just step in then, sir?"

"Certainly. I can assure you I count it a privilege to come and see one so highly spoken of as your mother is."

So saying, the minister was shown into the room where Mrs. Reid lay, her son's wife being then in the act of reading to her the blessed words of peace from the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

The invalid turned her eyes to the door as he entered, and, on learning who he was, eagerly spoke at once.

"Oh, sir, I'm thankfu' to ye for comin'! I've aye had a warm he'rt to young men like yoursel', for I ken a' the special hardships that you've to come through. There's nae-thing I would 'ave liked better than to be able to come doun and hear ye the day, but the Lord wills otherwise, and I thocht I would seek a chance o' wishin' ye God-speed. It's mony a time struck me that the young minister is specially appointed to work oot the Gospel so that unschuled fowk like us can understand. When ye get aulder, ye begin to work among the deeper maitter, and, of coorse, sir, I wouldna daur say a word again' that—for arena we told by our Lord Himsel' that oor talents must be improved?—but then, you see, it's no' gi'en to the like o' me to bring mysel' up to understand ye, and I can but merely follow afar off."

When the old woman had finished, the minister stood for a minute in deep thought, and then he eagerly turned to her.

"Well, Mrs. Reid, I cannot but think that our Common Father has been using you to carry a special message to me to-day. This very subject of a simple sermon has kept me awake throughout almost the whole of the night, owing to a remark your worthy beadle made as we walked together up from the station; but I am convinced now, and, God helping me, I shall to-day preach so that all who love Him may receive a blessing."

At this, what a look of love and thankfulness came over the face of that fine old Scotswoman! Many a time afterwards, when the minister was apt to be dogmatical or narrow, he remembered it, and the words which he had intended to utter refused to form.

She asked him afterwards to read to her from her favourite chapter, the thirteenth of First Corinthians; and he then left, with the assurance that every word of his sermon would be faithfully carried home by one of her daughters.

On turning from the cottage, the minister slowly made his way up the frost-bound track, with only the book of Nature open before him, and as he walked he thought out the gist of that sermon which was to take the "auld kirk o' the Loaning" by storm; the course of events of the past two hours readily suggesting to him as a text those blessed words from the Epistle of James, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father."

It was a great sermon. The beadle awaited the preacher at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and silently shook him by the hand—such a hand-shake as told his appreciation better than many words. We all lingered about rather longer than usual at the skailin' that day, and, although it was not openly said by anyone, each knew that the Rev. Adam Logan, B.D., must be our minister.

In due time this came to pass, and it was one of the strange workings of God's Providence that the first duty he performed after his ordination was to guide us as we paid our final tribute to the memory of Mrs. Reid. I shall never forget the prayer which went up from the old-fashioned kirk-yard to the open canopy of heaven on that occasion.

Five years have now come and gone since he came to us, and in that time he has found his way into every heart in the Loaning side. On Sabbaths our little kirk is always full, and we can depend on receiving the finest of the wheat. It will be a dark day indeed for us when he intimates—as I am afraid, in his devotion to duty, he soon must—the acceptance of one of the numerous calls to larger centres which are continually being offered him.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

(After the Picture by Ary Scheffer.)

"THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, AND THY GOD MY GOD."—RUTH I. 16.

The Lapsed Masses

W.E. Tickner del.

ARE THEY RECLAIMABLE?

By Richard Mudie-Smith.



I CAN imagine and sympathise with the sigh of weariness which in all probability will escape the reader as the above heading meets his roving eye. Many texts in the Bible are disputed: "The poor ye have always with you" is not one of them. The masses haunt our sleeping and our waking hours. They occupy columns in the newspapers and pages in the magazines. They provide a well-thumbed theme for the preacher, and are the unfailing resource of the journalist, who, diving into the dismal deep they inhabit, returns to the surface of respectability with weird and eerie tales of its denizens with which to astonish a credulous and curious public.

Poets forsake the "rathe primrose" in order to cultivate the cockney dialect, and novelists vie with one another in giving realistic descriptions of mean streets and their tenants. Platforms resound with democratic declamations, and stupendous figures, collected by indefatigable statisticians, are hurled about with a dexterity worthy of an Indian juggler. These, patient audiences endeavour to realise with a success similar to that which attends their efforts when they are told the distance of the nearest fixed star or the age of the earth. Other methods failing, clever artists are called in who exhaust their ingenuity in attempting to illustrate by diagrams the appalling and amazing returns. Society ladies, smitten with a brief enthusiasm born of *ennui*, raid the hutches and hives where the masses burrow, to the intense delight of the infant population and the indifference or opposition of their parents. Volumes lean and fat roll from the press, advocating drastic remedies and prescribing infallible panaceas. In the ocean to which I have alluded (to return to my original simile), many mariners let down their nets and now and then secure "a few small fishes"; more frequently it has been let down "on the wrong side of the ship," and the skipper of the mission hall has to report that he and his crew have "toiled all night and caught nothing." The most successful hauls only emphasise the vast numbers that remain behind, notwithstanding the fact that the boats are furnished with the most approved modern appliances. These empty nets explain, and are my apology for, the present article.

Whether the title evokes a sigh or not, I trust it will evoke indignation proportionate to its presumption. I hope that if by any chance one of the masses should see these pages, he will immediately retaliate with an article on "Can Journalists be Saved?" I do not, however, flatter myself that my brother will solace his woes by any such justifiable sally, and am emboldened to go forward by the thought that since he seems to be regarded as a pen-cushion, one quill more will make little, if any, difference to his equanimity.

At the outset, I wish to protest against the term "masses." Just as I resent the dividing up of life into separate, water-tight compartments, so I resent the division of society into "classes" and "masses," for the simple but adequate reason that they are arbitrary and misleading. No one can say where the "masses" end and the "classes" begin. Granted that Park Lane and Woolwich Dust Hole are not synonymous, it is, nevertheless, certain that these extremes merge into one another. There is no sharp line

of demarcation. For my part, I claim equal kinship with the king on his throne and his subject in the gutter. I am at the same distance from both, and that distance is so slight that no instrument has yet been found delicate enough to register it. In a word, we are brothers. If our patriotism were world-embracing, a patriotism for the race, universal peace would be our reward. If our habitual thought of our fellows were based on our solidarity, our reward would be the solution of the social problem. Just as we have had handed down to us, "by vain tradition from the fathers," heritages of resentment against Germany, France, and Russia, which prevent us ever seeing those nations or their actions truly, so class distinctions, similarly handed down, are the greatest obstacle to bringing about any alteration in the conditions under which the masses live. Fortunately for us, whether we like it or not, the whole body politic suffers for every single injury or deprivation done to one of its members. Grosvenor Square has to suffer for the existence of Notting Dale. My Lady Fashion, strive how she may to shut her ears and blind her eyes to the manner in which her sisters live, must help to pay the debt Justice owes them. Those payments may be spread over generations, or be distrained for suddenly by a French Revolution. They are paid. We fall or rise, advance or retreat, together, being made out of one lump, and bound so intimately that the Siamese twins were farther apart than are the beggar and the prince. The foremost amongst us must wait for the feeblest.



"PLATFORMS RESOUND WITH DEMOCRATIC DECLAMATIONS."—p. 305.

The first step, therefore, toward the reclaiming of the lapsed masses is to cease thinking of them as other than ourselves.

The term "the masses" is generally used to describe that great army which, beginning where the middle class ends, terminates at the bottom of the social scale. Between these are many grades, but it will be sufficient for my purpose to divide the masses into (1) those who earn nothing, who live

by what they can pick up, and in a perfectly literal sense "take no thought for the morrow"; (2) those whose earnings are so small and so precarious that they never escape from pressing poverty; (3) those whose work is fairly steady and whose wage, provided they are thrifty, is sufficient to permit of some comfort: labourers and unskilled artisans form the larger proportion of this class; (4) those above this class, skilled artisans, clerks, etc., form part of the lower middle class. These latter occupy the endless and numberless streets which appear to have all been turned out by one machine, so alike are the houses in their "ferocious ugliness." Divisions one and two have found their delineators and interpreters in Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Richard Whiteing, and Mr. Charles F. G. Masterman. Divisions three and four still, I believe, await exploitation. They lack the startling colours, the striking contrasts, the dramatic setting, the artist loves.

I know not what proportion of the masses has lapsed from healthier, freer conditions, and what proportion has never known any life other than the one they now live. This is immaterial. If a man is lying at the bottom of a well, the necessity of getting him to the top precedes the interesting information as to the manner in which he descended. I am satisfied that no one will controvert the statement that the environment of thousands of our fellows is capable of improvement. I have said that the first step toward reclaiming the lapsed masses is to cease once and for all to think of them as other than ourselves. I have thus acknowledged that I think they may be won. I do, most emphatically; my conviction is unshakable. Equally unshakable is the conviction that, unless the Churches and religious people generally change their attitude and methods, the salvation of the masses will not come through their instrumentality. Since I see no other weapon so potent for good, if wisely wielded, as organised religious effort, I imagine the desirable consummation referred to will be postponed indefinitely, unless the conversion of the Churches is accomplished.

The *Daily News* census has proved that, whatever else the masses may do, they do not go to church. A few attend public worship—few, that is, compared with those who forsake "the assembling of themselves together." The majority is either indifferent or antagonistic. Either the Churches never enter their heads, or, if they do, they are regarded resentfully. Accustomed as they are to their lot, they are subconsciously aware that their limitations are neither just nor necessary. From the Churches they get assistance in bearing their burdens, but not in changing the causes which render those burdens inevitable.

The second step toward the redemption of the masses is for the Churches to concentrate their energy on these causes. At present they are putting first things second. The gospel for the slum-dweller must make it possible for him to work out his own salvation; in other words, it must deal with his environment before it deals with him. There are two parties in the field at the present time—the Evangelist and the Socialist. The former affirms that if you save the man you will transform his surroundings; the latter asserts that if you change the man's surroundings you will transform him. Both are right—both are wrong. Each idea is the complement of the other. The truth lies in the union of both. The Evangelist has had a considerable period in which to experiment, and he cannot be said to have achieved his aim. The Socialist has had a briefer period in which to practise his cure, but unless he is prepared to add some other ingredient to his mixture his success will even be less than that of the Evangelist's. If we amalgamate these two, and while changing the environment also change the man, victory will "sit upon our banners."

Of what earthly use is it preaching to a "man and wife, two sons, ages twenty-seven and twenty-one, and two daughters, ages twenty and eighteen, all living in one room." It is the solemnest farce, and must make angels weep. It would be equally efficacious, and far more kind, to take a blind man to task for not seeing, as to speak of purity to people who sleep eight and twelve in a room. The word conveys no meaning to them. Religion is impossible without cleanliness. How can such be clean? Religion is impossible without meditation. Where are such to meditate? Think for a moment what symbolism and spiritual healing there is in a wash, in the donning of clean clothes, or in breathing pure air, and then try to estimate how much religion you would have left at the end of a week if you had to sleep on a vermin-covered mattress, with eight others in the room, in garments you could never change, foul speech for ever in your ears,



"SOCIETY LADIES . . . RAID THE HUTCHES AND HIVES WHERE THE MASSES BURROW."—*p.* 305.

foul smells for ever in your nostrils; condemned to an Inferno of ugliness: ugly streets, ugly houses, ugly faces, ugly smells, ugly sounds, ugly sights, and an empty stomach. No; as Mr. Charles Booth says, in many districts the sanitary inspector must precede the missionary. Let Christian people throw themselves into Borough Council work, toil on Housing Committees, fight the unbeautiful like the Devil, reserving their indignation and opprobrium for the slum landlord, the sweater, and the grinder of the faces of the poor. Let them see to it that no person defames their sanctuaries by making gain out of his brother's loss. Make it possible for the masses to carry out the truths you teach, and they will believe in them and you. Do not be afraid of what is called the "Social Gospel." It is because the Gospel that Christ preached has been narrowed down to the salvation of part of a man that it has become necessary to insist on the redemption of a whole man.

In conclusion, I would advocate here, as I have elsewhere, the revival of open-air preaching. Since the masses will not come to us, we must go to them; and go to them with our best, not our poorest. I would have our ablest, most persuasive, most completely trained and equipped preachers at street corners, in courts, parks, and squares on Sunday evenings from May to October,

accompanied by the choirs of their churches and as many of their congregation as cared to join them. Quite apart from the effect on the people, the good which would result to preachers and congregations would be incalculable. The latter are often over-fed, and suffer from spiritual indigestion, brought on by gluttony at a table which groans beneath the "means of grace." It is taken for granted that anything is good enough for the dweller in the slums, whereas the spirit of our work must be that nothing is good enough. He is suffering from soul atrophy, brought on by disuse of that organ, and needs the aid of the most experienced and skilful physicians if he is to be restored. It is of little avail to send him soul-tyros, with abundant fervour, strong voices, and little else. It is the specialist who must in the future be found preaching in the open air. Men of charm, culture, winsomeness, possessed of great knowledge of human nature (a knowledge that only experience can give), of saintly character and strenuous labour, replicas of the Master—let such go forth, and as surely as harvests followed from Christ's preaching in the street, on the mountain side, by the sea-shore, harvests repeated in John Wesley's day, so surely will there be a great ingathering; for the fields are white—'tis the labourers that are few. The human heart is the same to-day as of old. Not a vile man or a vile woman but has possibilities of a Frederick William Robertson or a Catherine Booth. And how dare we judge them? Place us where they are, with their heritage, and we might be viler than the worst. Each possesses the light that lighteth every man born into the world; they are sons and daughters of the Most High, and according to our treatment of them are we being judged. Only by loving them can we win them, and only by letting them have a place in our prayers, our energies, our thoughts, our lives, our enthusiasms, can we love them. In each Christ speaks, from each Christ appeals, and we with Him must remain unsatisfied until His likeness is revealed in the lineaments of every face.



"SINCE THE MASSES WILL NOT COME TO US WE MUST GO TO THEM."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JANUARY 17TH.—**The Baptism and Temptation of Christ.**

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew iii.* 13—*iv.* 11.

POINTS. 1. Christ filled with the Spirit at His baptism.
2. Is tempted to sin of the flesh, the world, and the devil.
3. Meets temptation by God's Word.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Spirit-like Wind.** How often have we felt on some fine morning the soft balmy air of spring! As it has come floating up from the west laden with sweetly scented vapours, we have seen it lightly fan the leaves of the wood or make a gentle ripple on the quiet waters, everywhere doing its appointed work, everywhere purifying and renovating the air. But where "He Who walks on the wings of the wind" has other work for it to do, there we have seen it in all its great might. By its power the waves have been uplifted and the trees uprooted. It has blown with mighty strength and prevailed. Just such is the Spirit of the Lord. In the power of the Spirit Christ in His human nature met and overcame temptation; and by the mighty power of the Spirit 3,000 souls were born again on the day of Pentecost. So He works still:

"And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone."

Christ Tempted Like Us. They tell us that in some trackless lands, when a man passes through a pathless forest, he breaks a twig from time to time as he goes on, that those who come after may see the traces of his having been there and may know that they are not out of the road. Oh! when we are journeying through the murky night and the dark paths of affliction and sorrow, it is something to find here and there a spray broken, or a leafy stem bent down by the tread of His foot and the brush of His hand as He passed by; and to remember that He has hallowed the path He trod; and thus we may find lingering fragrance and hidden strength in the remembrance of Him as "in all points tempted like as we are," bearing grief for us, with us, and like us, and made perfect through suffering.

The Use of the Bible. A black prince arrived in England from Sierra Leone in 1791. The teacher to whose care he was entrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the Word of God. He received it as such with great reverence and sincerity. Being asked why he regarded it as God's Word, he said, "When I find all *good* men minding the Bible and ruling their lives by it, and all *bad* men disregarding it, I then am sure that the Bible must be what good men call it, 'The Word of God.'"

JANUARY 24TH.—**Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.**

Passage for reading—*St. Luke iv.* 16—30.

POINTS. 1. Christ preaches the Gospel at Nazareth.
2. Teaches pardon and peace for all men.
3. Is rejected and departs.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Duty of Spreading the Gospel.** Huber, the great naturalist, tells us that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or any other food, he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. Shall we, who have found honey in the rock of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, be less considerate of our fellow-men than wasps are of their fellow-insects?

"Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name."

Spread of the Gospel. A missionary travelling in a distant part of Madagascar came unexpectedly on a town of Christians, although surrounded by heathen tribes. He inquired how it was, and heard that one of their number, who had been ill, was sent to Antananarivo for treatment in the hospital there. While in bed he had learned to read the Bible, found the precious truths of the Gospel, and carried them home with him. He persuaded his fellow-townsmen to build a chapel, and there he was, pastor over a Christian congregation.

Refusing to Hear the Gospel. When men refuse to hear the Gospel from the lips of a strange preacher, or because it is preached to others besides themselves, they are like the Spaniard in South America, who suffered severely from gout, but refused to be cured by an Indian. "I know," he said, "that he is a famous man, and would certainly cure me; but he is an Indian, and would expect to be treated with attentions which I cannot pay to a man of colour; also he visits all sorts of common people, and therefore I prefer remaining as I am."

JANUARY 31ST.—**Jesus Calls Four Disciples.**

Passage for reading—*St. Luke v.* 1—11.

POINTS. 1. Christ the teacher.
2. Christ the provider.
3. Christ to be followed.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Simple Preaching.** Arthur Helps tells a story of an illiterate soldier at the chapel of Lord Morpeth's castle in

Ireland. Whenever Archbishop Whately came to preach, it was noticed that this somewhat rough private was always in his place, mouth open, as if in sympathy with his ears. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing his keen attention was due to the usual vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason, and was able to give it. He said, "That isn't it at all. The Archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me can follow along and take every bit of it in."

Saying Grace. There is in Merton College, Oxford, a simple but somewhat unusual grace said in Latin before and after dinner in the college hall. It is very short, but very full of meaning. "*Benedictus benedicat*" is said before dinner, meaning, "May the Blessed One bless" (the food), and after the meal, "*Benedictus benedicatur*," that is, "May the Blessed One be blessed" (by His grateful servants).

King Wenceslas. An old legend tells how King Wenceslas of Bohemia looked forth from his castle window one night at Christmas time and saw a poor man a long way off gathering sticks. Calling to his page to bring provisions, the King took a bundle of wood on his shoulder and went forth to the poor man through the snow, the page following behind; and as they went the page's heart failed him "Sire," he said, "let us return. The wind freezes my very blood. I can go no farther." "Seems it so much?" asked the king. "Was not His path on earth colder and wearier than this?" The page made no reply. "Follow me on still," said his master; "only tread in my footsteps, and you will walk more easily." The servant knew that his master spoke not at random. He set his feet in the prints of his lord's feet, and as he strode his steps gained heat and life. He felt not the wind, he heeded not the frost. Zealously he followed his king on his errand of mercy.

FEBRUARY 7TH.—**A Sabbath in Capernaum.**

Passage for reading.—*St. Mark i.* 21—34.

POINTS. 1. An evil spirit cast out.
2. An apostle's mother-in-law healed.
3. Multitudes of sick blessed.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Casting Out Evil.** A poor woman in Ireland experienced a change of heart. She had made a living by selling whisky without a licence. Her business had been illegal before God and man. She realised this, and resolved that the change of heart must be followed by a change of life. On reaching home, she brought out the large jar in which the whisky was kept and addressed it thus, "You and I have lived together for a good many years, but the Lord Jesus Christ is coming to live with me now, and you and He cannot get on together, so you must go." So saying, she took the great jar and dashed it to pieces on the stone floor.

Provision for Mercy. Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, gave his doorkeeper a standing order that no matter how great might be the throng, or even if senators and other great persons had to wait, he must see at once any messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of life.

A Ministry of Mercy. The great Civil War in America did not lack women with as strong and tender hearts as that of Florence Nightingale. After the fighting at Gettysburg some 20,000 men, the flower of North and South, were left on the field. Many days passed before all could be moved to the distant hospitals. Through those awful days of suffering these messengers of human love and heaven's mercy went about their sweet and tender ministry. One of their most thoughtful acts was this: to carry about, with their food and cordials, pencil and paper, so as to take down from the lips of the dying their last words of remembrance for loved ones at home; and then, tenderly closing the eyes, to write to the distant wife or children the last words of the departed.

FEBRUARY 14TH.—**Jesus Forgives Sins.**

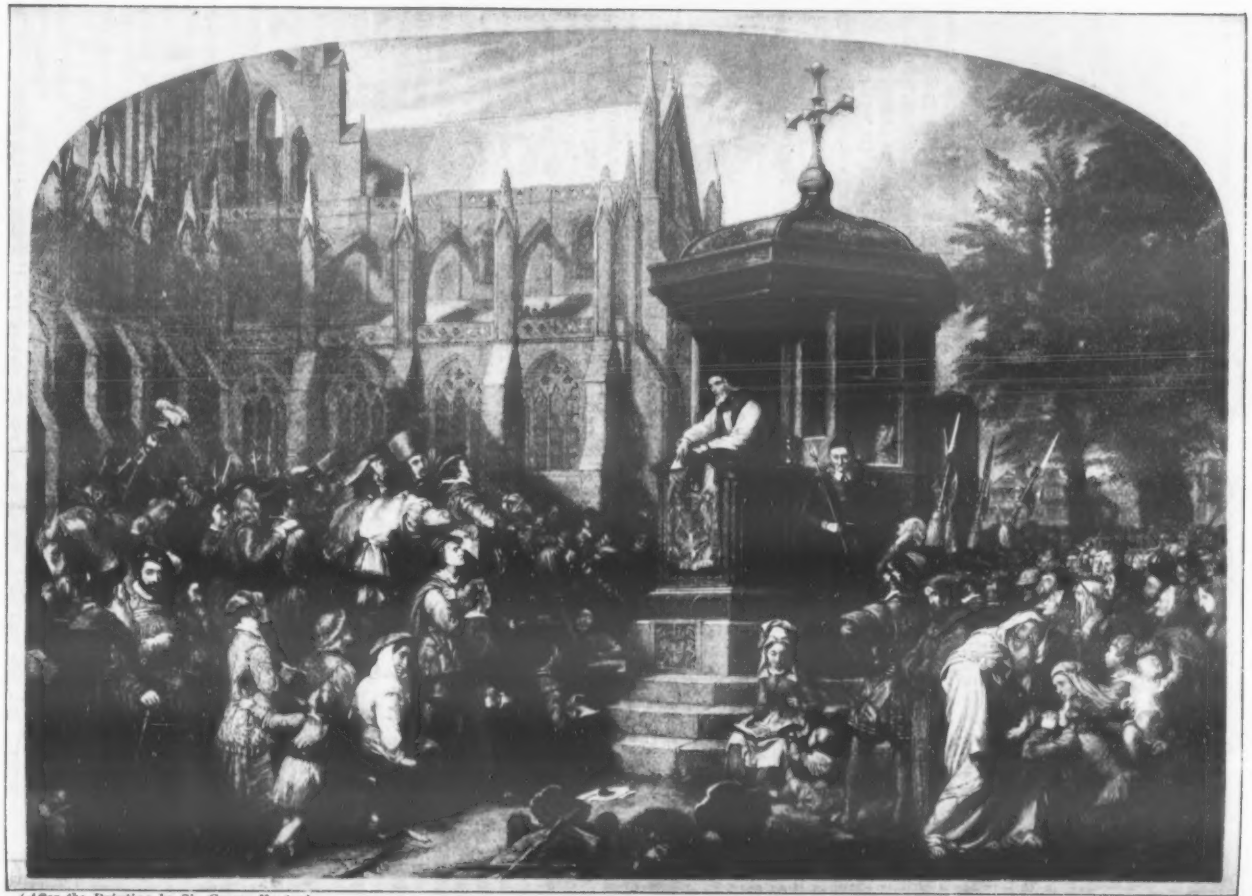
Passage for reading—*St. Mark ii.* 1—12.

POINTS. 1. The faith of the man's friends.
2. His own condition of sin and suffering.
3. Christ's mercy to soul and body.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **What Faith Is.** A doctor was visiting a Christian patient. He had himself been under conviction of sin, but had not obtained perfect peace. So he asked his patient one day to tell him what this faith is—this believing in Jesus and getting happiness. The patient answered "Doctor, in my sickness I have felt that I could do nothing to cure myself. I have put my case in your hands, and am trusting you. This is what every sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

Sin Leaves a Mark. Can you remember the first time you sinned greatly and broke God's law? Do you recall the first lie or the first theft? They have left a mark on your life and character. The sins of our youth leave their scars in our old age. A man has a precious pearl in his possession, but it loses its colour and becomes stained, and he is told that nothing can restore its purity. So sin stains the character, and a life which has lost its purity can never be quite the same again.

God's Mercy Pursues the Sinner. There was a strange chimney ornament in the house of a professional diver. It was the shells of an oyster holding fast to a piece of printed paper. The diver had seen the oyster on a rock with this piece of paper in its mouth, which he took out and began to read through the goggles of his headdress. It was a tract about the mercy and love of Christ to repentant sinners. Coming to him so strangely, it touched his heart, and he said, "I can hold out no longer against God, since His mercy pursues me thus." He became a repentant and changed man. God's mercy saved him at the bottom of the sea.



(After the Painting by Sir George Hayter.) *(By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall, S.W.)*

LATIMER PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES, LONDON, MDLIII.

PAINTERS AND PREACHERS.

PICTORIAL RECORDS OF GREAT SERMONS.



THE PREACHING OF KNOX BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION, 10TH JUNE, 1559.
(From the Picture by Sir David Wilkie in the Tate Gallery.)

THE history of Christianity is as full of stirring incidents as that of any great nation. Its progress has been marked by the advent of men whose names are perhaps better known than those of statesmen and soldiers who have brought honour to themselves and the countries for whom they have worked and fought. Their fame attaches not so much to the country in which they happened to be born as to the Universal Kingdom which they strove to establish. Indeed, many of them sacrificed their nationality and became nomads for the sake of their great work. Their lives, fashioned on that of their Master, were epitomes of their teaching: self-sacrifice, self-denial, suffering, endurance, patience, strenuousness, were theirs, and though in many instances their efforts were received with contumely and derision, their names are carved indelibly on the roll of the world's heroes.

Their records are to be found in the history and the literature of their several countries, and have not, it must be confessed, made a very wide appeal to artists for pictorial treatment. Contemporary art, indeed, where there was such, neglected them altogether. It has been left for the most part to modern artists to honour them in this direction. The old masters, painting for the Church, dealt with the early great preachers as saints, picturing them in saintly postures in the company of the Madonna or Christ, and not as they moved among men in their lifetime. Francis of Assisi, for instance, must have been a picturesque figure, and his life was full of incidents worthy of pictorial treatment; but outside the representations of him by old masters as a saint, I only know of two pictures dealing with his manhood—one, of his

LATIMER PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES, LONDON, MDLIII.

XUM

famous interview with Innocent III. on the terrace of the Lateran, by a modern French painter, and one by Stacy Marks, R.A., representing his sermon to the birds—a picture painted rather to show the artist's skill as a bird-painter than to honour the preacher.

Going back to an earlier preacher, the great Irish saint Columba, to whom Scotland owes her first introduction to Christianity, it has been left to a living Scottish artist to commemorate his work in paint. One of the beautiful frescoes in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland, by Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., represents Columba preaching to the Picts. Arrayed in his simple monk's habit, the saint is standing before a crowd of these warlike natives of Scotland, each with his sword or spear in hand, but listening intently to the wondrous message brought by the stranger priest. Augustine of Canterbury, too, has been the subject of several modern pictures in connection with his work in England. Coming down the ages, we have a pictorial record of that great preacher, Peter the Hermit, whose fiery eloquence brought about the first crusade—the work of J. Archer, R.S.A. The same artist also dealt with Bernard, the preacher at whose instigation the second crusade was organised.

To deal now with our illustrations. The first in chronological order of events is Sir George Hayter's picture of "Latimer preaching to the Civic Authorities at St. Paul's Cross." Living in troublous times, the great preacher of the Reformation was himself in "troubles oft." After his release from the Tower at the accession of Edward VI., we are told that crowds flocked eagerly to hear his sermons, both in London and the country. A few short years later, in 1555, he and Ridley went to the stake at Oxford, bold and fearless to the last.

Sir George Hayter, the painter of this picture, is best known for his portraits and the large semi-historical canvases executed in his capacity of Principal Painter in Ordinary to Queen Victoria in the early part of her reign. Among the principal of these are "Queen Victoria Taking the Coronation Oath" and "The Marriage of Queen Victoria." He was knighted in 1842, and died in 1871. The picture which we illustrate was purchased and engraved by Mr. Henry Graves, and on my inquiring of Mr. Algernon Graves as to its present



GEORGE FOX PREACHING IN A TAVERN.

(After the Painting by E. H. Wehnert in the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

whereabouts, he replied: "I remember it hanging here" (his office in Pall Mall) "when I commenced business in 1860, and at first fancied it was burnt in the fire of 1867; but on searching through the stock-books of that time, I find it was sold before 1862, and I think it went to America. At any rate, I have never seen it since." We had, therefore, to make our reproduction from the engraving of the picture.

The leader of the Reformation in Scotland, John Knox, ranks equally as one of the greatest preachers and popular heroes of his country. Several pictures have been painted of incidents in his stormy life, but none so characteristically stirring as the one here reproduced. Painted by Sir David Wilkie—it was on his easel ten years before it was completed in 1832—for Sir Robert Peel, it now hangs in the Tate Gallery at Millbank. The scene represented occurred after Knox's return to Scotland in 1559, the stormiest and most strenuous part of his career. Proclaimed an outlaw within a few days of his landing at Edinburgh, he threw himself heart and soul into the Protestant cause. After preaching at Dundee and Perth, he arrived at St. Andrews with the "Lords of the Congregation," as the lay leaders of the Protestants were denominated. Unmoved by threats of personal violence on the part of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Knox decided to preach in the parish church, and he did so on four successive days with such effect that the authorities of the town decided forthwith for the Reformed religion—the church being stripped of its images and pictures and the simpler form of worship only observed.

There being no original portrait of Knox in existence, Wilkie had to invent his presentment of the dauntless preacher, and was influenced therein by a visit he paid to a service conducted by the great divine, Edward Irving, who unconsciously served as model for John Knox. The pulpit was painted from one in which Knox actually preached, the artist having discovered it hidden away in a cellar. The following description of the persons represented in the picture was given in the Academy catalogue for the year 1832, when it was exhibited:—

"Close to the pulpit on the right of Knox are Richard Ballenden, his amanuensis, with Christopher Goodman, his colleague; and in black, the Maltese Knight, Sir James Sandilands, in whose house at Calder the first Protestant sacrament was received. Beyond the latter, in the scholar's cap and gown, is that accomplished student of St. Andrews, the Admirable Crichton. Under the pulpit is Thomas Wood, the precentor, with his hour-glass; the schoolboy below is John Napier, Baron of Merchiston, inventor of the logarithms; and further to the right is a child which has been brought to be baptised when the discourse is over. On the right side of the picture, in red, is the Lord James Stuart, afterwards Regent Murray; beyond is the Earl of Glencairne; and in front, resting on his sword, is the Earl of Morton, behind whom is the Earl of Argyll, whose Countess, the half-sister of Queen Mary, and the lady in attendance upon her, make up the chief eight of the picture. Above this group is John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, supported by the Bishop Beatown, of Glasgow, with Quinten Kennedy, who maintained against Knox a public disputation."

In the gallery are the provost and bailies of St. Andrews and the professors of the university. Near the Archbishop's group is a soldier with a harquebus, looking at the Archbishop for the signal to fire upon the preacher.

The picture was purchased for the nation with the others comprising the Peel collection.

The Covenanters and their trials formed a favourite subject for the exercise of Sir George Harvey's brush. The picture reproduced on page 317, which is in the Glasgow Art Gallery, was the first of a series dealing with Covenanter scenes. The fervour and grim enthusiasm which animated these proscribed worshippers are admirably suggested in this picture. Most of the men are armed, and all are listening intently to the preacher, while on the distant hill, silhouetted against the sky, is the form of a sentinel, posted to give warning of the approach of the soldiery.

The picture of George Fox hangs in the water-colour gallery of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is the work of Edward Henry Wehnert, an Anglo-German artist who lived from 1814 to 1868. The subject of it is one of the most interesting and original of the great religious workers England has known.

Born of humble parentage in 1624, George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, was at an early age influenced by deeply religious feeling. He tells us that, "When I came to eleven years of age I knew pureness and righteousness, for while a child I was taught how to walk to be kept pure." At nineteen, he says, "At the command of God, on the 9th day of the 7th month, 1643, I left



WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS.

(From the Painting by Byrn Crone, A.R.A.)

my relations and broke off all familiarities or fellowship with old or young. I was to forsake all, young and old, and keep out of the way of all, and to be a stranger to all."

A small competency supplied his scanty needs, and he commenced his lonely wanderings up and down the country, "a stranger in the earth, which way the Lord inclined my heart, taking a chamber to myself in the town where I came, and tarrying sometimes a month more or less in the place."

In 1647, in the light of the revelations "to 'thee' and 'thou' all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, high or low, great or small." As he travelled up and down he "was not to bid people good morning or good evening, neither might he scrape his leg to anyone." All of which, naturally, incurred the resentment of all classes.

In 1649 he made his first protest against "steeple houses" in Nottingham Church, with the result that he was imprisoned. Upon his release he proceeded to Derby,



THE COVENANTERS PREACHING.

(From a Picture by Sir George Harvey, R.S.A., in the Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow.)

he received, he commenced his life's work as an itinerant preacher, the scenes of his early efforts being in the neighbourhood of Dukinfield and Manchester. Known as "the man with the leathern breeches," he set himself sturdily not only to preach the Gospel simply and straightforwardly, but also to denounce intemperance, excess of public amusements, and social conventionalities. On the last point he says that "the Lord forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low," and he was required and made a further public protest there. Imprisonment again followed, which lasted until 1651. Five years later his influence had so grown that no fewer than 1,000 of his followers were in prison, and by 1690, when he died, Quakerism had become a recognised force in the religious life of the country.

The life and work of John Wesley are too well known for any detailed reference to be here made to the subject. The picture reproduced on page 318, which is in

the Salford Art Gallery, was painted by Marshall Claxton, a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy during the years 1832 to 1877. The scene represented is a meeting of the little coterie of Oxford students in Charles Wesley's room at Christ Church. On his return to Oxford in 1729, John Wesley found that his brother Charles had instituted these meetings for religious devotion, and at once threw all the might of his zeal and energy into the movement, one as momentous as that of the great Anglican movement of later years. A student of Christ Church wrote at this time, with reference to the Wesleys' meetings, "Here is a new set of Methodists sprung up." And the name, given in derision, became the distinguishing one of the movement.

Prominent among this earnest band was George Whitefield, who was destined to become as famous as Wesley himself. Possessed of extraordinary talent as a preacher and orator, he was able by his impassioned eloquence and wonderful voice to move his hearers in a manner almost unequalled by any other preacher. It is said that no fewer than 20,000 were assembled on one occasion to hear him, and that his words were heard by the whole of that vast crowd. Mr. Eyre Crowe's picture represents him preaching in Moorfields, where his Tabernacle was afterwards built. The occasion is doubtless at Whitsuntide in 1742, when Moorfields was the resort of shows of all kinds. Whitefield's preaching is said to have been a greater attraction than all of these. Immense audiences thronged to hear him, and many stories are told of the marvellous effects of his preaching. In his tours through England and Scotland it is estimated that he preached eighteen thousand sermons to ten millions of people.

ARTHUR FISH.



JOHN WESLEY WITH HIS FRIENDS AT OXFORD.

(From the Painting by Marshall Claxton in the Royal Museum and Art Galleries, Salford.)

IN THE STRAITS OF TIME



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—V.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Two young girls of noble birth, Yvonne Elisabeth de la Féronniere, of a Huguenot family, and Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, betrothed to the Duc de Maillebois, are being educated at the famous Abbaye aux Bois. In the midst of a game with their companions they outpass the convent bounds, and suddenly find themselves adrift in the streets of Paris. They have the good fortune to meet M. de la Forêt, a Protestant pastor from Yvonne's home in Poitou. He recognises her, and takes the girls to the house of Gabrielle's sister, Madame de Chamans, who makes their peace with the Abbess.

CHAPTER VI.

HÉLOISE was triumphant. Fortune had smiled upon her bold design, and moulded all things to her will in this matter of her sister's wedding. That which a few months ago had seemed little more than an audacious dream was now almost an accomplished fact.

The Duc de Maillebois, one of the first *partis* in France, was about to marry the dowerless Gabrielle, straight from her convent school. The bridegroom-elect was full of courtly devotion, generous beyond expression; for the *corbeille*, which was his gift, was magnificent, the talk of all Paris, with its priceless jewels and costly lace and brocades, not to mention a purse of two hundred louis d'or, concealed in a white satin *bonbonnière* which found its way to his lady's dressing-table. The behaviour of the future bride was all that even her sister's critical taste could desire. She was gay, and yet strangely sedate and dignified; modest and simple, but never dull; in fact, she might have been acting a part which she had carefully rehearsed at the Abbaye aux Bois.

As for that unlucky escapade of Gabrielle and Yvonne beyond the convent walls, even here was a strong card in the hand of Madame de Chamans, who was inflexible on the point that her sister must return to the convent after the wedding until her sixteenth birthday, and spend the intervening months in learning all that was needful to do credit to her high station.

The bridal morning had dawned at length, with that ideal August weather, when the slumberous summer sunlight still lingers, and yet a breath of cooler air gives new life to a languid world. Héloise sat in the great bay window of the *salon*, which commanded the terrace, and with a congenial friend by her side, she could enjoy her first moment of leisure, and revel in her success.

"My dear Madame de Sévigné, how can I ever thank you enough for your help and advice?" she murmured to the lady whose delicate charm and well-preserved beauty made it difficult to believe that she was a grandmother.

"You are an apt pupil, *ma belle* Marquise, and deserve your triumph, for such it is, thus to attract outside Paris all the *élite* of

our society. Indeed, we are much in your debt, for this country *fête* is delicious. The marriage of a child fresh from the convent gives the daintiest touch of romance, and Monsieur de Maillebois is a most interesting personality. We are longing to make his acquaintance. His great wealth and position, his mysterious, secluded life of a scholar, all pique our curiosity!"

"And his age, Madame?" said Héloise below her breath, with a slight touch of anxiety.

"What of that, my dear? Nay, set your heart at rest. Think of my daughter's marriage. Could anything be happier? Yet Monsieur de Grignan had already buried two wives—a dispensation of Providence to make room for the prettiest girl in France. But this is all ancient history—sixteen years ago! Pardon an old woman's memories."

"Ah! with you, dear Madame, there is no question of years. They will ever leave you untouched. And to know Madame de Grignan is to share your worship!" cried her friend, with tender flattery.

"My child, you are charming with your delicate compliments! I have often told you how much you remind me of—her, who is never absent from my thoughts."

"I had dared to hope that Madame de Grignan would come with you to-day."

"Alas! she was detained in Paris by troublesome business—a law-suit about some lands which the Grignans have had for three hundred years! Every day is so precious when she is with me that I could scarcely have left her, save for your sake, *ma chérie*. Also, it is my *rôle* to keep in touch with all that passes in the world of fashion, that I may never come short of news to tell her, though rarely indeed by word of mouth. But you will pity me, Madame de Chamans? Next week I must leave her to go to Brittany, where the estate needs my presence.

"You know what it is to marry a sister, and you remember that I have had to marry a son this year. He prays me to go back and join the new household at Les Rochers, and tells me that my room is ready for me, but I call it *ma chambre défunte*," she added, with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders.

Héloise was silent, for in her inmost heart she had misgivings about this much belauded marriage. Report said that the great heiress, the bride of the Chevalier de Sévigné, was in wretched health, and but a dull companion. Possibly the brilliant woman of the world guessed her thoughts by instinct, for she lightly changed the subject.

"I have just heard the most delightful story. I must tell it you, my dear. Amongst my possible daughters-in-law, who looked up to me with reverence not unmixed with fear, was a Mademoiselle de Gauron, a young lady of quality, with a good figure and a hundred thousand crowns by way of dowry, a perfect saint into the bargain. What more could man desire?

"Yet my son missed this paragon, and the prize was won by the Marquis d'Alègre. Madame la Marquise seems to have continued her pious studies about the holy women and the hermits of the Egyptian desert, and her poor head was not strong enough to control her zeal and ardent charity. She would emulate their example, this Don Quixote of religion! Three weeks ago she left home at four o'clock in the morning, with five or six pistoles and a little lacquey. She found a chaise in the Faubourg, and set off for Rouen, where she arrived at length, tattered and torn, as you may fancy. There she made a bargain to go from Dieppe, in a vessel bound for the Indies. She had seen on a map the very place where she will accomplish her penitence, and end her days in sackcloth and ashes.

"Meantime, they had missed her at home, scoured Paris and all the churches for her, and only at the last moment did they find her at Rouen, on the point of going off to the end of the world!"

She paused, and a little humorous smile rippled over her expressive countenance. But Madame de Chamans could not control her laughter.

"Ah, Madame, this is delicious! And what do her friends say?"

"Can you ask? They are in shame and despair, the jest of all Paris. Any scandal would have been better than such ridicule. What a subject for a comedy! *À propos*, Mademoiselle de Scudéry has just sent me her 'Conversations Nouvelles'; I must lend them to you. And did you not tell me that our friend Monsieur Racine was expected here to-day?"

"Yes, Madame; but at the last moment he had to obey the King's command to read his new poem, 'L'Idylle de la Paix.'"

"My daughter will be interested to hear that. Now tell me all about the company present. I see so many familiar faces. No one could mistake the Count d'Auvergne, who

always reminds me of a wild boar, and there is Monsieur de Brissac—who was it dared to write that triolet?

"'A duke was he of noble race,
And yet, to look him in the face,
A barber's stall had been his place!'

Yet you must not judge him by his looks, for he is full of humour and character."

Monseigneur Fénélon wrote his 'Traité sur l'Éducation des Filles'? Did you tell me the Archbishop of Paris was to perform the ceremony? Why, he is a Molinist; but I see you have my dear Abbé Charrier to counteract him."

"I fear you will think us sad heretics here. Old Admiral du Quesne, who sat opposite



"A passionate longing seized him to protect her from every foe."—*p.* 323.

"I would trust your keen insight, Madame, to find some good in everyone," said Héloise. "My father has strong Jansenist leanings, so you will not be surprised to see the Duc and Duchesse de Chevreuse and the Comtesse de Guiche, who is yonder in earnest talk with the Duchesse de Beauvilliers."

"Has she brought any of her nine daughters with her? You know it was for them that you at the banquet last night, is a Huguenot, and so is the tall, fair girl who was by his side, Gabrielle's dearest friend at the convent."

"Ah, yes, I noticed her. She has the same far-away, spiritual look as Madame de Grignan's youngest girl, Marie Blanche, who is with the Filles de Sainte Marie at Aix, and who, I fear, will find her vocation there. I know that heresy is all the fashion now; but when you

come to my age, and are nearer settling your final accounts with Heaven, you will hold firmly to the old solid faith. Do not be tempted by this new spirituality, as young Madame de Bethune called it. It was in her room that I saw a marble statuette of Apollo side by side with a crucifix!

"These women! They are mostly Pagan at heart, for all their devotion to St. François de Sales, whose 'Introduction à la Vie Dévote' you find in every boudoir now."

Here the conversation was interrupted, for the Marquise de Chamans was called away, and went to seek her father that he might take her place.

Madame de Sévigné leant back with closed eyes in her great tapestried chair. Only her brave unconquerable spirit nerved the fragile body still to haunt the gay world, that she might describe it with her matchless skill for the daughter she loved so well.

Meantime, the distinguished guests were scattered about in little groups—some in the great *salon*, where a hum of conversation filled the air; while others had strolled out on the broad sunny terrace, or wandered into the gardens beyond. Amongst these last were the old Sieur du Quesne and Mademoiselle de la Féronniere. He had made friends with her the day before, and had been greatly interested in the young girl when he found that she was a Huguenot like himself. Meeting her on the terrace, he had been eager to continue his conversation, when presently Réné de Beaumanoir joined them.

He led the way beyond the ancient avenue of elms, to the west, under the pleached walk, and on into the walled garden, where, in spite of all neglect, fruit and flowers grew in wild luxuriance. Here figs and great luscious plums and nectarines ripened in the sun, and tall hollyhocks reared their stately blooms, and the scent of lavender rose like incense on the still air.

The Admiral knew Poitou well, and had been a friend of Yvonne's father before she was born, and to him it was a rare pleasure to talk of old times and old friends.

"You spoke of Monsieur de la Forêt? Ah, my child, what a noble character! Never have I met with anyone who so perfectly carries out the ideal of Christ's early disciples. He seems to have no personal wants or desires, but lives only for the sake of others. His old housekeeper at Croisette has told me how she has seen him give his own coat to a beggar, and his untouched dinner to a poor, starving family with a glad, light heart and a sweet way, and that when there was no money in the house and she knew not where to turn for the next meal."

"That is so like him!" cried the girl. "Then, too, he fears no man, and is ever ready to take the part of the oppressed, so that many a time he has been thrown into prison for the sake of his people."

"Alas! we Huguenots are fallen on evil times. Trouble and persecution await us, and such men as Monsieur de la Forêt will be the first to suffer. But remember, my child, in the darkest hour, yea even if bonds and prison await you, that 'as thy days so shall thy strength be,' for the soul is ever free and ever in God's sight. Aye, the clouds will pass away, the light of God's truth will shine again; and you, who are young, may live to see it. My days are numbered."

The old man broke off with a gasp in his breath; and Réné, full of self-reproach as he noticed the feeble steps and bent head, exclaimed:

"Forgive me, sir, I have brought you too far. Will you take my arm to support you to the house?"

"No, my friend; I will rest awhile in this sunny arbour; 'twas but a passing weakness," replied du Quesne, as he sank exhausted on the wooden seat. "You will do me a service if you leave me alone for awhile. I pray you continue your walk."

In silence they moved on side by side—the young sailor with his stirring record of fighting and adventure, and the convent flower to whom the outside world was almost a closed book. Thus accidentally thrown together, their common love of Gabrielle had been the first bond of union, but this scarcely accounted for the rapid and marvellous growth of their sympathy and mutual attraction.

Strangely enough, it was Yvonne who was the first to speak, and she gave utterance to the thought which was uppermost in her mind. She was conscious that it formed a barrier between them, and yet at the same time it gave her a certain dignity of self-sacrifice, as of one set apart.

"As Gabrielle's friend at the convent, you would not have thought me to be a Huguenot? But it was the creed of my fathers, and it is my own earnest faith. It has been, indeed, a joy to meet the dear old admiral. You are a great friend of his?"

"Can you wonder, Mademoiselle?" cried Réné. "I, who have lived with him day by day, and week by week, with only sea and sky to hem us in; I who have obeyed his word, and fought by his side!"

"How I envy you!" said the girl simply. "Tell me about him. He only spoke of the brave deeds of others. By the bye, Monsieur, who was it only last year, at the siege of Algiers, who saved his friend by desperate gallantry, well-nigh at the cost of his own life?" As she asked the question, she looked up in his face and their eyes met.

"Ah, he seems to have told you about the Chevalier de Choiseul, who was to have been shot from the cannon by those barbarous pirates?" said the young man quietly. "But, indeed, the credit of saving him is not due to me alone. I could never have rescued him without the help of a corsair, who had been his captive, and loved him.

"Think of our triumph, Mademoiselle. We brought away safely the 320 French slaves and 180 other Christian captives reclaimed by our King."

"That was, indeed, a prize worth fighting for!" exclaimed Yvonne, with sparkling eyes.

"Do you know what that old wretch, the Dey of Algiers, said afterwards? Why, that if King Louis had given him half the money which the expedition cost, he would have destroyed Algiers himself!

"It is only fair to tell you that we owed much of our success to the engineer, Petit Renau; for he invented a galliot, armed with a new kind of bomb, which did wonderful execution. I never saw anything like it, and we had them again this year at Genoa."

"Yes, the Sieur du Quesne spoke of the war against Genoa; but he said 'twas too long a story to tell, and that M. de Seignely was even now writing a full account of it."

"It is to be printed in a broad-sheet; you will permit me to send it to you, Mademoiselle?" was the eager request. "But the end of that story is not yet, for the King made it a condition of peace that the Doge of Genoa is to come here in person to do homage. It will be a splendid ceremony, and I will take care that you and Gabrielle have a special invitation and privileged seats to see it, in the palace of Versailles!"

"You are too good, Monsieur. But my future life is uncertain. When that event comes to pass, I may be no longer at the convent with my friend, for I am a ward of Monsieur de Vaudreuil, who is now away in the provinces; but when he returns from Blois, where he is taking the Governor's place, he will doubtless require me to live with his family."

"I have heard of him. He is by repute a man of unbounded ambition, who will suffer nothing to stand in his way. Will he not require you to give up your faith, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, that is his aim; but by God's help he will not succeed," was the low reply.

"Do you know how the Sieur du Quesne made answer to the King, who sought to convert him? 'During sixty years of service, I have given to Cæsar all that Cæsar could require of me. Sire, you must allow me to give the rest to God.'"

"Ah, that was sublime!" she murmured.

"I myself am a Catholic by birth and training, and I should hold him dishonoured who changed his religion," rejoined young Beaumanoir; "but if trouble or persecution drew near, let the hand of the spoiler touch our altars, our churches, and burning enthusiasm would take the place of calm assent. Nay, I make bold to say that I would defend them with my life!"

"Ah! you, too, can feel like that?" said Yvonne, below her breath.

Then silence fell. They were standing by the edge of a ruined fountain, where a moss-grown ganymede raised his cup, and the water sparkled and glistened, as it trickled on the floating water plants below.

The young girl in her festal dress of white crape with silver threads, was like a tall Madonna lily, or as Réné looked at her uplifted face crowned with a golden aureole, he thought of a virgin saint and martyr about to be cast to the lions in a pagan amphitheatre. A passionate longing seized him to protect her from every foe, to shield her from the dangers which threatened her in the near future.

That vision of Yvonne, as she stood there in the sunlight, was imprinted on his heart, an unfading picture of vivid loveliness, until his dying day; but at that moment the deep note of the chapel bell broke the stillness, an echo of distant voices was wafted on the air, and the spell was broken.

Mademoiselle de la Feronniere suddenly awoke to the present, and turned with a hasty exclamation. "Hark! the wedding guests are summoned. See, the Admiral has risen; we must join him and return at once. How the time has flown!"

Réné could not restrain one last word.

"Mademoiselle, will you bear in mind that I am ever at your service in case of need?"

Her only answer was a smile, but that was guerdon enough for the young knight, who had vowed himself to his lady.

CHAPTER VII.

THE wedding was over—the stately ceremony, surrounded by every pomp and circumstance which wealth, and rank, and splendid ritual could lend to it. Gabrielle Antoinette de Beaumanoir was now Duchesse de Maillebois. Dazzling in her bridal gown of silver brocade sown with diamonds, she had taken her place at the banquet. Then, standing beneath an embroidered canopy by her husband's side, with charming girlish dignity she had received the congratulations of the wedding guests, and taken leave of them before they dispersed.

Even the Marquise de Chamans was satisfied, and when all was over kissed her sister with smiling approval.

"Now, dear, the carriage waits. You return with me to Paris, and before nightfull I take you and Mademoiselle de la Féronniere back to the convent."

"Ah, Héloise, are you quite inflexible?" exclaimed the Comte de Beaumanoir, in his gay, genial way. "Have you the heart to take the child away from all this queenly state and change her royal robes for the pensionnaire's little black frock?"

"Nay, my father, do not make it harder for us all," she pleaded. "Indeed, it is for Gabrielle's own sake; and Monsieur le Duc, too, will thank me in the days to come. She is still too young to do justice to her position; and the next nine months, until her birthday, spent not in class, but in learning all that is needful to rule a great household, will give weight and strength to her character and be invaluable. My sister quite agrees with me; is it not so, dear?" And she turned with a glance of appeal to the girl, for on the tone of her answer hung so much.

"Why, Héloise, little mother, of course you are right. This was settled long ago. But I hope to gain experience quite as much in the *salon* as in the kitchen. Perhaps Madame l'Abbesse will admit me there as one of her chosen spirits."

"Always with the permission of Monsieur de Maillebois," rejoined her father, with a jesting laugh.

"He is a man of learning himself, and would wish his wife not to be too unworthy of him," said Gabrielle, looking with a smile towards the Duke, who was delighted with her graceful homage.

He took advantage of the opportunity to explain that he proposed to spend most of the winter abroad. He had received a commission from the King to be the bearer of costly gifts to various distinguished foreigners, amongst others the librarian of the Vatican at Rome and the celebrated mathematician Viviani at Florence.

There was a courteous delicacy in the manner of this announcement, for which Héloise could not feel grateful enough, as it smoothed her way, and put an end to all shadow of opposition.

The last farewells were said; the great gilded chariot, with six horses, and postilions in green and gold, was drawn up in front of the stone steps, when Réné de Beaumanoir waved aside the lacquey and himself held open the door.

"I have news of my own to tell you. Monsieur de Maillebois has *carte blanche* to choose his escort, and he has just asked me to be one of his companions on the King's mission," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Ah, I am glad. Rome will be all new to you, and now that peace is signed and sealed for twenty years, you would have been at a sad loss," said Gabrielle.

"I will send you letters, if occasion serves. You will welcome tidings of us." He spoke to his sister, but for one vivid moment his eyes rested on Yvonne.

There was no time for more. Already they were on the move. Amid stir and excitement, the ponderous equipage drove off with a great noise, the cracking of whips, and the blowing of horns For the three travellers it was a somewhat silent drive back to Paris, as they were all too much engrossed with their own thoughts to make much conversation.

The Marquise de Chamans leant back wearily against the velvet cushions; now that all was over, she could give way to her fatigue of mind and body. She had carried out her plans with bold mastery and complete success. Only one thing marred her content. Jean-Charles, her husband, had been invaluable in entertaining the guests, for he was a most popular man in society and a delightful companion But unfortunately, lansquenet had been started



"'Never fear, my darling; when God calls you, then you will find your mother waiting to welcome you in that blessed Home.'"—*p.* 327.

late the previous night after the ladies had retired, and from some chance words which caught her ear she had reason to believe that the play had been high. Then, to add to her anxiety, the Marquis de Chamans had pleaded an engagement, and driven back to Paris after the wedding with a young officer, a La Fayette, whom rumour spoke of as a gambler. But Jean-Charles did everything with such perfect grace and gay good temper that it was impossible to be angry with him long.

With a light sigh his wife dismissed her vague misgivings. She was going home to her baby, the two-year-old darling from whom she had now been separated for the first time in her life. It had been quite an heroic effort on her part to leave him behind; but she knew that her little Jean would have absorbed too much of her time, and that she would need an undivided soul for the task before her.

It was small wonder that the two young girls were quiet and thoughtful. For a few brief hours they had played a splendid part in the brilliant world of society, and this sudden return to the seclusion of the convent was striking and dramatic—a fall from a dizzy height. They would awake from a dream of pomp and luxury and adulation, to find themselves in the shadowed path of humility and obedience.

But the echo of Gabrielle's triumph was destined to linger yet awhile. She went back to the Abbaye aux Bois, laden with presents of fans and embroidered satchels, and a few medallion portraits, to receive quite an ovation from her companions, for, popular as she ever was, her romantic story made her still more interesting. From Madame l'Abbesse downwards there could scarcely fail to be a new tone of sympathetic attraction towards the young girl who was now a bride—Madame la Duchesse de Maillebois.

Time passed on, and life settled down once more into the ancient peaceful round. Yet to Gabrielle there were some notable changes. It had been arranged that she should take in turn her share of all the various duties of the convent—the kitchen, the linen room, the infirmary, the sacristy, with the mending of old embroidered chasubles and other priestly garments, and delicate lace and altar cloths. Perhaps most interesting of all was the care of the library, with its store of precious old manuscripts and books. Yet in all these successive cares she no longer found herself in the constant society of Yvonne; indeed, whether by accident or design, the two friends were almost entirely separated, and this was a great trial to them both.

Mademoiselle de la Féronniere had also cause for much anxiety and sorrow. The late autumn was damp and unhealthy that year, and amongst other cases of illness little Alix de Courcelles, her special charge, had sickened with fever, and was lying seriously ill in the infirmary.

The child had been devoted to her from the first, and now, in her weakness, moaned pitifully for her "little mother," until the doctor insisted that she must be pacified and have her way, at any cost. Yvonne thus found herself, nothing loth, a constant watcher in the sick room, for Alix clung to her with such passionate affection that it was impossible to part them. The old nurse who had come to the convent with the child might well have been jealous of the new friend's influence, but she soon fell under the same charm, and became her devoted adherent. One evening, when they were sitting together in the twilight, and their charge was sleeping, Madelon told her story.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you bid me rest and not wear myself out, but you cannot know what my darling is to me. She has been my care ever since her birth, and her dying mother made me promise never to leave her. When her father married again, and her stepmother sent her here to be rid of the trouble, I should have been dismissed, but Madame l'Abbesse would not hear of it when she saw what a fragile little creature it was. She is a good woman, though not in the way of salvation."

"Then you are a Huguenot too, Madelon!" exclaimed the girl. "But tell me, how do you live at peace with the lay sisters and the servants?"

"I have learnt wisdom, Mademoiselle, in a hard school. I speak little and toil much. My hands are strong and skilful, and I am ever ready to do the work of others, so no one asks about my religion."

There was a restless movement in the bed, and silence reigned for a while. Then Madelon continued:

"My heart misgave me when they took my child away from her native air, her home by the sea, and brought her to this great crowded city. It is the water of Paris which gave her the fever, and is killing her, my little lamb!" and she broke off with a sob.

They were interrupted by Sister Virginie, of the infirmary, who came to send Mademoiselle de

la Féronniere down to supper, and to persuade the nurse to take a few hours' sleep. She was a good, kind creature, but greatly given to superstitions, one who would hear the tick of the death watch in the stillness of the night, and see omens of coming sorrow on every side. The doctor, on arriving one day, had found his little patient in a perilous state of excitement, as she listened to Sister Virginie's vivid stories of Hell and Purgatory and fantastic demons. He felt it his duty to interfere, and suggested:

"Why not talk to the child about Paradise, dear Madame?"

"Ah, yes; I can tell her all about it. I saw it once in a vision," exclaimed the good woman, with the greatest eagerness. "Paradise was like a beautiful big chamber all set with diamonds and rubies and precious stones. Le Bon Dieu was sitting in the middle of a great throne, the Son on His right hand, the Blessed Virgin on His left, and the Holy Spirit like a dove on His shoulder. And all the blessed saints were passing backwards and forwards; the little children were in front."

"Tell me, Madame Virginie, did you see my dear mother there?" cried the sick child, with keen anxiety.

"Ah, no, my dear; you see, she was not one of us," she stammered, and Madelon, entering at that moment, silenced her with an imperious gesture, and clasping little Alix in her arms, hushed her sobs.

"Never fear, my darling; when God calls you, then will you find your mother waiting to welcome you in that blessed Home," she whispered, in loving assurance.

After this incident it was little wonder that she kept watch night and day over her precious charge, and that only to Yvonne would she trust her for the brief rest which Nature imperatively demanded. With rare tolerance and generosity, the Abbess refused to interfere, and embitter the last memories of a dying child, for soon the rumour spread through the convent that there was no hope.

A great hush seemed to rest on all that young, eager life. There were no games, and even in class the lessons were disturbed, for all were restless and half-hearted. With noiseless steps the girls crept along the corridor, and listened outside the sick room for the faintest sound, or in little groups whispered low the latest news. Some were full of superstitious terror at the near approach of the shadow of death, while others would become over-excited and see visions, like Madame Virginie.

At length the end came, and little Alix passed away, with a smile on her lips, folded in the arms of Yvonne, who softly sang her to rest with the words of one of those glorious old canticles which had soothed so many meek souls in the hour of death.

The sad news was proclaimed by the hammer of St. Benedict, the bell with a cross, which only tolled in the last agony, and was never heard without a thrill of emotion, and a prayer for the passing soul from even the lightest-hearted.

Poor Madelon at first was stunned with grief, but when calmer thought followed her hours of despair she realised that her frail darling was taken from the evil to come. "It is well with the child," she murmured in lowly submission, and henceforth all the passionate devotion of her strong nature was transferred to Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, in whose service she remained. No one could foresee how greatly her courage and fidelity would be justified in the eventful future.

Yet already coming events were casting their shadows before, and each day fresh rumours reached the convent of the King's strong feeling against the Huguenots, and of the stern measures of persecution which were being taken against them.

Before the end of that year, 1684 A.D., the notorious dragonnades began, when companies of soldiers were sent to all the towns and châteaux in the provinces, where there were many Calvinists. Each party was conducted by a bishop, a curé, a delegate, or someone in authority; and the orders were to use all measures, short of actual killing, to compel the heretics to renounce their "so-called reformed" religion.

This being the case in the outside world, it was not strange that party feeling and intolerance began to rise high in the convent itself against all who were known or suspected to hold the Huguenot faith.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AT last, dear Yvonne, I have a chance of speaking to you. How long I have waited! Come, come quick to our quiet arbour, or we may be watched and followed."

It was Gabrielle who found an opportunity of whispering this in the midst of the crowd of girls who were hurrying out of the refectory after the midday dinner. All the morning it

had rained without ceasing, but now at two o'clock the weather had cleared, and the order had come for an hour's recreation in the garden.

The two friends ran lightly down the avenue of plane trees, beneath the falling leaves, to the wilder part of the garden, which, in the yellow and russet of late autumn, gloried in a beauty of its own.

"I have a letter to show you from my brother Réné," she began eagerly. "Two days have I carried it about, and never was able to give it to you, alas! now that we no longer even sleep in the same dormitory."

"Ah, Gabrielle! It is not only with you, but I am constantly watched and interrupted if I speak to anyone," said the girl sadly. "It seems to me that Madame Scholastique is always at my side."

"Then take the letter quickly, before any spy finds us. Oh, my poor Yvonne, you cannot tell how I feel for you! Does Monsieur le Directeur Orse still persecute you to go to confession?"

"Yes; he has long arguments with me almost every day, and even Madame hardly dares to take my part."

"The time will soon pass, dear. Only a few months, and May will bring my birthday; then you shall come and live with me, until——"

"Nay, Gabrielle, I will not bring trouble on those I love," she began; but her words were hushed by eager kisses.

"Wait till the time comes, my dear. We must not waste these precious moments in dispute. You can read the letter when you are alone. Indeed, I half believe that 'tis all meant for you. Réné never took so much trouble about his little sister before."

The words were lightly spoken; but she looked wistfully at her friend, over whose face mantled a conscious flush of pleasure.

"There! I knew it!" cried Gabrielle, delighted at her own insight. "Come, the shadows are lengthening—we must return."

They had scarcely left their shelter and turned homewards, when a sharp, querulous voice behind them cried:

"Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, I have sought for you everywhere. Have you taken the key of the drug cupboard?"

And the friends knew that they had been watched and followed.

But in spite of all Yvonne went through her varied tasks that day with a light heart and a smile ever hovering on her lips. Not until late at night, however, beneath the hanging oil lamp of the dormitory, with its dim and flickering glimmer, when her companions were asleep, was she able to read her precious letter, the hidden source of her joy. Thus it ran, in bold, strongly marked characters:

"*The Villa Medici at Rome,*
This 6th October, 1684.

"According to my promise, dear sister, I send you this letter by the hand of the messenger who bears the despatches of the Duc de Maillebois.

"After Marseilles, we touched at Genoa, where I was filled with amazement at the splendid palaces. But we did not long abide in this great city by the sea, being warned that the plague raged in the lower part by the harbour. Thence to Florence, which for beauty is past my power to describe, with its stately towers and pinnacles rising against the sky, set like a gem in the marvellous fertile country. Here we had our quarters by night in the Tower of Galileo, in a villa standing in a fair garden, and we lost no time in seeking out Messer Viviani, the great mathematician, of world-wide fame. He was highly honoured by receiving the King's liberalities, and purposeth to build himself therewith a fine house, and inscribe on the face of it, in letters of gold, 'Ædes a Deo datæ,' which, I had best explain, is in compliment to King Louis, 'the God-given.'

"Our mission being accomplished, we could scarce tarry long enough to see all the treasures of art collected in this pleasant city, for we had a long and perilous journey before us. So we set forth in much state, with a goodly retinue, on our travels through this land of Italy.

"It was a day long to be remembered when at length Rome dawned upon our eyes—that queen of cities, the very jewel and pride of the whole world! Ah, Gabrielle, I would that you and your friend were with me here, and could yourselves behold that which no poor words of mine can describe. We are lodged in princely style, on a wooded hill called the Pincio, from whence we look down on the countless churches and mighty palaces and the massive ruins of olden times, mouldered away, and the shining Tiber alone unchanged, since Cæsar looked on it in his pride.

"We have been received in audience by his Holiness the Pope, and he offered Monsieur de Maillebois a suite of rooms at the Vatican,

high up in the Borgia Tower; but the Duke, well knowing that Innocent XI. is not on close terms with our King, thought well to decline in all courtesy. Yet all alike conspire to do us honour. We have been nobly entertained by princes and cardinals, and men of note. The Duke spends much of his time in the picture galleries and museums of the Vatican, and amid the priceless treasures of learning in the great libraries. A great friendship has risen up between him and the old librarian, to whom he was specially commissioned.

"But for me, the life of the crowded pavements, the pilgrims from all lands, the grandees in their gorgeous coaches, the endless variety of the priests' dress, the gallant show of the papal soldiers, and the wild-looking peasants of the Campagna are of ever-changing interest. My thoughts often turn to you and Mademoiselle your friend, and I try to fancy you in the midst of our gay company at the Villa Medici, which takes the air under the ancient ilexes, or on the sunny terrace. You would love to see the noble ladies who arrive in their gilded sedan chairs, the red cardinals, the abbés in their silken mantles, the men of rank or letters in their richly broidered coats, which outdo all the quaint conceits of Paris, even the gorgeous lacqueys.

"Monsieur de Maillebois will do justice to the grandeur and beauties of Rome; but, as you well know, I was never an adept with my pen, and can but lightly skim on the surface. In the course of my frivolous wanderings I have found a quaint old chap-book of mirthful ballads and wood-cuts for you, my sister—'tis all I should dare offer to a duchess! Also, I have an ancient ring, with an Egeria cut in a carnelian—a gem lately dug up in a vineyard, which I reserve for Mademoiselle de la Feronniere, to whom I pray you give my humble greeting and remembrance.—Your dutiful brother to command,

"René Gaston de Beaumanoir."

As she finished the last words, Yvonne looked up, with a dreamy smile. In a softened glow of happiness, she felt as though she were transported far away from that low, dimly lighted chamber, and that she, too, stood amidst the glory and splendour of the mighty city, with Réné by her side. It was a vision of delight, an earthly paradise. As she thought of the promised ring, the long-buried amulet—maybe the symbol of some pathetic love story in the far-off ages—the warm blushes mantled over cheek and brow, and she murmured softly to herself, "Réné, my Réné!"

But it was only for one moment of sweet forgetfulness. Relentless memory swiftly called her back to the cold, stern reality. She was parted by an impassable barrier from the Chevalier de Beaumanoir. That he should take a Huguenot bride would mean ruin for him in his profession and his fortunes, for too well she remembered the law passed in 1680, by which Catholics were forbidden to marry Protestants, under pain of losing all their rights of succession. Then, too, she was not of



"Not until late at night . . . was she able to read her precious letter."

age, and her guardian, alas! had other views for her, and would never give his consent; so that she was doubly barred. It was with these saddened thoughts that she crept back shivering into her little white bed, and presently fell asleep, her eyes still moist with tears.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]

On Lying

A Sermon by the Rev. Charles I. Graham, B.D., Incumbent of Celbridge and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.

"Wherefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbour: for we are members one of another."—EPHESIANS iv. 25 (R.V.)

A LEADING English journal (*Spectator*, June 13th, 1903) recently called attention to a French pamphlet written last year by a Roman Catholic professor of theology, in which he pleaded that to speak the truth always was neither possible nor desirable. Indeed, this pamphlet was written to supply rules for the regulation of lying, and to give illustrations of circumstances in which the truth, as this professor thought, might be legitimately sacrificed. All permissible lies, he says, may be brought under two heads—those told to guard a secret, and those told in self-defence. He gives two illustrations of the latter. A witness in a court of justice may lie if he have grave reason to fear the resentment of the criminal, or if the evidence required of him would damage his own character. A servant is bound to speak the truth to a kind master, even if telling the truth involves blame to his fellow-servants; but if he have to fear from his truthfulness some notable injury to himself, this may be a sufficient reason for not speaking the truth.

I am sure these illustrations shock you—at least, I hope they do. For I think our sense of right and wrong would be very perverted indeed if we gave any sort of approval to such a regulated system of lying. You ought to feel more shocked, however, when I tell you that the sanction of religion is claimed for this system of lying. For this professor bases his theories on the foundation of religion. Where, then, do you imagine, in the whole of the New Testament, is there a text to be found to support his view? Strange to say, he derives his proof from that saying of our Lord recorded in St. Mark, xiii. 32, "But of that day or that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Our Lord, says this professor, knew everything about the last day; and when He says, in the words which I have quoted, that He did not, He merely exercised the right of every man to keep a secret. This endeavour to cite the example of our Lord in defence of lying is as bold as it is preposterous. Could we, for a moment, believe that He Who declared Himself to be the Truth, Who turned and looked on Peter as he uttered his shameful lie so that the Apostle went out and wept bitterly, Who set before men the ideal of character contained in the Sermon on the Mount, Who characterised the devil as a liar, who abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him—could we believe, I say, for a moment that He would utter a deliberate lie in order to guard a secret? No; the old explanation, difficult of comprehension as it may be by some, is quite satisfactory. Our Lord pleads ignorance of the date of the last day because as man on earth He was ignorant; because, sharing to the full our human nature, He shared at times our human ignorance.

Setting aside, then, this absurd attempt to claim the example of our Lord in defence of lying, we may well ask, Is there any passage in the Acts of the Apostles, in the

Epistles, or in the Revelation of St. John which teaches a modified kind of lying? In the Acts, as you remember, there is a very striking instance of how God punished lying in the case of Ananias and Sapphira—even though the lie was not a spoken one. In the Epistles we have the words of our text, and St. Paul's similar words to the Colossians, "Lie not one to another"; while in the Revelation we are told that "all liars" shall have their part "in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." Can anything be clearer or more definite than this teaching of the New Testament? May not its advice be summarised in the words of our Lord spoken in the Sermon on the Mount, "Let your speech be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one"? Invariably speak the truth; be true, whatever it costs you—this is what the New Testament everywhere presses upon us.

Yet good men, even of our communion, have debated the question whether it is allowable under any circumstances to tell a falsehood, and therefore whether all falsehoods are lies. "The general rule," said the great Dr. Johnson, who was honoured and admired for the truthfulness and accuracy of his conversation, "is that truth should *never* be violated. There must however," he said, "be some exceptions. If, for instance, a murderer asks you where a man whom he is pursuing has gone, you may tell him what is not true, because you are under a previous obligation not to betray a man to a murderer. But," he adds, "I deny the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear of alarming him."

Archdeacon Paley also pointed out that there are falsehoods which are not lies—that is, which are not criminal—as (1) Where no one is deceived, which is the case in parables, fables, novels, jests, tales to create mirth, ludicrous embellishments of a story, where the declared design of the speaker is not to inform, but to divert. In such instances no promise to speak the truth is violated, because none was given or understood to be given. (2) Where the person to whom you speak has no right to know the truth—as where you tell a falsehood to a madman for his own advantage; to a robber to conceal your property; to an assassin to defeat or divert him from his purpose. At the same time, he admits that it is almost impossible to pronounce beforehand with certainty concerning any lie that it is inoffensive.

Yes; we feel that Paley is right there. There may be falsehoods which are not lies, and yet it is difficult to say that *any* lie is perfectly harmless. How often, for instance, just to save themselves trouble, do parents tell silly falsehoods to their children! The habit is and must be a bad one. For I cannot but feel that one's moral sense must be a good deal perverted when it is seriously argued that it is lawful to tell a lie to children because they have no powers of judging. "Accustom your children," said Dr. Johnson, "constantly to this: if a thing happened at one window, and they when relating it say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviation from truth will end." And when objection was raised to this statement, the Doctor replied by saying, "It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

Perhaps we shall see this more clearly if we think for a moment of one great cause which leads, above all else, to lying. To all of us, in greater or less degree, there have been given what I may term conversational powers. But, having this gift, we need something on which to exercise it, and we exercise it more commonly on persons than things. The reason is obvious. It is much easier to talk about persons than things; for to talk of things always requires a large amount of reading and reflection. Now, the power of talking well always presupposes the power to amuse and interest. But as in the actual lives of many of our neighbours there is not much of surpassing interest, as life is humdrum enough for most of us, our tendency, if we wish to create interest, is always to invent and to exaggerate; and so, from the habit of unconscious exaggeration, we pass into the habit of lying. We possibly do not mean to do so; but falsehood always grows apace where accuracy is sacrificed to embellishment or to anything else. "Some men," it has been said, "relate what they think as what they know; some men of confused memories and habitual inaccuracy ascribe to one man what belongs to another; and some talk on without thought or care." Thus it is that we lie; not because we altogether love lying, but because we are careless about truth, and do not reverence it as we should.

Now, in the light of what Scripture tells us of the sinfulness and punishment of lying, we are but fulfilling a Christian duty when we strive to be accurate in our conversation, and to aim above all things else at truthfulness. Look how a lawyer or a scientific man will train himself to accurate habits of thought and speech, so as to find out facts, and deal with them alone. We need, looking to God for His help, to train ourselves in very much the same way to repeat accurately what we hear, and describe accurately what we see. It is from this unintentional untruthfulness, caused by inaccuracy, that so many misunderstandings, so many quarrels, so many evil rumours, so many scandals arise.

The great thing in this Christian warfare against lying is to resist the beginnings of the sin. If you give yourself the habit of practising deceit in small things, you will soon find yourself practising it also in matters of importance. And the habit of lying, once it attaches itself to a man, like the drink habit, seldom leaves him. It is not hard to see why. One lie always requires another to cover it; and so we go on from lie to lie, until at last it actually comes to this, that we cannot speak the truth, even if we wish to do so. I have known instances in my own experience of men who, I believe, would really have felt awkward and unhappy in telling the truth. For them the bitter had become sweet, the evil good. And yet we ought to know, if we have eyes to see and intellects to think, that lying has no promise of good things in this present life. For the liar, like the murderer, is generally found out. "Lying," it has been said, "is like borrowing of the money-lender; for the credit which we get by it we have always to pay heavily for, and at last we find that the interest by far exceeds the principal, and we get so irretrievably involved that we never fully recover."
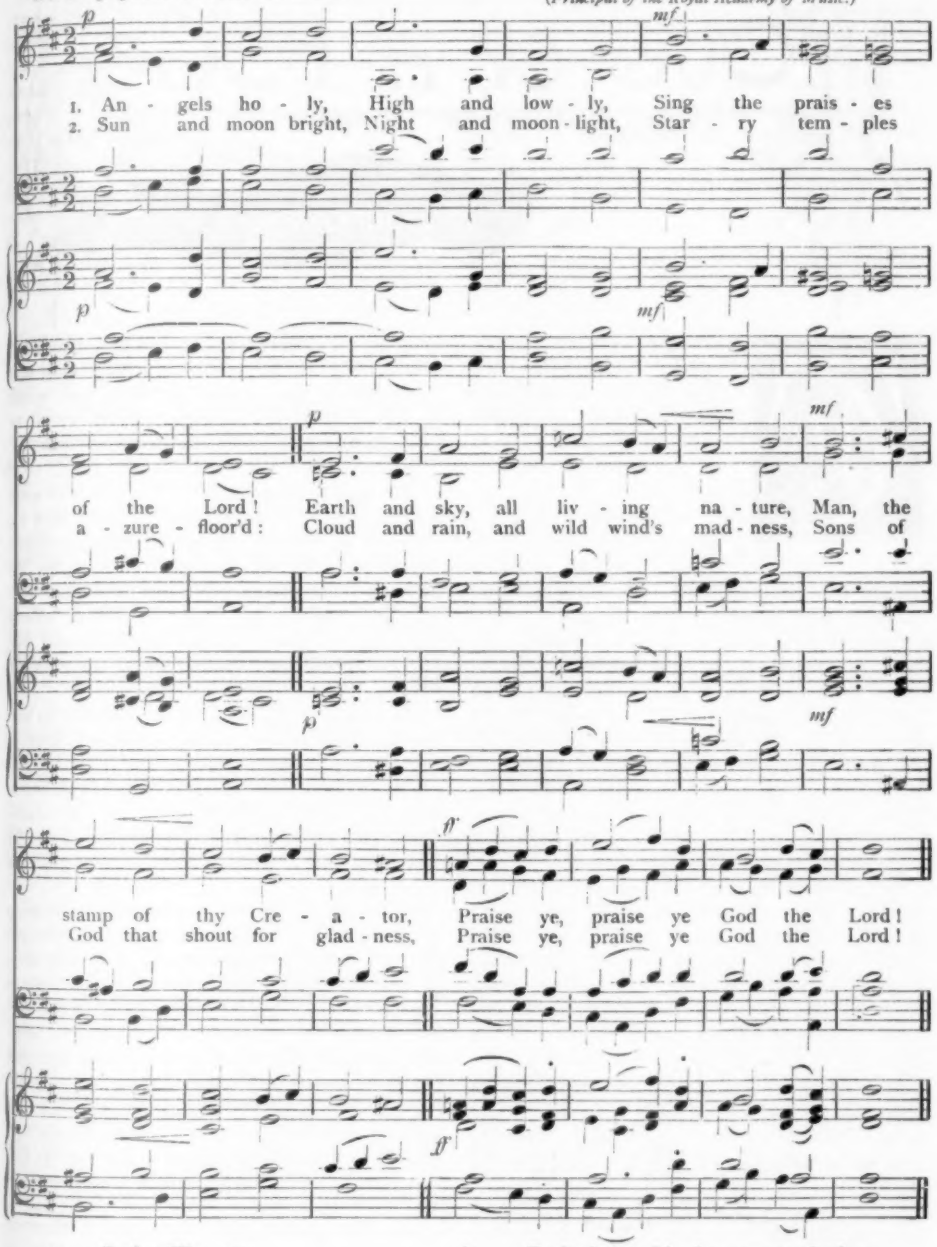
To the Christians at Ephesus St. Paul gives a pregnant reason why, putting away falsehood in every form, they should speak truth each one with his neighbour. It is because "they were members one of another." Have you ever thought of your duty to society in this matter of speaking the truth? How long would society keep together if everyone practised falsehood? If the truth-telling portion of society were withdrawn from it, in what evil case would it be! Truthfulness, transparent honesty in what we say and do, is the salt of our political, our social, our religious life. Little as we sometimes esteem it when compared with other things, we cannot do without it. In the political life of our own country there is too little of this savour of truthfulness. Politicians speak; but they do not always say what they mean. There is a reservation in their utterances as unwholesome as it is dangerous. And it is this want of candour—bred, I believe, largely by the system of casuistry which prevails in the Roman Church—which has made Ireland less happy and less prosperous than any other part of the British Empire.

But in a higher sense than this St. Paul teaches us to put away lying—because we are members one of another. The Church of Christ is the grandest of all societies. And the members of the Church are bound to the Head of the Church, and in Him to each other in a way unknown to any other society. Alas! that in our practical everyday life we do not realise this fact as we should. The world's attitude towards religion nowadays is too smooth and easy-going to enable us to realise our membership in the one body of Christ as we should. It takes a touch of persecution to do that. Difficulties and dangers shared in common bind men together as nothing else can. And it is when we cling to each other in love and mutual dependence that we feel how base, how treacherous, how ruinous a thing it is to be untrue to each other. If falsehood tends to break up human society, it must also tend to break up the body of Christ. To be a liar and to be a member of Christ—the two things are really quite incompatible. Because Christ loved us, because He has redeemed us, because He has bound us in one great body as members of Himself, we try to be true and loyal to each other, and to put away that sin of lying as an offence against Him Who loved us, as a grievous wrong done to the family of which He is the Head. Recognise yourselves, and teach others to recognise, the grandeur and beauty of truth. Recognise that to be truthful is to be like Christ. He did not only speak truth, He was Truth. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." There is an elasticity in the step; there is an openness in the look; there is a bravery in the heart of a truthful man which the liar and the hypocrite can never have. "Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another."

Angels Holy.

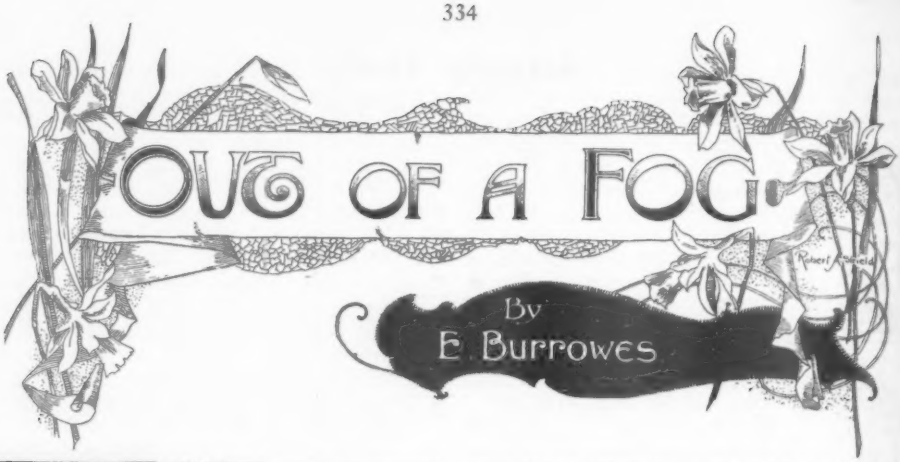
Words by JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Music by SIR A. C. MACKENZIE, Mus.D., LL.D.
(Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.)



3. Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!

Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!



THE HOUSES were all exactly alike: built after one monotonous pattern, with bow windows on either side of a porch, bow windows again on the next storey, and conventionally twisted chimney-stacks, they belonged to that order of dwelling known as "superior villa residences standing in their own grounds, with extensive views of surrounding country." The grounds, indeed, consisted of a few square yards of sooty grass and bare flower-beds, in which cats scratched and nothing but weeds would grow; while the extensive view resolved itself into an expanse—extensive, certainly—of brick-fields, with grimy hedgerows and fields beyond, and—far, far away—a suspicion of real unadulterated country, in the shape of a belt of trees climbing a slight eminence.

Scrope stuck his head out of the cab which was crawling along the ill-lighted road, and peered at each house anxiously: a thick fog of the order called "pea-soup" made any clear scrutiny a difficult matter. Its pungent smell filled his nostrils and made his eyes water, and when at length the cab halted before a feebly gleaming light, and the man declared he had now reached his destination, he alighted with relief and rang a peal at the bell, in eager haste to get inside the house, two of whose windows sent forth cheery lights into the foggy outside world.

After a long waiting, during which he stamped his feet to induce a little circulation, and the cabby groaned audibly under the weight of a portmanteau and bag, the door was flung open by an elderly servant, and he was ushered into a lamp-lit hall, with the information that the mistress was expecting him, and would be down in a few minutes, if he would be kind enough to go into the drawing-room.

Scrope obediently went into the fire-lit room to the right, saw with relief the pleasant scene within those four walls, as contrasted with the outward dreariness, heard his baggage being deposited with several objurgations on the part of the cabman, who was answered with amazing fluency by the respectable elderly servant, and then fell to looking round him as he waited for the coming of his cousin's wife.

The room was charming as revealed to him by the light of the dancing flames: they lit on faintly tinted pink walls, a few good prints and etchings in dark frames, plenty of flowers — faded and drooping, to be sure— and a pile of books and needlework on a table near the fire. Scrope looked at this last approvingly.

"Good old Tom!" he muttered. "Married a very model of domesticity and all the virtues. If she's only half good enough for him, she'll do. I wonder." His wandering eyes fell on the picture of a girl standing on an easel near the piano. It arrested his attention in some strange manner; whether it was the fact that the light from the fire danced over that laughing face, making it stir into life under its elfin touch, or what it was, he could not say, but those hazel eyes looked mockingly at him out of the canvas, and he took a step towards it. The woman was lovely, the perfection of daintiness and charm.

He drew back as he heard quick steps outside and a voice speaking in low tones; then

the door opened, and a girl came in from the outer gloom of the hall.

She started back with a sharp cry, whether of surprise or anger he could not say. The next moment a flood of light poured upon him from the electric globes overhead, and he found himself face to face with the original of the picture on the easel—a beautiful and apparently angry woman.

"I must ask your pardon for leaving you in the dark," she said icily, "but you have arrived rather earlier than we had expected. You can sit down."

Her glance, full of scorn, travelled from the top of his fair head to the tips of his immaculate boots. As he obeyed her command, rather than request, a great wonder filled him: that *this* could be Tom's wife—good-natured, jolly Tom Freville!

"Er—thanks!" he said meekly, and thereupon a silence fell between them, as they eyed each other unwinkingly. Of all the extraordinary receptions——!

"I suppose you are not too proud to eat supper?" demanded his hostess, with some asperity, "for we don't dine late here. Of course, if you wish——"

"I am content with bread and cheese," averred Scrope, with haste and a certain amount of truth, seeing that he was particular as to the kind of cheese he ate as a rule; "but pray don't let me put you out in any way. Had I known it was inconvenient to you to take me in, I would have——"

"There is no question of convenience surely," she retorted. "You said you would come, and there was nothing for it but to let you do so. Beggars can't be choosers, as of course you know only too well."

The situation was becoming more strained every moment: Scrope pulled at his moustache in perplexity. He *had* offered himself to Tom as a visitor, to be sure; but had he known of this reception awaiting him at the hands of Tom's newly married wife, wild horses would not have dragged him to the door. The mere idea of dear old Tom being in the hands of such a little virago, of his having given up his beloved late dinner for a supper of, presumably, bread and cheese, was too funny, and he laughed suddenly and involuntarily.

His beautiful *vis-à-vis*, who was evidently determined not to let him out of her sight, sprang from her chair.

"How dare you laugh?" she said hotly. "First of all you insult us by coming here at all; then you—you laugh! If only Tom were here, instead of being, as he is, miles away——"

"But—but I certainly understood he was here," said the bewildered Scrope. "I wired him only to-day at his office. I certainly owe you an apology, Mrs. Freville, for intruding on you during Tom's absence, but——"

"I don't understand you. Is there some mistake somewhere? I am not Mrs. Freville. Tom left England a week ago. Oh! surely *you*, of all people in the world, know that? Why, it was you who advised it! It was you who——"

She pulled a handkerchief from her pocket and turned away from him, but he followed her across the room.

"Tell me," he urged gently, "for there must be some mistake: if you are not Mrs. Freville, my cousin Tom Freville's wife, who are you? And where am I?"

"I am Margaret Morse, and you are at No. 10, Mount Road."

Scrope stared at her in amazement; he discovered signs of tears in her beautiful eyes. She was the most fascinating and lovely creature in the world. But Tom——

"Tom is *away?*" he asked, in sheer astonishment.

"Of course he is. Would *you* be here if he were not?"

"Mount Road! I ought to be at No. 10, *Morton Road!*" cried Scrope; and then, as bewilderment chased both tears and smiles from her face, Margaret Morse stared at him with parted lips.

"Then you are *not*—Robert Broad?" she breathed rather than spoke. "You are not the—the man in possession?"

"I am Gilbert Scrope," he said simply, and he thought the girl murmured 'Thank God!' under her breath. "I don't know what to say to exculpate myself," he said, remorsefully, "but I can only think that owing to the fog I—I came to the wrong house. Can you tell me where No. 10, Morton Road is? I am on my way to stay with my cousin Tom Freville and his wife: that alone can be my excuse for my unpardonable conduct. You see, I do not yet know my new cousin Mrs. Freville, and I naturally thought you were she. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course; it was a natural enough mistake," she said quietly. "And I can tell you where Morton Road is: just round the corner. That, too, has something to do with the mistake. We were also expecting a visitor, and

the whole thing was, of course, caused by the fog. I am sorry you should have suffered for your mistake."

There was not a glimmer of a smile in her face as she spoke. She seemed to be listening for some distant sound: it came a second later, and before Scrope could answer her the door opened and an old man came into the brilliantly lighted room. He walked with the aid of a stick, and had the attentive bearing of one who is blind. At once the girl's face changed; it softened with intense affection, and with a glance at Scrope she met the old man and led him to a chair near the fire.

"It is a mistake, father," she said. "This is not Mr. Broad; it is a gentleman whom I unfortunately mistook for him, and who came by mistake to this house in the fog. Perhaps, father, Mr. Broad is not coming after all."

"Pray Heaven, child, he is not!" said the old man feebly, and at a sign from the girl Scrope left the room silently. She followed him a moment later into the hall, where his baggage was still standing.

"I will see that your things are sent to you without fail," she said. "I owe you an apology, Mr. Scrope; I ought to have seen at once that you could not possibly be the—the unwelcome visitor we are expecting to-night."

"Nay, you must forgive me," he said, with his pleasant smile, "so we should cry quits. Or let us blame the fog for it all."

She smiled, and they looked out into the chill, foggy darkness. Before he stepped into it and received her instructions as to the way to his destination, she gave him her hand. Her eyes shone like stars on a stormy night, and he was suddenly seized with a mad desire to know who and what the unwelcome visitor was to her. But he was forced to say good-night a moment later, as the voice of the old man was heard calling her.

As he turned out into the dimly lighted road a man stumbled up against him. They looked at each other with a muttered mutual apology. Scrope caught sight of a coarse red face, with watery blue eyes and a cruel under jaw; then the man hurried on his way, and turned in at the gate of No. 10, Mount Road.

Was it possible that *he* was that unwelcome expected guest?

Scrope plunged down the road through fog and mire, and saw only the face of the most beautiful woman in the world before him. Yet he did not know if she were maid, wife, or widow.

* * * * * *

"Better late than never, old chap! We had quite given you up, hadn't we, Ella? Come in, my dear Gilbert—Ella, you need not be formally introduced, for you're cousins by marriage, eh? And there's a fine bit of mistletoe over her head, Gilbert, my boy!"

Tom Freville broke into a jolly laugh, and Scrope took the hint and kissed the pink cheek of his new cousin, young Mrs. Freville. She was a pretty, dark-eyed, kittenish young person; involuntarily his thoughts fled back to that other wonderful face.

"But where is your luggage, Gilbert?" said Mrs. Freville, in her most matronly manner.

Scrope started; his face broke into a smile, and then the story came out. The Frevilles listened with undisguised interest and amusement, and Tom slapped his leg with vigour when it was finished.

"Goodness!" he said. "Ella, that must be the beautiful unknown who has puzzled us so much. They are newcomers," he continued, turning to Scrope, "and we have seen the lady you speak of several times, but no one else. There is some mystery about them, I believe. Didn't we hear some queer story of a wild brother, or something of the sort, Ella? Anyway, no one knows much about the inhabitants of No. 10, Mount Road, except you, Gilbert. Well, adventures are to the adventurous, you know. The fog is thick to-night and no mistake. Care for a smoke, old chap, before you survey your quarters? You're our first guest, isn't he, Ella? So there have been tremendous preparations for your comfort. Oh! I've seen what's been going on."

He ushered Scrope out of the pretty drawing-room towards his own special den, and avoided the cushion aimed dexterously at his head by Mrs. Freville, with a laugh.

It was January, and frost, which had bound the earth in an iron grip, followed by thick, impenetrable fog, stopped all idea of hunting, for which amusement Scrope had come down to spend a few days with his cousin. Three days later, however, the weather changed: a rapid thaw changed the spirit of the world entirely, soft rain did wonders, and on the fifth day Scrope and Tom Freville jogged out to the meet together with some twenty other persons from the surrounding neighbourhood. Whether he expected or hoped to see the beautiful Margaret Morse among the number, Scrope

hardly knew, but he recognised in an instant the coarse, red-faced man who had stumbled against him on that foggy night, and who had gone into No. 10, Mount Road. He was mounted on a fine grey, and rode with some knowledge over the country, which was pretty

was this unwelcome visitor to her? For he had no doubt whatever that this was the very man—Robert Broad—whose name had been pronounced by those beautiful lips with such terror and loathing.

An impulse for which he could not account



"She met the old man and led him to a chair near the fire."

stiff, later in the day. Somehow Scrope found himself beside him more than once, and he asked the Master who he was.

"Some wealthy chap who has bought a hunting-box near here," was the answer. "His name is Broad: he's a keen sportsman, and keeps a fine stable; that's all I know about him. Looks a rough diamond, eh?"

Scrope nodded. He thought of the face of the woman when it was raised to his with a look of horror on it only five days ago, and again the thought flashed upon him, What made him accept with eagerness the Frevilles' cordial invitation to prolong his visit, and it was on Sunday, in the little village church, that he saw again the beautiful haunting face of Margaret Morse. She was sitting alone in a corner; her black hat cast such a shadow over her face that he could scarcely see her, but he knew it must be she. Once during the service he caught the look of horror she cast at a distant pew, occupied by Robert Broad, and before the sermon she slipped out. A few minutes later he understood the reason, for

from the pulpit the vicar read out the banns of marriage between "Robert Broad, widower, of this parish, and Margaret Morse, spinster, also of this parish, for the first time of asking."

"So the beautiful unknown is going to be married to that rich brute Broad!" said Tom Freville, with a shrug of his handsome shoulders, as they walked home from church. "I call it sacrilege—Beauty and the Beast, eh?"

Scrope nodded. It had struck him in exactly the same light. He was convinced that Broad had some powerful hold over the girl; else why her look and words pregnant with terror and loathing on that foggy night? Why—— Such questionings drove sleep from his pillow, and when towards morning he dozed, his dreams were haunted by Margaret Morse.

* * * * * *

"I don't believe it!" said Tom Freville.

"My dear, it's a fact. Only last night the Boulays' house was broken into; two thousand pounds' worth of jewellery was carried off, and no one has an idea how the thief came or went. You know this is not the first burglary of note, either; why, there have been at least four in the neighbourhood during as many months. I'm beginning to fear for all my pretty wedding presents, I assure you, Gilbert."

"What is the matter?" said Scrope lazily, looking up from his letters. "Are you two young people talking of burglars?"

"Yes; there's a very clever gentleman of the profession about evidently," said Freville cheerfully. "Don't worry your little head, Ella; such an artist in his trade only comes where he knows the swag—to use the proper term, my love—is worth the risk of taking. They want diamonds and plenty of 'em. Thank goodness we don't run to more than one or two of those precious things in this establishment. One of the advantages of being poor but honest, my dear Ella, is that no one tries to relieve you by force of either of those estimable possessions."

"Tom, you're a philosopher," laughed Scrope. "There's collusion with the servants in nearly every case I ever came across; probably it's an important factor in your burglaries about here."

"Daresay. Wish I could catch the man, that's all. A lark if he were to try his little game on at the Court to-morrow night, Ella? There must be a valuable harvest in her ladyship's dressing-cases and jewel-bags, if only Mr. Burglar knew it. You're coming with us there, Gilbert?"

"Thanks very much; I should like to. It's a concert. Oh, good!"

Ten days had passed since Scrope's arrival, and for no ostensible reason—since a frost had again made hunting out of the question—he still lingered on with the Frevilles. He had seen the mysterious Miss Morse on several occasions, but only in the distance; once, indeed, he had met her in the village street; she had recognised him, and bowed distantly, and then passed from his sight. But the mere fact of her recognition determined him to stay yet a little longer. He longed to elucidate the mystery of her connection with Broad, her reasons for marrying such a brute; then he apostrophised himself as an ass for his trouble. After all, what possible business was it of his?

Yet when that very afternoon, walking across the churchyard, through which lay a short cut to one of the prettiest walks in the neighbourhood, he found it was his business. Ahead of him he saw her walking slowly with down-bent head, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, he hastened on and overtook her. She turned swiftly at the sound of his footsteps, and a look of terror which had flown into her eyes faded as she saw him.

"Oh, *you!*" she said, with relief. "I thought it was——"

"Another unwelcome visitor?" he asked lightly. "I seem fated to frighten you, Miss Morse. But, believe me, I would not do so willingly."

"No; I don't think you would," she said, looking at him consideringly. "I should never be afraid of you."

"Yet you were——" he reminded her.

"No, not afraid," she said quickly; "only startled; but I had some cause for that."

"It was my fault," he said, with ready contrition. "I have never ceased to blame myself. But since our acquaintance was formed in so strange a way, may I not congratulate you on your approaching—marriage?"

She turned and looked at him steadily, a world of trouble in her deep dark eyes.

"You are very kind," she said, "but it is not a matter of congratulation—rather of necessity."

"I have met Mr. Broad in the hunting field," he said, and was afraid to say more.

She left him with abruptness at the corner of the road, and that was all that passed between them. He watched her out of sight and continued his walk, more puzzled than ever over the matrimonial arrangements of his oddly made acquaintance.

The fog which hung round the country with such persistence descended again like a thick curtain when the Frevilles and Scrope were on their way to the concert at the Court, a country house some four miles distant.

"Fine night for burglars," said Tom Freville jovially, as they drew slowly up a steep avenue, and so to the door of the long, low mansion, from which twinkled a hundred yellow lights, shining like diamond pin-pricks through the fog. From the distance came the strains of a violin solo, and the air inside the beautiful old house was sweet with the perfume of many flowers.

Scrope stood and watched the pretty sight for a while; he was not averse to introductions, and his hostess introduced him to several pretty girls, with whom he sat and talked during intervals in the music. It was near upon midnight that he afterwards looked out into the night from a side door leading from the conservatory into the garden. The fog had nearly cleared, a pale moon shone coldly out of the dark sky, one or two stars twinkled in her wake, and everything outside was very cold and still. Lighting a cigarette, Scrope stepped out on to a gravelled terrace which ran the whole length of the house. No one was about, he had the place to himself, and he was free to smoke and meditate there for a few minutes No one would miss him. As he sauntered up and down his thoughts lingered—as they had a queer trick of doing of late—round Margaret Morse and her future. That the marriage was uncongenial to her he knew from her looks and words; that there must be some overwhelming power at work he as surely knew. He had heard Broad's name mentioned only that night by his host; he had heard him say that Broad had gone away to town on business presumably connected with his approaching marriage, otherwise he would have been present at the concert. No one apparently knew anything about Miss Morse and her blind father, except that they had recently come to the village, and that the house in which they lived belonged to Broad. That opened up another train of thought, and he had allowed his cigarette to go out unheeded, when a sound above his head startled him. He looked up. Above him ran a row of windows of bedrooms, all looking out on the terrace; he was standing in the shadow, and from thence he saw distinctly against a faint light in one of the rooms the figure of a man climbing out and making ready to descend to the very place in which he was standing. He had unconsciously made his way round the house to a comparatively quiet part at a distance from the concert-room and drawing-rooms. That the man overhead was a thief was evident, and immediately it flashed upon him—the burglaries of which Tom had spoken! It was well known that the hostess at the Court had diamonds of great value. He stood motionless, watching the descending figure and rapidly making his plan of action.

He was young and athletic, a match for most men, be they burglars or not. He eyed with caution the bulk of the descending figure, then the next moment he had closed with him as his feet touched the ground.

The man uttered a sharp exclamation of rage and surprise, something hard fell from his hands to the ground; by its jingle Scrope guessed it to be the jewels which the man had stolen. They fought silently and savagely; but though the thief was big and burly, yet the science which Scrope had at his fingers' ends stood him in good stead; he had not been a first-class athlete at the 'Varsity for nothing. Slowly but surely the man in his grasp knew he was mastered; his struggles became feebler, and then Scrope shouted for help. Five minutes later two men came running to his assistance; the host followed, and the man, hopelessly beaten, was taken into safe custody, together with the jewels he had so nearly made off with. Reluctantly he turned his lowering face to the light which streamed out from the side door to which they took him, and Scrope, with one glance at that red, coarse face, that cruel criminal jaw, fell back a pace. His host followed him.

"Good gracious, *Broad!*" broke from both.

* * * * * *

So the celebrated burglar, the terror of the neighbourhood, was caught at last in the person of Robert Broad, *alias* half a dozen other names—one of the cleverest scoundrels of his day. Scrope, looking back, traced the whole amazing story to that little adventure of his, when out of the fog he went into the wrong house and saw—Margaret Morse. Had he not done so, he would only have remained for the inside of a week in the place instead of a fortnight; he would never have noticed the red-faced brute in the hunting field; never have gone to the Court; never have been the means of catching the burglar. So do great matters hang upon a very small incident!

Of course, the story of the burglar travelled like wildfire through the country; little else was talked of by field or fireside. Scrope wondered what was happening at No. 10, Mount Road; but though he longed to see Margaret Morse, he would not intrude upon her, and left the village, surrounded with a sort of halo of heroism, having instructed the Frevilles to keep him posted in any news concerning the burglarious Broad's history or—the occupants of No. 10, Mount Road. Ella, with a gleam of understanding and sympathy in her pretty eyes, promised to write without fail if there was anything to report, which there was a few days later, for a bulky letter reached Scrope at breakfast time when he was seated at his lonely meal in his chambers. He opened it with a smile, and read the closely written sheets, from which the following extracts may be made:—

"It is a regular romance in real life, my dear Gilbert, and I have met your beautiful Miss Morse: she is *charming*. But, poor thing, how she has suffered! I heard the whole story—though not from her, but this is quite, *quite* true; perhaps some day you will be able to hear it again—from her lips! The brother, whose name is Tom, got somehow mixed up with this scoundrel Broad in a club. There was card-playing and the usual sort of thing; and then there was a question of a diamond ring at a dinner. It was missing, and suspicion—I don't know why—fell on young Morse. This scoundrel Broad, who had himself stolen the jewel, professed to believe the boy guilty; told him there was only one thing to be done, and that was to clear out of the country; gave him the money to go to America, and then began an elaborate system of blackmail on the unhappy sister, whom he had once seen, and whom he—in his own way—loved desperately. He told her that he would and could bring her brother to justice; that the disgrace would inevitably kill her father, who, as you know, is old and blind; but that nothing would be said or done if she would consent to come down here to a house he would buy, settle her father in there, and become his wife. Driven to it for the sake of those dear to her, she consented; and you know the rest. She had not an idea of the real character of the man, but hated and distrusted him from the first. Of course, his ill-gotten wealth came from his robberies. He appears to have been one of the cleverest criminals of the day, for no one suspected that the man who hunted and raced and kept open house was nothing more than a burglar! When are you coming down here again? I hear the wretch is to get fifteen years; no more than he deserves. I think you will find Miss Morse still here. What it must be to her to feel she is *free!* The brother has been telegraphed for, I believe."



"The celebrated burglar was caught at last."—*p.* 339.

The letter dropped from Scrope's fingers. She was free—free. Yes; he would go to her, and tell her that out of that fog he had found the greatest thing in the world.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A NORTHERN WORKER.

FEW men are more widely known, and none more deservedly respected in the ranks of the Church of England Temperance Society, than is Mr. John James Cockshott, J.P., of Liverpool and Southport. He was born at Preston, and when



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MR. JOHN JAMES COCKSHOTT, J.P.

a youth at Kirkham he became a member of the local Temperance society. Mr. Cockshott was the first honorary secretary at Preston of the local branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, and is now a leading member of the Liverpool diocesan branch of the Society. He is a member of the Council of the parent Society in London, and for thirty years or more has been prominently identified with the legislative aspects of the Temperance question. As a solicitor of very large practice, and a magistrate of long standing, his wide experience has been of special service in shaping the legislative policy of Church Temperance workers. Keenly alert to the trend of public opinion, and thoroughly in touch with all sections of Temperance workers, Mr. Cockshott has upon many occasions been able to guide the policy of reformers with rare wisdom and sagacity. He is a cultured and able speaker, apt in debate, and persuasive in appeal, so that his services on the platform are in constant request. Like most Temperance folk, Mr. Cockshott takes a keen and practical interest in religious and philanthropic work generally, and has been long associated with the public life of Lancashire.

THE BLACKBOARD IN THE BAND OF HOPE.

Mr. W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, is an enthusiastic advocate of the improvement of the methods of carrying on Band of Hope work. He rightly holds that in the teaching of the young, "eye-gate" as well as "ear-gate" may well be employed. To this end he urges the constant use of the blackboard in Band of Hope meetings. By the aid of a piece of chalk one may gain the attention of a roomful of little people, by building up a diagram or an acrostic address on the blackboard. Take a castle, for example, and show how its foundations must be well and truly laid if it has to stand four-square to all the winds that blow. Or sketch a beehive and illustrate your teaching by the wonderful example of the busy bee. Speakers may make a mental note of these hints, although probably many of them will be appalled by Mr. Edwards' emphatic instruction that no Band of Hope address, with or without the blackboard illustrations, should occupy more than ten minutes at the outside!



(Photo: Hault and Fox, Piccadilly, W.)

MR. L. ST. LEMAN-GIBBARD, M.A., J.P.

LICENSING ADMINISTRATION.

This important matter is likely to come in for a considerable share of public attention between now and the next General Election.

Mr. L. Stileman-Gibbard, M.A., J.P., of Sharnbrook, Bedfordshire, has made a special study of the matter. The Church of England Temperance Society has published, in a penny pamphlet, "Licensing Administration: Its Possibilities and Difficulties," which is the development of a speech delivered at Hereford, when the late Archbishop Temple, who was in the chair, promptly said, "I should like to have that speech printed on behalf of the Society and circulated all over England." The Archbishop was a man who never condescended to say merely pleasant or complimentary things about speakers or speeches. He detested "votes of thanks," so that his emphatic praise of Mr. Stileman-Gibbard's effort meant very much. Those, then, who want to know what a magistrate has to say about licensing administration will do well to get this pamphlet. Its author has for many years been a believer in the power of the Press. He has not only written many telling pamphlets himself, but has been a very liberal dispenser of the writings of others, and has done much to support Mr. John Abbey in his zealous crusade against drink in the hay and harvest fields. Mr. Stileman-Gibbard has taken an active part in all phases of Temperance work in his county, and is one of those true and sterling friends of the cause whose active co-operation and sympathy can always be relied upon. He is a powerful and convincing speaker—clear, logical and incisive—and has an all-round knowledge of the Temperance question which makes his help in any public conference of special value.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Why is it that in so many Temperance meetings no reference whatever is made to the signing of the pledge? Speakers seem to be very chary of mentioning the subject, and, more remarkable still, no provision is made in many meetings for the signing of the pledge. In the early days of the movement the pledge was always to the fore. An invariable "tag" to the newspaper report of any Temperance meeting was, "So many persons signed the pledge." It is high time to return to first principles. Will the secretaries of the great national organisations, in making arrangements for their next annual meetings, see that at least one speaker is especially charged with the duty of inviting men and women to sign the pledge? Will they also arrange for pledge books and pledge cards to be in readiness? We are satisfied that an effort in this direction would give real satisfaction to subscribers, and no doubt result in a substantial addition to our ranks.

"BILL-STICKERS."

If this should meet the eye of some well-to-do abstainer who wants to give a real help to the Temperance propaganda, may we suggest the practical utilisation of the hoardings of our large towns? Anyone with half an eye can see how the caterers for the amusements of the people, to say nothing of the enterprising traders, call in the aid of the pictorial poster. If some striking design were specially made for Temperance purposes, with sufficient space left to print in some stirring sentence from a prominent statesman or other public personage, thousands of people who are not at present reached by ordinary Temperance meetings might be brought into touch with our work.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

The Young Abstainers' Union has recently met with considerable success in getting an entrance for their speakers in middle-class and upper-class schools. The importance of such an effort cannot be over-estimated. The young people found in these establishments have been too often left out in the cold, partly from the difficulty of securing the help of the heads of the establishments, and, more often than not, from the paucity of speakers with the necessary equipment for this delicate work. Now that a beginning has been made, we trust the Y.A.U. will keep the movement going until it is placed on a thoroughly organised basis.

OUR SENIOR MEMBERS.

In conferences of Band of Hope workers one venerable topic is constantly cropping up—"How Best to Retain our Senior Members." There is one way, at least, in which some of them may be retained—that is, by getting them to recite or to sing, either in the Band of Hope meetings, or in the meetings of the adult societies. A good, stirring Temperance recitation may make amends for a dull, indifferently prepared, and badly delivered Temperance speech. Most audiences will welcome a good reciter or a good singer as a relief from the dreary drip of oratory, and, always provided that the recitation or song is of a Temperance character, a change of this nature will be decidedly helpful.

THE PRINCESS AND THE RAINBOW.

A Story for Children by Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.



"I AM tired," wailed Chryssa, "and I don't want to play any more. Why can't someone play for me?"

The two maids of honour exchanged glances of dismay, for the Princess Chryssa had been hard to amuse all day, and they were at their wits' end now to avert the forbidden catastrophe—the Princess's tears.

"She must not fret herself," the Court physician had said. "She is very delicate, and she does not eat enough to make her strong."

"But we cannot persuade her to eat," the King told him. "She says she is tired of nice things, and wants to have the same food as the gardener's children. Then when it is brought to her she cannot eat that either, for she has not the children's appetite, and so she cries and will take nothing."

"You must make her laugh," the physician said. "Get her to romp and play like other children; make her forget she is a princess and be just a happy little girl. Don't give her everything before she wants it; let her want it first. Children like surprises, treats, presents, holidays, games with other children, fun and frolic. They don't want Court ceremonies and cream all day long."

"The Princess has had no lessons for weeks now," said the King in a downcast way; "she cried over them so much, and said they made her head ache."

"Then, of course, she cannot have a holiday," said the physician, beginning to smile; "and if she possesses everything in the world she wants we must strike presents and treats and surprises off the list. I am afraid your little daughter has a dull life of it, your Majesty."

The physician had hit the mark. Chryssa was dull. So all the colour had faded from her cheeks, and even her hair—the pretty golden curls that matched her name of Chrysocoma—had lost its lustre and looked as if the sunshine itself could not make it bright.

"Shall I fetch my cousin Laline?" asked the page, for he sympathised with the Princess. It was poor work being a girl at all, he thought, and to be a princess as well, and have no one to fight or to play truant with was to live a joyless life in his eyes. "Laline can play for other children," he said sagely. "I have seen her do it for my little crippled sister."

"I don't want Laline," said Chryssa wearily, her lips quivering.

"Very well," said the maids of honour soothingly, with a vexed glance at Bertrand the page; "she shall not come."

"She has a magic pipe," said Bertrand musingly, "and tells you wonderful stories about the bubbles she blows from it. There was one about a dragon—but I have forgotten it now. It made me laugh at the time."

The lady-in-waiting shook her finger at him for his want of tact in telling the Princess what she did not care to hear; but Chryssa lifted her listless head, and said, "Where did she get the pipe?"

"She found it in a wood," said Bertrand. "We told her someone must have dropped it there; it is just a white clay pipe. But Laline says a fairy put it there for her to find, and that no other pipe can make bubbles like hers."

"I want to see it," said Chryssa imperiously; "bring it here."

"I'll go and ask Laline," he answered, and ran away.

The maids of honour offered no objection. It might keep the Princess from crying until bedtime.

Presently Bertrand came back.

"She is learning her lessons," he said, "and she keeps the pipe in a secret hiding-place that no one must know. Will to-morrow do? It is a half-holiday."

"No, no!" cried the Princess. "I cannot wait till to-morrow. She must take a holiday to-night."

But Laline's German governess said she would give no holidays except at the King's own command, and the King was holding a council, and could not be disturbed.

Bertrand flew backwards and forwards with messages, and the Princess got angrier and

angrier, and tears were on the verge of falling when Laline saved the situation.

"She has given up her half-holiday to-morrow," said Bertrand, "and so Fraulein has let her off to-night; and she is coming now."

Two minutes after, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed Laline ran breathless into the Princess's presence.

"If you will come with me," she whispered to the Princess—fancy whispering to a princess! No one had ever ventured to do it before, and it tickled Chryssa's ear and made her burst out laughing—"I'll show you the secret hiding-place; and then there will be three people who know it: you and I and the squirrel with the white tuft to his tail."

"Why has he got a white tuft?" whispered back the Princess.

"Because his tail was caught in a trap once," confided Laline, "and the tip wouldn't come brown again. I let him out of it, so he knows me; and he wouldn't break the pipe for all the world. He takes care of it for me. Come along; it's only across the park there, and into the plantation a little way."

And without their hats, or gloves, or even outdoor shoes, the two children raced out of the room, down the stairs, through the great conservatory, and on to the terrace, deaf to the remonstrances of the Court ladies, who sent Bertrand galloping after them, and made as much haste as they could themselves to follow.

"Go back!" said Chryssa. "We won't have you. It's our secret, Laline's and mine."

"But, Madam," said the page, "the King's orders are——"

Chryssa stamped her foot

"I don't care," she said. "You shan't come!"

Laline interposed.

"Never mind Bertrand," she said. "He can shut his eyes, and he won't tell anything when he promises 'honour.'"

Then they ran on to the pine tree with the withered branch, and there in the hollow of a dead twig was the little white pipe.

"Now we'll go back and blow bubbles," said Laline, all flushed with jumping (for the branch was high above their heads, and had to be caught in mid-air and held down). "You shall blow sometimes."

"Let me carry it," coaxed the Princess, for a glimmer seemed to have come to her that in Laline's play-world royalties did not count, and you had to be fair, whoever you were.

"You must not break it, then," said Laline, graciously handing over the treasure,



"'I'll show you the secret hiding-place.'"

" because the fairies wouldn't give me another, perhaps."

Chryssa understood the importance of this special pipe, which even the King could not buy, and let Laline hold one of her hands in case of accidents ; for Laline was bigger and more sure-footed.

And when bedtime came no one dared to suggest bed, for the Princess was interested at last.

" Oh, how lovely ! " she exclaimed, clapping her hands when a great beautiful bubble balanced itself on the bowl's edge, and after a gentle shake from Laline sailed upwards into the air.

It was like the opals in Chryssa's necklace, only bigger and clearer, and it had red and green and purple gleams in it.

" It is a rainbow car," said Laline confidentially, " and it is full of fairies. They are all going back to Rainbow Land after their day's work. Shall we ask them to take us, Chryssa ? "

" Yes ; tell them they must."

" They say they cannot, unless we bring someone who is sick or sorry," said Laline, after a pause. " The Rainbow Queen would wonder why two happy little girls should want to come away from their own homes. Shall I fetch my little cousin, Chryssa ? She walks on crutches, you know, and she is often in pain."

" Yes, yes ! " said Chryssa eagerly ; " let us take her."

For she wanted so much to go to Rainbow Land that she quite forgot the sight of Bertrand's little crippled sister had made her cry once, and she had not been allowed to see her again.

Five minutes later they were in the car and sailing up above the hills, above the clouds and into the blue of the sky.

It was such a glorious blue, just like sapphires, and the fairy next to Chryssa said : " Isn't it pretty ? I helped to paint it, and I gained the prize for my bit. I had to practise for a long time on flowers before I was given a corner of sky. I had done a border of lobelias for the King's garden. It was a great honour."

" Why ? " asked Laline. " Do kings have to have prettier flowers than anyone else ? "

" Oh, no," said the blue fairy, laughing ; " that would be waste. We do the best ones for the country folk in the fields, or the cottagers' gardens. But this King has lost his wife, and misses her very much ; and lobelias were her favourite flower. He keeps her garden just as it was when she walked in it. So we take trouble with the flowers."

" I have been working all day at some pansies," said another fairy, dressed in brown velvet ; " I and Cowslip there. I couldn't finish them off without her ; they had to have yellow centres."

" They were for the Princess's own little bed of flowers," added Cowslip ; " but she took no notice of them when she passed by."

" Has the King any little children ? " asked Laline.

" Only one," the blue fairy answered ; " a little girl, who used to be like a flower, all pink and white and blue and gold. But she is discontented, they say, and is getting to look like a faded leaf. She does not care for flowers. You see, even in winter, when the country children have only berries, the little Princess has all the flowers of summer in her conservatory."

Chryssa, feeling a little worried, whispered to Laline, " Don't tell them I'm a princess."

Laline nodded. " Of course I won't—that would be a shame. They won't ever guess it, Chryssa ; you look just like us."

Which was a great consolation.

" Now," said the fairies, all jumping up, " we must climb the ladder. How are you going to manage, little maiden ? "

For it was a ladder shaped like a wheel, and the rungs were very slender and of many colours, and there was no hand-rail to cling to if you slipped. Chryssa thought the fairy was talking to her, but she found they were all clustering round Valence, the little cripple.

" We will carry you," they said. " Come along."

And, taking the crutches, they crossed them and made a little seat for Valence ; then ran lightly up the ladder with her, while Laline climbed quickly after them.

" Come back ! " the Princess commanded. " I can't possibly climb by myself ; I shall tumble through."

And the tinkle of the fairies' laughter at the idea floated down to her.

But Laline stopped, and stretched out a helping hand downwards.

" Come along, dear," she said. " We shall miss all the fun if you are so slow."

It was a toilsome climb to Chryssa, but they were up at last ; and there, on the top, at the Rainbow Gate, was Valence, with crowds of fairies vieing with each other to please her. They had twined the loveliest

blossoms round her crutches, and put a crown of roses in her hair; and some of them had brought her honey-dew to drink and bunches of "bread-and-cheese-and-kisses."

"You shall be a princess while you are in Rainbow Land," they said; "Princess Valence! And we will be your subjects. What would your Royal Highness like to do next?"

It was on the tip of Chryssa's tongue to tell them she was a real princess, but she looked over the edge of the gate instead, and saw what a beautiful arch the cloud ladders on either side made.

A fairy came and stood beside her. "How pale you are, little girl," she said, with compassion. "Are you very unhappy when you are down there?"

She pointed to where, far, far below, the white towers of the palace were touched by the sunset.

"I suppose your parents are poor and make you work," she went on, "and you live in a dingy street in the city? Poor little Chryssa!"

This was just a little awkward for Chryssa, so she said nothing.

"Never mind," said the fairy; "you shall have a good time up here. Come! Princess Valence says she wants to see our Queen, and you shall see her too."

So they all passed through the gate with its mother-of-pearl doors and ruby handles, and found themselves on a path of gold with trees of frosted silver on either side. Then they walked through fields of golden corn and marigolds, and groves of orange trees full of ripe fruit; and then came carpets of bluebells and cornflowers, and afterwards green woods, with ferns and creepers and tufts of moss, with violets peeping out; and then again meadows of purple iris, and long stretches of heather, and carnation borders.

It was such a blaze of colour that it made you feel all warm and gay and merry.

It was the time of the Queen's evening audience, and all the working fairies were hurrying towards the throne; troops and troops of them, dressed in wonderful gauzy robes of every hue.

Chryssa understood now where all the beautiful colours in the world came from. Sometimes they were the fairies' work and sometimes the fairies themselves. And when she saw the Rainbow Queen she felt suddenly as if all her discontent had slipped away from her—just as though it had been a dull cloak she was wearing—and she knew at last what it was to be glad. For everything that was sweet and gracious and lovely seemed to be blent into the Queen's face, and when she smiled it was like a ray of sunshine.

"Well, my people," she said; "tell me what you have done to-day."

"We have made a whole field gay with anemones," said a bevy of fairies who were all in scarlet; "and some of the city children came and picked them and took them home. The flowers will make them happy for days; they had never seen any before."

"I painted a forget-me-not," said a pale blue fairy shyly. "It took me all day."

"Why did you take so much trouble with it?" asked the Queen gently.

"Because it was going to be sent in a letter, to take a sweet message," answered the fairy.

They all had the same tale to tell.

There were pink and green and mauve and orange fairies; and even grey and brown ones, to soften the brightness of the others for tired eyes or sorrowful hearts. And their business was to make the world brighter; to put colour into sad lives and gaiety into youthful hearts. They had to work very hard, for flowers and trees would fade, and blue sky would grow cloudy, while the purple bloom on the mountains got washed off by the mists; and so there was always plenty to do to paint them all over again.

And the Queen had a word and a smile for all; but the sweetest words and the best rewards were for those who had helped to make a sick child well or a sorry child gladsome.

Chryssa would have liked to stay in Rainbow Land. She had ceased to be jealous of Valence (who was as happy as a princess is always supposed to be), and she was enjoying herself running about with Laline, peeping into all the fairy treasure haunts, finding how they made their colours, learning all their games, and even helping some of them to get ready for their work next day.

Then she went into the schools, and saw how the little fairies were taught and what a lot of things they had to learn.

"Don't you mind lessons?" she asked them in surprise, for they all looked as happy as possible.

"Oh, no," they all said; "we like them, because we can learn all the things that the grown-up people know. You can't know without being taught, and we shouldn't like to be

stupid when we are older, and have to be left out of everything."

"You little girls must be off down the ladder again," said the Queen at last. "Your parents will be getting anxious about you, won't they?"

She appealed to Chryssa, who stammered out that she did not know, for, truth to tell, it had never occurred to the Princess that her father, the King, loved her very dearly and was often very unhappy about her; and when the lady-in-waiting had told her so once, she had stopped up her ears and refused to listen—for that was one of her wilful days.

"Don't forget," added the Queen, "that my happiest fairies are the ones who have made someone else happy. Try and do the same; you will find it such a good plan."

Chryssa promised not to forget; and then Laline and Valence and she had to pass through the mother-of-pearl arch and descend the ladder once more.

"We can't come down with you," said the fairies; "it is too dark. How will little Valence manage?"

"We will carry her," said Laline. "Won't we, Chryssa?"

And Chryssa never dreamt of saying anything but "Yes."

It was very tiring carrying the little girl down the ladder, which seemed more steep now that its changing colours had turned to grey; and when they reached the end of it, it was rather discouraging to find that the rainbow car had disappeared and there was only a sea of dark cloud beneath them.

"We must be brave," said Laline, "and take hands and all jump down together."

Valence cried and said she was frightened, but Chryssa never thought of crying; she only wanted to comfort Valence and make out that it was quite an easy and pleasant thing to do.

So they all took hands and dropped gently down together, and they landed on the terrace of the palace.

"We will take Valence home first," said Laline; and they made their way to the



"She pointed to where, far, far below, the white towers of the palace were touched by the sunset."

Lord Chamberlain's wing, where Valence lived.

Then Laline said she would see Chryssa as far as the royal courtyard, but Chryssa would not hear of it. "You are tired," she said; "you must go straight home. I am not frightened, and I can find my way alone."

It was quite easy, too, to steal in and up the grand staircase and into the little ivory and blue bedroom that was the Princess's own,

and to creep into bed without disturbing anyone.

A slanting ray of sunlight woke her in the morning, and she opened her eyes to see the fairies bending down and smiling at her before they vanished.

"Is your Royal Highness tired?" anxiously asked a waiting-woman. "Would you like your breakfast in bed?"

But Chryssa sprang up, bright and well.

"I am quite rested, and I want Laline to breakfast with me," she said; "we have such a lot of work to do."

"Work!" It was a new word in the Princess's vocabulary. The lady-in-waiting stared.

But Chryssa was bubbling over with excitement.

"I am going," she said, as they dressed her, "to have a flower *fête* for children. All the little girls and boys must come, and they may pick the flowers and take them home. I want to give them tea and biscuits and cakes and crackers. All the cakes must be pink and white, and the crackers must be rainbow ones."

She clapped her hands with glee.

"It will be just like Rainbow Land," she said. "We will have a maypole dance, and there shall be ribbons—red and blue, and green and yellow, and pink and violet. . . . . Oh, and Valence must come!" she went on. "She shall be Princess instead of me at the *fête*, and we will all do exactly as she tells us. I'll just be Chryssa for once."

The maids of honour were too astonished to answer her. Where were the tears and pouts and frowns? Even the pale cheeks had vanished, and there was a rose flush like day-dawn on the Princess's face.

"And then to-morrow we will work," she continued, "Valence and I and Laline. We will all do lessons together. Then we shall love our play; and when we have worked and learnt something then we will have another *fête*."

The maids of honour rang the bell and summoned Bertrand.

"Go and bring your cousin and your sister," they said; "the Princess invites them to breakfast. And tell his Majesty the Princess would like to see him this morning; she has important business to arrange with him."

Bertrand broke out into laughter. It was all Laline's doing. He knew that well. He had always said she could cure the Princess if they would let her try.

"You must come and help us write the invitations to the *fête*," said Chryssa, giving him her hand to kiss. "We must write them all ourselves, because the children will like that better. Hurry, Bertrand! We have not a minute to spare, we are so busy."

The whole palace seemed to have wakened up that morning. Everyone was running to and fro, and they all came to the Princess for orders; so that she had more work than there was time to do it in. But Laline helped her, and when the *fête* day came everyone said it was like fairyland. The children would have cried when it came to an end if the Princess had not stood up and made them a little speech to comfort them.

"I am so glad you have liked the party," she said. "It has been fun, hasn't it? I am sorry it is over, but we couldn't be always at play, could we? We must do some work in between. It is only three weeks now to next holidays, and you shall all come, if you will, to a harvest home then. We will make hay and have tea in the field; and the children who have worked the hardest shall have prizes."

Then the children rose up with one accord and gave three cheers for the Princess.

And when they had all gone the King came and took Chryssa into his arms and kissed her, with tears in his eyes.

"You must not cry," said Chryssa sleepily; "I want you to be happy."

"So I am," the King said; "so is everyone. Chryssa, you have made us all happy."

"The Rainbow Queen said it was a good plan," murmured the tired little Princess.

"She is dreaming," whispered the King softly to the lady-in-waiting. "Don't wake her. I will carry her to bed."

And the little golden head, with its ruffled curls and rosy cheeks, lay on his shoulder—fast asleep.

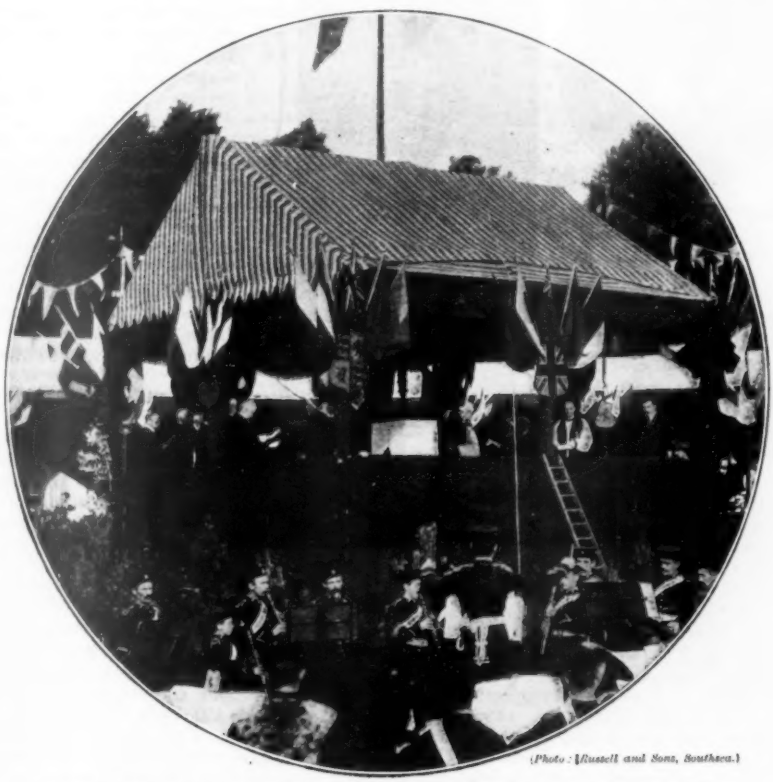
SHORT ARROWS.

"A Thing like Father!"

IT is long since we have heard a more striking illustration of the awful loneliness in which some colonists from the Mother Country are compelled to pass their lives than an account of a recent bush expedition from the lips of a clergyman born in the English Midlands, and now home on furlough after eighteen years in Australia. He was riding through a vast and thinly populated district, many miles from Adelaide, and approached a homestead, where he saw a comely and ruddy urchin of some six or seven years, sitting upon a fence at the bottom of the garden. With a yell of terror this son of solitude rushed up the path into the house and called out, "Oh, mother, mother, come; here's something on a horse!" "Whatever is it, my dear?" "Oh, I don't know, mother; but it's a thing like father!" It turned out, when the monstrosity was invited to tea and "damper," and a conversation ensued, that the child, during his whole existence, had never set eyes upon any man whatever except his father. We may reverse the common proverb of civilisation, and say that the world is not so very small, after all.

The King's Sanatorium.

THE King's Sanatorium for the open-air treatment of consumption is now being built near Midhurst, Sussex, and our illustration reproduces a photograph of the laying of the foundation stone of the building by his Majesty on



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Southsea.)

THE KING LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW SANATORIUM NEAR MIDHURST.



November 3rd last. The Sanatorium, it will be remembered, is the outcome of the munificent Coronation gift which was presented to the King by a donor whose original anonymity has not been preserved, and who is now known to be Sir Ernest Cassel.

"The Quiver" Good Conduct Prizes.

WE publish this month portraits of the winners of these prizes for 1903. At the Gordon Boys' Home the medal and the prize of one guinea were awarded to Corporal George Marsh, who has been in the Home since 1899, and has during that time not once "been up for any offence." In the National Refuges the prize-winner was George Frederick Walker, of the Fortescue House Home, who was selected by the suffrages of his schoolfellows, with the full approval of the masters. At the Reedham Orphanage the prize was divided between a boy and a girl, each receiving a medal. The girl selected was Dorothy Mary Ewell, of whom the master of the school reports that she has not lost one mark in the year and a half she has been a pupil. Her fellow prize-winner was George Barnett, a year her senior, who has been twice as long in the Orphanage, and of whom his teachers speak well.

God's Fragments.

FOR those who are sadly conscious of marred ideals and broken purposes in life, who have fallen away from their first promise, who have left undone the things they ought to have done, and who have done the things they ought not to have done, there is still responsibility, and there should be inspiration in the thought: You may only be a moral or a spiritual fragment, but you are yet God's property; none may take you out of His hand Who created you, and Who is ready to redeem and to sanctify you; you dare not throw yourself away. You, and all that is left of you, are not your own. Think of your neglected duties; begin to do them, and there is hope still. From many a parchment which looked worthless a priceless palimpsest has been restored. The writing of your heavenly birthright can never wholly be rubbed out. That porphyry vase in the British Museum would not be quite valueless, even in pieces. "Gather up the fragments," said the Master, "that nothing be lost."

Posthumous Cynicism.

A FATHER of a household is said to have been financially in such low water that he determined to sell his big Family Bible; but on turning over the leaves for the first time he found the following memorandum: "Since my experience of life has taught me that man does not turn to his Bible till he is in the deepest trouble, I have put £100 in notes between pages ninety-six and ninety-seven." Is the

satire on the selfishness of some folks' religion quite unjust?

"The Quiver" Order of Honourable Service.

THE Order has now been closed for some years in all Classes save that for Distinguished Members, who must have served not less than fifty years in their present situation to be eligible for enrolment. Instances of such lengthened service are necessarily rare, but we have recently had the pleasure of adding three new names to the roll:—

Name.	*Employment.*	*Address.*	*Years of Service.*
MARY DAVIES	Nurse	Stockport	50
MARY EVANS	Nurse	St. Mary Church	50
HONOR EDWARDS	Lady's Maid	Norwich	52

We are sure that our readers will gladly join in our congratulations to these new Distinguished Members, and in the hope that they may long be spared to wear the Star of the Order.

A Home for "Robert."

THE guardians of the peace do not always receive the attention they deserve, and in many towns no provision is made for their social happiness and comfort. The policemen of Birmingham have, however, no cause for complaint. The Midland metropolis has set a splendid example to other cities, and illustrated in a practical manner how Robert's lot can be made happier when his beat is finished. The men in blue get more kicks than halfpence in these days of drunken hooliganism, and it is therefore gratifying to note that a home opened for their exclusive use has been carried on with conspicuous success. The Police Institute in Birmingham is now one of the chief social organisations of the city. It was founded in 1878, with the object of "promoting among the members of the police force the fear of God, habits of self-improvement, thrift, temperance, and social intercourse." Success from the outset smiled upon its career, until it was found necessary to quit the old premises and erect a larger building near the Law Courts. This venture entailed a cost of £8,000, but mainly owing to the large-hearted generosity of the late Mr. Richard Cadbury and Mr. Barrow Cadbury the Institute has this year been enabled to celebrate its silver jubilee free of debt. Nearly £200 has been subscribed by members of the force and their wives, a fact which speaks eloquently for itself. The Institute occupies a corner site, and has a commodious assembly room for religious services and social gatherings. Everything conducive to rational enjoyment is provided. There is a billiard-room, a smoking-room, a reading-room, a refreshment department, and a well-equipped gymnasium. Electric light is installed throughout the building, and an air of homely comfort pervades every nook and corner. On the top storey are bedrooms for constables and recruits visiting the city. The Institute throws open its doors to all members of the police force in the city irrespective of creed, and with perfect freedom to attend the religious meetings or not. There are week-night classes for physical exercise and self-improvement. As a recognition of the work accomplished by these classes, the Watch Committee last year voted a sum of £50 to the funds of the Institute. In addition there are classes for the constables' wives and daughters, a Band of Hope for their children, and social evenings and lectures.



THE BIRMINGHAM POLICE INSTITUTE.

Some New Books.

OF all the books which have been issued this season none will be more welcome to lovers of Nature than Mr. Richard Kearton's "Wild Nature's Ways" (Cassell), illustrated by 200 reproductions of photographs by the author and his brother. This is not a book which one can afford to borrow; it is one which the reader must have for his own, and which will become increasingly precious to him as through its fresh pages he comes into closer touch with Nature at its truest and best. Messrs. Cassell have also just published, as a gift book for children, Mr. W. S. Stacey's series of exquisite coloured plates, "The Child Wonderful," with six

thoughtful and helpful "talks," written by himself. Readers of THE QUIVER need no introduction to Mr. Stacey's work, and they will find in this a most acceptable seasonable gift.—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are issuing a new series of volumes, to which they give the title, "The Crown Imperial Series," the volumes of which are both handy and neat. The first two are Spurgeon's "The People's Christ and Other Sermons," preached at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark; and Mrs. Henry Wood's well-known Temperance story, "Danesbury House." The same publishers send us Miss Amy Le Feuvre's new story, "The Making of a Woman," which is more ambitious than have been some of her recent stories. Jean, the heroine, is a finely drawn character, set in an interesting story. From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton also comes an interesting memoir of the Rev. Thomas Richardson, founder of the Bible and Prayer Union, written by his wife, and entitled "Forty Years' Ministry in East London." With it is a volume of essays by the Rev. Hugh Black, of Edinburgh, on "Work"; and full, as is all his writing, of helpful thought, incisively expressed.—Messrs. Longmans send us a tastefully presented volume on "Marriage and Marriages," by E. C. Harvey-Brooks, which gives advice (always needed, but seldom heeded) to those who are about to marry.—Mr. J. A. Walpole-Bond has written, and Mr. Oliver G. Pike has illustrated from original photographs of his own, an attractive book on "Bird Life in Wild Wales," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a new volume of "The World's Pulpit" series (S. C. Brown, Langham and Co.), containing sermons by our old friend, the late Dr. Hugh Macmillan, collected under the title "The Touch of God"; also of "Glimpses into Paradise" (J. Finch and Co.), by the Rev. Septimus Hebert.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from October 29th, 1903, up to and including December 2nd, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* "A Working Woman," 10s. 6d.; Anonymous (Lee Green), 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £1 1s., £1, £1, £1, 5s.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER" (Brighton), 4s. The following amounts have been sent direct:—X., 7s. 6d.; "Lochalsh," 4s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* E. F. L. (Cape Town), £1.

For *The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children:* "Pity" (Sheffield), 5s.

For *The Ragged School Union ("Robin" Dinners):* H. W. Williams (Gloucester), 1s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

25. Why was it that St. John the Baptist had an objection to baptise Jesus?

26. How does St. John speak of the three forms of sin to which our Lord was tempted?

27. What is generally understood as "the pinnacle of the Temple," from which Satan desired our Lord to cast Himself down?

28. How does our Lord teach us the duty of worshipping God publicly every Sunday?

29. What attempt was made on our Lord's life at the beginning of His ministry?

30. In what way was St. Peter connected with St. James and St. John?

31. What miracle did our Lord perform at the calling of St. Peter, and on what other occasion did a similar miracle take place?

32. What incident took place in the synagogue at Capernaum which must have deeply impressed the early disciples of our Lord?

33. How did our Lord on that occasion manifest His divine power?

34. What efforts did our Lord make to avoid public notoriety?

35. What is very noteworthy for us in our Lord's life on earth?

36. On what two occasions did our Lord claim for Himself the power to forgive sin?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 188.

13. By the name of Ephrath, from which the inhabitants were called Ephrathites. (Genesis xxxv. 19; Ruth i. 2; 1 Sam. xvii. 12.)

14. Because at that time, as Suetonius and Tacitus, the Roman historians, say, there was "an ancient and settled persuasion throughout the East that someone should proceed from Judæa who would attain universal empire." (St. Matt. ii. 3.)

15. The prophet Micah uses the words, "thousands of Judah," which refer to the divisions or districts of land over each of which there was a prince or governor. (St. Matt. ii. 6; Micah v. 2; 1 Chron. xii. 20.)

16. Psalm ciii. 13.

17. Because God knows how weak we are and thus unable to resist sin. (Psalm ciii. 14.)

18. Psalm ciii. 11, 12.

19. St. Luke ii. 40.

20. All that heard Him speak were astonished at His understanding and answers. (St. Luke ii. 47.)

21. In His perfect obedience at the home in Nazareth. (St. Luke ii. 51.)

22. Because he required all his followers, though Jews, to be baptised as a sign of their repentance. (St. Matt. iii. 5, 6.)

23. St. Matt. iii. 2.

24. The coming of Christ, as foretold by the prophet Daniel. (St. Matt. iii. 2; Dan. ii. 44, and vii. 13, 14.)



INTERESTED.

(From the Painting by Sophie T. Pemberton, exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR'S NEW ORATORIO.

By Raymond Blathwayt.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.

MR. S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.
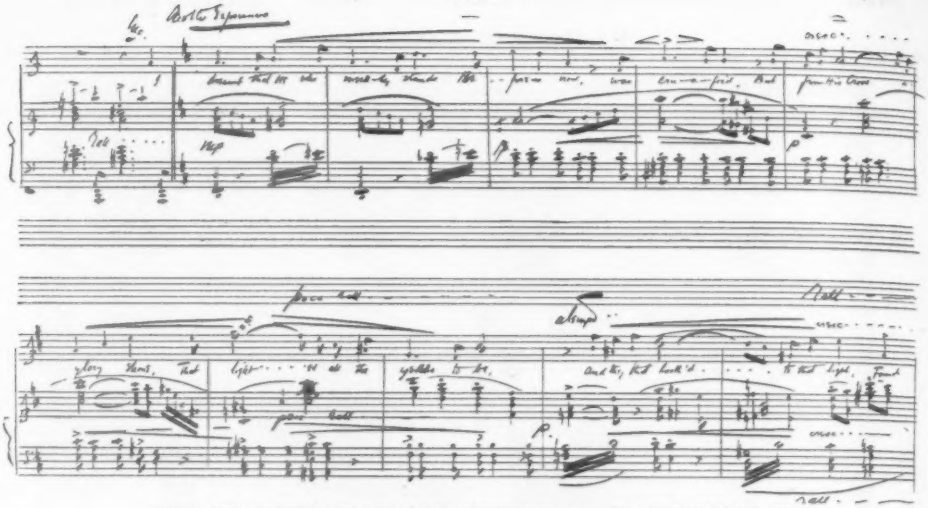


MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR AT THE AGE OF THREE.

THE son of a West African negro, who was himself a medical man living in Croydon, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, the well-known composer, was originally intended for a violinist, and it was with the intention of studying to become one that he went to the Royal College of Music in Kensington. But whilst there he devoted himself so assiduously to composition that he abandoned the violin, won a scholarship in composition, and then devoted himself for the five following years to seriously studying it under the supervision of Sir Charles Stanford, who, indeed, actually produced some of his clever pupil's orchestral compositions while he was still pursuing his course at the college. In 1898



MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.



FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "THE ATONEMENT" BY MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

(The beginning of the soprano solo, Pilate's Wife, in the section called Pontius Pilate.)

an orchestral composition of his was performed at the great Gloucester Festival of that year. Shortly after that he wrote the first part of his musical adaptation of "Hiawatha," the other two parts following in the two consecutive years.

In February he will produce for the first time in London his *Atonement*, in which he has made important alterations from the original edition to meet the views of the critics. The first performance will be given by the Royal Choral Society on Ash Wednesday, the composer himself conducting. In connection with this it may be interesting to detail in quite untechnical fashion his mode of procedure in connection with the composition of a class of music which is somewhat removed from the ordinary compositions as we know them here in England.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

HIAWATHA, MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR'S LITTLE SON.

To begin with, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor professes to be thoroughly acquainted with all the English poets, and the poem of "Hiawatha" had always appealed to him for its musical possibilities. His method is to thoroughly absorb the poem itself into his mind—its *motif*, its story, its rhythm, the whole poem in short—and as he ponders over it the music gradually comes. He then sketches it out for the

piano and voices, and then sets himself seriously to his orchestration. Frequently when this is done the last score bears but little resemblance to the first sketch. He often sits hard at work for six hours a day engaged in this scoring, and it is quite usual for him to rewrite a page of music twenty times over before he succeeds in satisfying himself. It is worthy of note that whilst actually composing he never needs to touch a piano, as he can think out the whole score without once hearing the music. The orchestration work, though tedious in its details, is not so difficult as the actual composition, for there one has to wait so much upon the vagaries of the imagination.

The composing of the *Atonement*, with its orchestration, cost him a whole year of extremely hard work. When the idea of the sublime story first entered his mind he wrote to his librettist, and told her that he wanted something absolutely different from anything that had ever been written before, and therefore he suggested to her scenes in a kind of Eastern style, he himself writing the music to it rather from its pictorial than from its spiritual side. He has tried to illustrate incidents in the story of the Redeemer, and his hearers can evolve the spiritual for themselves as they listen to the harmonious strains, and in this, of course, they will be greatly assisted by the Biblical words to which the music is set.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is enthusiastic on the condition of music in England at the present time. During the last ten years he considers that there has been a great increase of knowledge and capacity for appreciation of high-class music, compared with what used to be the case in the early Victorian era. The whole tone of orchestral music has gone up, he says; the popular taste is on a far loftier scale. At the same time he is perfectly conscious that the capacity for music itself differs much in different localities; for instance, Wales, Yorkshire, and Lancashire are immeasurably more musical than London, the Midlands, Norfolk and Suffolk, or the South Coast generally. And who that knows the British Isles does not realise this? I have heard the miners in a little unknown Welsh village returning home at night singing classic choruses with voices and with a knowledge of music and a power of part-singing that the finest of our public singers might well be proud of. I remember once, some years ago, attending a service in a little Dissenting chapel in a Yorkshire fishing village, and the amazement which came over me as I listened to the superb choruses tossed from one side of the chapel to the other; great volumes of the most exquisitely balanced harmonies, superb recitatives, waves of melody, all ending in a crash of brilliant music which you would scarcely hear surpassed even on a festival day at the Crystal Palace. And here in London it would often be difficult to get people of the same class to render correctly the simplest hymn, and hardly in any part of London could people, as a rule, take an inner melody in part-singing. Mr. Taylor is of



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

MRS. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR AND HER CHILDREN.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR: CHARACTERISTIC POSITION WHEN COMPOSING.

opinion that this lack of musical knowledge—or, at all events, the lack of capacity to produce musical sounds—is due somewhat to the difficulty of obtaining people from all classes of society to sing together. In the North he considers class conditions are not so rigid, and there a man or a woman is chosen for vocal capacity rather than because he or she occupies a certain social position in the village or town in which they happen to be living.



MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

And there may be something in his theory, though I hold myself the idea that in this respect there is a radical and ineradicable difference between North and South. The North can sing, and the South cannot, and that is all there is to say.

In the *Atonement* Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has not attempted any realistic Eastern music, being of opinion that the absolutely correct would be hopelessly out of place in such a composition. He has confined himself entirely to his own imagination of what Eastern music might be; for, says he, "how can the cultivated Western mind appreciate that which is absolutely uncultivated?" He considers that as a rule folk-music, though he dearly loves it, should not be used in general, though he makes an exception in favour of Dvorák's "New World Symphony," where that great master has incorporated certain old negro melodies; though Mr. Coleridge-Taylor considers that even in that case the interest in



THE SOLOISTS IN "THE ATONEMENT" AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.
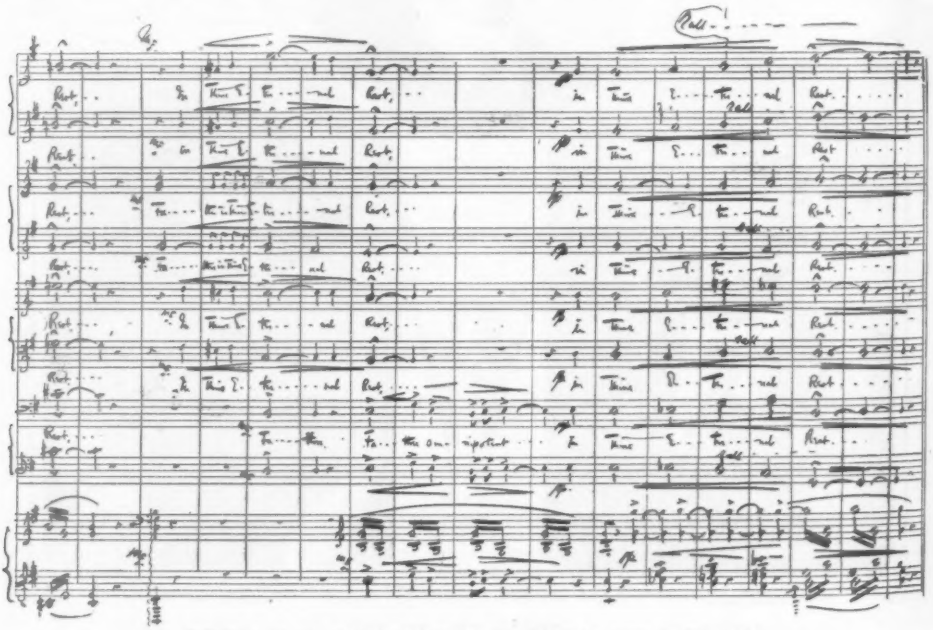
the symphony is rather owing to Dvoràk's superb genius than to the melody of the tunes he has chosen.

Talking over this question with Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, we drifted into a discussion as to how far the negroes of West Africa or of the West Indies, or the inhabitants of India and the Far East, were affected by Western ideas of music. Mr. Taylor considers that in the United States the negroes are considerably influenced by the West, and he is at present engaged upon the writing of a work in which he deals very thoroughly and scientifically with the whole question of negro music. He is strongly of opinion that the negroes of West Africa have a great capacity for music. But he frankly owns he has not travelled—curiously enough, he has never been out of England—and so he cannot say anything from actual personal experience, though he was much interested in what I was able to tell him of my own knowledge. Unfortunately, I am not in any way a musical expert, but I have travelled far and wide, and I have been able to make my own rough observations in this direction, and have noted that both the coloured races, East and West, can to a certain extent adapt themselves to our Western music.

For instance, I have heard negroes in the West Indies singing hymns "Ancient and Modern," or ecstatically shouting the choruses of Moody and Sankey in a Wesleyan chapel; and the very next day, as I have stolen through some primeval forest, unobserved myself, I have caught a glimpse of these people engaged in some fearful Voodoo orgy, and have listened to the wild barbaric chant which has mysteriously been transmitted to them from the dim unknown West African forest of thousands of years before. But it seems almost impossible to blend the music of East and West with any real or lasting success, and Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is wise indeed in avoiding any attempt at literalness in his forthcoming *Atonement*.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is Professor of Composition at Trinity College, London, a position of great importance and far-reaching influence in the musical world.

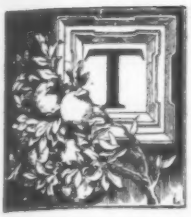
The composer will probably go on a prolonged tour through the States this year. His work is much appreciated by our Transatlantic cousins, and there is actually a Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society in Washington—a purely negro choir—named, of course, after himself, for which it is claimed that it is the finest choir in the States. The membership is about 200, and the position of the society is shown by the fact that, despite all we hear of racial difference, white people make strenuous efforts to obtain admission.



FACSIMILE OF MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR'S MS. SCORE OF "THE ATONEMENT."

THE DISPOSING OF CAMMY.

A Complete Story.



HE early morning sun was smiling over the braes and hills of purple heather; the pulses of Nature were quickening to the newborn life of another day.

The daily routine had commenced at the Vale Farm. At a white-painted gate leading from the garden to the farmyard one Peter McTavish was standing, his hands thrust into the pockets of his workaday corduroys, a hat of nondescript shape pushed to the back of his head, and a time-blackened pipe in the corner of his mouth. Peter was no longer youthful—he was past forty—but his shoulders were broad and strapping, and his figure muscular. His face, through exposure to sun and wind and rain, showed a network of lines, especially underneath his eyes, which were blue and had a slow humour; and his hair was beginning to show iron-grey threads.

"I canna help thinking," Peter was saying to himself, "as the lassie's ta'en wi' me; there's summat in the wy she looks—coy-like."

But here his ruminations were brought to an abrupt termination by a shrill voice:

"An' what be ye standing there for like a gawky, lettin' the gress grow aboot yer feet? Oh! 'tis a rale handy man ye are; an' the pigs squeakin' for their stuff, an' the kyes no' so much as ta'en oot to meadow."

But Peter, clutching up a pail that had stood beside him, was already out of earshot. If there was one person he lived in terror of, it was his half-sister Cammy (contracted from Camelia). She was nine years his senior, and was generally regarded as the mistress of the farm; Peter, though in reality its master, was never taken into account. Cammy ruled him and everybody else with a rod of iron. She had eyes like a lynx, and a tongue, as Peter expressed it, "like a carving knife." Men and maids lived more or less in dread of her; she was wont to pounce down on them when least expected, and severe was the censure delivered to any who were idling or gossiping. Peter himself was not allowed to have a voice in anything. Cammy supervised and managed everything, himself included; he was as much under her thumb as any domestic, if not more so. Peter's existence, taken all round, was by no means an easy one. Cammy's tongue and Cammy's tyranny were two thorns that probed him daily. For his submission and docility Peter was looked upon with no little contempt by the farm lassies. Gossip even rumoured that in his more youthful days Cammy caught him sweethearting with a maid; that thereupon she had secured him by the collar of his coat and marched him home, giving him such a rating that Peter had never again gone wooing. Cammy, it was known—doomed, as it seemed, to bud, blossom, and fade on her stalk without being plucked—showed direst contempt for anything concerning love-making and matrimony; so there may have been a good deal of truth in the gossip.

Peter's thoughts were wool-gathering as he discharged his usual duties. He stood leaning against the door of the cowshed, waiting while two or three rosy-cheeked damsels finished the milking. Their pert sallies to the farm men passing failed this morning to arouse an appreciative twinkle in his eye.

His thoughts ran thus:

"If so be the lass is ta'en wi' me, why shouldn't I?"

Here Peter seemed to come to a deadlock, as if the question were too weighty to solve—at any rate, hastily; so he repeated the words over and over to himself, and Peter began to feel quite bold as each "Why shouldn't I?" marched after its predecessor—so bold, in fact, that if Cammy had happened to be in proximity at the moment he would certainly have faced that astonished lady with a defiant "Why shouldn't I?"

When Peter had thoroughly picked the bones of that "Why shouldn't I?" without feeling very much the fatter, a more serious and weighty question presented itself. Peter never confused himself by thinking of too much at a time.

The last question was this:

"What was to be done about Cammy?"

But Peter felt he had quite come to the end of his tether here. Such a problem had surely never been presented to mankind before; so he merely smothered a sound that was almost a groan, and gave it up.

Now it chanced that Peter, after driving the cows into the meadow, wound his way round to the road, which was somewhat an indirect route of returning to the farm, but a certain

low cottage with a thatched roof had become an object of interest; and, strangely enough, it happened that as Peter was passing, a strapting lass of some five-and-twenty summers was scattering grain to some chickens in a coop against the wall. Peter touched his hat sheepishly and puzzled his brain for something to say.

"'Tis a bonny day the morn," he commented, after due consideration.

"Ay, 'tis sae," said she, with her eyes lowered, and after that became tongue-tied; though Peter, used as he was to Cammy's frequent and scurrilous remarks, looked upon this rather as an attraction than otherwise. But it was embarrassing that Peter himself was also far from garrulous, or his wooing might have made more rapid strides. He looked about in the hope that some original remark would present itself, and his eyes fell on a cluster of blood-red carnations just in front of him.

"They be rale fine carnashies, noo, thae be," he remarked.

"Mebbe ye'll be liking ane," she said, and promptly picked one of the largest and gave it to him. Peter beamed with pleasure.

"I'll wear it wi' me best claes the morn," he said. "But I'll no let Cammy see it; nae, man, you'll no be sich a fule."

He stood eyeing the flower tenderly, till suddenly remembering that Cammy's wrath would fall upon his head if he appeared late for breakfast, he added:

"I'll be bidding ye gude mornin', Miss Maggie."

"Gude mornin,' Mr. McTavish; mebbe I'll see ye at the kirk the morn?"

"Ay, ay, nae doot, nae doot," responded Peter, and seemed quite struck with the brilliance of the suggestion. "Maist certainly the lass is ta'en wi' me," he said to himself as he went down the road. "An' she's bonny and comely too, an' has no a tongue like a razor. But ye mus'na be too hasty, Peter man, a meddlin' wi' the weemen wants muckle consideration—and there's Cammy——"

Again Peter came to a stop. Cammy was the blank wall that he always came against; thus far could he go, and no further.

Another difficulty to be got over was how to temporarily dispose of the carnation, so that Cammy's watchful eyes should not unearth it. To put it in the pocket of his corduroys meant destruction, and there seemed no other hiding place about his person. At last, however, he hit upon the plan of putting it inside his headgear for the time being; but, as ill-luck had it, when he removed his hat in the farm kitchen he forgot all about that fated carnation, and it dropped upon the brick floor. Cammy's sharp eyes covered it in a moment; then they were levelled at Peter, who stooped to pick the flower up with an air of unconcern.

"Whaur hae ye gotten tha' carnashie?" she demanded.

"Pickit it," Peter shuffled.

"Pickit it, ded ye? Humph, whaur frae?"

"The garden, o' coorse. Whaur else should I pickit it?"

"No' in *this* garden," said Cammy in a voice that brooked no argument. "Peter McTavish, are ye no ashemed o' leein', and you gaen to the kirk twice a day o' the Sabbath!"

"Why did ye hide it in your bonnet if ye pickit it in the garden?" went on Cammy, with fine sarcasm. "Nae, ye are a depraved man; but ye'll no get sae easily ower Cammy McTavish."

Peter stood sheepishly under this fire of artillery from his half-sister's tongue, offering no defence. He had doubtless found from long experience that to argue with Cammy was a waste of speech; so he took his seat at the table and began to eat his porridge from the basin in a dogged silence.

Now there is an old saying that "even a worm will turn," and that was what Peter did when Cammy renewed the attack.

"Na, I was na born yesterdee, nor the day afore neether," she began.

"An' I wish ye hadna bin born ava, to plague me," responded Peter fervently.

Cammy stood stupefied and speechless for the moment, scarcely believing she heard aright. Never before had Peter retorted so defiantly, or indeed retorted at all.

"An' that's your gratitude is it, Peter McTavish? Whaur wud ye ha' bin, I should like to ken, if it wasna for me? A fine middle ye'd hae made o' things, an' a braw well-ardered hoose it would hae bin. Mebbe ye'd like to try it; if sae, I can assure ye I hae na objection. You wish I hadna bin born, do ye? I'm sair regretfu' ye canna hae yer wish; but come the day wull, Peter McTavish, when thae words wull come hame to ye. A man that doesna ken when he's weel off, an' jist tempts Providence, wull get what he deserves suner or later."

"I wud speir o' ye," said Peter, "if ye hae

ever read in the Scraptures that a contentious wumman's tongue is like the continual drappin' o' rain on a roof-top ? "

"An' quoting the Scraptures to *me*, be ye, Peter McTavish, when ye telt me a lee but a meenute agone ! Mair shame to ye ! Dinna forget when ye're in the kirk the morn that ye pickit thae carnashie in the garden ! " And with this parting shot Cammy bounced out of the kitchen, determined that, at any rate, Peter should not have the last word.

Peter, left alone, finished his porridge with a muffled grunt between whiles. Then he rose, and after inhaling the scent of the carnation for nearly five minutes, put the flower in a cup of water. And oh—so great was his daring—he placed the cup where it was most likely to meet Cammy's eye when she re-entered. Peter the worm had most certainly turned.

After this he lit his pipe, and, going to the door leading out to the garden, leaned one shoulder against the post. To be caught in this particular attitude by Cammy had always meant such shrill denunciation that Peter had very seldom cared to risk it. But if he thought of it at all now, it evidently did not disturb his peace. Peter was chasing an idea that had entered his brain ; or, to be more absolutely



"'"Tis a bonny day the morn,' he commented, after due consideration."

correct, as it was beyond Peter to hurry about anything, he kept the idea in sight. There were some knotty points connected with it, beyond doubt, for he scratched the back of his head very hardly at times, and let the pipe fall slackly at the corner of his mouth. Peter's thoughts, put verbatim, ran thus:

"If it wasna more than a day or two sin Jamie Grierson says to me, 'Peter man, noo my mither has gaen, I think I'll look out for a wife—no one o' yer young lassies that be geddy and ower pert, but a wumman who'll look after the hoose and mak saxpance go as far as a shilling.' Cammy? Lord, she'd be a mickle o' a handfu', an' he'd gae fair skeer aboot her toongue!"

Peter walked after his idea all day; and the same evening, on business more than pleasure bent, paid a visit to Mr. Jamie Grierson, who owned a farm about a mile and a half away. Jamie's years numbered five-and-fifty; he had never taken a wife—people said because he was too mean and "thocht too much o' his siller." His hair and short stubby whiskers were of a pale sandy colour, and his narrow grey eyes were always on the alert. He measured over six feet in his stockings; his figure was spare and angular. Altogether, Peter thought that if there was one man in Scotland likely to prove equal to Cammy, Jamie Grierson was that man.

Peter, after a few casual remarks about the weather and the crops, went straight to the point of his business.

"I hae bin thinking, man, if ye want a rale sherp wumman to see after the hoose, ye couldna do better than tak' my sister Cammy."

Jamie's narrow eyes became narrower, and glanced a little suspiciously at Peter.

"Can she cook?" he said.

"My gosh, can she no!" replied Peter.

"Can she mak saxpence gae as far as a shilling?"

"Ay, and further than that, man. She's a fair wonderfu' wumman is Cammy. The wy she manages things is *maist* astoneeshing—an' sherp—oh losh, she is sherp!"

Jamie clapped his hand on his knee.

"Guid! Do you think she'd be wullin' to enter into matrimonee-wi' me?"

"I hae nae doot; only ye mustna be ower impatient or speir of her too suddin like. A wumman wants patting this wy and smoothin' t'other wy."

"Mebbe; but it's a muckle waste o' time, man," said Jamie practically.

"It's the queeckest in the lang run," said Peter; "but though I wouldna speir too sudden I wud advise ye to start courtin' at ince. There's naething like takin' the bull by the horns. Mebbe ye'll like to step in an' hae a bit dinner wi' us to-morrow. I'll be seeing ye at the kirk the morn."

"Ay, thank ye, I'll be recht glad to," responded Jamie with alacrity, more pleased at the idea of saving the cost of a meal than anything else.

Peter chuckled to himself many times on his homeward way; the possibility of disposing of Cammy to Jamie Grierson lifted him to the seventh heaven. If she were safely out of the way, Peter would be able to pursue his wooing unmolested; but to bring another mistress to the farm while Cammy reigned there was out of the question. As he himself expressed it, "One wumman was eneuch at a time."

Peter said never a word to Cammy that he had invited Jamie Grierson to dinner; he thought the wisest and safest plan would be to get that gentleman on the premises first and tell her afterwards. Accordingly, after the morning service, while Cammy lingered in the kirkyard to talk to various neighbours, Peter hastened Jamie down the dusty road, and reaching the farm took him into the best parlour. This room, the especial object of Cammy's pride and care, was kept religiously locked all the week, and only used on Sundays and rare occasions. Every piece of mahogany furniture was polished to a mirror-like surface; a case of wax fruits stood on a table, a pair of blue vases showed conspicuously above the tall chimney-piece; and each chair back was arrayed with a spotless crocheted antimacassar. Peter in the best parlour was something like a cat treading on hot bricks: he was not so much as allowed to shift the leg of a chair by an inch; to smoke, cough, or blow his nose; and the antimacassars, somehow or other, had a trick of getting hooked to his coat tails, for which misfortune he was severely censured by Cammy.

Leaving Jamie sitting on the edge of a slippery chair, Peter installed himself at the front door to wait for Cammy, with some secret uneasiness as to what mood that lady might be in. It happened, fortunately, that she was in a moderately good temper, and, though she rated him about "bringin' faulks hame withoot askin' her permission," she took it with a better grace than Peter had dared to hope. He sat down at the dinner table with

nearly as much misgiving as if his chair had been studded with pins, fearful lest Cammy's asperity of speech should once and for ever nip Jamie's matrimonial intentions in the bud. But so flattering was the visitor's praise of the dishes, which Cammy, as usual, had prepared the day before the Sabbath, that she perceptibly began to thaw, and finally resolved in her own mind that Jamie Grierson was the most sensible man she had met. As for that gentleman's sharp eyes, nothing escaped them; the spotless cleanliness of everything, the order, the well-served meal and plenteous fare, loudly trumpeted the merits of the mistress of the farm. He noted, too, the brown poplin dress pinned up all round her, displaying feet by no means small or pretty, and the capacious apron to protect the skirt from any risk of stain. All this implied personal economy and care, which pleased Jamie mightily.

It ended that Jamie stayed to tea also, at the gracious invitation of Cammy. Peter's stolid countenance showed no more expression than a doornail, but he was deeper than his face portrayed. He made himself scarce at the time of starting for evening worship at the kirk, thus leaving Jamie to accompany Cammy. He himself took the road that led past the cottage at the foot of the brae, where Maggie was hesitating a little expectantly at the gate. She smiled graciously on Peter, and allowed him to carry her books.

Presently—strange thing—Peter found Maggie's plump hand resting on his sleeve. His heart gave a great thump beneath his best coat. He looked at Maggie, and she looked at him. Peter seized the opportunity.

"How would ye like, lass, to mairry me and be mistress o' the farm?"

"I'd be maist glad," replied she readily. She knew little of the wiles and coquetries of women; therefore she kept him in no suspense by delaying her answer. Nor could it be asserted that Maggie shyly blushed, as the natural carmine of her cheeks vied with the carnation in Peter's buttonhole.

"We maun abide ahint tho," continued Peter presently. "Ye see, 'tis this wy, lass, that I daurna think o' gettin' mairit an' Cammy livin' at the farm; but if she'll hae Jamie Grierson, we'll no wait. Baith o' ye couldna be mistress; na. na, it would mak sich a terrible middle o' things."

Jamie meanwhile had quite settled in his mind that if any woman was to be his wife Cammy should have the first chance. But the question of getting married, he thought, wanted a little more thinking over, for a wife, however clever her management, meant some extra expense. Cammy McTavish certainly seemed economical; that was one great point in her favour. He even fell to wondering how long the brown poplin dress would last her for the Sabbaths before she wanted another. Sentiment of any kind had no part in his business-like courtship. If there had ever been a spark of romance in his nature, it had died out many years before. There are some hearts that keep the freshness of youth always, but these are they with a lofty ideal, and Jamie was mercenary, mean-souled, and grasping, and his nature had become warped as his youth dried up, like sap from the root of a tree.

Great was Peter's inward rejoicing as the weeks passed to see that Jamie came frequently to the farm, and that Cammy, so far from showing that she was averse to his visits, made his welcome obvious. The daintiest dishes were always reserved to tempt Jamie's appetite, and he was allowed the *entrée* to the best parlour on weekdays as well as the Sabbaths. Strong-minded Cammy certainly may have been, but she quite succumbed to her wooer's flattery. Even to Peter, Jamie sang her praises.

"She's wi'oot a doot the maist wonderfu' wumman I've iver kent," he said.

"Ay, I'm re'cht glad, Jamie man, as ye hae made the discoovery," replied Peter dryly. And he added to himself, "I'll no let oot aboot her tongue. I dinna conseeder it wud be fair to tell tales oot o' school."

And if Peter's conscience wanted any satisfying on that score, that was how he satisfied it.

Jamie's visits at last culminated in a proposal of marriage. He put the question in a precise and businesslike fashion.

"I'm sair wanting somebody to look after the hoose. Things ha' bin gaen saxes an' sevens wi' nabody to see to them. And I canna help thinking, Miss Cammy, that you're the wumman."

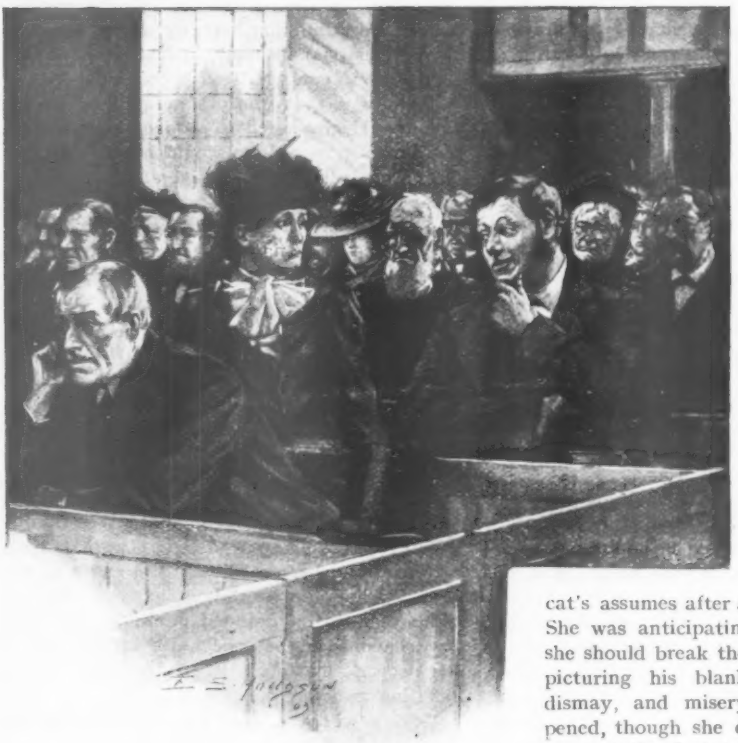
It was the first proposal Cammy had ever received, and she bridled like a girl of twenty.

"You're no serious?" she said a little suspiciously.

"Am I no?" returned Jamie. "I'm that set on't I'll be maist terrible deesappointed gin ye winna become Mrs. Grierson."

Cammy, convinced of his genuineness, stood reflecting on the situation.

"I'm wondering what'll become o' Peter,"



"Cammy herself sat suddenly erect."

she remarked presently, and could have smacked her lips with relish at this chance of revenge; for never had she forgiven Peter for wishing that she had never been born. "He'll just go doited wi' nabody to manage. No but what he deserves it an' a deal mair. Them that's no thankfu' for their blessings dinna ocht to hae any."

She would have been very much disillusioned had she known the share Peter had had in Jamie Grierson's wooing, and likewise that she was a blessing he would decidedly prefer to be without.

Jamie, gathering that Cammy had no objection to become Mrs. Grierson, ventured to express the hope that she would settle an early day for the ceremony. She, with the idea of taking complete vengeance on Peter, fixed an earlier one than he had anticipated.

"Ye micht look in at the minister's on yer wy back, and ask him to ca' the banns the Sabbath."

Jamie, if a little staggered by this promptitude, could do nothing but acquiesce, and so it was arranged.

After Jamie had taken his leave, Cammy for once sat idly with folded hands, her usually alert eye fixed upon the geraniums on the window sill, leaving the dairymaids to flirt unmolested, and letting the kettle sing itself hoarse on the hob. Her face wore that benign, self-satisfied expression that a cat's assumes after a rich lick of cream. She was anticipating the moment when she should break the news to Peter, and picturing his blank astonishment, his dismay, and misery. But as it happened, though she did not know it, she was not the first to impart the tidings, for Jamie met him on the road as he was returning home, and greeted him with the words:

"It's dune, man. I axed her gin she'd hae me, and she's gey wullin', so we'll to be tied in holy matrimonee."

"Ye dinna say sae!" said Peter, with difficulty concealing his exultation.

"Ay, but it's Bible truth," replied Jamie; and I'm gaen strecht this meenute to ask the minister to read oot the banns the Sabbath."

Peter could scarcely believe his ears; he was nearly on the point of tossing his bonnet in the air, but refrained from thus exhibiting his joy, and clapped Jamie on the back instead.

"Ye're a maist mechty clever man, Jamie Grierson, an' I congrateelate ye. There's na mistak aboot it but what ye ha gotten a rale bargain—a maist splendid bargain. I niver thocht ye'd hae pu'd her ower sa syne—an' to think o' your havin' the banns put up the Sabbath!"

"Wull, ye see," explained Jamie, as if to excuse his haste "I telt her it was na guid puttin' it off; the suner it's ower the better."

"Quite recht, the suner the better," agreed Peter with a nod; and it occurred to Jamie that for a man who was to be left in the lurch he took the matter in a very congenial way.

They parted a moment or two after, and every wrinkle in Peter's face seemed to have a tendency to smile as he watched the unsuspicious Jamie walk up the road to the manse.

"He's no found oot about her tongue," he soliloquised; "but I dinna conseeder it's my duty as a Christian to tell him," and with that Peter also went slowly down the road to the manse.

Barely two minutes had elapsed after Jamie quitted the manse when Peter marched importantly up to the door. Ushered into the presence of the reverend gentleman, he said:

"Will ye be sa guid, Minister, as to ca' Maggie Douglas and myself the Sabbath?"

"What! you, too, Peter? Did you know that Jamie Grierson had just been here to ask me to put up the banns of himself and your sister?"

"Ay, Minister, I kent it fine. If it hadna bin for him being wullin' to take the responsibility o' Cammy I'd no be here. He's a *vale* plucky man is Jamie. I alwus did admire him; but since he speired o' Cammy I admire him mair. You see, it was this wy, Minister. Maggie Douglas was gey ready to mairry me, but I couldna bring her hame to the farm till Cammy was oot o' it first. She wud ha bin that raged I daurna ha faced it."

It was all the minister could do to cover a smile; but after Peter had taken his departure he sat back in his chair and indulged in a laugh so prolonged that the little maidservant Jean wondered whatever could be the matter.

Peter reached the farm and sat down to his tea with a countenance no less obtuse than usual. A little triumphant smirk curled the corners of Cammy's mouth, which did not escape him; but apparently he saw nothing.

"Hoo lang sin is it ye said that ye wished I had niver bin born?" she asked presently, so suddenly that Peter might indeed have been startled had he not been prepared.

"Hoo lang? No sae very lang," he replied, after a moment's consideration.

"Humph!" (There was a vast amount of expression in Cammy's "Humph!") "Micht I be speirin' o' ye, Peter McTavish, if ye ha iver repented and wanted to reca' thae words?"

"Na," said Peter reflectively, helping himself to a cake, "I canna say as I hae."

Cammy's smirk lost a little of its confidence. Her hair had no tendency to curl, or it might certainly have done so.

"Wull, then, I wud tell ye, ye may be repentin' before ye're mich older. For ye winna hae me langer than a minth at maist, an' then ye can jist gae yer own gait, for, Peter McTavish, I'm a gaen to be mairit to Jamie Grierson."

Cammy's voice rose to a concert pitch of triumph. Like an avenging angel pronouncing the ingrate's doom, she stood, her lips pursed with satisfaction, the tip of her nose pink with many emotions. Peter most assuredly, she thought, would sit dumb with a conflict of misery and repentance. Peter munched the last morsel of the wheaten cake deliberately; then he took his pipe, lit it, and walked to the door of the kitchen.

"Be ye deaf, Peter McTavish? Dinna ye understand that I am to be mairit to Jamie Grierson?" Cammy's voice had a shrill inflection of impatience.

"Ay, ay," responded Peter slowly, as if he had just tumbled to it. "It's niver too late; but I would na be in Jamie's shoon."

And thus expressing his congratulations Peter stepped out into the garden for his customary evening smoke; and she bore some slight resemblance to a hen when its plumage is fluttered with anger.

But not until the following Sabbath did she fully appreciate how far Peter was from repentance, or realise that his slow wit had proved more than a match for her. She clung to the notion still that Peter's behaviour was mere bravado; that, though he sought to hide it, he was inwardly alarmed and ill at ease; and that when he was left to face the problem of managing the farm without her his hardened heart would know its bitterness and his spirit be overwhelmed with misery and dejection. Therefore when the moment came for the reading of the banns she stole a surreptitious side-glance at Peter's inscrutable countenance, in the hope that some betrayal of emotion would even yet give her the satisfaction of victory. But he never changed expression by so much as the flicker of an eyelid when he heard Jamie Grierson's name coupled with hers. It was Cammy herself who sat suddenly erect, doubting her ears, her eyes glued on Peter, who turned and beamed at her pleasantly, every wrinkle on his face betokening his triumph.

"I publish the banns of marriage between Peter McTavish and Margaret Douglas . . ." read the minister.

BIBLE SUMMITS.

By Dr. J. G. McPherson, F.R.S.E., Minister of Ruthven.

DEPRAVED instinct taught the ignorant pagans that mountains were suitable objects of worship, for they were nearer the sky, and had grander views, and finer and more invigorating air than any other parts of the earth. They were commanding objects, clothed with awe-inspiring shadows and crowned with a resplendent diadem of snow. They attracted the clouds and commanded the rain, and made weird the lightning that leapt life-like from peak to peak. As the people advanced they saw that the mountains were sources of blessing as field fertilisers. And we come at length to the sublime confidence of the psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Nature's most commanding monument in Palestine is Mount Hermon. It is the Mont Blanc of the Holy Land, for the snow is never entirely removed from its massive summit. It is on the north-eastern border, over against Lebanon, adjoining the plateau of Bashan, and towering high above the ancient border-city of Dan and the fountains of the Jordan. From whatever part of Palestine the traveller turns his eyes northward, Hermon is there, terminating the view. From all points of the journey, that pale-blue, snow-capped mass forms the one feature on the northern horizon.

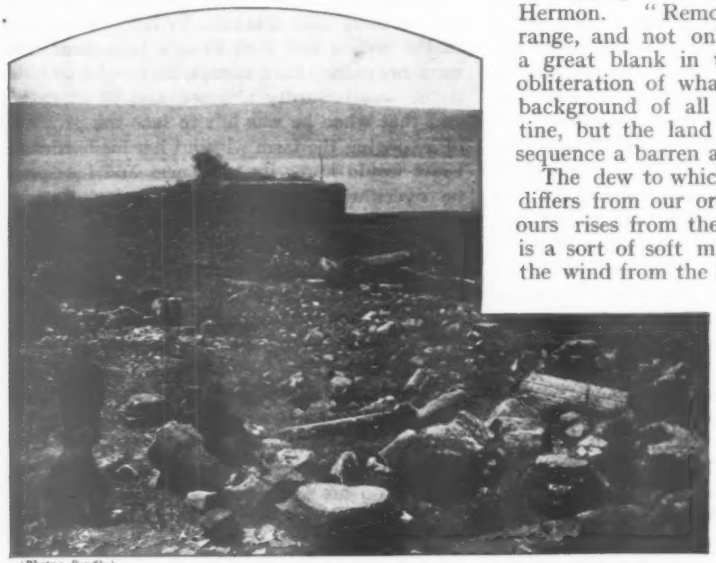
In the Hundred and Thirty-third Psalm is a geographical puzzle: "As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion." One is so apt to jump to the conclusion that "Zion" is the mountain at Jerusalem. But it should be spelt with an "S," and not a "Z," for in Deuteronomy we read of "Mount Sion in Hermon." Sion, the "lofty," is the oldest title of Hermon, and the two names are used in the psalm in accordance with the well known parallelism of Hebrew poetry.

In his admirable work, entitled "Gleanings in Holy Fields," the late Dr. Hugh Macmillan describes the peculiar dew of Hermon referred to by the psalmist. The God of the whole earth "had commanded them the blessing, even life for evermore." The fact that the land was blessed instead of accursed, that it was a fruitful field instead of a useless waste, the fact that animal and vegetable life was maintained on it in health and strength from season to season, was owing to the dew of Hermon. "Remove that mountain range, and not only would its place be a great blank in the landscape, and an obliteration of what formed the noblest background of all the scenery of Palestine, but the land would become in consequence a barren and leafless desert."

The dew to which the psalmist referred differs from our ordinary dew. Most of ours rises from the ground, whereas this is a sort of soft mist that is carried by the wind from the Levant, like that mist

> "Which kept the heart of Eden green
> Before the useful trouble of the rain."

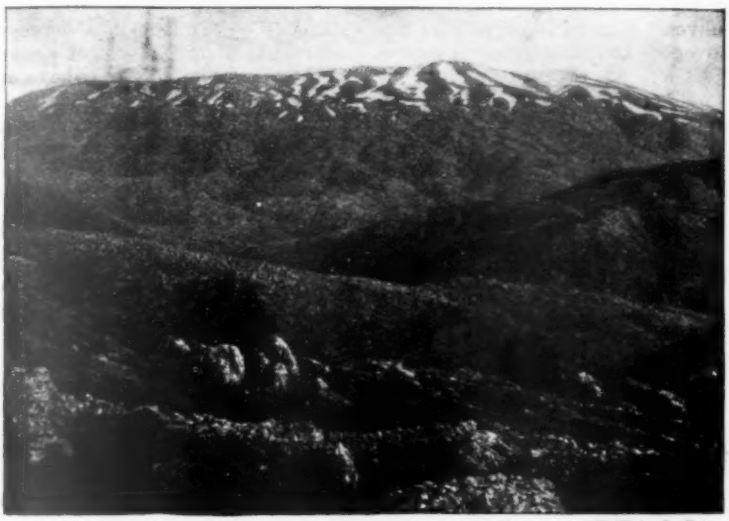
When the country is burnt up with the terrible sunshine in summer, this "haar" is attracted by the inland heights, and condensed in copious moisture upon their sides, creeping down



(Photo: Bonfils.)

THE RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.

upon the plains, and refreshing every green thing. "It comes first of all to Mount Hermon, and helps to keep up its unchanging robe of snow, and to fill its springs, and feed its cedars, and then it flows down and makes the corn to grow green in the valleys, and the vines to swell out their purple grapes in the vineyards, and the lilies to unfold their crimson radiance in the fields."



MOUNT HERMON. (Photo: Bonfils.)

Mount Hermon has three summits, one reaching to the height of 10,000 feet. On one of these summits are curious and interesting ruins. Round a rock which forms the crest of the mountain are the foundations of a rude circular wall; within this is a large heap of hewn stones, surrounding the remains of a very ancient temple. Probably Baal was first worshipped there. It was very likely to the old Syrians what Jerusalem was to the Jews, what Gerizim is to the Samaritans, and what Mecca is to the Muslems.

Following the late Dean Farrar, we consider that Mount Hermon was the Mount of Transfiguration. It is named by St. Luke "the mountain," and He mon comes nearest this description. It is natural to suppose that our Lord, wishing to know well the Holy Land of His birth, would be attracted by the glorious sun-smitten dome of purity at every stage of His journey. Slowly would He walk northward till He reached the splendid, snow-clad mountain, whose glittering mass ever reminded him of the Hermon of Jewish poetry. This was the "holy" mount which St. Peter, in his Second Epistle, speaks of as the scene of transcending glory. On those dewy pasturages, fresh and cool with the heaven-sent breath, our Lord found rest for His troubled spirit in quiet communion with His Father.

North-west of Mount Hermon is the Lebanon range, the highest mountains in Syria, best known to us by the famous cedars that are still to be found there. The name Lebanon means "white," for the snow covers the whole summit during the greater part of the year. There Solomon got timber for the Temple. One of the peaks is very nearly 10,200 feet high. The backbone of the range has smooth, barren sides, and grey rounded summits. The white limestone cliffs and peaks conceal any little verdure; cultivation is seen about 4,000 feet below the summit. The descent is everywhere broken by precipices, chiselled into romantic shapes by the elements. Ravines of singular weirdness furrow the whole mountain side. Here and there, too, bold promontories shoot out, and dip the precipitous rocks into the foaming Mediterranean. The cultivation is wonderful, and shows what all Syria might be if the same industry prevailed all over. Small grain-

fields appear where one would imagine it was unprofitable to cultivate the thin soil. Fig-trees cling to the naked rock; vines are trained along narrow ledges; stair-like steps of mulberries attract the eye; and deep down in the glens are found dense groves of olives. Hundreds of villages are scattered over; and numerous communities are settled on every summit. Dr. Porter, so well acquainted with the whole district, says, "When viewed from the sea on a morning in early spring, Lebanon presents a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten; but deeper still is the impression left on the mind when one looks down over its terraced slopes clothed in their gorgeous foliage, and through the vistas of its magnificent glens, or the broad and mighty Mediterranean." How beautifully do these noble features illustrate the words of Hosea, "Israel shall grow as the lily, and strike forth his roots as Lebanon"! And the fresh mountain breezes, filled in early summer with the fragrance of the budding vines and throughout the year with the rich odours from the clusters of aromatic herbs, call to mind these scripture words, "The smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."



(Photo: Bonfils.)

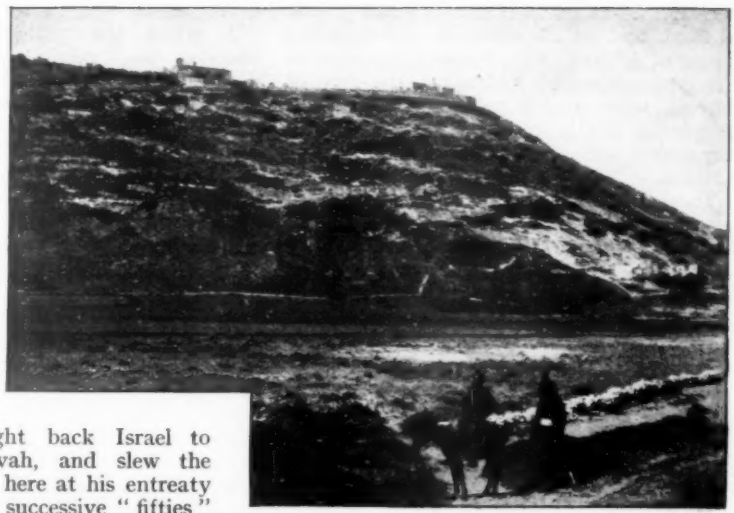
MOUNT TABOR.

We have the sacred river, Kadisha, descending from the side of the loftiest peak in the whole range through a gorge of surpassing grandeur. Upon its banks is perched the great convent of Kanobin.

The grove of trees known as the cedars of Lebanon consists of about four hundred trees, standing quite alone in a depression of the mountain, about 6,400 feet above the level of the sea. The older trees have each several trunks, and spread themselves widely round; but most of the others are of cone-like form. They are regarded with much reverence by the natives as living records of Solomon's power; and the patriarch of Kanobin was formerly accustomed to celebrate there the Transfiguration at an altar of hewn stones.

Mount Carmel forms one of the most striking features of Palestine. As if to accentuate more distinctly the bay which forms the one indentation of the sea coast, this noble ridge, twelve miles in extent, runs out with a bold bluff promontory all but into the very waves of the Levant. The range consists of a soft white limestone, with veins of flint. It abounds also in caves, often of great length and extremely tortuous. The highest part is some eight miles from the sea, 1,728 feet in height. In appearance Carmel still lives out the original meaning of its name, "the well-wooded place." It is still clothed with the same excellency of wood which supplied the prophets with one of their most favourite illustrations. Dean Stanley considered that its shrubberies were thicker than any others in Central Palestine. Its rocky dells with deep jungles of copse, its impenetrable brushwood of oaks harboured game and wild animals. The whole mountain side is dressed with hollyhocks, jasmine, and fragrant herbs.

There seems good reason for believing that from very early times Mount Carmel was considered as a sacred spot. But that

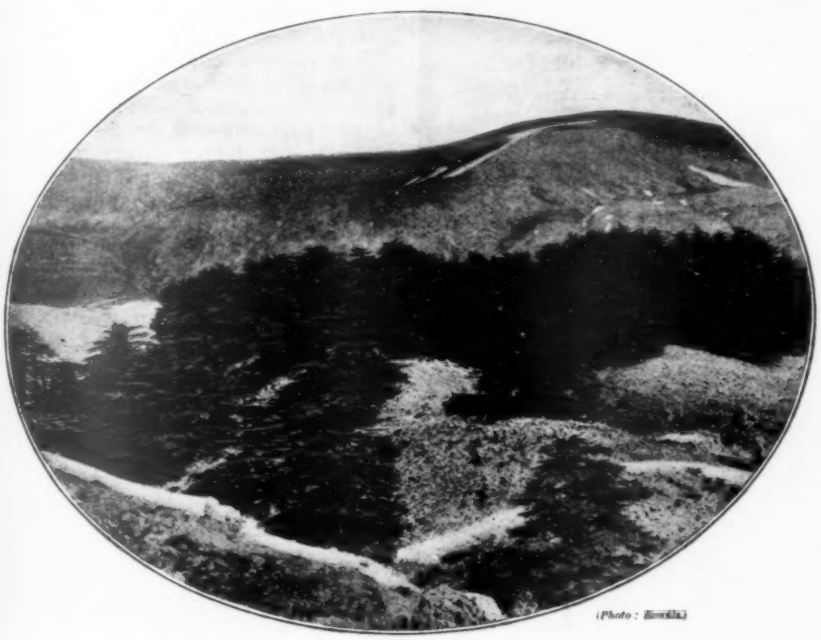


(Photo: Bonfils.)

MOUNT CARMEL.

which has made it most familiar to the modern world is its intimate connection with the history of the two great prophets of Israel—Elijah and Elisha. The fiery zeal of the one and the healing tenderness of the other are inseparably connected in our minds with this gaily clad mountain. Here Elijah brought back Israel to allegiance to Jehovah, and slew the prophets of Baal; here at his entreaty were consumed the successive "fifties" of the royal guard; but here, on the other hand, Elisha received the visit of the bereaved mother, whose son he was soon to restore to her arms.

The summit at the extreme eastern point of the range of Carmel commands the first view of the great plain in front. There, according to Dean Stanley, on the highest ridge of the mountain, may well have stood on its sacred "high place" the altar of Jehovah, which Jezebel had cast down. Close beneath, on a wide upland sweep, under the shade of ancient olives and round a perennial spring of water, must have

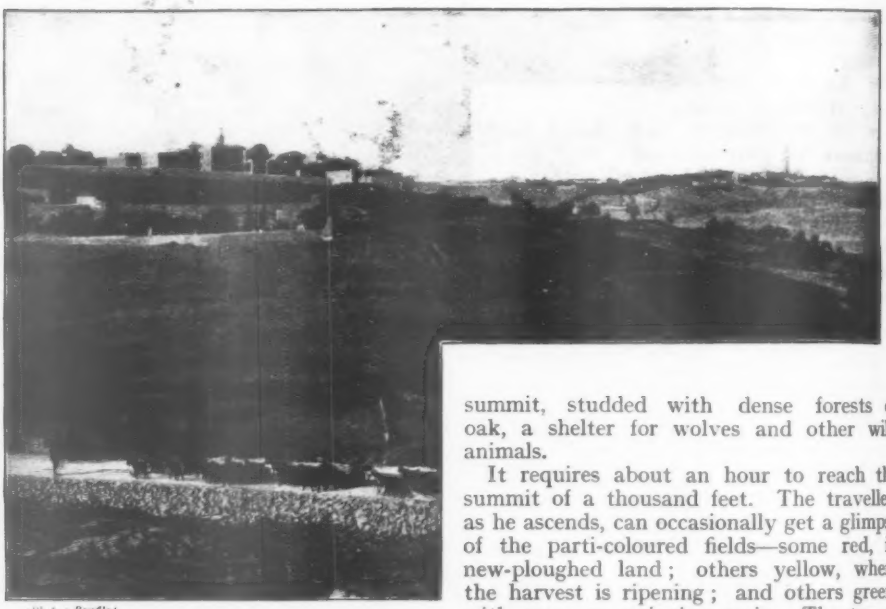


(Photo: [illegible])

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FOREST OF CEDARS OF LEBANON.

been ranged on one side the king and priests of Baal, and on the other the commanding figure of Elijah. Full before them opened the whole plain of Esdraelon, the city of Jezreel, with Ahab's palace and Jezebel's temple distinctly visible. In the nearer foreground was clearly seen the meandering Kishon.

There once, too, did Elijah send his servant to a commanding peak whence there is a wide view of the azure Mediterranean. Seven times the servant brought back news that he saw nothing. "At last out of the far horizon there rose a little cloud, and it grew by the deepening shades of evening till the whole sky was overcast, and the forests of Carmel shook in the welcome sound of the mighty winds, which were the harbinger of the approaching tempest."



MOUNT ZION AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, FROM THE BETHLEHEM ROAD.

The sanctity of Mount Carmel no doubt remains, but it is its richness and its prominence—

"Tabor among the mountains; Carmel by the sea"—

which appear to have taken hold of the poets of the nation: and their references to it are frequent and characteristic.

This allusion to Mount Tabor naturally takes us to the summit of that famous hill, which the psalmist associates with Hermon as "rejoicing in the name of Jehovah." It is one of the most interesting and remarkable of the single mountains in Palestine. It rises abruptly from the north-eastern arm of the Plain of Esdraelon; and a narrow ridge connects it with the hills of Nazareth, six miles distant. It presents to the eye in the distant horizon a beautiful appearance, being so symmetrical in its proportions and rounded off on its summit, studded with dense forests of oak, a shelter for wolves and other wild animals.

It requires about an hour to reach the summit of a thousand feet. The traveller, as he ascends, can occasionally get a glimpse of the parti-coloured fields—some red, in new-ploughed land; others yellow, where the harvest is ripening; and others green, with grass or springing grain. The top of the mountain consists of an irregular platform, embracing a circuit of half-an-hour's walk. According to Dr. Halkett, the panorama spread before the observers from the summit of Tabor includes as great a variety of objects of natural beauty and of sacred and historic interest as any one to be seen from any position in the Holy Land. On the east the waters of the Sea of Galilee are seen glittering through the clear atmosphere, and the course of the Jordan can be traced for many miles. The dark line on the western horizon is the Mediterranean, a ridge of Carmel towering above. North are the ranges of Lebanon and the snow-capped Hermon. On the south are seen the summits of Gilboa, and in the plain the village of Endor, the dwelling of the sorceress. Nain clings to the hill-side,

where the Saviour restored to life the widow's son.

All around the top of the mountain are the foundations of a thick wall, built of large stones, with the traces of a fortress, and dwelling-houses. Some belong to the era of the Crusades, while others seem to date back to the time of the Romans. Most travellers who have visited Tabor in recent times have found it utterly solitary, so far as regards the presence of human occupants. The early Christians believed that our Saviour was transfigured on this mountain; but this idea is now exploded. Accordingly, in early times several churches and monasteries gave evidence of the religious enthusiasm of the Crusaders.

We have mentioned that the summits of Gilboa are seen from Tabor Mount. It is a mountain range some 600 feet high, on the eastern side of the plain of Esdraelon, rising over the city of Jezreel and extending some ten miles. It is only mentioned in scripture in connection with one event in Israelitish history—the defeat and death of Saul and Jonathan by the Philistines. When the tidings were carried to David he broke out into this pathetic strain: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no rain upon you, neither dew, nor field of offering."

At the northern base of Gilboa, half a mile from the ruins of Jezreel, the abode of Ahab and Jezebel, is a large fountain, and it was probably from it the name Gilboa (bubbling fountain) was derived. There is still a village on the top of the mountain. The sides of the range are bleak, white, and barren; they look, in fact, as if the heart-wringing curse of David had proved prophetic.

Further south, in Samaria, is Mount Gerizim, 2,500 feet in height, where the blessings of the obeyed law were pronounced, adjoining Mount Ebal, where the curses were cast on the disobedience of the law. The view from Gerizim is one of the finest in Palestine. It was to this mountain that Abraham was guided by Jehovah to have his faith tested in the offering up of his son Isaac. About the base was the altar which Jacob built. Here also was his "well," made world-famous by the interview between our Lord and the woman of Samaria. On the summit of the mountain Sanballat built the temple of Manasseh; but after it had stood for a couple of centuries it was destroyed by Hyrcanus. This, however, did



RANGE OF MOUNT SINAI. *(Photo: Frith and Co., Reigate.)*

not crush the rancour of the Samaritans. The liberal attitude of our Lord and His disciples was thrown away upon them. But much had they to suffer for it; on one occasion 10,600 of them were slain, and their city (Neapolis) came to grief.

The Mount of Olives has most blessed of prayer great drops of blood were to sweat from His fevered brow. Eastward He saw the wilderness of Judæa to the purpling line of the mountains of Moab. The mysterious waters of the sea of Lot lay between. All afforded visible tokens of God's anger and man's sin.



(Photo: Bonfils.)

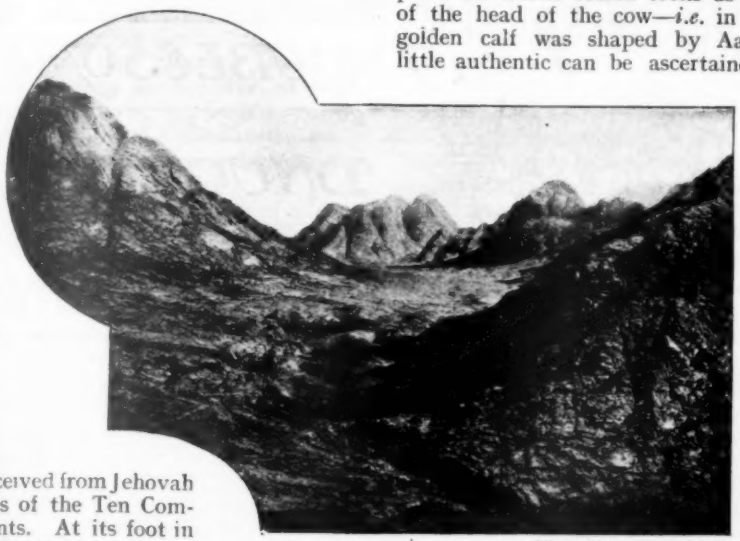
GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNT GERIZIM.

associations, for often the sacred feet of the Master pressed the slopes, as He went there for secret prayer, or on His way over to Bethany. The mount overtops even the highest part of Jerusalem by rather more than 100 feet, for it is 2,724 feet above the level of the sea. Its northern and southern outlines bend round slightly towards the city, and give the effect of "standing round about Jerusalem." We can imagine the little band listening to our Lord's discourse on the summit before they went over to Bethany. Jesus sat down to rest—perhaps under the green boughs of those two stately cedar-trees which then adorned the summit of the hill. It was a scene well fitted for His discourse. Beneath Him lay the corrupt city, waiting for His blood. At His feet was the garden of Gethsemane, where in the agony

The tombs of the kings were in the city of David—that is, Mount Zion, which was an eminence on the northern part of Mount Moriah. The royal sepulchres were probably chambers containing separate recesses for the successive kings. This was on the "Upper City" of the Jews, higher and more massive than Mount Moriah, or the "Lower City" of Josephus, now occupied by the great Mohammedan sanctuary with its mosques and domes.

Only a little space remains for a few notes on Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb. Nearly in the centre of the peninsula which stretches between the horns of the Red Sea lies a wedge of granite and porphyry rocks, rising to 8,000 feet above the sea. The mountain known as Jebel Katherin has two well-marked peaks, the northern one called Horeb and the southern Sinai (or the

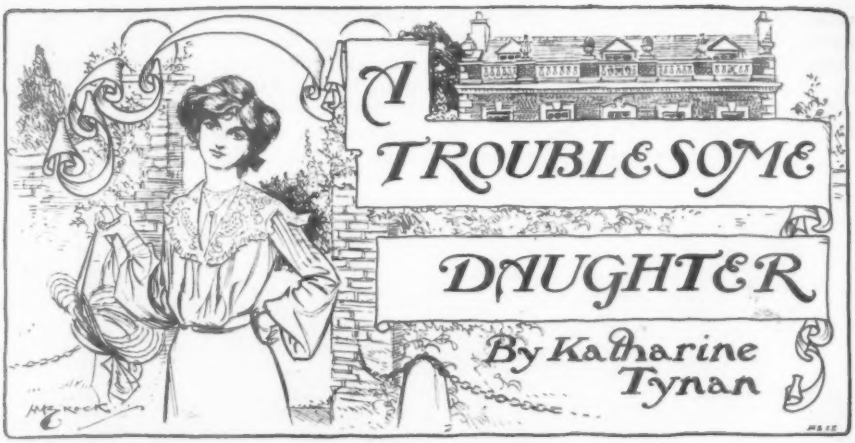
Mountain of Moses). There has been much wrangling about the special sites and names. Sinai was the sacred mountain on which Moses received from Jehovah the tables of the Ten Commandments. At its foot in a ravine stands the fortress-like monastery of St. Catherine, and a short distance above it the chapel of St. Elias; whilst on its summit is a little pilgrim church. The rock in Horeb was what Moses smote. Just east of Sinai lies the convent mountain, called also, from a local legend, "the Mount of the Burning Bush." Tradition has also fixed on a hollow rock in the plain on which Horeb looks as the mould of the head of the cow—*i.e.* in which the golden calf was shaped by Aaron. But little authentic can be ascertained. There are a great many Nabatæan inscriptions engraven on the rocks of Sinai, which date from the early centuries of the Christian era.



(*Photo: Frith and Co., Reigate.*)
MOUNT HOREB.



(*Photo: Bonfils.*)
THE MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA.



A SERIAL STORY.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XI.

The first chapter introduces us to the village of Stannington, where Judy Evelyn, third and youngest daughter of Mrs. Evelyn of the Red House, is visiting all her friends round the village green in company with Jack Winstanley, the thirteen-year-old son of Major and Lady Mary Winstanley, of the Court. Judy is just home from her French school. By her mother's wish she is put back into the schoolroom with her old governess, Miss Meredith, and is restricted to a hard-and-fast schoolroom course, which frets the high-spirited girl. Lady Flora Lindley, Judy's godmother, carries her off from her lessons to a seaside village near a great port, where presently Lady Flora's son, Major Lindley, is to arrive, invalided home from the South African war. Lady Flora has succeeded in dividing her son and his cousin, Miss Rosamund Lindley. Lady Flora and Judy go to town for shopping purposes, and visit the Duchess of Glastonbury, who is the head of an East-End settlement. Major Lindley arrives, and it is decided that they all stay on a while at the big seaside hotel, so that the hero may pick up after his wounds. Judy and Major Lindley are constantly together. He confides to her that he is going back to Rosamund, his old love, to clear up the misunderstanding between them, before he returns to the front. Judy tells Lady Flora that he loves only his cousin, and is going to seek her out and ask her to take him back again. Lady Flora is furiously angry, and suggests to him that he has made Judy care for him. He asks Judy to marry him, and Judy says "Yes." There is a certain Maurice Evelyn, a distant cousin, who loses a portion of his inheritance if he does not marry one of his three cousins. Judy has misgivings as to whether Major Lindley's heart is really hers. She goes to stay with Lady Mary Winstanley, and finds her depressed, and meets Margaret Greville. Major Lindley goes back to Africa. Judy overhears a conversation between Lady Mary Winstanley and Miss Rosamund which proves that her worst fears about her engagement are true. She runs away to the Duchess of Glastonbury for comfort, accidentally gets into a low street of alien thieves, and is in a very dangerous position when she is rescued by a strange young gentleman. Returning home, she is introduced to her cousin, Maurice Evelyn, who proves to be the hero of her East-End adventure.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH JUDY DESIRES TO FLEE AWAY



IT was true that Maurice Evelyn had wakened up the Red House. There was something irresistibly bright and joyous about him, though only Judy knew how stern he could be on occasion.

His presence there seemed to have relaxed in some indefinable way the over-prim atmosphere of the house. Quite possibly, if Mrs. Evelyn's son had lived, there would not have grown up the hedge of narrow little conventions with which she had bounded her life and the lives of her daughters. Mrs. Evelyn was one of the many women who have one law for the man, another for the woman, being quite unconscious of it the while.

Her husband had accepted his wife's rule for her daughters without questioning it. Now it surprised and amused him to see how she smiled on the innovations young Evelyn introduced, and how he routed Mabel and Bertha out of their prim and narrow ways.

"District visiting?" he said. "Oh, yes; district visiting is very good in its way, especially if you will let me come and carry your basket. But there can't be much scope for district visiting in this fat and comfortable county. The idea of your not playing golf! We'll begin to-morrow. The beauty of golf is that it is an all-round-the-year game, and will keep you out of doors all day in the winter as well as in the summer."

Judy's eyes met her father's, and there was an answering twinkle. What, then, was to become of the life of the tesselated pavement, as Judy had called it in her rebellious moments

—the half-hour's reading, the half-hour's embroidery, the half-hours of piano practice, of French, of German, of Italian, by which the girls kept their accomplishments fresh, yet learned the process of an incessant weaning from the things of this world.

"You are quite right, Maurice," Mrs. Everyn said easily. "They are too fond of sitting over the fire in winter; and even in summer they will sit in a basket-chair in the garden and never think of getting up on the Hill, where the air is so fresh and bracing."

The golfing began the next day; and not only was their cousin in readiness to coach the girls, but young Edward Hunter and Teddy Parkinson showed a great willingness to assist in their golfing education. The first day happened to be a windy one, and Bertha and Mabel returned with all their neat little curls blown into a most admired disorder. As for Judy, her hair was always inclined to flame about her head, so it made no great difference to Judy.

The colour, too, was blown into her sisters' somewhat languid cheeks, and altogether they returned home looking quite unlike the demure young ladies who had gone out; and there was more laughter and chatter over the tea in the garden, to which the whole party of golfers had returned, than Judy remembered to have heard from her sisters' lips in all the years she had known them.

As they entered the house, Judy overheard a scrap of conversation between Mabel and Teddy Parkinson which brought the quick smile to her lips and eyes.

"I'm afraid I'm shockingly untidy," her demure sister said in a coquettish way, at the same time putting up her two pretty bare hands to smooth down the hair that stuck out about her face in a fine little tangle of gold wires.

"Don't!" said Teddy, who was a youth of few words. "It's lovely as it is."

And Mabel did not, not even when she retired and came back with little touches added to her dress that were suitable for an afternoon toilet, if not for the roughness of golf.

Judy's sisters had not realised before how much pleasure mere movement gives to the young. There was something to be done every day, and no time except in the after-dinner hour for sitting still.

Mrs. Parkinson beamed delightedly on the young people's enjoyments, and was eager to make the occasions. She promised great things as to what she would do to wake up the neighbourhood in the coming winter, "unless—unless"—the good soul's ruddy tints were apt to fade at this point—"unless Teddy's regiment and all her dear boys were at the front," which seemed likely enough.

Mrs. Parkinson was so kind that it was almost impossible to distinguish between her kindness to one guest and another. Yet there was a shade more tenderness in her manner to Mabel Evelyn than was there for the others, and sharp-eyed Judy noticed that with other things.

A whole fortnight went by. By this time Judy had an address up-country to send her letters to, and she wrote conscientiously, keeping a sort of running diary for her lover, to which she added a little day by day.

If you could have looked over her shoulder as she penned these additions, you would have found very little mention of Maurice Evelyn's name, considering how much Judy was in his company. This was a great deal more, indeed, than Jack Winstanley liked. He knew by this time about Major Lindley, and had made up his mind to regard Judy as a sister henceforth; but all the same, he didn't like being cut out as a brother by Maurice Evelyn.

Once when she added to her diary at an hour when she might have been supposed to be in bed, Judy, in the seclusion of her bedchamber, turned red and pale, placed her hand against her heart as though it were beating too fast, and then wrote rapidly for a few moments. It was scarcely a matter to cause such perturbation. She merely mentioned that she had met Miss Rosamund Lindley looking as sweet as ever, but rather sad; that she had stopped and spoken, hoping that Judy had good news from the seat of war.

She was tempted to add that Miss Rosamund and Miss Prim had moved into the Spinney Farm, and that the Manor House stood empty, but some instinct kept her from touching on that subject. He would know, of course, that they had ceased to be his tenants; and probably the subject was painful to him.

When Judy had written that little bit about Miss Rosamund she put the sheets of her diary into an envelope, sealed it, addressed it to Major Lindley, and then ran down and placed it on the hall table, where the letters were laid for the early morning post, which left the house before anyone but the servants were astir. And to-morrow was not the South African mail-day either.

A day or two later Mrs. Evelyn was amazed

by Judy's request to be allowed to go for a time to the Duchess of Glastonbury.

"Not really, dear?" the mother said in distress. "You have seemed so happy with us, Judy dear."

"I read the other day," said Judy, "in a book about Madame de Guyon—Mr. Neville lent it to me, dear, so it must be perfectly orthodox—that those girls called to the conventual state were remarkable beyond all others for their gaiety and love of enjoyment, and that the very hardest vocations of all fell to the most lively; so that you might see a young girl dancing in rose satin and jewels till midnight, and hear next day that she had fled away to the poor Clares or the Carmelites. It was always the happiest who went. Not that there is anything very ascetic about the life at Bethlehem House."

Mrs. Evelyn frowned, almost for the first time since Judy had come home.

"I think such reading cannot fail to be unwholesome," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Neville had not read the book. And, of course, the Duchess is much too wise for any of that nonsense. Still, I don't like your leaving us when we are all so happy."

Judy turned away her head, and a little grey forlornness came into her face for the fraction of a second; but, short as it was, the mother saw it and ached over it.

"Poor little Judy, poor child!" she said, gathering her into a loving embrace. "Is it as bad as that? I'm afraid we've been selfish, enjoying ourselves and forgetting what you have to bear, and poor old Lady Flora too. Not that she would let us pity her, or forgive us if we were dull for her sake."

"Dearest mother," cried Judy, clinging to her, "there was no time in all my life when your love had not power to make me happy. But I want to go, indeed I want to go. I want to be good and quiet for a little while."

"I know, I know," the mother said hastily. "There are times when we all want to be good and quiet for a little while, because our Master is calling us. Do you think I would keep you, Judy dear?"

"You will speak to papa?"

"I will speak to him. He won't like your going, Judy. You seem to have been so much away from us lately. But he will listen to me."

She made an opportunity to speak to her husband that evening, and found him more amenable than she had expected.

"I'm not surprised," he said, "not surprised. I shouldn't have consented to the engagement, Helen, but you persuaded me against my better judgment. I shall never be reconciled to Lindley's age—and then, a man going out to be shot at! Stuff and nonsense! he'd no business to ask Judy."

"It has gone very deep with her," said the mother. "I'm afraid we've been forgetting what the child must have been enduring in the separation from her lover, and the anxiety for him. I think it will do her good to go. I remember what I suffered during our only separation."

Mr. Evelyn looked at his wife with a mixture of tenderness and trouble, but without the usual humorous glint in his eye.

"I'm not sure I oughtn't to step in now," he said, "and stop it all."

"Oh, Marmaduke! I can quite trust the Duchess with Judy. She won't let her go anywhere or do anything she oughtn't to. Besides, I don't think we can prevent Judy's going. She wants quietness and prayer, poor child."

"Who talked about preventing her, ma'am?" Mr. Evelyn asked.

"Why, you did, surely."

"I did no such thing. It was something quite different. I think perhaps it's the best thing Judy can do—for the present. Of course, she won't go where there are any nasty infectious things to be picked up."

"No, indeed. We should have very little sense of our responsibility to Philip Lindley if we——"

"Bother Philip Lindley!" said Mr. Evelyn, with some asperity.

Then he changed the subject.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that betwixt and between us the provisions of poor Cousin Peter's will seem likely not to be executed?"

His tone was dry, and Mrs. Evelyn's face underwent one of those sudden changes of colour that were as natural to her as to Judy.

"No, indeed. What do you mean, Marmaduke?"

"I thought women saw more of that particular game than men. However, it's perfectly obvious to my dull intelligence that your daughter Mabel seems to prefer that stupid fellow Teddy Parkinson to Maurice, and when the couples are sorted out Bertha invariably falls to young Hunter. So, of course, Maurice and Ju have had to pair off, and, as ill-luck would have it, Ju's already bespoke. If I could be only a little surer I'd interfere,

but I'm afraid to. There is just the possibility of my doing mischief."

Mrs. Evelyn found part of her husband's speech rather cryptic; but there were occasions on which she did not understand him, so she let it pass.

"I wonder if Maurice knows," she said calmly, "that Judy is engaged?"

"Good Heavens, surely! How could he be here and not know? You told him, didn't you? Or if not, someone would have told him."

Mrs. Evelyn looked at his disturbed face with some wonder.

"I never told him," she said. "I avoided discussing the girls with him at first out of motives of delicacy. It's bad enough to have a young man coming to the house to pick one of your daughters for his wife. He mightn't have been half as nice as Maurice, and I think it was a very odd thing for your Cousin Peter to do. I couldn't begin by telling him that one of the girls was out of the question."

"Perhaps not," her husband said gloomily. "Still, since you and I have not told him, it is just possible that it was nobody else's business. In that case, it occurs to me, Helen, that we may have been doing poor Maurice serious wrong."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Evelyn in distress, "for he is a dear boy. And, Marmaduke, I can't really believe that Mabel and Bertha could like Teddy Parkinson and that Hunter boy better than Maurice. I am sure you are mistaken."

"Perhaps so. But the thing I am afraid of is that Maurice may not be concerned about Mabel and Bertha at all."



"The golfing began the next day."—*p. 375.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BEST BELOVED.

JUDY had gone over to the Court to say good-bye to Lady Mary and Jack.

She found no Jack. Jack was playing in a return match of Stannington against Orchard Green, and was not expected

back till dinner-time. But Lady Mary was on her wheeled sofa in the garden, doing nothing, and alone. Judy, coming unannounced by way of the garden, caught a glimpse of Lady Mary's face, full of heavy melancholy—for an instant only, then she saw Judy, and her expression changed to one of pretended cheerfulness, which did not deceive Judy, and would not have deceived a less interested and observant person.

However, there was no pretence about her welcome of Judy. She put out her arms and drew the girl within them and kissed her warmly.

"I just wanted you, Judy," she said. "The Major has driven Margaret over to Castle Uplands to see the ruins, and my book doesn't interest me, and I was beginning to feel very lonely."

"And neuralgic," said Judy compassionately. "The minute I saw your face I said to myself, 'Poor Lady Mary, it is one of her neuralgic days.'"

Lady Mary smiled in her odd way.

"I haven't neuralgia, Judy," she said. "At least, not what is called neuralgia."

"Well, then, I don't see why you were looking so gloomy. Jack would have rated you if he had seen it, and the Major and Margaret would have been sorry they had left you. When did Margaret come?"

"Last evening. I was just going to send you over word. Stay till they come back. They said they would get back in time for tea."

"I am quite free. The others went to Battlements for tennis. Dear Lady Mary, aren't you glad Margaret has come? How long will she stay?"

"I am very glad she has come. And she will stay with us for a fortnight. It will be very pleasant for the Major. He is never tired of talking to Margaret. What news, Judy? You have heard from Major Lindley?"

"He is very well, thank you," Judy said, as though her mind were not given to her answer. "But I came to tell you that I am going to the Duchess of Glastonbury for a while. Papa and mother have consented. Later on, I shall join the others at Eastbourne; but I shall have a month or longer with the Duchess."

"In that East-End slum of her's! You will like it, Judy?"

"I shall love it. And her house isn't a slum; her face makes it all beautiful."

"Poor little Judy! And I've heard them saying that it has been such a gay summer at Stannington. That cousin of yours and Mrs. Parkinson and her nephew have wakened us all up. Of course, it couldn't be very happy for you."

"No; it hasn't been very happy for me," Judy said, with a deep, almost painful, blush.

"And so you want to flee away like the dove, and be at rest. Poor little Judy, that you should already have arrived at that desire. It is too bad. *I* have found out that the most desirable thing on earth is rest—or perhaps it is not on earth. But that is a knowledge that ought to belong to the old, and weary, and disillusioned."

"Like you!" said Judy, with tender raillery.

"Like me," Lady Mary responded, and sudden tears rushed to her eyes.

"You have been moping," cried Judy. "I know your way. You *would* make them go away and leave you, and then be miserable by yourself. I have noticed your doing it and wondered about it. Why should you? You know Major Winstanley is never so happy as when he is by your side."

"Dear Judy, I hope there is a greater happiness preparing for him. Yes; Hugo has never wearied of me, never would weary. Though it is hard for a man like him to have an invalid wife. Why, with the right kind of wife there is no height to which he might not attain. I feel my health failing, Judy. I have grown weaker and thinner for some time past. Haven't you seen it? Look at my wrists."

She extended her hands to Judy, and the girl saw it was true. Lady Mary had had beautiful arms. Now the wrist-bones showed too much, the skin hung loosely.

"I see that you have been fretting yourself thin," said Judy, with a tender roughness. "But there is nothing the matter with you—nothing, nothing. Why haven't you seen a doctor if you have been growing thinner? Hasn't the Major noticed? He must know. He would never forgive us for keeping from him anything that affected your health."

Lady Mary laughed, a queer little triumphant laugh.

"Dr. Sebright knows," she said, "and he has been giving me tonics. But tonics are no good at all. Do you know what is the matter with me, Judy? My heart is broken because I can never be anything but a drag and a burden on Hugo. Poor Hugo, he will be grieved. I wish I could spare him the grief.

And oh, my boy, my Jack!" For an instant she covered her face with her hands, Then she controlled herself and smiled unhappily. "The sorrow will pass," she said, "and Hugo will marry again. He must marry again. I shall ask it of him when I am dying. And then the love of some beautiful and noble woman will repay him the debt of tenderness I owe for his faithful patience with me."

"You are talking nonsense," said Judy. "Nothing—no one can repay him but you. And Dr. Sebright is old-fashioned and timid. I've heard Major Winstanley say so himself. You should see another doctor, Major Winstanley is right. Dr. Sebright may have been good enough the time you had your accident. Surgery has been making strides since. He is not the man to keep up with them."

"Do you know the thing that would make me well, Judy? It would be if I were told that I should walk again. I know that it is an impossibility. Oh, Judy, I was always so active as a girl. If you were to know what a martyrdom it has been to lie still all these years. I was only twenty-two when it happened. Was ever anyone so punished for an act of reckless disobedience?"

Her frame was shaken with sobs, and Judy could do nothing but put an arm about the shoulders where the bones stood out prominently and murmur inarticulate words of pity and love.

"I was never a weakling," Lady Mary said, between her sobs. "If I had been, it would not have been so hard. I was meant for a very strong woman. Margaret is looking splendid, Judy. She has the bloom of a peach. Her beauty has got something new and wonderful in it. She smiles as though she had the most exquisite and tender of secrets. Who could see Margaret and not love her? She smiles at me as though there were a secret between us. Judy, if it were not for my fall, I should have been nearly as beautiful as Margaret. I am not yet thirty-five."

A servant brought the tea-table across the lawn at this moment, and set out the things within reach of Lady Mary's hand. Before the silence which his presence made necessary could be broken Major Winstanley and Miss Greville were seen coming towards them.

Margaret had enjoyed her drive, and the ruins were wonderful, but they had both wanted to get back to Lady Mary as soon as possible. And how delightful it was to find Judy! Major Winstanley had promised to go over to the Red House after tea and fetch Judy back.

Yes; there certainly was a startling increase of beauty in Margaret, who had always been beautiful. Some warmth and ripening had come to her, as it might to one of the peaches on the southern wall. She was gayer, more animated, less serious than of old—some happy man's Egeria, but also his dear, natural human love.

"I could call you Peg, as the Duchess does, to-day," said Judy enigmatically, and refused to explain when asked why to-day and not other days.

The Major, meanwhile, had sat down by his wife and spoken a few words to her in a low, tender voice. His eyes were the eyes of a lover. What was Lady Mary thinking of, said Judy to herself, when she planned consolation for this husband bereft of her? Why, he would never be consoled. Though he smiled at the two girls in his kind, grand way, he had the air, sitting there beside his wife, of being isolated with her in a great space where no one came near them or touched them. The sight of it made Judy impatient. Such a love ought to work miracles for the woman who possessed it—greater miracles, even, than to make her keep her hold on a world which without her would be in ruins for this man.

He still kept his seat by her when they had drunk their tea, and Margaret, putting an affectionate arm about Judy, asked her to come and show her the garden, which she had not yet made friends with.

"I am always glad to leave those two together," she said. "Did you ever see such devotion? But what's the matter with Lady Mary? She looked ailing before she left town, and I thought it was only the heat, the smaller house; and that her own place would set her up. But it hasn't. She looks worse than before. Doesn't the Major notice it? I believe he does, for he seems to me harassed at times."

"She has been talking about dying—in order to add to his happiness—this afternoon," Judy said drily.

"Dear Heavens! she mustn't die. Just when I am so full of hope for her, too. I know. She has talked to me about the drag an invalid wife is on a man like Major Winstanley. Otherwise, he is so perfectly satisfied with her as she is that I should have let the thing alone."

"What thing?"

"It is the profoundest of secrets. Let me whisper it in your ears, Judy, and then you will tell me if I ought to tell her at once."

They were in a little garden maze, at the heart of which was a fountain full of gold-fish.

"Judy, I have spoken to Sir Francis Burnett about Lady Mary's injury. He says from what I have told him that it may be possible to make her a quite strong woman. Her injury no longer belongs to the category of the hopeless. He is to see her when she returns to town in October, if she will consent to it. You know he has just been to America. I don't know how many cases of the same kind he has cured. Think of what a hope it is. And for her to talk of dying!"

Judy became rosy-red with excitement.

"She will die, too," she said, "just for the want of the will to live, unless we make her have the will. This is just in time. She will live for the chance."

"I tremble to tell her, lest hers should be the one case out of a hundred, incurable."

"Ah, we mustn't think of that. We must let her know at once. She must begin to pick up strength for the treatment. Oddly enough, she detected your excitement, and spoke to me about it. Is it this secret that has made you blossom like the rose, Margaret?"

Miss Greville blushed.

"There is something else, Judy," she said, "Can't you imagine what?"

"Love?" said Judy.

"Yes, love. And the proudest love a woman ever had. I am to marry Mr. Mountford."

"Oh, Margaret, what a splendid destiny!"

"Yes, it is splendid," Margaret said slowly; "but I hadn't thought about his being Prime Minister. I have only thought how great and noble he is, how full of sympathy for humankind, how ready to redress evils and fight the good fight. I have only thought how great my love for him is, and wondered how he could ever stoop to me."

"Ah, the Duchess meant that when she said you were probably destined for a great position."

"I've worshipped him since I was a little girl, Judy," went on Margaret, with rapturous eyes. "And he has always been in love with me, he says, only—just think, Judy!—he thought I would not care for him because he is so much older than I am. As though every year hasn't made him more splendid!"

"You will be his Egeria."

The beautiful girl bowed her head with the most touching humility.

"I pray that God may make me fit to be his wife," she said. "I have just told Major Winstanley. How glad he was! Do you know, I believe he had fathomed what always seemed to me my hopeless passion, and was sorry for me? He was so very glad."

She laughed and blushed, and then stood smiling at Judy across the basin of clear water, looking the very incarnation of happy love.

"I am so glad, so glad," said Judy, rushing at her and giving her a tremendous hug. "You deserve to be the proudest and happiest woman in the world. Do you suppose Major Winstanley has told Lady Mary?"

"I told him he might. We are not talking about it yet. It will make such a frightful buzz when it is known. We want to elope together and make a secret marriage somewhere."

"That would never do—for Mr. Mountford. As the newspapers will say, 'His marriage is an event which stirs the great heart of England to its depths.' England wouldn't like to be left out of it."

She laughed light-heartedly. Judy was only too eager for an opportunity to be glad, and she had turned her back upon her own troubles for the moment.

Now she seized Margaret Greville by the hand.

"Let us run and peep through the trees," she said, "and see how Lady Mary is taking it. I have an idea that the joy of it may give her just the fillip she wants. And then, at the first possible moment, we will tell her about Sir Francis."

"If she were really dying, Judy, I could not feel that even my engagement brought me happiness. She was the first person I thought of when I realised my own happiness. I love her so much, Judy."

"Yes, and she loves you. Why, she is alone! The Major must have been called away. Let us run to her."

Lady Mary's face was incredibly brighter for the news. Yet, as she kissed Margaret's peachy cheek there was the oddest little air of reproach mingled with her joy.

"Ah, she is not sorry that the woman who is to console the Major is not in sight, after all," Judy thought, with tender laughter, "and yet she is inclined to think that Margaret has failed her."

XUM



"Major Winstanley and Miss Greville were seen coming towards them."—*p.* 379.

"Judy," said Lady Mary when they were alone together for a moment, "what do you suppose Hugo said when I remarked that Mr. Mountford must be a happy man to possess such a creature?"

"I can imagine," said Judy demurely.

"No, you can't, Judy. He said there was only one more fortunate, and that was himself in possessing me. Think of it, Judy! Me, a sick, crippled woman!"

"That is exactly what I should have supposed he would say," said Judy. "And if there is one woman more to be envied than Margaret it is you, for possessing such a husband and son."

CHAPTER XIV.

TANGLED THREADS.

WHEN next they met Judy found a subtle change in Maurice Evelyn. She had stayed to dinner at the Court, and her place by the cousin at the Red House dinner table had been filled up by Sylvia Hunter.

Judy came in quietly about nine o'clock to the drawing-room, where they were playing at charades. She looked tired; perhaps she had been giving too much sympathy all round at the expense of her own vitality. Anyhow, she crept quietly into the corner of a sofa by her father. Mr. Evelyn could always be trusted to be sympathetic and silent. Judy was not sure that she could have trusted any woman as far.

Perhaps he divined now that she was tired and disinclined for the merriment. Anyhow, he asked her in a whisper if she would like to come with him to his den, where he was going to smoke. Judy squeezed his hand gratefully, and they slipped off together. Maurice had not seemed to notice her coming or going.

Mr. Evelyn put her into his own chair with an awkward tenderness. Outside the dews of late summer were white on the grass as hoar frost. He drew the curtains across the windows.

"Let us have a fire, Ju," he said. "That is the worst of such summers as we have had of late. They seldom give an excuse for a fire. Fortunately, this is always set."

He put a match to the fire, which caught, and presently the wood was crackling merrily. Judy, in her armchair, stretched out her two chilly hands to the blaze, and felt the warmth grateful.

"I wish you were not in such a hurry to be gone again," Mr. Evelyn said, standing with his back to the fire and looking down at Judy.

"It is only for a little while," said Judy.

"What has come to you, Ju? You used not to be so restless."

"I suppose things make a difference—Philip, and all that. I don't feel the same as those young people. I suppose it is not to be expected."

He smiled down at the bronze head wistfully. It was lowered. Judy apparently was staring at the toes of her bronze slippers to the exclusion of all else.

"You are the youngest of them all, Ju," he said, "in actual years. I wish you hadn't been in such a hurry to grow up. I liked you very well as you were."

"And I liked myself very well as I was," with a little tremble of her voice, "even with the schoolroom and all that. It was very peaceful. Perhaps it would have been better if I had waited for Jack as he asked me."

The sudden smile flitted across the shadow of Judy's face, bringing out her dimples for a moment.

"I wish your godmother had let you be," Mr. Evelyn said impatiently. In his heart he had a troubled conviction that Lady Flora had somehow manœuvred the engagement.

Judy said nothing. The fire was burning up warmer now, and her engagement ring seemed like a thin band of fire on her slender brown finger.

"An extraordinary thing," Mr. Evelyn went on, with the same air of a general exasperation, "is that Maurice did not know of your engagement till I told him this afternoon. Let me see, how long have you been back?"

"Three weeks to-morrow. There has not been much time to tell him anything. We have been so gay."

"I don't know when the house has been so pleasant. I wish he had come before. It was a stupid thing to put it off till you girls were of an age to know your own minds. It would have been much wiser and safer if you had grown up knowing each other. I could have trusted Maurice. How did I know that he was going to be what he is?"

Judy looked up at her father with her curiosity plainly awakened.

"I'm talking riddles, Ju, am I not?" he asked, leaning to stroke her cheek. "Of course, you don't know; but since you're out of it I

don't think it matters about my telling you. Maurice came here to see if he could find a wife among his cousins. It was a provision of old Cousin Peter's will. The dear old fellow was very anxious that his nephew should marry one of my daughters. He had an idea that if you children grew up with him on brotherly and sisterly terms that might defeat his purpose. I'm afraid it looks like enough to be defeated. I said it was not fair to you or to Maurice that you should not be free when he came. I wish I had refused my consent to your engagement, as I was inclined to do, only for your mother."

A sudden spot of red came into Judy's cheeks, as though sent there by a throb of the heart.

"I'm afraid you are right," she said. "Mabel seems to have found her affinity in Teddy Parkinson. Why, papa? It has nothing to do with money. She would like Teddy just as well if he hadn't a red cent." She lifted her eyebrows humorously.

"Oh, Bottom and Titania, I suppose!" Mr. Evelyn said impatiently; then repented, and added that Teddy was a good fellow and a gentleman, despite his looks.

"I can understand Mabel much better than I can understand Bertha, papa," said Judy, in a fit of confidence. "The Hunter boy is so uninteresting, despite his good looks; whereas Teddy—oh, Teddy's good nature is genius and beauty and all the rest of it. Mab's very wise to have found it out."

"I might have been left one daughter," Mr. Evelyn grumbled. "And then poor Maurice! He is penalised to the extent of £30,000 because he does not marry one of you. That's the odd thing. You each get £10,000 under Cousin Peter's will unless Maurice marries one of you. It's an absurd provision, that's what it is. Then, the money will be of no use to either Mab or Bertha. They will have enough without. I daresay it will come in uncommonly handy in your case. Lindley has very little of his own."

Sudden tears flashed into Judy's eyes, and she sprang to her feet.

"I won't take that money," she said. "I won't, papa! Isn't there some way of handing it back to him—a deed of gift or something?"

"Only in novels. There, my dear"—soothingly—"you needn't be anxious about Maurice. He'll have a pittance of a couple of hundred thousand left. He won't miss it, I assure you. Take it as an evidence of Cousin Peter's goodwill. Poor old fellow, how grieved he would have been at the failure of his plans!"

"Perhaps—Cousin Maurice might have rejected us," said Judy, looking from under the curling upward sweep of her lashes.

"He hasn't had much of a chance. I think we have treated him pretty badly all round. He ought to have known as soon as he entered the house that one of you was out of the question. I blame myself. I left it to your mother to do. Her delicacy prevented her. She always rather resented Cousin Peter's will, although it was the finest compliment to her. The poor old fellow thought that there wasn't a woman in the world like her."

"Was Cousin Maurice—did he seem to think he ought to have been told? How was it he did not notice my ring? I thought my engagement would have been spoken of by someone. He did not look at me when I came in this evening, yet we have been such friends."

"He took it quietly, Ju. After all, three weeks is not very long. One does not receive very lasting impressions in three weeks."

Judy said nothing, only became redder than before, and from the beginning of the interview the colour had been coming and going in her cheeks that had been pale.

"I think, papa, I will go upstairs to Miss Meredith," she said sedately. "Indeed, I ought to have gone to her before, for she told me she had something to talk to me about. And she has had a deal of loneliness of late."

"Go, child," said her father. After all, what was the use of talking? He might only do mischief that would not be easily mended. He was jealous over his children and their happiness, but once they had grown up, he did not believe very much in trying to act as their special Providence. His experience had been that things usually worked out for the best in the end. It was as well Judy was going away. She had will and character in an unusual degree. He thought, he hoped, that if she found she did not love Major Lindley well enough she would not marry him because of any fanciful scruple about the breaking of her word.

Judy was glad to escape. She went quietly up the stairs, past the drawing-room door, at which she cast a nervous glance, as though someone might issue from it whom it would be an embarrassment to see. She walked silken-footed, and she had an air as though

she were poised for flight. However, nobody came.

She found Miss Meredith sitting alone. The lamp was lighted, and the moths were fluttering about it. The windows were yet wide open, and the scent of flowers drenched in dew was as though someone were swinging a censer.

Miss Meredith sat by the old schoolroom table. She was never one to make herself comfortable in a soft fireside chair unless Judy were there to make her.

The lamplight fell on her pretty brown hair, which was growing a little thin. Her mild blue eyes were in shadow. A soft fichu of old lace, a gift from Mrs. Evelyn, clung about her shoulders, veiling their too insistent narrowness. She had an open book before her, but she was drumming on the pages with a nervous finger, not reading. The flight of white moths had an air of circling round her head rather than following the lamp.

"I am going to give you the last hour of my last evening," said Judy, coming in. "But how twilit you are, Merry. The dews are heavy to-night. Come, we shall talk when I have made you comfortable. I have been sitting by Papa's fire. Now this room strikes chilly; we are going to have a fire."

She took away Miss Meredith's genteel screen, worked in tent stitch and framed and glazed, and in spite of her protestations lighted the fire.

"Presently," she said, "I am going to have a schoolroom supper of bread-and-milk and raspberry jam, because I didn't eat much dinner, and because we must have an entertainment of some sort to bring back the old times. And now, Merry, what is the matter with you?"

"Judy, dear, I've had a letter from Willie."

Miss Meredith waited a moment to enhance the effect of her words, then went on hastily:

"His wife is dead—she has been dead some years—and he wants to be friends with me again."

"Oh!" said Judy. "I am delighted, of course. It seems almost too good to be true. Still—I can't imagine the Red House without you, Merry."

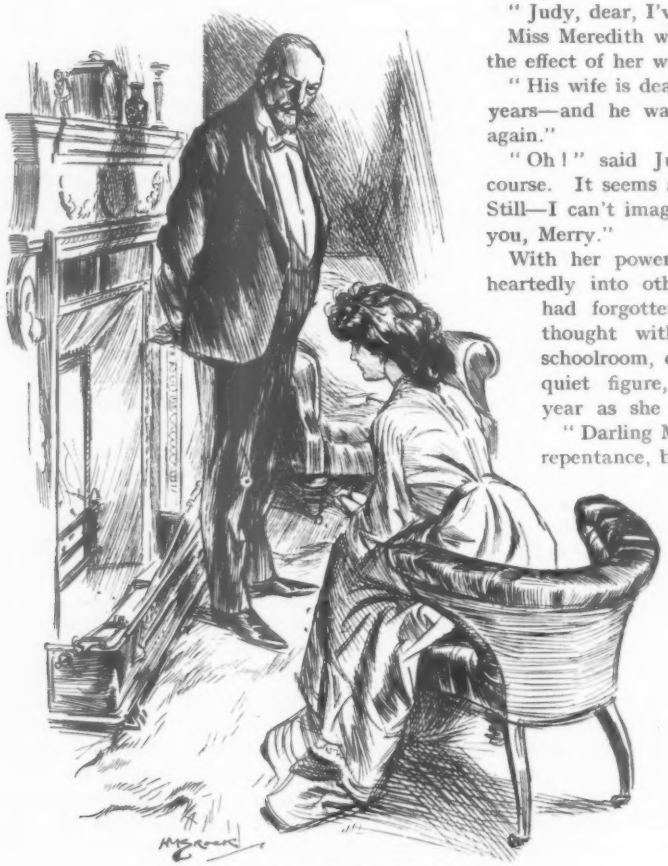
With her power of flinging herself wholeheartedly into other people's interests Judy had forgotten her own troubles. She thought with a sudden pang of the schoolroom, emptied of Miss Meredith's quiet figure, sitting there year after year as she remembered it.

"Darling Merry," she said, with sharp repentance, because in her heart she was not glad, "of course I'm rejoiced, beyond words, at your happiness."

"That's just it, Judy," said Miss Meredith in lachrymose tones. "The question is, am I happy? And will you really be glad when I am gone?"

Her eyes filled and overflowed. Great tears began to race each other down her cheeks.

She wiped them off hastily, and looked at Judy with a watery and wavering smile.



"'It is only for a little while.'"—*p.* 382.

"I'm afraid, Judy," she said. "I couldn't tell anyone in the world but you. But think. It is—a great many years since I have seen Willie." Even at this moment of great emotion Miss Meredith would not refer particularly to her age. "My dear, he will have changed. He has been at sea all that time, and is now settled down in an Essex village. Seafaring men are very often loud-voiced and violent in their speech. He may be bald; he is sure to be red-faced; he may be—even fat!"

Judy would have laughed out only for the entreaty in the little spinster's swimming orbs.

"Oh, Merry," she said reproachfully, "is this the end of all your romance? Why, when I suggested things about him long ago—you remember?—you always said that he was Willie, and that was enough."

"I thought so at the time, but now—I have grown used to the Red House. It is my real home—such a home as I thought I never should have. That heavenly angel, your mother—what a privilege it has been to live in the house with her! And no girls could be sweeter than you and your sisters. And Mr. Evelyn—I'm sure you'd hardly know there was a gentleman in the house. I'm sure Willie smokes the strongest of tobacco. Think of living in a house continually scented with the strongest tobacco!"

"Don't think of it," said Judy, seeing the scared look in her eyes.

"I couldn't bear to have a man untidy about the house. I always keep my things so beautifully. Even your papa is not tidy, Judy. They say, of course, that sailors are very tidy. Still, Willie's wife has been dead some years, and he speaks of a little girl. It is the little girl who makes me feel that perhaps I ought to go, that perhaps it's my duty I'm shrinking from."

"You couldn't marry for duty," said Judy, with conviction.

"You think so, dear? You don't think it would be right?"

Miss Meredith's lips were parted in eagerness as she looked to Judy for light and leading.

"I am sure it would not be. And to marry from a sense of duty would not be the best way to be a dutiful wife. I don't see why you're so bent on breaking your heart."

"What a wise child you are, Judy! But if I broke poor Willie's? Supposing I go my own selfish way now and refuse him. Oh, how happy I was yesterday before that letter came! I shall probably suffer afterwards. thinking of poor Willie and that neglected little girl. Of course, I have never been much with young children. Still, I couldn't be as helpless as a man, could I?"

"I'll tell you what, Merry. You must not decide before you have seen Willie. I don't want regrets to come afterwards."

Miss Meredith clapped her two hands to her face.

"Oh Judy, what are you thinking about? And the servants, and the village, and your papa, and your sisters, and all! Oh, I couldn't see him, I couldn't, indeed."

The end of the sentence was like a succession of sobs.

"We shan't have him here, Merry," said Judy consolingly; "but you must see him. Supposing you come to London with me to-morrow. It will save papa's leaving the grouse. The Duchess will give you a bedroom for a few days, and we will go down to Essex and see Willie quietly; no one will know."

Miss Meredith was startled at first, then saw that the suggestion had advantages, and finally acceded.

Later Judy went to her mother to consult her about the new arrangement. Miss Meredith had urgent private business. She would escort Judy to Bethlehem House, and stay a few days.

Yes, Mrs. Evelyn thought it would be a good plan. Papa had really no business in town, except to escort Judy; and town was empty. Most of the clubs were closed, and it would be uncheerful for him.

So it was arranged, and Judy went back to Miss Meredith to help her through her small packing.

"It will be a dreadful ordeal to see Willie again," Miss Meredith said. "And I couldn't do it without you, Judy. And I couldn't have trusted anyone else. *You* won't laugh at poor Willie, even if he is bald-headed and red-faced and fat? I remember the time when he was so handsome."

"I daresay we shall find him quite handsome, but not handsome enough for you," said Judy, kissing her. "No, Merry, the Red House can never give you up, unless to—the Manor House, perhaps. If you were inclined to take Willie we should have to adopt strong measures."

"Yet you said you were glad," said Miss Meredith reproachfully, "and it almost broke my heart."

[END OF CHAPTER FOURTEEN.]

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

BASIL: THE ORGANISER.

In Two Parts. Part the First.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

BASIL OF CÆSAREA AND GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS.

A WONDERFUL charm rests on the story of the life and work of Basil and Gregory. In the long and stately gallery of pictures of Christian worthies, in that special division of great ones who belong to the fourth—that golden century of Christian endeavour—Basil and Gregory occupy a very prominent position. No greater organiser has ever helped to guide the fortunes of the Church than Basil, no more profound theologian than Gregory has ever enriched the Church with truer, more clear-cut teaching. They were both orators and preachers of the first rank; and Gregory, besides, was a poet of no mean order. But the wonderful charm to which we have alluded was the unbroken, almost romantic, friendship which united these two eminent thought-leaders. A friendship that was only interrupted—and then only, we can but think, for a little while—by death.

Basil was born some five years after the Council of Nicæa, and Gregory perhaps a little earlier. Both of them belonged to wealthy Christian families, and in the case of Basil the riches of his house were very considerable. The mother and sisters of Basil became celebrated, even in that age of striking examples, for their devotion and piety. The father of Gregory was Bishop of Nazianzus, a small Cappadocian city chiefly famous for its connection with the great writer and theologian, some pages of whose story we are about to put together.

Gregory and Basil were first thrown together in their early youth at Cæsarea. Even then the two were distinguished for their marked ability. From Cæsarea Basil proceeded to Constantinople, where he studied for some time with the distinguished Pagan rhetorician Libanius. Gregory we hear of at the other Cæsarea in Palestine, a well-known centre of learning. The two friends eventually met again at Athens, *the* University, so to speak, of the Roman world of the fourth century.

It was at Athens where the old friendship was cemented. Amidst the crowd of students in the great university of the world, the two Cappadocian scholars were famous for their proficiency in all the classical lore which men prized in that last age of the Empire perhaps more highly than in any other. They were, too, well known for their singular and devoted attachment to each other; more than brothers, they were inseparable alike in their hours of work and rest. In Athens they were thrown often in the company of Julian, the near relation of the despotic Emperor Constantius, whose jealous, fickle fancy summoned the young Julian from the classical studies he loved so well, to a share in that dangerous royalty which led so often to disgrace and death, as it had done in the case of Julian's elder brother. But Julian never forgot his brilliant student friends of Athens; and later, when he had attained supreme power, summoned, but summoned in vain, the all-accomplished Basil to his side.

The two devoted friends were, however, parted for a time, Gregory remaining at Athens alone, where he was soon considered the foremost in the crowd of students in that famous home of learning; and for some time it is probable that he publicly lectured. Basil returned to Cæsarea, and for a while practised as a lawyer with conspicuous success; but a change passed over him. It is probable that the religious influence of his mother and sisters determined him to throw up his brilliant prospects of success in civil life, in which for a time he took deep interest, being evidently proud of his position and of the high estimation in which he was universally held. For some two years he gave himself up to visiting the cells of the more famous ascetics in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and in making himself acquainted with the secrets of their strange lives of renunciation and passionate devotion. Then returning to his native province, he gave up most of his ample fortune, and retired to a remote and solitary little estate in Pontus, in the neighbourhood of the Euxine, which he still retained, and there, part of the time in company with his friend Gregory, put in practice the lessons he had learned in the cells of the ascetics of Egypt and Syria; but while living the sternest life of self-denial and austerity,

still pursued his studies with ardour and zeal, thus hammering out in his own person his elaborate system of austerity and rigid self-denial, united with unremitting work and tireless industry, a rule of life which he subsequently embodied for the main part in his famous "Directions for the Monastic Life."

Very rigid was his life at this period. He had but one outer and inner garment; he slept in a hair shirt, but he allowed himself only a scant period for sleep; he only drank water, and his food consisted of dry bread and herbs; his bed was the ground. But all this austerity ruined his health, never very strong; he became emaciated; the seeds of the grave and wearing sickness which in a few years afflicted his life, were then sown. Gregory, his dear friend, describes him as "without wife, without means, without flesh, well-nigh without blood." No doubt in later years the consciousness that his bodily sufferings had been occasioned in great measure by these unnatural austerities induced him to assert, when he made *labour*, either of hand or brain, the corner-stone of the life to be led by the true monastic, "that if fasting hinders you from labour, it is better to eat like the workman of Christ that you are." Nor did he, in his monastic code, allow any vigils and fastings to be undertaken by the monks besides those enjoined by 'the rule' of their house. His rapidly growing reputation for learning and sanctity brought great numbers to him in his retreat in Pontus, and many monasteries under his influence and government were founded in his native province of Cappadocia and the surrounding provinces. His great enduring and far-reaching work in the reformation and re-creation of the monastic system we shall speak of again presently.

Now, Christianity, especially in the Eastern Empire, all through the career of Basil was gravely suffering from the insidious inroads of Arianism. Its very existence was threatened. It was a new religion altogether which the Arian teachers preached. For the old aims and hopes of the Gospel story new ideals, purely of man's device, were substituted; to the leaders of the deadly heresy "the preaching of the Cross" was indeed foolishness, and the divine redemptive work of Jesus, the Son of God, was practically ignored by the refusal of these leaders to acknowledge the Godhead of the Redeemer. Sadly enough, the Imperial Government and the Court, for various reasons of a purely worldly nature, were on the side of heresy. Few dioceses but were more or less infected with the glamour of this false and fatal teaching. Among the orthodox teachers in these years of perplexity and grave danger there were none of higher repute than the two friends, Basil and Gregory, the reputation of whose great learning and splendid eloquence was spread abroad far beyond Cappadocia and the neighbouring provinces of Asia Minor.

As a preacher, in his day, Basil was simply unrivalled. It is not too much to say that he was the first really great Christian orator, the first of that long historic line of Christian teachers who from their pulpits for some 1,500 years have stirred men up to love Christ better than their own lives, who by the recital of the simple story of the Cross have made men and women's hearts all aflame to do and to suffer just for His sake who died for them. Only some thirty years had elapsed since Rome had publicly allowed the peoples of the Empire to be Christian; and the one great teacher in the Eastern Empire who had arisen since public preaching in the Name had been formally sanctioned—Athanasius of Alexandria—was rather the profound theologian, the cold and perfect logician, the setter-forth of divine truth in clear-cut, accurate language, than the fervid, eloquent and impassioned preacher. Athanasius had ever spoken to the head rather than to the heart. But Basil was different. His style, it is true, was polished and ornate, enriched with innumerable memories of classical learning, as well as of the writings of the earliest, purest Christian doctors of the faith; but the language, though ornate, was studiedly simple and clear; it went home to the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men; it touched all alike. The sermons of the great preacher of Cæsarea were often based upon the incidents of the day and time. Nothing was too insignificant; nothing, on the other hand, was too sublime for him to dwell on in his marvellous pulpit utterances; the common people heard him as gladly as did the trained and polished rhetoricians of the city. Especially was he the preacher of suffering and sorrow. No one like Basil has ever moved men to open their hearts and purses to relieve misery and want. The vast and noble foundations for the relief of sickness, for the solace of the poor and miserable, the widow and the orphan, the stranger and the forlorn, which were the glory of his Cæsarea, are the enduring monuments of the results of his marvellous oratory. Basil was the real founder of those noble, and at the same time novel, foundations which

are among the glories of Christianity—not the least striking and beautiful of the results of the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ.*

Basil was too eminent to be left long in the seclusion he loved so well, and was summoned from his Pontus monastery to take part in the discussions which followed the the acceptance by so many distinguished Churchmen of the semi-Arian creed of Rimini, which the policy of the Emperor Valens wished to enforce upon the Eastern Church, but to which false, specious symbol the orthodox Basil was bitterly hostile. For some time he occupied himself in public Church matters; in the election of Eusebius as Archbishop of Cæsarea he was actively concerned, and for a considerable period exercised great influence in the vast Cæsarean diocese; and so widespread and general was his power that he excited the jealousy of the Archbishop Eusebius of Cæsarea. The popularity of Basil in the city and provinces was great, and many would have even saluted him as Bishop in place of Eusebius. To avoid even the appearance of favouring a schism in the Church, Basil again retired to his solitude in Pontus.

The great scholar-preacher's life was ever a harassed one. He had lately incurred the intense hate of his old fellow-student, the Emperor Julian, whose advances he had spurned, and whose vengeance was only delayed by his absence on the Persian campaign; but Julian never returned from the fatal expedition. Basil was once more recalled to public life when the policy of the Arian Emperor Valens—who after the brief reign of Jovian succeeded Julian, slain in Persia—threatened the very existence of the Catholic Church in Cæsarea. Through the mediation of Gregory, Basil was reconciled to Eusebius the Bishop. Once more the scholar and statesman whose life story we are rapidly sketching, organised the orthodox party of his great province, and enabled them successfully to resist the Arian innovators, backed by all the power and influence of the Emperor Valens and his government. In the year 370 Archbishop Eusebius died, in close and intimate friendship now with Basil, whose wisdom and learning he had at last come to appreciate. Then, as might have been expected, Basil was elected by the popular voice to the vacant arch-see, and for some nine years presided over the church of the great Cappadocian diocese. But his power and influence extended far beyond the limits of the province.

But the sorely harassed life of this most eminent chief of the Church, after his elevation to the archbishopric, where the chief care of so many churches was imposed upon him, grew still more difficult. Sad disorders among the clergy of his province had crept in, although so short a period had elapsed since the Peace of the Church had been proclaimed. These Basil repressed with a strong, though loving, hand, but the work of reformation won the reformer many enemies.

With these internal reforms were the liturgical labours of Basil closely connected. He had long been convinced of the necessity of a formal liturgy that could be generally used, instead of the varying and varied uses of different churches, and had given much thought and pains to that most important department of Church order and discipline. The great liturgy which for ages has been used in the Eastern Church, and which bears his honoured name, no doubt has been largely altered, but probably in its main features is the work of Basil.

During the nine years of his work-filled episcopate, he toiled at all these things with a restless energy—alas! ever bearing about a dying body, constantly racked with sickness and pain, preaching his wonderful sermons, charming his audience with ever new and fresh imagery, as he told them the great truths of the Christian faith with a living power few like him have ever done, writing, in the intervals of his public work, in the hours when pain and sickness allowed him, deep and powerful treatises on grave points of theology—writings that have been, ever since the day when he fell asleep, estimated by Eastern and Western Christendom as "classics," absolutely inimitable in their force and power. Alas! that "falling asleep" for the Church was all too soon. Worn out with labour, sorrow, care and sickness, the great scholar-saint passed to his rest in the year 379, before he had reached his fiftieth year.

* It was in the second half of the fourth century that the idea of a "Hospital" for the sick was first conceived and carried out. Rome and Cæsarea (in Cappadocia) were the first places apparently where these Christ-like conceptions took root. But the great Cæsarean group of buildings erected under the influence and, indeed, at the suggestion of Basil, were probably somewhat earlier than the Roman hospitals, and certainly were on a more grandiose scale by far than the foundations at Rome and Ostia, which were the work of Fabiola and Marcella, noble Roman ladies who were disciples of Jerome. The charitable foundations of Basil at Cæsarea, apparently, were a number of buildings of great size and importance, grouped round a church, and formed, indeed, a considerable quarter of the city, and even excited the jealousy of the Roman magistrates.



BASIL PREACHING.

(From a Drawing by W. H. Margetson.)

PARSON TREVAIL'S SALVAGE.

A Complete Story by Maurice Gerard.

THE "Dog's Teeth" had been hungry for weeks. They are a series of sharp-pointed, serrated rocks in the English Channel, about a mile from the mainland. They have been islands of death to thousands of sailors and fishermen, not to mention other folk. Great liners, storm-driven, or drawn by some mysterious magnetic current, have flung themselves on the terrible teeth and become a total wreck within the hour. Smaller craft of every description have added to the tale of victims, year in year out, for centuries. Yet the Dog's Teeth still demand their pounds of flesh, human flesh—and get them.

But that season of which I am writing had been a wonderfully mild one; wrecks were few and far between. Now it was a week off Christmas.

The wind had risen to the fury of a gale from the north-west. A dirty sea was the floor to the roof of a gloomy sky. The Calsand lifeboat had been got ready for action; it had not been used for nine months.

Calsand village was right opposite the Dog's Teeth. Many were the gallant deeds which had been done by the lifeboat's crew. The small village, sheltering in the neck of land between almost abutting cliffs, had supped its full of horrors times out of number.

The pride of Calsand was its lifeboat. The soul of the lifeboat was the Vicar, Parson John Trevail. This is no imaginary picture, for Trevail is a country hero known far and wide beyond the long straggling seaboard parish over which he rules with a benevolent despotism, compounded of love and fear.

Trevail was a strong man mentally and physically. He had stroked the Cambridge boat in the 'seventies; and ever since he had come to live at Calsand, where he was admittedly the right man in the right place, he had been captain of the lifeboat.

The parson was a rich man and a bachelor. He lived in frugal simplicity at the great barrack of a vicarage, which would require a large family to fill it adequately.

The storm had risen to a height almost unequalled even in that region of tempests, after two days of preliminary lashing itself into fury.

The short afternoon was waning when a low murmur arose from the crowd, which lined the shore, looking for what was sure to come.

Sheltered comparatively as was the beach, standing upon it was by no means easy for strong men, and in the crowd were not a few women and children. A small passenger steamer, evidently quite out of hand, was drifting right on to the Dog's Teeth. No signals of distress were hoisted, no rockets sent up, no gun fired. Sullenly, silently, the doomed vessel advanced to its inevitable destruction.

The gaunt form of Parson Trevail was in front on the shore. Behind him nearly all the seafaring men of the place were gathered in a loose knot.

The Vicar turned to them.

"It's not possible to get her out, sir?" a burly fisherman, one of the crew, bellowed interrogatively, pointing to the lifeboat.

"With God's help all things are possible," replied Trevail simply. "You don't go, Silvanus—you're a married man. I don't take any married men this trip; they would be too much missed." The Vicar turned to some younger men: "Who goes with me, lads?"

Fourteen or fifteen stepped forward. It is of this stuff unsung heroes are made. Trevail selected his crew with a gesture.

In five minutes a score of willing hands had run the great boat into the tossing, tumbling surf. The men leaped into her, headed by John Trevail, just as a great crash sounded through the air above the shrieking, whistling, booming of the gale. Yet there was no cry of human fear or pain. There is a silence which is more impressive than even a cry of agony. Many prayed audibly for the brave men about to peril their lives.

A titanic struggle followed. Inch by inch the lifeboat fought its way through the boiling surf, then through the giant waves beyond. Again and again it was driven back, almost to the beach from which it had started. Only John Trevail, of all the men along that coast, would have achieved the feat.

The Calsand boat was the only one for fifty miles which ventured out that December

afternoon. Yet many another wreck cried aloud for aid besides the *Belle France*, which had just broken its back on the Dog's Teeth.

Parson Trevail never faltered, never hesitated. He seemed like one lifted out of himself, inspired. Now they were engulfed, looking up to the green foam-crested wave above them and apparently about to submerge crew and boat; now they were lifted high, and for a minute could see the wild waste of waters on which they alone were struggling for life. Through it all Trevail and his gallant supporters held on.

They were rewarded, for the Dog's Teeth were reached. Broken amidships, one half of the *Belle France* had disappeared; but the rock fangs held the fore part in firm grip. Was anything living on the dismembered moiety of the vessel? If there was, could he, she, or they be saved? These were the questions which had to be answered.

As they topped a wave eager eyes scanned the derelict vessel.

There was no movement, no sign of life. Stay! Lashed to the steps of the bridge there seemed to be the form of a woman, the fluttering of a dress.

The crew were just keeping a headway on the boat, not trying to advance nearer; for to do so meant only another victim for those insatiable teeth. Had there been anyone on board to fasten it, a rocket with string attachment would have been shot over the bows of what remained of the *Belle France*. Then a rope could have been drawn on board This was now out of the question. There only remained the alternative for one of the crew to swim to the vessel. It was an alternative which in that sea, and with the countless jagged edges of rock under as well as above the water, might well daunt the stoutest heart.

It did not daunt John Trevail. Clad in jersey and trousers only, he slid into the sea and struck out manfully, the lean, herculean frame breasting the waves, the single-hearted courage of the man giving him nerve for the task, and the fear of God in his mind. The men in the boat held her as steady as they could, but they shipped sea after sea, and more than once the boat grated on a rock.

Parson Trevail, cut and bleeding from a blow on his forehead, the scar of which he would carry to the grave, reached the side of the *Belle France*, and after two or three failures clambered up on to the sloping deck. A cheer greeted him from the boat, when they saw that the first part of his undertaking was accomplished.

Their eyes had not been deceived. A woman was lashed to the ladder of the bridge. The fracture of the *Belle France* was just behind her. A yard further back, and nothing could have saved her. Nay! Was she saved even now? Her head was hanging down; her drenched clothes wrapped her like a shroud, showing the slim, graceful form. But there was no sign that she still lived.

On his hands and knees over the slippery inclined plane of the deck, Parson Trevail crept to that solitary figure. Death had claimed all the rest of the passengers and crew. The cabins below were submerged. Here was the one chance of the salvage of a life, the one possible reward of the brave deed of Trevail and his crew. It was a slender one.

John was near enough now to clasp the girl by the knees and so hoist himself up. A wave rose high and flung a column of water over them. But the Parson had seized the woodwork with both hands and so held on. When it passed, John put a flask to the girl's blue lips and, holding back her head, forced her to swallow a little of the cordial—then a little more. She sighed and partly opened her eyes. As her head rested on his arm something stirred in Trevail, he hardly knew what it was. On that deck, beneath the storm-swept sky, was a girl of rare and delicate beauty; and John's rough, honest heart had found it out.

There was no time to lose. He had brought the end of a cord with him, which he attached to the bulwark of the steamer, the other end being fastened to the lifeboat. Clasping his prize under his left arm, he dropped into the sea, and so fought his way back with his burden, resting with the support of the rope every now and then when his strength failed him.

At last they were both hauled on board the lifeboat, and the return journey began. The storm was abating a little, and the tide set towards the shore.

Trevail took up his burden gently in his strong arms when the boat was beached, and bore it through the crowd of cheering people to the vicarage.

"Is she alive, Parson?" more than one asked.

"Yes," he answered laconically, through set teeth.

The housekeeper took her from Trevail, and carried her, still unconscious, up to bed:

Then the doctor, who had been close at hand, went into the chamber, and closed the door.

John paced the hall of the vicarage and wondered—wondered what stirred in him, wondered why he felt something he had never felt before.

"Will she get over it?"

"I don't know—concussion of the brain," was the doctor's verdict.

In the days that followed John Trevail had to wait. It is the hardest thing man has to do. There was sickness in the village. He ministered to it, as he had always done, but now with an added tenderness. His heavy tread on the stairs was a message of joy and hope to the sufferer, for in John's face was written the expression of a great sympathy. The village had feared the massive, cast-iron man; now they learnt the truth that "perfect love casteth out fear."

At the end of every round, and after more than one expedition with the lifeboat, he returned to the vicarage with the question burning on his lips, "How is she?" And the answer varied, as the patient rallied and sank, sank and rallied again, like the waves of the sea which had nearly been her doom.

John grew haggard, his face was worn under the suspense. His housekeeper wondered. The doctor shrewdly guessed. Trevail alone knew that the face with the half-closed eyes, the form he had borne through the resisting sea, had crept into his heart, there to abide.

At the end of six weeks Sophie Vaillot, white and wan, but convalescent, came downstairs.



"Trevail bore his burden through the crowd of cheering people."—*p.* 391.

John was there at the foot. She made a little *moue*. "I have to thank you, Monsieur Trevail—for my life. It is all I have left—the rest is gone—down in that dreadful sea." She covered her eyes with her thin, wasted fingers. After a minute or two, she withdrew her hands and placed one of them in John's. "I do thank you—I owe you everything—and those other brave men—I shall never forget."

Trevail looked down at the little hand; then very gently he kissed it.

Neither of them ever quite knew when it was settled that what John had found, his salvage of the sea, was to be his—always.

THE ESSENTIALS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS

By the Rev. A. B. Boyd Carpenter, M.A., Honorary Chaplain to the King.

"So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day."—1 KINGS xii. 19

THE advocates of corporal punishment have been wont to base its necessity on the authority of Solomon's opinion. His words about sparing the rod and spoiling the child have been repeated again and again; and it has been taken for granted that the question had been finally settled by the declaration of one who has been regarded as the wisest of men.

But every theory must stand the test of experience, and must vindicate itself by the results which follow from its being put into practice. It is, therefore, interesting as well as wise to see how far this theory was successful in the case of Solomon's own household. Did the son who succeeded him on the throne give evidence as to the efficiency of that educational system which we may infer Solomon put into practice? The answer is certainly disappointing. For of all the men who ever sat upon a throne there was never one more foolish or mischievous than Rehoboam. His conduct was disastrous not only to himself, but to the nation at large. Under him the splendour and greatness which distinguished the reign of Solomon came to an untimely end. Solomon's own son—the specimen of Solomon's own training, the son of the father of many proverbs—was the very man who was instrumental in rending the kingdom, and bringing about that tremendous breach between the northern and southern portions which was never healed.

We may well pause and ask, What is to be thought of this young man and his education when his first act on obtaining power is to undo what his father had been doing, and to split up the kingdom, the unity of which was at least one of the distinguishing features of the reign of Solomon?

But we shall be unjust to Rehoboam himself, and shall be politically shallow, if we imagine that the mere frivolity or obstinacy of a single young man could have brought about of itself such disastrous political results. We do not find rebellion or revolution taking place with such permanent results simply because some one young man, wanting in common sense and political sagacity, finds himself upon the throne. He may have been a factor, and he may have given an occasion, he may have been the spark applied to the powder; but there must have been other factors at work as well.

The rebellion which took place under Rehoboam had in reality two factors, and it was the union of these two which caused the final and fatal explosion. There was Rehoboam himself acting as the spark. But there were also the explosive elements, of which Jeroboam was the expression, and which had been in active progress before Rehoboam came to the throne. If, therefore, we are to understand the power for mischief which Rehoboam possessed, and if we are to understand the rebellion which took place under him, we must ask what had been working in the hearts and minds of the people during the time that Solomon himself was king. And we shall find that whatever blame may be laid at the door of Rehoboam, he cannot be held wholly responsible, for that under the reign of Solomon the seeds of discontent had been fostered.

Thus in this crisis of the national life we have, on the one hand, the irritation of the people, and, on the other hand, the self-willed folly of the new king, and both of these may in large measure be traced

to the mistaken policy pursued by Solomon himself.

Let us look back for a moment, and take a brief survey of the reign of Solomon.

It was the very period in which the kingdom of Israel, the kingdom of the united tribes, reached its greatest splendour. Under Saul the monarchy was at its commencement, and may be said to have been on its trial. But Saul never established himself firmly. It was only when David came to the throne that the monarchy was anything like consolidated under his strong hand, his wisdom, and his impetuous spirit. But it was after he had passed away that Solomon, inheriting the peace which David had accomplished by his wars, had the opportunity of developing the resources of the kingdom. Therefore it was under Solomon, the clever, subtle, wise Solomon, that the kingdom attained its greatness, not only in its unity, but in its peace and in its wealth. We see these great results springing from the action and reign of Solomon. In the first place, the territory was extended, and perhaps never did a king ruling in Jerusalem exercise sway over so large a tract of country as was the case under Solomon. We may say, therefore, that territorial possession was one feature of the monarchy under Solomon.

Peace was established in all the borders by the strong hand of Solomon. The nation enjoyed peace within itself. And this peace was a strong contrast with the wars carried on under David.

In addition, there was wealth, owing to the development of trade. Solomon had the mercantile instinct and tact, and he extended his commercial transactions north, south, east, and west. He made alliances with Tyre, and through Tyre he was enabled to get at the merchandise of the Grecian Isles. He established posts across the desert, he made openings for his commerce down the Red Sea. He entered into alliance with Egypt, and with Egypt he carried on a profitable trade. From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, the produce of various countries poured into the central kingdom of Israel. From this commercial prosperity came great and amazing increase of wealth. This wealth was spent in lavish splendour. A Temple was reared that surpassed the dreams of David himself. A palace was raised for Solomon such as David had never enjoyed. Ornaments and ornamentation, all the luxury that wealth could accumulate, made Jerusalem a city glittering in splendour.

People might say, "Here is wealth—surely one of the signs of national greatness. Here is extended territory—surely this is one of the signs of greatness. Here is peace within and without our borders, all maintained by the strong hand and settled policy of Solomon—surely here, too, is another evidence of national greatness!"

And so there was greatness, and there was splendour, and there was power. But underneath all there were certain defects. This territory, this peace, this accumulation of wealth, did not represent the whole aspect of the case. Solomon himself was exercising a sway and a power that were new to the genius of the people over whom he reigned. He was giving signs that a change had taken place in the spirit of the monarchy as it had existed in the days of David. David was the ideal king who considered the wishes of his people. He differed from the Oriental monarchs by the sympathetic spirit he showed towards his subjects. But with the accession of Solomon there came monarchy of a more distinctly Oriental type—that despotic power that does not hesitate to remove from its pathway anyone who might be a rival. His own brother was removed out of his path. Joab was taken advantage of that he too might be removed. Even Shimei, who had been pardoned, was trapped with difficulties, and as an adversary to the house of David was got rid of. And all this was just that which had taken place time after time under Oriental monarchies, the reckless destruction, the putting out of the way by the king of those who might in any way constitute themselves rivals to his power. Nor were probable or possible rivals the only victims of this changed monarchy. The toilers were increased, the tasks were multiplied, the taxes grew heavier and heavier, until there was a burden of taxation and a burden of labour upon the people which created a spirit of discontent that was destined sooner or later to make itself felt.

Moreover, the alliance between Israel and Egypt introduced a new element into the kingdom. Not content with making commercial and political alliances with Egypt, Solomon made provision for the introduction of a religious worship that was antagonistic to that of Jehovah. By introducing that worship he did not merely bring in or permit a harmless thing that might exist under the shadow of the national

religion, but an element which upon the moral side, as well as on the religious, was in opposition to the pure spirit of the worship of God. It was, therefore, an element which had a tendency to corrupt the religion of the people, and to eat out the heart of their virtue.

Such, then, was the condition of affairs under Solomon. There was a religion introduced side by side with the worship of Jehovah which threatened to demoralise the people; there was wealth in abundance, but it was lavished on king and court, and involved the overtaxing of the people; there was peace, but it was a peace that was preserved by the strong hand of an Oriental despot, and interfered with the just rights and liberties of the people.

Under these circumstances, can we wonder that the different elements of discontent took some definite shape and drew closer together in a common opposition? There were the religious feelings and sentiments which were shocked and alarmed, and the spirit of freedom that felt itself hurt and injured. And as there was Jeroboam coming forward to give expression to the political feelings of the people, rebelling against the tyranny and the hard burdens which they had to endure, so there was the prophet coming forward, as the representative of the spirit of pure religion, and not only uttering his protest, but declaring that the result of all this would be the ruin of the kingdom.

Thus the spirit of discontent was there, and was only waiting for the opportunity, which came at last. For when Solomon passed away and Rehoboam took his place, then came the opportunity for the people. Then came the time for their religious sentiment and their sense of freedom to assert themselves. What they had endured under the comparative greatness of Solomon they cannot and they will not submit to under Rehoboam. This was their opportunity, and they used it. They came to the king, as of old, to assert their rights. They asked for a reduction of the heavy burdens under which they had suffered, and that a more liberal policy should be pursued. Without these reforms there was but one alternative, and that was revolt. If they are to preserve their freedom, if they are to preserve their religion, then their just demands must be granted. Failing that, they will break loose from the house of David, and start a kingdom of their own. And when Rehoboam found himself face to face with this crisis, it was the test of his foresight and his wisdom. And when, with reckless folly and insolent pride, he not only roughly refused, but even threatened more despotic methods, he signed the death warrant of his power and his greatness, and called into existence the northern kingdom under the rule of Jeroboam.

Such was the defective side of Solomon's policy. It failed in three ways.

First, it forgot the recognition of pure religion, the worship of Jehovah, the worship of the one true God. It forgot that the strength of Israel was to be the servant of the Most High; that there could be no compromise between Him and the gods of other lands; that His religion was intended to be a great moral and spiritual force, working out righteousness in the people and the nation; that to tolerate any influence side by side with it, which had a tendency to corrupt the people, was not only a danger, but a treason—a treason against the people and against Jehovah. And therefore the religious instincts of the better spirits were arrayed against this invasion of their religious rights and duties, and they said, "If you as king cannot respect the religion of Israel, if you cannot remember that you are the servant and representative of God, do you suppose that we are to forget as well? That religion shall be voiced by others, if you refuse to voice it. What the king refuses to do, that will the people undertake."

That was one violation, the violation of the spirit of religion. But there was another. There was the neglect of freedom. In his policy the king seemed to care nothing for the freedom of his people. They were all like slaves, bondsmen, carrying out his policy. It made no matter if increased burdens were laid upon them. What did it matter, so long as the Temple reared itself in splendour? What did it matter, so long as Solomon lived in an ivory palace? What did it matter, so long as he could boast that silver was of no account in Israel? What did it matter if increased burdens and arduous tasks were put upon the people, and that increased taxes were wrung from the poorest, so long as Solomon could reckon his wives by hundreds and his attendants by thousands? But because the spirit of liberty was there, because it could not be crushed, because it and despotism are uncompromising foes, that spirit was destined to make itself felt in the tremendous protest which it uttered when Rehoboam came to the throne.

And there was lack of sympathy. What was it to the people that the king should be arrayed in all his splendour, if there seemed to be no sympathy from the throne of David for the poor, and the weary, and the heavily laden? Had they not rejoiced at his judgment when he first came to the throne and let the poor harlots bring their case before him for settlement? Was there not in it the assurance of an opportunity for the very poorest in the land to approach the king and find in him the embodiment of justice and a personification of sympathy? But in their heavy burdens, where had that sympathy gone? He seemed, in the accumulation of his wealth and in the carrying out of his Oriental policy, to have forgotten that sympathetic spirit which David was always ready to show to the people. And so the lack of the sympathetic spirit, the increasing distance between their simplicity and his splendour, had been alienating the people from their king.
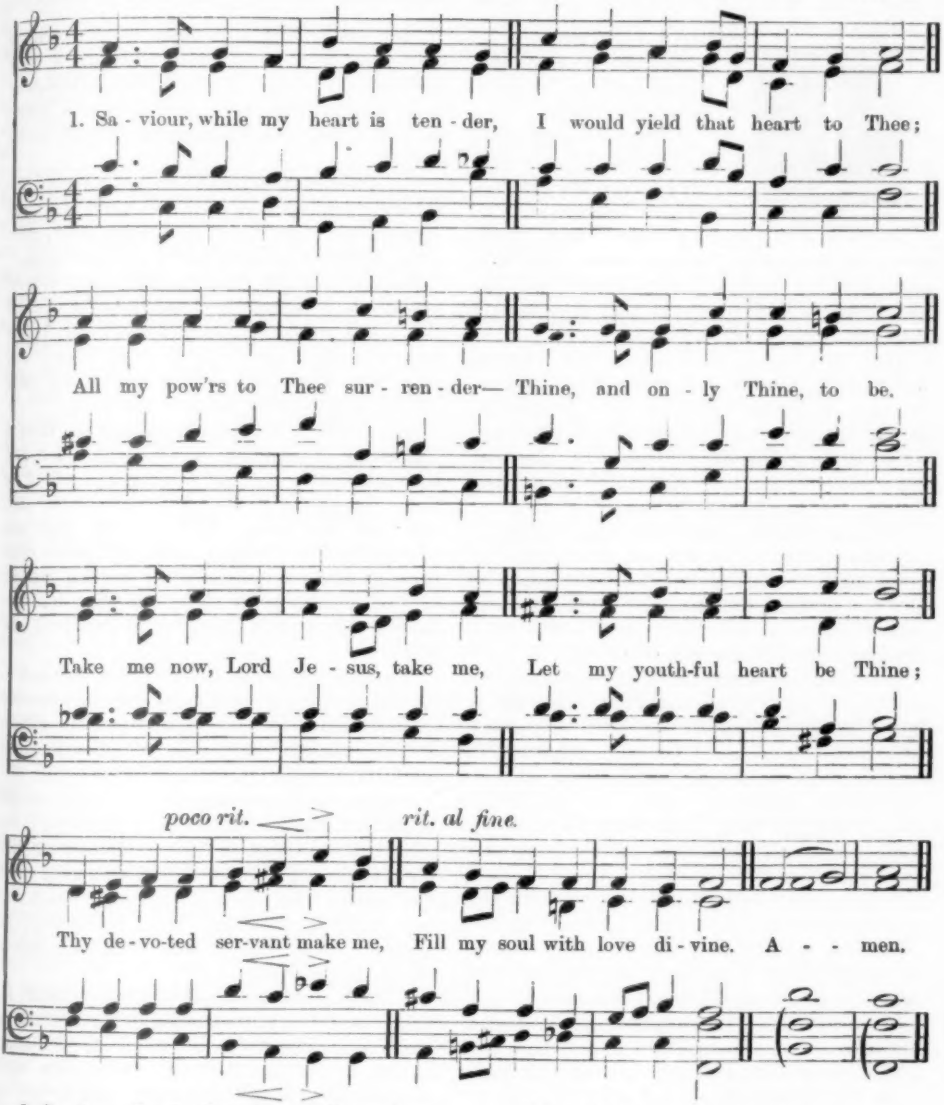
Here are three things which brought about the discontent, and when it came to a head, and there appeared on the scene a man not inheriting the judgment of Solomon, but inheriting only his spirit of Oriental despotism, imagining that because he was called king that therefore he could do just as he liked, there met face to face the two factors which held between them the elements of uncompromising war. Inflated with despotic pride, the foolish, self-willed Rehoboam came into conflict with the reasonable demands of the people, and became the instrument for the breaking up of that national unity which his father seemed to have so thoroughly consolidated.

Such is the story. What is the lesson? We sometime imagine that national greatness is to be found in extent of territory; or sometimes speak as if it depended upon the success of commercial enterprise and the profitable development of trade; or, again, we measure it by the contrivances and luxuries which go to adorn and improve the conditions of life. These are great and good if only there is a noble spirit in the people. But if there be no such spirit to use these things aright, then, with nations as with individuals, these may become curses instead of blessings. The voice of experience, the voice of the Scriptures, the voice of Christianity, are continually telling us that the greatness of a nation is not in its wealth, its territory, or its splendour, but in the spirit which is animating the people.

And would we know what that spirit is? It is this threefold spirit, lacking in the policy of Solomon. It is the spirit of freedom, where people are allowed to develop their powers, and to voice the laws which they are to obey. It is the spirit of religion, going into the hearts and souls of the people, uplifting them, inspiring them, ennobling them, as the spirit of religion only can do, and which is the greatest power which God puts into men for the counteracting of corrupting influences. It is the spirit of sympathy from the throne down to the poorest in the land; that spirit between class and class, section and section, individual and individual, which is the great cohesive power of a nation. These are the three things which go to make up national greatness. Would you be great? It is not in the property you possess; it is not in the power which you may wield over your fellow men. It is only in the spirit which is lodged in your soul. Do you ask what that spirit is? It is the spirit of religion; it is the spirit of full independence; it is the spirit of sympathy, bringing all the members of a nation in harmony and mutual help. This is the highest of all spirits, for it is the threefold spirit of which Christ Himself was the embodiment in the profound sacredness of His soul, in the freedom of His life, and the sympathy which He showed with all sorts and conditions of men. This spirit He would have embodied in His Church, and this must be the spirit in each one who would live the life of Christ. The Kingdom of God is not outside; it is within. And only shall we learn the greatness of our humanity, the value of our work, and the nobility of the hope which God gives to us as we realise within us the dominating power of that spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of liberty, of purity, and of sympathetic love.

"Saviour, while my Heart is Tender."

Words by J. BURTON. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.



2. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it—
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

3. May this solemn consecration
Never once forgotten be;
Let it know no revocation—
Registered, confirmed by Thee.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever
To Thy service set apart!
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart. Amen.

BECAUSE OF THE BABY.

By L. G. Moberly.



THEIR neighbours considered them—and rightly—to be a most forbidding couple.

"Regular old curmudgeons, that's what *they* are!" was the verdict of their fellows.

In their own parlance, they "kept themselves to themselves," which meant that they possessed no neighbourly qualities of any description whatsoever, and that they rigidly held aloof from everybody in the vicinity.

They lived in a very small white house, which had in front of it an attempt at a garden. Nothing to speak of grew in that garden, excepting one stumpy and emaciated lilac bush which did not flourish, and an elder tree that contrived to exist and even to do fairly well despite the London atmosphere.

Once, at some remote period, grass had grown on either side of the flagged path; nothing grew there now unless Mr. Denham occasionally put in some cabbage seed. The crop was neither plentiful nor large, and when there were no cabbages there was nothing.

Josh Denham worked in a big warehouse in the City; his wife kept herself *to* herself at home. They occupied the two downstairs rooms of the house. The top they let to lodgers, with whom the Denhams held no communication whatever except on rent days. They collected their rents with punctuality. They were well hated by their tenants for their hardness.

"Mean old skinflints," was the opprobrious epithet bestowed upon them, and certain it is that their rooms would always have remained unoccupied had it not been for the increasing difficulty of finding houseroom anywhere.

As for children in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Denham strove persistently to keep them out, and anyone with a family who applied for a room was curtly refused.

Two babies, however, had had the audacity to be born in the establishment, and Mr. Denham, with many grumbles, declared that it was better to keep the rooms let, babies and all, than to run the chance of having no lodgers in the winter. But those babies were subdued to the furthest limit to which it is possible to subdue a baby.

They were rarely allowed to cry; and if, as they grew older, they dared to uplift a voice upon the stairs, the Denhams coldly informed their parents that they would receive notice to quit unless the children were kept under control.

The children themselves came to regard the old couple as nothing short of ogres of a fearsome kind; and crept past their door, poor little mortals, in daily terror of their lives.

Rumour had it that in some far remote period the Denhams had had a child of their own; but it was in a prehistoric time, before they took up their abode in Lime Row; and now they were regarded as hopelessly dour and hard, especially to little children.

Mr. Denham viewed life altogether from a depressing standpoint, and although his own wages were good, and a pension assured to him, though he belonged to a reliable club and had no bodily ailments, his soul was pessimistic. He looked upon his fellow creatures as mainly composed of fools and knaves, he saw nothing good under the sun, and considered the world in general as depraved and evil.

Not that he made the slightest attempt to set things right or to help on mankind towards improvement. Nobody, ever in their wildest dreams, thought of coming to Josh Denham for help, however palpable their troubles.

Once upon a time some of his poorer neighbours had appealed to him in a difficulty; but they had appealed in vain. He merely told them coldly that "them as saved in good times had summat to do with in bad," which was cold comfort to a man laid up through an accident, and with a wife and six children dependent on him.

"Oughter be ashamed o' 'erself askin' for help," Mrs. Denham affirmed of another neighbour, who had once come to her in great trouble. "Widder indeed! Well, she ain't the first widder in the world. She'll 'ave to work like the rest, and save like the rest."

It will be seen that the Denhams had not laid themselves out to court popularity; indeed, they were the best hated people in Lime Row, and the inhabitants of that district tacitly avoided the old couple with their sour visages and disagreeable ways.

On one cold March afternoon, towards six

o'clock, Josh Denham arrived as his own gate, feeling, as he would have put it, "a bit nippy." Perhaps the keen wind had affected his liver, perhaps someone in the warehouse had ruffled his never very smooth temper; in any case, Josh was distinctly cross. He flung open the iron gate of his garden, and flung it to again loudly and imperiously, then began to tramp up the flagged path, when the low cry of a child struck on his ear.

"Now, if I've a' said it once, I've a' said it forty thousand times; I won't 'ave no children playin' about in this 'ere garden," he said, peering about in the semi-twilight to discover the intruder. "Come out o' that," he said harshly, gazing at the stumpy lilac bush whose leaves were beginning to show faint green. But nobody came out, and there was no response, save, once again, a low wailing cry.

"Well, if you ain't a-comin' out, you can jolly well stay where you are till I gets my big stick to yer, that's all," Josh exclaimed roughly, tramping on to the house and seizing a stick from inside the kitchen door.

"A brat in the garden!" he said succinctly to his wife, and marched down the flagged path again.

When he reached the gate the lamplighter had just lighted the lamp outside, and stooping down, stick in hand, to prod at the intruding child, Josh saw a tiny bundle under the lilac bush, so tiny that he drew back the stick and put his hand down instead. That wailing cry greeted his touch, and with a hasty ejaculation he pulled the bundle from under the bush.

Wails of a more vociferous nature proceeded from within the folds of what appeared to be an old shawl; and Josh Denham, holding the bundle gingerly as though it were some kind of reptile, walked with it into his kitchen.

"Lor', Josh," his wife exclaimed, "whatever 'ave yer got there? A nasty bit of a old rag shawl? Good Lord!" she screamed, as a fist issued from the depths of the bundle, "why, if it ain't a baby! Good gracious, Josh, are yer gone clean off yer 'ead?"

Her husband's grim face relaxed not a muscle. He laid the bundle upon his armchair, and unfastened the shawl.

"You 'old yer jaw," he said to his wife, "we've got ter see 'oo the kid belongs to. I ain't going to 'ave no bloomin' kids left about my garden. This 'ere kid 'ull soon be took to its parents, with a few remarks from me. An 'oax, that's what it is—a narsty sort of an 'oax; but Josh Denham ain't one to put up with no 'oaxes."

The shawl fell back under Denham's awkward fingers, and lying upon it was a baby, who might have been a year old, dressed in a little white nightgown from which her bare feet peeped like pink rosebuds.

Her blue eyes, dim with tears, looked appealingly into the stern face above her; she stretched out her dimpled arms, and gurgled loudly, "Dad, dad, dad!" Then a bewitching smile flashed over her face, and a tiny hand clawed at Josh Denham's that lay still upon the shawl.

He looked down at her blankly, whilst his wife stood beside the chair, eyeing the child with undisguised amazement.

"Well, I never!" she said at last. "Look at 'er face, and 'er clean little clothes and all. My goodness, 'oo ever can 'a done it?"

The baby's blue eyes turned from Denham to his wife, and the flashing smile broke forth again.

"Dad, dad," she gurgled. It appeared to be a generic word she applied indifferently to either sex.

But apparently Mrs. Denham did not please the small stranger so much as Denham had done; her eyes went back to him, and her little arms were stretched out to him again, with an imperious gesture which said plainly, "Take me up," and Denham, glancing shamefacedly at his wife, and nervously at the door, stooped and took the child awkwardly into his arms. He held her much as he might have held a young rabbit, but she was evidently entirely satisfied. She even tried to nestle against his shoulder, and reiterated happily, "Dad, dad, dad!" with a comfortable cooing laugh.

"Seems sort o' friendly, don't she?" Josh said, looking at his wife, with a fatuous grin. "Seems to a' took a fancy to me. Not as I mean to 'ave no brats left lyin' about in my garden," he added hastily; "we'll 'ave a look around to-morrer to see 'oo've done it"

"To-morrer?" his wife asked. "Why, whatever are you a' goin' to do with the kid to-night?"

"Well, she might stop in 'ere just fer to-night," he said dubiously. "I can't go worritin' round now. She can lay 'ere wrapped up in 'er old bit o' shawl. She ain't a troublesome kind o' child," he added, looking anxiously at his wife, whilst a soft hand stole up and stroked his bristly chin.

Mrs. Denham stared at him as if she thought he had suddenly gone mad.

"Well, it don't matter to *me* what yer do with the thing," she said tartly; "you've brought it in, and you can mind it."

"Oh, I'll *mind* it," he replied, roused by opposition into obstinacy. "It ain't more trouble to mind a infant for one night than to mind a puppy," and Denham subsided into the armchair, the child still in his arms.

She lay there contentedly enough till he had had his supper; then she all at once puckered up her face, and began to cry.

"Now, whatever makes 'er do that?" Josh asked, alarm depicted in every line of his face. "I ain't hurtin' of 'er, as I'm aware."

"'Urtin' of 'er? No, yer silly old fool; she's 'ungry, a' course."

"Well, we've got to feed 'er, then." The voice of Josh Denham was almost genial. "I knows 'ow to feed a young pup; I'll be bound it ain't very different how yer feeds a baby. Give us a drop o' milk, Liz, and some warm water to it, and a spoon."

Mrs. Denham snorted, but being accustomed to do her husband's bidding promptly, she fetched the milk and put it beside him.

Then Josh propped the baby upon his knee, and proceeded to pour milk out of a spoon down its throat. His methods were rough and ready, and the baby choked more frequently than could have been quite pleasant for it, but the milk went to its destination, and Denham's face shone with satisfaction when he had thrust as much upon the child as he thought necessary.

Perhaps the tiny fingers that twined themselves round one of his big ones pulled at some chord in his heart which had not vibrated for years; certainly the expression of his face was less grim than usual.

His wife looked on with some scorn when, later in the evening, the child having fallen asleep, he wrapped it up carefully and laid it in a corner of the old sofa by the fire.

"She'll keep warm there," he said, "and to-morrer I'll go and look up them fools as thought to 'oax Josh Denham."

But when to-morrow came, although he took a day from his work and spent hours in inquiries and searchings, he could find no smallest trace of the baby's belongings; where she came from, who had put her into Denham's garden, who she could possibly be—all these remained a mystery, and Josh came home in the evening as wise as he had gone out.

His wife, when he left her, grumbled terribly at the bare idea of having the child to tend throughout the day, and Josh entered the house full of unpleasant forebodings as to the greeting he would receive.

As he was about to open the door, a sound fell upon his ear which made him pause on the threshold. It was the sound of a faint crooning, which resolved itself into words.

To Josh's supreme amazement, his wife—his wife who, like himself, loathed and abominated children—was singing a lullaby to the nameless babe.

He peeped cautiously through the chink. Yes, there, sure enough, sat Mrs. Denham, in the armchair by the fire, the baby in her arms, the child's yellow curls against her shoulder; and she was crooning to it some old song of days long gone by!

Josh listened open-mouthed till the song was ended, then he stole in gently. The baby lay asleep, and Mrs. Denham looked up at her husband with a strangely softened look on her hard old face.

"Funny," she said, "'ow I've a' bin' thinkin' o' poor little Bessie all day."

Bessie was their child who had died such years and years ago that they had forgotten to love children for her sake.

"She do seem to make yer think o' the little un, don't she?" Denham replied, lowering his voice to a whisper and drawing a chair gingerly towards the fire. He sat down and looked meditatively at the soft baby face pillowed upon his wife's breast. The little sleeper's peaceful breathing was the only sound for a few moments, then Josh said, with considerable hesitation:

"I ain't bin able to find nothin' out about the—the kid, an' 'oo it was played sich an 'oax on us. The bobby what I talked ter, 'e says there ain't nothin' fer it but to send the kid to the 'Ouse, she bein' a foundlin', as yer might say."

He looked at his wife, and rubbed his bristly chin thoughtfully and silently. His wife's eyes were riveted upon the baby's face. One of its hands was in hers; the other lay against her neck, its warm touch sending queer little unaccustomed thrills about her heart.

"Send 'er to the 'Ouse?" she said slowly at last. "Well, I ain't one for children—I never was, but——"

"Nor more ain't I," Josh put in hastily. "I ain't no likin' for brats, can't abide 'em, in fact; but this 'ere kid——"



"'Seems to a' took a fancy to me.'"—*p.* 399.

He also broke off short, and looked again at his wife, a curious appeal in his eyes.

"She've a takin' sort of a way with 'er," Mrs. Denham said, and her free hand touched one of the yellow curls; "and you might say a remarkable nice child—*for* a child," she hurried to add.

"I ain't one as wishes to encourage folks to leave their kids under other folks' lilac bushes neither," Mr. Denham went on, "but this 'ere infant 'ave made itself very much at 'ome, in a manner o' speakin', and it don't seem a altogether pertickler nice kind o' thing ter—ter"—he looked anxiously at Mrs. Denham, with an evident desire that she should finish his sentence!

"Ter put 'er out agin, you was goin' to say, Denham? Well, that's the way I looks at it likewise. Not bein' one as takes quick to children, I've took to this 'ere child, an' it seems fer to go agin somethin' inside of me to think o' sendin' 'er to the 'Ouse. Well, come to think of it, I wouldn't a' thought much a' anybody as sent my pore little Bess to the

Ouse, supposin' as she'd a' fell into other 'ands, as you might say. That's the way I looks at it."

"My feelings exactly," Josh exclaimed eagerly. "I don't know as I could make up me mind neither to turn the kid out agin, now she've come, not as I can abide children," he ended, with a not very successful effort at severity in his voice.

Just at that instant the child opened sleepy blue eyes and looked at him. Undaunted by the frown on his brow, she pulled herself up, and held out her arms to him, her face lighted with her bewitching smile.

"Dad, dad," she cooed drowsily, struggling to reach the old man and stretching out her dimpled hands imperiously.

The frown vanished from Denham's face, he smiled back at the smiling baby, and lifting her from his wife's lap, transferred her to his own arms with a chuckle.

"Seems ter take ter me, don't she?" he said, as the baby nestled close against him. "Seems to a' took a fancy to me like from the very fust. Pretty little dear!" he murmured under his breath; and when his wife's back was turned to him as she rose to prepare his supper, he laid his grey head against the yellow curls, and softly kissed the little face.

For days and weeks "Denham's baby" was a nine days' wonder in Lime Row, and though the old couple were careful to spread a report to the effect that they were keeping the baby against their inclination only until its lawful owners could be discovered, the neighbours speedily saw through this polite fiction.

The astounding vision of Josh Denham standing beside the lilac bush holding in his arms a yellow-haired baby, who crowed and chuckled at him in friendly wise, produced a profound effect on the dwellers in the street; and the children gazed open-mouthed at the strange spectacle of their dread ogre on intimate terms with a real live baby, who was evidently not in the least in awe of him.

By-and-by, as the months sped on, Josh might be seen guiding the toddling baby footsteps, as the small person made her first essays in walking; and the next thing that greeted the eyes of the astonished neighbours was the turfing and planting of that dreary strip of garden, whose sole product hitherto had been cabbages.

"Don't seem very nice for the kid to play about among cabbage stumps," Denham said to his wife. "I'll get a bit o' turf off a man as I know of, and I'll plant a few bits o' flowers and things—red and white daisies, now, they'd look fine; like the kid's cheeks too," he added poetically.

They called the child "May," because, as Josh remarked sheepishly, she was welcome as the flowers in that month; and although she had in the first place brought her own welcome with her, she triumphantly took her place as head of the Denham household long before the summer was over.

She could twist Josh round her small fingers with absolute ease; and if Mrs. Denham was not quite so manageable, Baby May nevertheless contrived, as a general rule, to get what she wanted. Not that she was spoilt—she was too loving and contented a little soul for that,—but without a doubt the Denhams were her loyal slaves.

Nothing was ever discovered as to her parentage, and by degrees the Denhams dropped the pleasing fiction that they were merely housing her for a time, and frankly allowed the world to know that they had adopted May for good and all.

That little person no longer permitted them to be ogres to the other children in the house and neighbourhood; she enjoyed the society of her contemporaries, and "Denham's garden" became a delightful rendezvous for the small people in the street. They came to recognise after a time that they must look at the flowers but not pick them, and that then they were at liberty to play on the patch of grass, which was distinctly pleasanter than the pavement.

It was noticeable, too, as time went on, that Denham was more gentle and merciful in his dealings with his tenants and neighbours; and although the change in himself and his wife was not perceptible at once, it became plain after a while that *something* had softened them curiously.

Perhaps Denham explained the matter in a nutshell when he said the other day to his wife:

"'Pears to me as you an' me is gettin' to be general favourites in our old age, Liz. We ain't never 'ad sich a many friends as we've got now. Sometimes it seems ter me as we was a bit 'ard in them old times, and if you was to arsk me what's bin and changed us, I believe I'd say, 'It's because o' the baby—that's what it is, you mark what I says—it's because o' the baby.'"

A SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC TRAINING.

By A. Parsons.

(With Illustrations from Photographs taken in the School by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

THE English are of necessity a homely race, and so long as our climate retains its peculiar and distinctive characteristics, the art of "home-making," though it may occasionally suffer a temporary eclipse, will continue to be one of the most highly prized of the national virtues. A school, therefore, which has for its *raison d'être* the making of better, healthier, and happier homes cannot fail to be an object of interest to a majority of the readers of an English magazine.

Such a school—one, happily, of many now scattered throughout the kingdom, though few can boast of so many features of notable interest—is the Gloucester School of Domestic Science, which is justly regarded by all connected with it as an object lesson in the best methods of grappling at all points with the much-debated domestic problem. Here girls of every class, the future mistress of a well-to-do household no less than her humbler sister of the artisan class, may acquire that knowledge and skill in household ways necessary to the wise and economical management of the homes of rich and poor alike; the would-be teacher of the domestic arts may qualify for her now requisite diploma; the girl colonist is equipped for her life beyond the sea by a course of special and practical training; while the lassie who wisely chooses the safe old path of domestic service in preference to the overcrowded shop or factory, may receive a training such as will render her a treasure to any mistress fortunate enough to secure her services.

The school is carried on with the support of and in association with the Gloucestershire County and Gloucester City Councils,



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A BATCH OF CAKES.

but its origin, like that of so many other social and educational developments, may be traced to a private and philanthropic enterprise. Some fifteen years ago a Gloucestershire lady, Mrs. Arthur Playne, of Minchinhampton, who had for some time been working for the betterment of the condition of the factory hands in the picturesque Stroud Valley, was struck by the amount of misery and discomfort occasioned by the lack of domestic knowledge among the women and girls employed in the numerous cloth mills of the district. To combat this evil, she instituted classes for cookery and other domestic arts, which at once became both popular and useful. The success of this private endeavour stimulated Mrs. Playne and several other Gloucestershire ladies to the consideration of what might be done to provide practical instruction in domestic economy for women and girls in the other towns and villages of the county. Their first step was to make an application to the County and City councils for a share of the funds which just at that time (1890) had been assigned to them for assisting the work of technical education. Fairly substantial grants were made by both bodies, and on the strength of this official, and a great deal of very generous unofficial, support, the Gloucestershire School of Cookery began its work in the spring of 1891, since which time its development and progress have been continuous. Its original quarters, in rooms lent, free of charge, by the Gloucester Gas Company, were speedily outgrown, and in 1894 the present school buildings in the Barrack Square were provided for its use by the County Council.

The work of the school falls into four main divisions. It fulfils, in the first place, the original aim of its founders, by organising classes and supplying teachers of cookery, laundry-work, nursing, and needlework in nearly a hundred centres throughout the country. From these classes, and from those of the neighbouring county of Worcester, are drawn the County Council scholarship holders, for whom a thoroughly practical training in every branch of household economy is provided at a residential centre in Gloucester. Further, the school occupies an almost unique position as a residential college of housewifery for girls of the well-to-do classes who wish to acquire a practical knowledge of cookery and household management before taking upon their shoulders the burden of their own or their parents' establishments. This branch includes a recently instituted course for intending emigrants to the colonies. Finally, as a training centre for teachers of domestic science, the Gloucester School occupies a position of acknowledged prominence and distinction.



VIEW OF THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS, BETWEEN THE BARRACKS AND THE COUNTY PRISON.

Each branch of the school possesses its own features of interest, and a brief description of those of the training departments for diplomated teachers and for the County Council scholars may prove useful and suggestive to such as are beset by the difficulty of selecting for their girls a career which is neither underpaid nor overcrowded, and also to any who may be seeking a practical solution of the ever-present problem of the domestic servant.

For an intelligent, well-educated girl, blessed with good health and a liking for practical work, there are now excellent opportunities, both at home and abroad, as a teacher of one of the subjects grouped by the education authorities under the title of Domestic Economy, the requisite course of training for such a career being neither so long nor so expensive as to be beyond the means of the average middle-class parent. Roughly stated, the Gloucester fees for training and examination in cookery amount to a little over £21; for laundry-work, to £15 7s. 6d., unless taken in conjunction with another subject, when a reduction of four guineas is made; while the training and examination for the housewifery diploma (the holder of which may teach housewifery as a whole but not a specific branch, such as cookery or laundry-work), costs just over £20. For a course in plain needlework or dressmaking, the fee is about eight guineas; but a further course, at the same fee, must be taken by the student who aspires to teach the higher branches of either subject. For the millinery diploma a short course at an inclusive fee of £3 13s. 6d. suffices. For students not residing in the city or neighbourhood, the boarding-house fee of fifteen guineas a term must, of course, be reckoned. It may be added that the demand for certificated teachers in all branches is well in excess of the supply, while former students at the Gloucester Training Centre are now filling well-paid posts in all parts of Great Britain and her colonies.

Though certain purely scientific subjects, such as chemistry and hygiene, are taken at the Gloucester School of Science, the bulk of the students' training is carried on at the Technical School in the Barrack Square. This is a plain and unpretentious building, for the most part of one storey only, forming, with the adjoining Dairy School, two sides of a square. Its situation is distinctly official, for it stands on territory owned by the County authorities, and is flanked on the one hand by the barracks (of which it at one time formed a part),



VIEW OF THE SMALLER KITCHEN WITH STUDENTS AT WORK.



UPHOLSTERING.

and on the other by the high walls of the county gaol. Close at hand flows the River Severn, and beyond are the green meadows of the open country.

Wishing to see something of the equipments and methods of the Training Centre, we made a tour of inspection, not long since, under the guidance of the Organising Lady Superintendent, Miss Florence Baddeley, to whose active endeavours and businesslike management during the past nine years the school owes not a little of its present prosperity and distinction.

Passing through the simply appointed dining-room, in which a midday dinner (the result of the morning's work) is served every day to the fifty-six students, housewifery pupils and County Council scholars, and their teachers, we entered the larger of the two kitchens, where the members of an "outside" class followed, from their post of observation on a slightly raised platform, the movements and explanations of a teacher who was deftly putting the finishing touches to a tempting batch of cakes. The centre of this kitchen is occupied by a large demonstration table, while along the walls are ranged the little compartments at which the students do their practical work. All the appointments are simple and inexpensive, but the place possesses the charm of absolute purity and order, every shelf, cupboard, and drawer exhibiting the perfection of neatness. A notable feature is the variety of the cooking apparatus, into the mysteries of which all students are duly initiated. The older method of cooking with a coal fire is represented by the regulation kitchen-range, and an American covered-in stove; there are three gas-cookers, the smallest of which is supplied on the "penny-in-the-slot" principle; while a prominent place in the adjoining scullery is occupied by two oil-stoves, one constructed on a modern American principle, which dispenses with wicks; the other of an older pattern, the complicated parts of which the students are taught how properly to clean and adjust. No one is allowed to shirk the prosaic but essential business of saucepan and sink cleaning, and the brightness of the array of pots, pans, and china does credit to the methods and muscles of the busy workers.

In the smaller kitchen we were able to witness part of a demonstration to a house-

wifery class on the cleaning of brass and copper vessels. The majority of the students, who wore a pretty uniform of dark blue cotton, with the regulation apron and sleeves, took notes of the lecture, a few of their number having been told off for the practical work.

From the kitchens we passed to the laundry—a long, airy room, well and sensibly fitted up with all the labour-saving appliances that human ingenuity has devised for the lightening of the most arduous of domestic occupations. Here, it being Friday afternoon, the week's work was nearly ended, but ironing was still briskly in progress, several students, under the direction of a teacher, mastering cheerfully, in spite of the very hot weather, the art of turning out shirts, collars, and dainty table linen in a state of immaculate perfection. The irons were being heated on a professional looking "tree"; but in view of the fact that this elaborate and cumbrous device rarely finds a place in the average home laundry, the students are also taught the best method of heating their irons on the ordinary range or stove.



A LESSON IN IRONING.

Having reached the limit of the ground floor of the school, we ascended to the cheerful, well-ventilated room occupied by the needlework, dressmaking, and upholstery students. Every branch of useful needlework is thoroughly taught, the homely arts of darning and patching receiving due attention, as well as the cutting-out and making of all kinds of garments. Part of the diploma work consists of miniature models of costumes, gowns, and blouses, scientifically fashioned and daintily stitched; while the upholstery class also turns out beautifully finished model work for examination purposes. The use of the sewing-machine, both hand and treadle, of course forms a feature of the courses of instruction in this department.

All candidates for the diploma are required to devote a certain number of hours to the practical work of instructing classes of elementary school children; and the little maidens of Gloucester are fortunate in possessing so enthusiastic and painstaking a band of teachers. Cookery and laundry-work are the subjects most generally taught in elementary schools; but household management is also a recognised school subject; and in order to render the children's lessons as complete and practical as possible, three rooms have been specially furnished for their use at Crypt House—one of those



MISS FLORENCE BADDELEY.

delightful old-world houses which, next to its noble cathedral, constitute the principal charm of the ancient city. The largest of these rooms is fitted up as the kitchen, with accommodation for eighteen pupils. On the occasion of our visit it was occupied by a class of little maids, all demurely arrayed in business-like sleeves and aprons, who were recapitulating, under their young teacher's direction, the main points of a lesson on the initial mysteries of pastry-making. The smaller rooms are furnished respectively as the sitting-room and bedroom of the miniature establishment, each article of furniture having been carefully selected with a view to the initiation of the young housewives in some special principle of house-cleaning or household management. During the past year nearly three hundred children were taught in classes held in connection with the Training School, either at Crypt House or at such of their own schools as have the necessary accommodation.

There are no drones in the busy little hive in the Barrack Square. Hard work, both mental and manual, is necessary to enable the most brilliant candidate to attain the high standard of theoretical knowledge and practical dexterity required by the Examining Boards. Therefore it is a matter of no small importance that the residence at Belsize House, in the shady neighbourhood of the public park, shared by the training students and housewifery pupils, is a veritable haven of rest for the tired workers, furnished in a cosy, homelike fashion, and well ordered, according to a few broad and by no means exacting rules, under the direction of a capable and sympathetic lady superintendent. Numerous indoor and outdoor recreations are provided; and Saturday excursions, by train or bicycle, to interesting places in



A LESSON IN SPRING-CLEANING.

the neighbourhood, are a feature of the summer term.

Not far from Belsize House is the Scholars' House, or, to designate the unassuming little establishment in Park Road by its official title, the County Council's Girls' Hostel. This important branch of the school's work is carried on in direct association with the Gloucestershire and Worcestershire County Councils and the Gloucester City Council, who offer free scholarships, tenable for three or six months, with residence at the hostel, to girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who have been distinguished for diligence and capability in the cookery classes of their own districts. These fortunate little women not only enjoy the privilege of instruction at the school in Barrack Square, but also receive an even more practical training in domestic economy under the roof of their own hostel, where three of the twelve girls in residence are told off in rotation to serve the rest of the household for a fortnight in the respective capacities of cook, housemaid, and parlour-maid. The work of these budding domestics is performed under the watchful eye of a resident matron, and any task which may have been inadequately performed is gone over again and again until the requisite degree of perfection is attained. Every corner of the house, from the highest floor to the basement, is a model of order and cleanliness; while it would be difficult to find a healthier or happier looking group of girls than those whom we saw assembled round the large table of their cheerful dining-room, busily engaged in the pleasant weekly task of "writing home." Many former scholarship girls are reported as doing excellently in various domestic situations; and there can be no doubt that this very successful experiment of the Gloucestershire and Worcestershire Councils points one of the ways to a practical solution of the "servant problem," by recognising domestic service as an occupation demanding special gifts, special training, and adequate remuneration.



KEEPING UTENSILS CLEAN.

Space will permit only a brief allusion to a new departure which has recently been made by the establishment, in the neighbouring town of Cheltenham, of a residential training centre for girls who wish to qualify for posts as children's nurses, housekeepers, or matrons—all of which occupations offer abundant scope to the well-educated and domesticated woman whose abilities lie in the direction of organisation and management rather than of teaching.

HER GRACE

A Complete Story by E. Burrowes.

I.



THE choir had just finished their evening practice, and the new curate, who had presided with efficiency at the organ, put away the music, and forsook the high organ loft with a sigh. He was tired, both mentally and physically, and the determination of some of the boys to sing out of tune and out of time had proved more than usually trying. The hymns had all been tried over, and the boys clattered out of the church, followed more slowly by choirmaster and curate, into the cold night air, crisp with sharp frost, and a promise of snow, which lurked in the heavily banked clouds.

"Went fairly well, sir," said the former, as they stepped side by side down the narrow path; "want a bit more practice, but they'll do all right when the time comes. Church will be full, sir. Her Grace returns to-morrow, to the Castle. The late Duke died abroad, and her Grace has not been here since. It's made a difference to the place, having the Castle empty; not but what there's always been kindnesses done by her Grace all the time—treat to the youngsters and the aged, you know, sir—but it's not the same as having the family on the spot. There's to be a great welcoming to them both—the child and his mother—their Graces, I should say."

Geoffrey Dering nodded, said good-night with some abruptness to the choirmaster, and turned down the narrow lane which led to the cottage in which he and his little daughter Myrtle lived.

In summer it was an idyllic place, bowered with honeysuckle and wreathed with crimson and white garlands of roses; even now that winter's iron hand was on all the world it looked cosy and homelike. Through an uncurtained window a bright, warm light shone out, with a gleam of a fire and a glimpse of an anxious little face pressed close against the glass. As the gate clicked and the new curate walked quickly up the path it vanished, to appear a moment later framed in the open doorway.

"Not in bed yet, little woman?" said Dering, as he stepped inside, shut the door, and took the small curly-headed girl into his arms. "Why is this, eh? It's quite time all such little birds should be in bed and fast asleep, Myrtle."

"I simply couldn't go to bed, daddy, till you came in," said Myrtle, with her arms clasped round his neck and her soft pink cheek pressed close to his, "'cos I've something to tell you. Something, oh!—wonderful, daddy. You'll *never* guess!"

"Then suppose you tell me what it is," said Dering gaily, "only let me get out of my coat first. That's it—now, then, come along and let me hear all about this wonderful thing."

"*I'm to present a bouquet to-morrow to the Duchess.*"

Myrtle nodded her golden head at every word, till she looked like a nodding mandarin. Her dark eyes, fixed on her father's face, were dancing with excitement. At seven years of age the idea of a Duchess may be wonderful and intensely interesting, but it conveys with it no sense of awe.

Dering started slightly, and his brows contracted for a moment.

"*You* are to present the bouquet!" he repeated. "But I understood, dear, that Cicely Ferrers was to do it."

"She's got a bad cold, and Mrs. Ferrers came this evening and asked me if I would like to do it, and of course I said yes. Why, I'll see her so nicely, daddy, and—his Grace—that's what they call him—too."

The curate nodded. His dark eyes were fixed on the fire, as if he saw in those leaping flames old memories—past regrets—vanished joys. Presently he roused himself, kissed his little daughter, and sent her off to bed; then turned to his writing-table, and looked over the notes he had made for next Sunday's sermon.

The curate was busy. Not that the parish was a very populous one, but it lay in a scattered district, and the inclemency of the weather rendered the performance of the numerous duties comprised in the daily round of a country clergyman and his colleague doubly difficult. Just at present, too, there was an increase of work, for the impending arrival of the Duke of Wraysbury and his mother had thrown the entire village into a state of excitement. The Castle on the distant hillside had been empty and closed for more than two years, and the advent of the new Duke was awaited with the greatest interest, for he was a mere child—barely eight years old—and the family was held in much respect by the villagers, who had had good reason to bless the name of Wraysbury when times of distress and sickness had come upon them, and brought with them alleviations from her Grace in the shape of money for the poor, nurses for the sick, and pleasures for the young.

All this Dering knew well, for the story had been poured into his ears by his vicar before he had been a week in the parish, but it was not that which brought a cloud to his brow and a new sadness to his eyes as he sat at his littered bureau and tried to concentrate his wandering attention on the outlines of a sermon lying before him. It was that a spectre from out of the past would persist in rising up and torturing him; it was that a flood of recollections and tender memories would sweep upon him with relentless force, until in despair he gave up his sermon, and sat long after midnight had sounded from the old church clock, with his face hidden in his hands, and his thoughts far, far away from Wraysbury.

Mere chance had thrown Geoffrey Dering and Lady Philippa Erskine together. They had met first at Oxford, and then later in London, when, being asked to preach in a certain fashionable West-End church, the curate had speedily discovered her among the congregation. He was a good preacher, and had been spoken of as a rising young man, and somehow he and Lady Philippa found many tastes in common, and managed in one way or another to see a good deal of each other. Perhaps she found him different from the more worldly men with whom she was in the habit of associating; he found her altogether gracious, an ideal of lovely womanhood. Of course the inevitable happened, for although she was the daughter of one of the proudest peers of the realm, she was nevertheless a very human woman, and she fell honestly, deeply in love with the curate.

But the Earl of Mundham had other views for his only daughter's future, and he told Geoffrey Dering so point-blank.

"I shall be most happy to present you to a living," he said stiffly, though kindly, "but I cannot give you my daughter. You will pardon me, Mr. Dering, if I speak quite frankly: it is not at all that I do not like you, but—you are no fit mate for my daughter. You understand me? Even if you were a bishop, I should still consider you a perfectly unsuitable partner in life for Lady Philippa."

He said a good deal more, for Dering would not give up his life's happiness easily, but it was all in vain. Lord Mundham promptly went abroad, taking with him a daughter who was popularly reported to be breaking her heart for Geoffrey Dering's sake, and a year or two later the marriage was announced of the Duke of Wraysbury—an elderly widower—to Lady Philippa Erskine, only daughter of the Earl of Mundham.

With that curt announcement which he duly read in the morning papers, the curate's hopes died, and his love story ended, as he thought. It was not long afterwards that he too, married. It was a marriage of pity rather than love: the girl was totally destitute, and unfitted both by reason of her prettiness and her indifferent health to fight her own way in the world alone. Geoffrey Dering married her, putting the truth plainly before her, but she was quite satisfied, for she loved him with a blind, faithful adoration which filled her frail body to the last. A year later she faded out of his life, quietly and painlessly, leaving behind her an infant daughter.

Another chance brought him to Wraysbury: he knew the Duchess—now a widow—and her

only son were abroad: he hoped and yet feared to see her again, and now in a few hours almost they must meet.

He set his teeth hard, as he thought of her—his Phil, as he had called her. His Phil, with her sweet grey eyes and dimpled cheek, pink as an English rose; her curling dark hair, and delicious smile. But he must not forget that he was still only a curate and she was a Duchess.

All along the hard frost-bound road the people were cheering and curtseying as the carriage drove from the station to the village. Flags flew merrily in the crisp winter wind, from church tower and windows; bells pealed joyously, and in the carriage as it swept onward, a woman in black, with a softly feathered hat on her pretty head, bowed and smiled, and a small boy beside her, in a sailor suit and cap, looked about him and chattered gaily, taking off his cap now and then with a courteous little manner which delighted the onlookers.

His Grace was a bonny child, they said to each other as the carriage swept on its way, and at last drew up at the vicarage gate, where a little group was gathered to welcome home the Duchess and her little son.

It consisted of the vicar and his comely wife, their grown-up daughter and son, the two churchwardens, and, in the background, the new curate. At the vicar's side was a radiant little figure in red cap and coat, armed with a loose posy of Christmas roses, and bright-berried holly, and the Duchess took the proffered flowers with a smile and quick glance of admiration at the child's lovely flushed face.

"Is this one of yours, Mrs. Ferrers?" she asked graciously.

"No, this is Myrtle Dering, the daughter of our curate. Mr. Dering is here. May I present him to your Grace?"

The Duchess started: a light flashed into her lovely eyes, and the vicar thought her voice was not quite steady as she said:

"*Mr. Dering?* I believe, yes, I am certain we are old friends."

It had happened.

Dering held her hand for a moment—no more—looked again into the face of the woman he had loved—nay, still loved so hopelessly—saw her colour rise as she stooped and kissed his child with a sort of lingering tenderness, and then turned to her son.

"Alan," she said, "this is an old friend of mine, Mr. Dering, and his little girl. Isn't it nice to find friends waiting for us everywhere?"

The lad nodded, and held out his hand to the curate and the child. The two children looked at each other solemnly after the manner of children, and his Grace thought he had never seen anything quite so pretty as little Myrtle Dering's earnest face and pansy blue eyes.

"It's jolly to be home again," he said frankly, lifting his shining eyes to the vicar, while the Duchess inquired after old friends in the neighbourhood, and chatted to Mrs. Ferrers. "I'm awfully glad we've got back. I shall have a party at the Castle, and—you'll come, won't you? What is your name?"

The boy looked at Myrtle.

"Myrtle," she said shyly. "I'd like to come to your party very much."

"We'll have a Christmas tree," he said, "and a bran pie and all sorts of jolly things, and I'll take you out tobogganning if there's snow. Mayn't I, mother?"

"What's that, Alan? Tobogganing? Of course, if the snow comes; and we must see a great deal of our kind friends at the vicarage, you know. There is so much to be done and thought of all at once, isn't there? And now we must get home, with many, many thanks for your welcome, and remembrance of us both, dear Mrs. Ferrers. Come, Alan."

They shook hands all round, and Dering held the hand of the Duchess again for a brief moment, and then the carriage drove off to the Castle, and the great event was over.

His Grace was safely home.

"Why, there are tears in your eyes, mother," said the Duke, as they swept up the steep approach to the Castle gates. "Are you sorry to come home, after all?"

The Duchess smiled through her tears, and pressed the boy's hand.

"No, dearest—only very glad," she said; but his Grace could never guess how glad she really was. Only her own heart knew that.

II.

THE snow had come and the toboggan had been taken out. Shrieks of delight told of the fun on the steep slope down which the young Duke and the children from the vicarage, not forgetting Myrtle Dering, sped in that wonderful thing

—half sleigh, half toboggan. The Duchess herself was always present, to applaud, to encourage, and to comfort when someone came with a heavy plump into a snowdrift; there was a great tea afterwards at the Castle, where dry shoes and stockings were laid out ready for the guests.

Ten days had passed since the home-coming



"'I'm to present a bouquet to-morrow to the Duchess.'"—*p.* 410.

of the young Duke and his mother. Dering had been thrown—almost against his will, so it seemed to the Duchess—into all the preparations in which she took a leading part: the tree for the school children, the tea for the aged poor, the mothers' treat, and a dozen other charities with which the name of the Duchess of Wraysbury was ever associated in the parish. It was not possible that he had forgotten—so she told herself as she sat alone in her magnificent library listening to the moan of the wind and the crackle of the logs in the fire—for she had seen vivid remembrance in his eyes and his manner, and though he masked it all with a punctilious courtesy, an icy coldness, she knew that deep down the old love slumbered. She never thought of the difference which still lay like a fixed gulf between them; a gulf made deeper and broader since her marriage with the Duke of Wraysbury, and the possession of great wealth; she never thought somehow that he would look on her as far, far removed from him; she only knew that—nothing had altered; for love is eternal.

Myrtle was constantly at the Castle. His Grace was devoted to her, and the Duchess watched with a strange tenderness the friendship which grew up between the two children. The child had been with her all that afternoon; first out tobogganing, and then at tea; now she and the young Duke came in together to say good-night, for a maid had come for her and the clocks were striking six.

"Are you warm enough, dear?" said the Duchess, wrapping the child in her red cloak. "You have a little cold, I am afraid. We

mustn't let you get ill just now, you know. How is your father, Myrtle?"

Myrtle's bright face clouded.

"I don't think he is velly well," she said; "he looks so sad, and sometimes he sits looking at the fire and not even speaking to *me!*"

"He is busy, I expect," said the Duchess hurriedly, "and perhaps a little worried with all his work. We shall see you to-morrow, darling. Good-night."

When the children had gone and she was left alone in her magnificence, surrounded on every side by evidences of her exalted rank and her vast wealth, the Duchess remained sunk in reverie; her eyes grew sad and misty, and then hope stretched her fair wings above her head, and she rose from her chair with a happy smile touching her lips.

"Oh!" she breathed. "He still cares—and some day it will come all right."

She did not see Dering for several days; then she met him hurrying through the village with worn face and haggard eyes. She stopped him.

"Is anything wrong with Myrtle?" she asked gently, "for we have not seen her for three days, and Alan is getting uneasy about her. They are such friends, those two!"

"I know," he said in low hurried tones, "you have been goodness itself to her; she is ill, nothing more, I trust, than a severe bronchial cold, but it is bad enough to keep her in bed, poor mite. She says she can't stay in bed; but I am afraid she must, unless she shakes the cough off speedily."

"I am so sorry; is there anything I can do for her—or—or you?"

Their eyes met, but it was hers that fell before his earnest glance.

"You have done much already," he said. "I can never repay you——"

"Don't talk of payment," she said quickly, "are we not—old friends? I will bring some books and fruit to her this afternoon—and give her my love. Alan will be distracted when he hears of her illness."

Dering went about his work that day with a heavy heart; he was afraid when he looked on his child's flushed face and heard her laboured breathing, that she had inherited some of her young mother's delicacy; he feared to lose her—the only thing he had to love; the only thing he *might* love. For Myrtle grew hourly worse.

Up at the Castle some guests had assembled; amongst them a famous London physician who had been an intimate friend of Lady Philippa Erskine and her people years ago, and as the house party was sitting in the billiard-room after dinner, a message was brought by a groom, who had been despatched for the latest news of the sick child.

"*Myrtle is dangerously ill,*" were the few hurriedly pencilled lines in the curate's hand. writing; "*should she be spared till the morning, I must telegraph for a second opinion. A thousand thanks for your goodness to her—and me.*"

The Duchess got up quickly and crossed the room to where the great doctor was sitting smoking a cigar by the blazing fire, and looking on lazily at an exciting game which was just at its climax.

"Sir James," she said, "would you do me a kindness?"

Sir James Lankester rose promptly.

"I am now and ever at your command," he said. "What is it?"

"Will you come with me *now*—this very moment—to the village to see a sick child who is dangerously ill with, I fear, congestion of the lungs? I know it is a strange hour to take you out and a strange request, but——"

"If you will wait five minutes while I get a coat, I shall be at your service, Duchess," said the doctor, and vanished, while the Duchess gave rapid orders for the brougham at once, and sent for her cloak and hat, explaining in a few words to her other guests that she must leave them for half an hour on an errand of the most urgent importance.

Ten minutes later they were driving swiftly down the frost-bound avenue, to the village, and in a few words the Duchess explained the case. As he listened, Sir James frowned slightly; he was trying to remember where he had heard the name of Dering, a clergyman, before, and in what connection. Then after a swift glance at the pale face beside him, he suddenly remembered.

"It was the man she loved!" he muttered to himself, and fell to wondering what chance had brought them together again under these strange circumstances.

Down in the curate's cottage, Myrtle tossed to and fro on her fevered couch; her pansy blue eyes were wide and staring; babbling words broke from her parched lips, and the fever which had consumed her for three days was swiftly and surely sapping her little life away. The village doctor sat beside her with a finger on the flying pulse, and a settled

gravity in his face. Dering knew that the worst must be impending; he sat downstairs, with bowed head, the doctor having implored him to take a little rest before the weary night watching became his portion, for he and the nurse divided the night between them. Life, indeed, had its blackest outlook for him, and he did not hear the stopping wheels outside nor the entry of someone into the narrow hall, and it was with dazed eyes that he looked up suddenly, and sprang to his feet confronting the Duchess. Behind her loomed the tall figure of a man with a clever, distinguished face.

He steadied himself with a chair; this was no dream—no dream.

"Mr. Dering," said the Duchess, "I have brought Sir James Lankester with me—let me introduce him to you—Mr. Dering, an old friend of mine, Sir James. You know who he is, Mr. Dering, without my telling you, and he has come to see Myrtle. Believe me, if God wills he will save her. May he go up to her at once?"

Dering bowed, and led the way upstairs, not trusting himself to speak. The name of James Lankester was one familiar to all the world, as one of the most famous of physicians. There was no need indeed for the Duchess to explain his identity, and Dering watched him eagerly, as he bent over the child, after exchanging a few words in a low tone with the village doctor.

It was as if in a dream that he found himself downstairs again, the doctors having told him to leave the child in their care, and rest below. He did not see that the Duchess followed him after speaking to Sir James, and receiving an assuring nod of the head which sent her hopes flying upwards. The events of the last weeks had worn him out, body and spirit, and his head sank on his folded arms with something like a groan, as he dropped into a chair in the silent room where only the fire flickered and cracked on the hearth; and from the distance floated the faint strains of a song being sung in some house further down the road.

The Duchess cautiously opened the door and peeped at the bowed figure. Then she shut it again, and sat down quietly on the stairs, and waited. The house was very still, only now and then she heard that faint voice babbling upstairs, and the deeper tones of the doctors. Then for a while all was still.

The hours went by, and still she did not move: her head rested against the wall, the rippling hair shining with golden brown lights under the subdued glow from the lamp above. Then the door opened suddenly and Dering came out into the hall. His heart leapt as he saw her sitting there, a slim dark figure, her soft eyes fixed on him with a tenderness he had known—years ago. He steadied his voice with an effort, but the mask of coldness was gone from him as he spoke.

"Duchess, I beg of you to come into the dining-room. I had no idea you were there. It was unpardonable of me to have neglected you, but—you will forgive me if I was strange and distrait; I hardly knew whether I was dreaming or not, and I've never even had the common civility to say 'Thank you.'"

"You shall say it presently," she said gently, and got up and went into the room, where the fire was dying on the hearth.

Dering went down on his knees and blew it into a little flame, and the Duchess watched him. There were grey hairs showing on his temples; he was worn and thin and worried, and a great tenderness swept over her as he got up and pulled forward an armchair for her.

"You will be tired," he said abruptly.

"No; I must wait for Sir James—I wish to do so. The child will pull through—he told me as much, but of course it means skill and care. Listen! No. It is nothing—I thought I heard him coming down. He is the cleverest man in England for that sort of thing."

"I know; it was only another instance of your goodness to bring him down here. If Myrtle lives—it will be thanks to you. I'm a poor hand at saying what I really think, Duchess, but——"

"I was 'Phil' once," said the Duchess softly, and yet boldly. There was the light of a great resolve in her face, and a smile in her eyes. Oh! she was resolved not to lose her life's happiness.

He stared at her half wonderingly, half fearfully. What he read in her face startled him out of his self-possession.

"You forget!" he said hoarsely, "you forget—what I am, and what you are yourself. I'd never dare——"

"No, you'd never dare!" she said, dashing the tears from her eyes with a superb gesture, "that's why I am being forced to—to—*Geoffrey*, don't make it so hard for me! My poor Geoff!"

Her arms were round his neck, her face hidden on his shoulder, and he wondered if



"His heart leapt as he saw her sitting there."—*p.* 415.

this too was a dream—a hopeless, impossible dream, as it had been in the past. But the touch of her soft pink cheek, and the clasp of her arms, *they* were no dream.

And Dering awoke.

"My dear—my dearest and best," he said brokenly. "You can't mean it! It isn't right, I won't allow you to spoil your life—to lose all that power which you have used so well and nobly, and——"

She raised her head and looked him in the face with a fearless smile.

"I'll do as I like," she said, "I always do—*now*. Why, I've nearly *asked* you to marry me, and if I can do that—oh! surely I can brave anything else the world may hold. Geoffrey, listen!"

A distant clock struck midnight.

The door opened, and Sir James Lankester appeared on the threshold.

"The corner is safely turned," he said, "the child is asleep."

* * * * *

So Philippa, Duchess of Wraysbury, married the man of whom the world said, with scornful wonder, "Only a curate!" and his Grace has had one of his many wishes fulfilled, for Myrtle is really his sister and constant playmate now. And the Duchess has at last found something which she never possessed before, notwithstanding her great wealth and power, and that something is love. It seems superfluous to add that Dering is supremely happy.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

FEBRUARY 21ST.—**Jesus and the Sabbath.**

Passage for Reading.—*St. Matt. xii.* 1—13.

POINTS.—THINGS LAWFUL ON THE SABBATH.

1. Works of necessity.
2. Religious observances.
3. Works of mercy.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Six Days to Labour.** It is well to take special notice of the words, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work," in the fourth commandment. They are concerned both with the week-days and the day of rest. Surely God means the work by which we get our living, which may alone be properly called "our work." Yet there are general works which must be done on all days, the Sabbath day included. These works are eating and drinking, clothing ourselves, feeding cattle, lighting fires in winter, cooking food, and so on, which are necessary, as by them we are strengthened and enabled to do our proper work on the other six days. And special works of necessity may be done on special occasions, such as the putting out of a fire, the care of sick persons. For religion is emphatically a thing of common-sense.

Sabbath Worship in the Sandwich Isles. The Sabbath here is a most interesting day to the Christian and missionary. The numbers of decently dressed natives, only lately emerged from heathenism, who flock to the temple of the only true God; the attention and seriousness with which they listen to the words of eternal life; the praises of God sung in their own tongue; all these things produce a lively and joyful impression on a visitor. Of this I saw a pleasing instance lately. A godly officer from one of the British ships in the harbour spent the interval between the English and native services with me at the mission house. As the native congregation began to assemble he accompanied me to the door of the church, intending to take leave when the service began, as he did not understand the language. But as he stood there and saw hundreds of natives assembling, and all looking so glad and happy, he suddenly exclaimed, with a tear glistening in his eye, "No; this is too much! I cannot go till I have worshipped with these native Christians."

Sabbath Works of Mercy. For a few years I was a country rector of a small Hampshire parish. I started a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon." After the short children's service all who had been present came over to the rectory garden. The old people sat on easy seats on the lawn, and the children ran about the orchard, old-fashioned beech-walk, and garden generally. As the clock struck four we gathered round the great oak-tree and sang, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," and then all dispersed for tea. One Sunday I cut a lettuce, and gave it to an old woman over eighty to eat with her tea. A few days after I was taken to task by a godly old man for having "done some work on the Sabbath." So I turned to the passage where our Lord says, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath," and he expressed himself as quite satisfied.

FEBRUARY 28TH.—**Hearers and Doers of the Word.**

Passage for Reading.—*St. Matt. vii.* 21—29.

POINTS.—1. Good lives better than mere professions.
2. Hypocrites will be condemned.
3. Good works will last.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Profession and Practice.** A French prisoner in Algiers said to a Moor, "Why do you hate us so much?" He replied by asking, "Why do you come to our country?" "Because you are infidels." "Indeed," said the Moor, "we worship Allah, and you often see us pray; but we never see *you* pray. We think *you* are the infidels."

Hypocrites Found Out. How many are like that famous painting of the olden time, in which the artist depicted what seemed in the distance a holy friar with a book before him, and his hands crossed in devotion, looking like a saint indeed; but when you came close to the venerable impostor, you found that his hands, though clasped, enclosed a lemon, while instead of a book, there was a punch-bowl, into which he was squeezing the juice. To *seem* to be upright answers men's purposes so well that it is little marvel if hypocrites swarm like the flies in the plagues of Egypt; yet if they would remember that the last great day is coming, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, men would abhor hypocrisy. (Spurgeon.)

Good Deeds will Last. During the Civil Wars in the time of Charles I. a group of anxious women sat watching in an old house hard by the high road. A night attack was going on a few miles away, in which their relatives on King Charles' side were engaged. The window was wide open, and they listened with eagerness for any sound. At last some distant shots were heard, and then after a time the sound of horses' hoofs, which came closer and closer, till half-a-dozen Roundhead horsemen came past at full gallop. Just as they passed the house the horse of one stumbled and fell, throwing its rider headlong on the hard road. His companions rode on, but the ladies, calling a couple of labourers to their aid, rushed out and carried him indoors. For long he lay senseless, but at last he revived. Just then in came the Cavalier son of the family, flushed with success. Drawing his sword, he would have attacked or made

prisoner the Puritan soldier, but his mother interposed. "Never shall the man whom accident has made my guest be attacked in my house. Let him go free." Sullenly the Puritan, still half dazed with his fall, withdrew, and mounting his horse, rode away. Many years passed away, and the royal cause was utterly ruined. Cromwell was in power, and a last effort made to raise again the King's standard ended in failure, and many of those who had taken part in it were sentenced to death. Among them was the Royalist soldier who had been prevented from slaying his mother's guest. In the hope of saving his life his aged mother travelled to London and threw herself at Cromwell's feet, and told her story. "A wounded soldier fell at my door; I took him in, attended to his wounds, and saved his life from the sword of my son. That soldier I now see raised to power, and for his sake I implore pardon for my son." Cromwell recognised his preserver, accepted her plea, and signed an order of release for her son.

MARCH 7TH.—**Jesus Calms the Storm.**

Passage for Reading.—*St. Mark iv.* 35—41.

POINTS.—1. Danger on the Lake
2. Distress of the Disciples.
3. Deliverance by the Saviour.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Danger.** Two young men, on a visit to Devonshire, started off one afternoon on a walk to Dartmoor. After a few miles had been passed a dense white fog arose, common in those parts; all landmarks were blotted out, and it was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. The two friends felt helpless, but decided after consultation to walk in a certain direction. They hurried on for several miles, and then, to their dismay, found themselves at the same place where they had held their consultation. They were cold, wet through with the damp mist, and very weary, but felt they must go on. At last they came to a little stream. "Let us follow it," they said; "it must flow downwards, and sooner or later lead us down from this fog on the hills into the flat country below." So along the stream they walked, and at last came out into the sunshine of an early summer morning below the belt of mist.

Fear without Cowardice. Two French officers were once riding at the head of a party to capture some guns. It was a desperate service, for they expected every moment that the battery would open fire upon them. One officer remarked insultingly to the other, "You are afraid, sir." He replied, "Yes, sir, I am; and if you were half as much afraid *you* would have turned tail long ago." The apostles were afraid, but they did not desert their posts. They continued toiling in rowing.

Opportune Deliverance. One dark and stormy night a vessel was wrecked on a rocky island off the coast of Scotland. The sailors climbed into the rigging and prayed as they never had before that God would have compassion upon them. The angry waves drove the vessel on and on to the very foot of the awful cliff. Oh! if they could only reach its top there would be safety. Just as they struck the rock they espied on the face of the cliff a rope-ladder. Their despair was changed to joy. They sprang from the rigging and climbed the ropes as rapidly as their benumbed fingers would permit. All were saved, and in a few minutes more the vessel went to pieces. The presence of the ladder was easily explained. It was used by the quarrymen to climb up and down to their work. They generally drew the ladder up when they left, but the suddenness of the storm that evening caused them to hasten home without removing it.

MARCH 14TH.—**Death of St. John the Baptist.**

Passage for Reading.—*St. Matt. xiv.* 1—12.

POINTS.—1. A faithful and bold preacher.
2. A martyred prophet.
3. A sympathising Saviour.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Ministerial Faithfulness.** The Rev. John Howe, having preached before Cromwell, so pleased the Protector that he was appointed his domestic chaplain. To some of Cromwell's peculiar notions Mr. Howe could not assent, and in one instance had the boldness to preach against them in his presence. His friends were alarmed, thinking that he would find it difficult to regain the Protector's favour; but Mr. Howe said, "I have discharged my conscience, and the event must be left to God."

God's Dealings with Martyrs. "Soul of mine, what is it that troubles thee?" "I have been thinking," said the soul, "of the martyr spirits of all ages who have lost their lives for God and the truth. Is there anything that can throw a light on this seeming carelessness of God as to the fate of His own best children?" "Certainly, soul of mine, there is. I stood on the lighthouse tower with the watchman there, and far away on the land we saw the dogs chasing his favourite birds. And I said, 'Why allow this?' to the keeper. But he only smiled and answered, 'Let them alone; the birds will only fly home all the quicker, and *I want them*.'" So does God want His best children.

The Power of Sympathy. When the Queen beheld Columbus approach, and thought on all he had deserved and all he had suffered, for he had been sent back to Spain in irons, she was moved to tears. Columbus had borne up bravely, but he possessed strong and quick sensibilities. When he found himself thus kindly received his long-suppressed feelings burst forth; he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and I think He and John's disciples must have mingled their tears together over the grave of the brave martyr.



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–VIII.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, a young Huguenot girl, is being educated at the famous Abbaye aux Bois. Her great friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, is married to the Duc de Maillebois, and Yvonne, who is invited to the wedding, meets the brother of her friend, the young Chevalier Réné de Beaumanoir. He is greatly attracted by her. After the wedding the girl-bride Gabrielle returns to the convent school with Yvonne, and the Duke, her husband, goes on an embassy to Rome and takes Réné with him.

CHAPTER IX.

BY a curious coincidence, it happened only the next day after hearing from Réné, that Mademoiselle de la Féronniere received a letter from the Marquis de Vaudreuil. The young girl had looked upon it as great good fortune that he should have been absent from Paris for many months past, having been appointed Deputy-Governor of Blois. In those days of difficult, even dangerous travelling, there had been no question of joining him at Blois, and she had been suffered to remain unmolested at the convent. Her guardian now wrote to announce that his Gracious Majesty, the King, had promised him an appointment for a time in the Royal household. His exile would, therefore, soon be tempered by this pleasing alleviation, and he hoped next summer to be established once more, with all his family, at the Hotel Vaudreuil, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Then the formal letter continued:

"When we return to Paris you will leave the Abbaye aux Bois and take up your abode with us, to become, indeed, a daughter of the house. You will then have reached the discreet age of seventeen, and will, I trust, have outgrown all your childish folly and prejudice. I may promise that your cousin Adolphe is quite willing to overlook your past wilfulness and want of appreciation.

"But as you are aware, my dear niece, it will be needful before your marriage for you to make open and solemn renunciation of your former mistaken faith, and that you be admitted into the fold of our Catholic Church. I cannot doubt that the years which you have spent in the convent under the teaching of *ces dames* and your director, have shown you the accursed errors of the Huguenots, and that you are quite ready, of your own accord, to renounce them. I may add that his most Christian Majesty proposes to take very strong measures against the so-called Reformers, who have wearied out his royal patience by their contumacy. He has issued a commission against them in this province and others, to urge on their conversion by all means. Adolphe hopes to gain great favour at Court, by his zeal and personal devotion to the matter in hand.

"You are not wanting in common-sense, my dear niece, and will, I doubt not, see where your true interest lies. Your aunt and Louise send you greeting.—Ever your loving uncle and well-wisher,

"RICHARD-ÉMILE DE VAUDREUIL."

If for one brief hour the young girl had dreamed of peace and joy, here, indeed, was a rude awakening! What fawning hypocrisy was this, that he should dare to call her "my dear niece"?

True, alas! and sadly too true, Monsieur de Vaudreuil was the half-brother of her dear father, whom he had hated and done his best to ruin. Then, by an act of cruel tyranny, he had gained possession of the orphan child as his ward, and now, to grasp her fortune, he would compel her to give up her faith and to marry his son.

"But that shall never be!" cried Yvonne, with passionate earnestness. "Men and women, aye young girls and children too, have died ere now, rather than deny their God; and even I, with His grace, may be worthy to join the 'noble army of martyrs.'"

She bowed her head in silent prayer, for too well she knew what was before her. Not the one sharp stroke of death, the triumphant confession of faith, and then the sword or the lions! No, her trial would be long and lingering, and it would come to her in smoother and subtler guise.

Hers would be the daily, hourly pricks of refined domestic persecution—the insidious temptations, the petty worry and mocking ridicule which would for ever irritate her temper, and lower her sense of right. It would be like the continual dropping of water, which in time will wear away the hardest stone.

With a sighing breath, she remembered that there was a respite before her. What might not happen in those months? There was the ever-lurking fever, the pestilence which smiteth in the noonday; and she, too, like dear little Alix, might be taken in mercy from the evil to come

In the dark days which followed, it was not the gay, adorable Gabrielle, taking life and all its problems with such easy cheerfulness, who was of the greatest help and comfort to her, but the old Huguenot servant. Madelon it was whose simple faith and courage nerved her to play her part from day to day, and leave the unknown future to take care of itself.

"As thy day so shall thy strength be," was her brave motto.

But there must be no tampering with evil, no uncertain note to echo back the clarion call of duty. This was the young girl's reply to her guardian:

"MONSIEUR DE VAUDREUIL,—I would not have you led astray with false hopes in regard to me. It is with all seemly respect that I make my solemn declaration. A Protestant was I born and bred, and in that faith, by God's help, will I live and die.

"I send all friendly greeting to Madame de Vaudreuil and my cousin Louise, and I rejoice in your advancement to the King's household.

"I pray you accept the dutiful service of

"YVONNE ELISABETH DE LA FÉRONNIERE."

These few words had caused her much anxious thought, and in the silent watches of the night dark misgivings would assail her that she had tempted fate and gone half-way to meet wrath and tribulation. But the event proved that in some cases boldness is wisdom.

The Marquis saw that he had made a false move. The girl came of a gallant race; she might be led, but not driven. Until every means of persuasion had been tried in vain, he felt that it was worse than folly to hint at threats So he wrote again in a very different tone, and spoke with honied sweetness of the affection which would greet her, and dwelt upon all the delights of the King's Court, which awaited her under the wing of the Marquise de Vaudreuil.

Thus, for awhile, the cloud was lifted, but the young girl knew her guardian too well to believe that it had passed away. Whether by accident or design, the same milder spirit seemed to rule her life in the convent.

Mademoiselle de la Féronniere now found herself placed in the Library, where it now fell to her duty to examine and catalogue the choice old illuminated manuscripts. It was a most congenial task, for she worked under Madame Sainte Géneviève, a nun of much learning, with the hand and eye of an artist. She could fill in a missing word, or with a delicate touch repaint a faded picture on the margin of some ancient missal.

Yvonne soon grew to love those quiet hours in the old library, where the afternoon sunshine poured in through the stained glass on the bowed head of her gentle companion. Here she could forget all her anxious thought, in earnest talk over some saintly life of devotion and self-sacrifice, from the quaint records of the past. So full of rest and soothing was it, that at times the thought would arise in her heart whether this might not be the haven of peace for which her spirit craved, where

she would be safe from the troublesome waves of the cruel world without ?

Was it possible that the same thought had moved Madame l'Abbesse in her choice of a helper for the much-beloved Madame Sainte Géneviève ?

Meantime the winter passed away, and once more the spring-tide came, with glad sunshine and bird and blossom.

CHAPTER X.

RÉNÉ DE BEAUMANOIR'S first letter from Rome to his sister was followed by others, and in all of them he spoke of Mademoiselle de la Féronnière, often with a playful hint or a passing lament, that she had never sent him a line of her own handwriting.

He saw everything through the medium of his own sunny nature, and delighted in Rome and her people. He loved to visit the ancient churches and listen to the legends of their patron saints, and to watch the stately processions ; he wandered through the crowded Ghetto by the Tiber side, and through the narrow streets, where strange, many-coloured wares hung for sale in the low, dark stalls ; he was a welcome guest in the palaces of the great, sat at their banquets, and beheld their treasures of art ; and everywhere, alike with high and low, he was full of sympathy and interest.

His letters were always fresh and delightful. He told the story of the Befana, the great festival which began on the eve of the Epiphany, when the Piazza Navona was the scene of a noisy fair, where the people piped and whistled and blew horns, and bought and sold mysterious toys, all night beneath the wintry sky. He, too, had laid in a store of presents, like his companions, and Gabrielle and her friend would make merry at the sight of them when he came home.

" Is he not charming ? " cried his sister, as she read this aloud. " And each time the post messenger arrives, I also receive a long epistle from Monsieur le Duc ; but, ah, that is very different. He writes many pages to tell me of some dry old manuscript which he has unearthed in the Vatican library, or he sends me miles of argument to prove that some lately discovered foundation is not that of the



"Madelon it was whose simple faith and courage nerved her to play her part."

temple of Mars or some other Pagan god! Oh, Yvonne, how shall I ever live up to him?"

She spoke with such a comical accent of despair, that her friend could not restrain a smile.

"Well, at least, he will do his best to spoil you," said she. "Nothing is too rare or too costly to lay at your feet. What of all the wonderful collection of tapestries and bronzes and marble statues, which he is bringing home for you?"

"Enough to fill a museum at least!" exclaimed the little Duchess airily. "Look you, one cannot enjoy on such a vast scale. I am sure that we shall have much more pleasure with Réné's twopenny toys from the Befana! But I must read you the end of my brother's letter before we are disturbed," she added in haste.

"We have news just come to us that the Doge of Genoa set forth for his journey to Paris on the 29th day of March. As you know, the King will grant peace to Genoa on no other terms than that the Doge himself and four great Senators of the State shall do homage in person, at the Palace of Versailles. It will be a great and imposing ceremony, for which Monsieur de Maillebois and I purpose to return at once. His interest will secure that Mademoiselle de la Féronniere shall be a guest at Court, as well as you and Héloise; and, remember that the King's invitation is a command! I live in hope of our joyful meeting on that eventful day."

"Do you hear, that is all settled, and the time must now be close at hand!" cried Gabrielle in delight. "I will speak to Madame l'Abbesse this very day, and remind her of her promise that you are to go with me."

"I fear that you will fail, dear," said Yvonne sadly. "Much water has gone under the bridge since she gave her consent."

"I will not fail," was the proud reply. "Remember that 'the King's invitation is a command' she repeated. "And see, here is the printed broad-sheet with the whole story of the expedition against Genoa. It looks dull, but I suppose we must read it, now that the Doge is actually on his way."

Mademoiselle de la Féronniere took it in silence. Dull? Ah, could anything fail to have the deepest interest for her in which Réné was concerned? And this was his last expedition, and one in which he had distinguished himself, alike for his valour and the chivalrous pity which he had shown in the hour of victory; so the dear old Admiral had told her.

This was what she read in that meagre newspaper of the seventeenth century:

"Whereas the State of Genoa hath sold powder and bombs to the Dey of Algiers to use against our seamen, and hath built four galleys for the King of Spain, at that time our enemy, therefore his most Christian Majesty King Louis sent M. de St. Olan to make complaint and threaten chastisement. The Doge of Genoa would give no reply nor satisfaction, whereupon a fleet was made ready, under the command of our great Admiral the Sieur du Quesne, the conqueror of Ruyter and the Dutch.

"The Duc de Mortemart, Lieutenant-General, was commander of the galleys. The fleet consisted of twenty galleys, ten galliots—carrying two mortar pieces for bombs, according to the most ingenious invention of M. Petit Renau, the engineer—next six fly-boats, eighteen tartanes, twenty chaloupes, and forty fisher boats.

"These all set sail from our Port of Toulon on the 6th day of May, 1684, and cast anchor on the 16th of May in the Port of Vade, near to Savona, depending on the Republic of Genoa. On the 17th the troops disembarked, and the fleet remained anchored. The Genoese in haste chose Don Carlo Tasso as the Governor of their armed forces. The two sides played vigorously upon each other, and the French cast their bombs and granadoes with such success, that on the third day the Doge's palace was on fire. Also two convents of nuns were burnt, those of St. Andrew and of St. Sebastian, from which the nuns escaped in the night.

"Certain Spanish ships gave much help to the enemy. On the 24th of May, in the morning, the galliots attempted two descents, one on the side of Bisagno and the other by St. Peter de Arena, loaded with bombs, granadoes, petards, faggots, scaling ladders, and all things needful for a siege. Here was killed the captain of a man-of-war, the Sieur de la Mothe, and our men were forced to retreat, leaving behind pickaxes, mattocks, spades, and sundry other implements.

"On the 25th, 26th, and the 27th we went on casting bombs with all possible fury. Then Don Basilio Marini, the Lieutenant-General of the Artillery of Milan, having viewed the order of the galliots, whence by the device of Petit Renau our men cast the bombs with such good effect, considered how he could annoy us. He resolved to make some artificial fireworks, and

on the 28th of May came down towards the sea, where he thought he could best catch us with his culverins, and he sped so well that he sunk one of the said galliots of the bombs, and obliged the rest to make off to sea, and also did some damage to the galleys.

"It was about noon on the 28th when we ceased firing and sent a chaloupe to shore, which was met by the commander of the vessels of Genoa, also in a chaloupe, who found there a trumpeter with a letter, asking whether the Sieur de la Mothe were alive or a prisoner.

"After this the success was all with us, and the Republic of Genoa was humbled to the dust and compelled to sue for peace, which is no marvel, when rumour saith that 13,300 bombs were found later in their city.

"These are the conditions of peace:

"That the Doge of Genoa and four senators shall come in person and make submission to his most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV., by the Grace of God, King of France.

"That the Republic of Genoa shall disarm all her galleys but six, and shall arm no more without the consent of his most Christian Majesty.

"That all the French King's subjects that are forced from their goods and estates shall be reimbursed," etc.

Mademoiselle had begun with eager interest the story of the fight with Genoa, but in the end she folded it up with a little sigh. It seemed scarce worth while for a great nation like France to overwhelm the small, gallant Republic for so meagre a cause. As she mused on it, she called to mind the new fable of M. de la Fontaine, concerning the wolf and the lamb.

Had his most Christian Majesty no nobler work than to destroy a flourishing city, and burn down convents? She knew how René, at the risk of his own life, had hurried to the rescue of the fugitive nuns, and had been able to save the poor, terror-stricken creatures. Though loyalty held him silent, he was full of pity for the Doge, Francesco Imperiale Lescaro, even now on his weary, humiliating journey, against all the traditions and the laws of the State, which forbade the head of the Republic to leave Genoa.

Yes, it was a pity. And yet the girl could not restrain a mutinous thrill of delight, every time her thoughts rested on that stately ceremony, to which she was an invited guest.

The news tarried long. Easter had come and gone, when on a certain day the young Duchesse de Maillebois received a letter, and casting all etiquette to the winds, broke unannounced, with her light dancing step, into the dim seclusion of the convent library. In this retreat of learning, where long, straight rows of ancient brown volumes and yellow folios looked down approvingly, Madame de Sainte Géneviève was delicately beating out gold leaf to replace a faded initial letter, a glorified "M," while her young companion sat with bowed head over a black-letter missal.

"Yvonne, Yvonne!" cried the new-comer, breathless with eagerness. "I have a message from Héloise. The Doge reached Paris on the 16th day of April, and the audience at Versailles is fixed for May the 15th. She is coming to fetch us next week, and has gorgeous dreams of toilette for us. Pardon, Madame," she added, turning with a sunny smile and a profound curtsey to the gentle nun, who looked up at her with mild amazement; "but an invitation, nay a command, from his Majesty the King is a great event for two little school girls!"

There was a pause for one breathing space; then Madame de Sainte Géneviève fixed her near-sighted eyes on first one girl, then the other, with the wistful, questioning gaze of one who would read the hidden future. She laid her thin, transparent fingers on Yvonne's slim wrist.

"Dear child," she began dreamily, "I have watched you day by day, and for me it is plainly written, that God has chosen you to serve Him in the religious life. Do not be lured away by the vain pomps of the world. I had almost said, do not stoop to be the guest of an earthly king, when you have been chosen by the King of kings to abide and dwell for ever in His presence."

She spoke in a low, earnest tone, thrilled with emotion, and her hands were clasped in supplication. But it was Gabrielle who sprang forward to answer, and in her voice was the ring of battle.

"Nay, Madame. But this is a sacred promise, which Mademoiselle de la Féronniere may not break Trust me, she will come back to you unscathed. One swallow does not make a summer," she cried.

Then as her glance swept round the shelves laden with those musty old leather books, she added, with a sudden inspiration:

"Ah, you live here in the midst of the past, dear Madame. The echoes of bygone battles, the lives of departed heroes, saints, and sinners;

deeds of glory, deeds of shame, all alike murmur softly to you from these walls, and well-nigh soothe you to sleep. But we who are young, we would be in the thick of the fight, we crave to see history in the making—aye, to look with our own eyes on the Doge of Genoa, when he does obeisance to the King of France"

who knows whether her shining example may not guide you to the better way, and bring blessing to your soul from the golden gates of Paradise?"

The young girls readily promised, and, indeed, needed no persuasion to be present on that occasion. They were full of sympathy



"She laid her thin, transparent fingers on Yvonne's slim wrist."—*p.* 423.

The old nun smiled, for the girl's eager, burning words recalled half-forgotten instincts, buried deep down in her nature She was vanquished, but she would make one last appeal.

"Ah, my children, you have not yet learnt that all is vanity. But I would claim a promise from you. At least, you will join us to-morrow, when Mademoiselle de la Roche-Aymon makes her profession and takes the veil? Dear Mademoiselle de la Féronniere,

for their bright, popular school-fellow, who was on the eve of that irrevocable step—Adèle de la Roche-Aymon, the eldest of three sisters who were all to enter the convent of l'Abbaye aux Bois, in order that the small patrimony of their brother, the head of the family, might not be reduced by finding them dowries.

On the morning of the eventful day there was an atmosphere of excitement, which reminded Gabrielle of her wedding day. The courtyard was filled with grand chariots, for all

the novice's relations, who were of the oldest aristocracy in France, crowded to be present at the sacrifice.

The gorgeous, fashionable company had already half filled the convent chapel when Adèle entered, pale as death, but looking very lovely in her white crape dress, embroidered with silver and spangled with shining stars.

Her godmother, the Duchesse d'Aubusson, a big, gaunt woman in stiff brocade, walked by her side, bearing a tall, lighted wax taper. The young girl, on whom all eyes were fixed, took her place in a great carved chair in the choir, and the service began. Gabrielle and Yvonne, unobserved in the crowd, had found a place where they could be together, half hidden in the shadow of a pillar, and where they could see everything. Not far off, sitting with their class, of the white ribbons, were the two younger sisters, Lucille and Henriette, gazing with open-eyed awe and terror.

"Poor children! It will be their turn next." And the young Duchess gave a little shiver at the thought of what she herself had so narrowly escaped. "Look," she added, "the Archbishop has risen. He is to preach to-day."

The sermon which followed was a triumph of suave eloquence, and beseemed the august congregation. Monseigneur began with the past history of the great Cistercian order, from its earliest foundation. He pointed to the splendid copper tomb of Jean de Nesle and his wife Anne d'Entragues, famous benefactors of the Order, in the reign of Louis le Gros: then he dwelt with unction on the holy life of Sainte Hourbelle, the mother of St. Bernard, one of their most ancient saints. He lightly touched on the changing fortunes of this special branch of the Cistercians, and told how they had at length taken up their abode here, thirty years before, in the convent of the Dix Vertus, which the Annonciades of Bourges had just left.

Then the preacher launched forth boldly into admiration of the splendid work of education, undertaken with so much success at the Abbaye aux Bois by the holy ladies, themselves of the best blood in France, the very elect of the kingdom. Under their fostering care, every virtue, every talent, every grace was brought to perfection.

Would the world ever see again such wives and mothers, such brilliant ornaments of society, such saintly women, as the pupils of these Cistercian nuns? After a pause, he turned from the community at large to the individual, and the tender personal note in his address held the audience with a breathless spell.

"My sisters—for it is to you I would speak—a certain maiden who once joined the religious life is reported to have said, 'I was not good enough for man, so I was given to God.' But, my sisters, what shall we say of her, the peerless young girl who this day offers herself, her beauty, her purity, her talents, on the altar of her God? Ah, my sweet child, surely yours is the crowning merit, that you should thus forsake and renounce a world which you would adorn by your grace, and glorify by your virtue, of which you would have been the most radiant ornament!"

The prelate's voice had as many modulations as a delicate musical instrument; but here it broke and melted into a long, sighing breath. He was overcome by his own pathetic eloquence.

There was a hush of awe; then a low, thrilling murmur of sympathy, interrupted by sobs, as all eyes were turned towards the shrinking Adèle, who flushed scarlet for one brief moment, then grew pale as death.

Lucille and Henriette wept aloud. Every heart was touched, and many tears were shed; but the young creature herself stood in the midst, dry-eyed and statue-like. Had she wept out her soul while hope still lingered?

Resplendent in her bridal dress, like a victim adorned for the sacrifice, she was led to the cloister gate, which was loudly shut and bolted behind her. Then, as she stood within the grating of the choir, pale and trembling, more dead than alive, two of the nuns took off the wedding garments, and tore away her ornaments. Then they cut off the long, fair hair, which fell in shining tresses below her waist, and laid it on a silver dish, which was placed in front of the altar. After this, the novice was solemnly clothed in the habit of the Cistercian Order, above her veil was placed a crown of white roses, and she knelt before the abbess to make her vows.

"I make my vow to God, at your hands, Madame—of poverty, of humility, of obedience, of chastity, and of a cloistered life, according to the rule of St. Benedict, observance of St. Bernard, order of Citeaux, filiation of Clairvaux."

Mademoiselle Adèle de la Roche-Aymon, who had taken the name in religion of Madame Sainte Petronille, then advanced to the middle

of the choir, when she was laid prostrate, and a mortuary pall was spread over her. Then the solemn "Miserere" was chanted by the sweet voices of the nuns, followed by the long service of prayer for the dead, and as the sad lament of the "Dies Iræ" echoed through the convent chapel, each wailing note was the heart-throb of a funeral dirge.

CHAPTER XI.

THE King's guests were arriving. The magnificent Palace of Versailles, above which the lilies of France floated on the wind, seemed to have just risen from the ground, at the touch of an enchanter's wand.

It was the latest whim of his Majesty Louis XIV., on which he had already lavished untold wealth, in carrying out the marvellous designs of the architect Mansard; while the unrivalled gardens, with their terraces and parterres and alleys, their profusion of statues and fountains, were the *chef-d'œuvre* of Le Nôtre. In the great park beyond, forest trees had been newly transplanted, at a fabulous cost, from the woods of Fontainebleau and Marly, and even now an immense army of labourers was slaving at the Herculean task of attempting to turn the course of the river Eure, and convey it by an aqueduct, that it might water the Royal pleasaunce of Versailles.

Through the Place des Armes, gorgeous equipages, drawn by six horses, with postilions and outriders, seemed to form an endless procession to the great gateway. White statues gleamed through a leafy screen of exotic plants, in the inner courtyard, gay with the resplendent uniform of the King's household guards. Here the favoured visitors alighted at the foot of the massive steps, where their names were proclaimed aloud and shouted on from one obsequious official to another, up the lofty staircase, till they reached the presence of the monarch.

Here, within the antechamber of the great *salon*, stood a group of young nobles, idly lounging about with easy assurance, while they made comments in an under-tone on the new arrivals.

"There goes the Duc de Maillebois, with his young Duchesse, fresh from the convent but yesterday! I was at her wedding last year, but they sent her back to the nuns till she was seventeen," said one.

"On my faith, a dainty little lady! With a will of her own, too, if those flashing eyes speak truth!" rejoined another. "Pity that 'tis a case of May and December! But, see how gracious the King is to her. After such a *début* her success is assured. And who are those who follow close behind?"

"Oh, that is her sister, the Marquise de Chamans, with her husband. A right good companion is Jean de Chamans—plays high at lansquenet, and knows how to lose! As for Madame, her *salon* is the last mode."

"Why, all the family is here. That young officer is Réné de Beaumanoir, her brother. By the bye, he distinguished himself in the Genoese expedition, so of course he would be invited to see the Doge's submission."

"And who is that tall, fair girl with them? Did I catch the name aright? Mademoiselle de la Féronniere? I seem to know the name of that family. Surely they were Huguenots of Poitou."

"You are right. The Comte, her father, is dead, and she is an only child and a great heiress, brought up in the same convent as the little Duchesse de Maillebois. Do you see that lean, sallow youth in the blue casaque, lined with red, standing in attendance, a little way behind the King?"

"Yes, I see his scowling face! Don't I know him?"

"Of course you do. He is Adolphe de Vaudreuil, one of his Majesty's *écuyers*, and a pushing sycophant. Well, he is a cousin of the Huguenot girl, and no doubt an aspirant to her hand. He may well look black, to see the smile which passed between Beaumanoir and the young beauty as they moved on, side by side, into the Audience Chamber. It looks like a spoke in his wheel. Come, de Polignac, we two had best be moving if we desire a good place."

The young men passed on arm-in-arm through the crowd, a very galaxy of fashion, into the splendid Hall of Peace, with its marvellous ceiling, painted by Le Brun and Mignaud, representing so many gods and goddesses that it seemed like a whole mythological world.

There was a raised amphitheatre on either side, the seats covered with crimson velvet, to which the ladies of the Court were conducted, with much rustling of silk and brocade, all smiling and whispering to each other. At their feet all the nobles took place, according to precedence, standing side by side, in a double row.

They had not long to wait before the King, in his gorgeous dress, covered with jewels, entered from a side door, followed by the Royal princes. He ascended the gilt throne at the end of the great gallery, over which his emblem was hung in triumph, the sun sending forth golden rays over all the globe, with the motto, "*Nec Pluribus Impar.*"

Ranged around him, in dazzling array, were the Dauphin, the Duc de Chartres, son of the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Bourbon, the Duc de Condé, the Duc du Maine, and the Comte de Toulouse.

When the august company was all assembled, there was a hush of expectation, and all eyes were turned towards the great door, which was thrown open with a flourish of trumpets as "The most potent Signor Françesco Imperiale Lescaro, his Sereneness the Doge of Genoa" was announced. He was followed by the four chosen senators—Signori Lonelino, Garebardo, Durazza, and Salvago—all resplendent in their picturesque Venetian costume.

In slow and stately order, they passed through the double line of nobles, until they reached the open space in front of the throne. The Doge uncovered and did obeisance, then at the King's request replaced his cap of embroidered crimson velvet. According to formal etiquette, the Princes of the Blood also resumed their plumed hats, but the Genoese senators remained bare-headed.

Then the Act of Submission was dictated by Monseigneur de Seignelay, and read aloud by the Doge, who, with special indulgence, was offered a folding stool. The most ignominious clauses in the conditions of peace were the following:

"That the Genoese shall disarm all their gallies but six, and shall arm no more without the consent of his most Christian Majesty.

"That all the French King's subjects that are forced from their good estate shall be reimbursed."

The King listened with the utmost politeness, and then rose from his throne, and gave orders that his presents should be brought forward—a magnificent box with his portrait and a suite of tapestry from the Gobelins. When these had been duly accepted, with courteous thanks, his most Christian Majesty probably thought that he had sufficiently asserted his dignity, for he left the Audience Chamber with the Doge, like an honoured guest, walking at his right hand.

Thus the great ceremony came to an end, and the guests lost no time in dispersing, to wander at their pleasure through the gilded *salons* and courts and gardens, which at that date had all the charm of novelty. This would give them a breathing space before the great banquet, which was to be followed by a ball.

Once more the Chevalier de Beaumanoir found himself by the side of Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, and together they passed forth, unnoticed amid the gay crowd, which flaunted and bowed low, and twittered around them. As they stepped out on the broad terrace into the sunshine and the balmy air of May, they turned aside, half unconsciously, and their steps led them down an alley belted with palms to the orangery, a perfect tropical grove. Before them was a fountain of Ganeymede, with upraised arms, from whose urn the gleaming waters trickled into a marble basin of goldfish.

"Mademoiselle, how I have longed for this hour!" cried Réné.

"It was a splendid pageant," said Yvonne simply; "but my heart ached for the stately Doge, humbled and put to shame in the midst of his triumphant enemies."

He gave no heed to her words. What were King and Doge to him, now that once again he could look upon the face which had haunted his waking dreams, through those long months of absence? He had so much to say, and only these few brief stolen minutes in which to pour forth the pent-up thoughts of a lifetime! He did not pause to consider what marvellous witchcraft had placed in the hands of this young girl the key to his heart; he only knew that as the flower turns to the sun, so his waiting eyes looked towards her, as the guide of his conscience and the arbiter of his destiny.

He longed to tear asunder the veil which must ever hide one human soul from another, to lay bare the most intimate recesses of his life, with its struggles, its failures, its aspirations! But words failed him to touch upon a subject so vast, with issues so tremendous, high as Heaven, deep as Hell. When at length he broke silence, in answer to Yvonne's wondering glance, it was but to skim lightly on the surface of that infinite ocean whose depths, for a moment, had been dimly and vaguely revealed to him.

"What a change this brilliant scene must be from your quiet convent life! I always think of you in that atmosphere of calm and peace!" he exclaimed. "When I was in Rome I would go day after day to the Vesper service

of the Blue Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration; and as I listened to the sweet voices, rising and falling in soft cadence, your image was ever before me; but, alas! so far away, so unattainable. I was of the earth, merely one of the common herd who throng the market-place, while you stood alone, at the gate of Heaven."

"Ah, you little know!" replied the girl, eager to disclaim such rare pre-eminence. "We are all very human. I doubt if you would find anywhere such a wilful, high-spirited set as my companions—more worthy of their fighting, marauding ancestors than of their convent training.

"But tell me more about Rome. There is so much that I would know. You were in the very stronghold of your faith, on the soil where the martyrs lived and died. Did you find it, indeed, a holy city, flooded with spiritual life?"

He shook his head sadly. "Rome had no such aspect for me. I saw all the magnificence which wealth and luxury could flaunt, side by side with the most pitiful wretchedness and poverty. I saw great religious pageants and processions, in which figured princes of the Church, whom, perhaps, I had met at some banquet the night before, and shrunk from their worldliness and corruption. I have seen a prostrate multitude in the great church of St. Peter's, and have been less moved to heartfelt prayer than on board ship, with a few sailors by my side, and sea and sky around me."

The young man paused for a moment, and Yvonne made no answer. Her heart was too full for words. What if this craving for a simpler worship might be the first awakening of his soul, his earliest protest against the errors and the overladen ritual of the Church of Rome?

She remembered that already he had a leaning towards Jansenist views, and had no love for those formal outward acts, the use of the rosary, the daily repetition of the breviary, and the constant confession to the priest before the Sacrament.

The girl had been too much absorbed in the delight of Réné's company to take much notice of the world around. But now that his voice was silent, she became suddenly aware that they were no longer alone, for the King's guests seemed to be streaming towards the tropical garden. Scraps of merry talk were borne to her on the breeze, the sounds of laughter echoed in her ears, and more than once she caught the curious glance of a passer-by fixed upon her and her companion.

"Monsieur le Chevalier, shall we return to the palace, and meet your sisters?" she asked, looking up with a quiet smile.

"Not yet, I pray you; not yet, Mademoiselle!" he pleaded. "We have had no time. I have told you nothing. You remember the ring which I promised you—the ancient gem dug up in a vineyard on the Palatine?"

As he spoke, he drew it from his finger, and held it towards her.

"You see that delicate girlish figure cut in a carnelian? I am told by those learned in antiquities that this is Egeria, the nymph who inspired the noble life and deeds of Numa. Will you accept the jewel for my sake, and be my Egeria?"

In that dazzling moment of sudden illumination, when Yvonne realised that her shadowy dream was a reality, she was amazed at her own calmness. It seemed so natural, so inevitable; surely she had known it from all eternity. Réné loved her, and the whole world was flooded with joy and sunshine.

Yet her clear vision was undimmed. Not for one moment did she forget that an impassable barrier rose between them, and that this meeting, snatched from adverse fate, might well be the prelude to an eternal farewell!

She took the ring, and raised it to her lips.

"You think too highly of me, Monsieur. I can admire noble deeds, but not inspire them. I will keep this gem for your sake, but my future is dim. I cannot pierce the cloud which hangs over it."

Réné understood, for he, too, shared her forebodings. A sudden impulse shot through his soul.

"Ah, Mademoiselle! Trouble may come to you, and if ever you are in need of help, you will send me that ring? I will come to you from the ends of the earth, and lay my life at your feet. Promise me, Yvonne!"

As his voice rested lovingly on the soft, liquid, long-drawn note of the double consonant, the girl thought that never before had her name sounded so beautiful; but ere she could make that solemn promise, and speak the words which trembled on her lips, the thunderbolt fell, and the airy fabric of her dreams had faded away into the shadowy land of might-have-been.

"Mademoiselle de la Féronniere! How is it that I find you unattended, my cousin?



"Yvonne gave a start of dismay."—*p.* 430.

And here with the Court at Versailles, when we believed you safe in the convent ?"

The words were spoken in a tone of icy politeness, but Yvonne gave a start of dismay, for the voice was that of Adolphe de Vaudreuil. She had not seen him for more than a year ; but there was no mistaking that narrow, foxy face, the shifty eyes, and cruel mouth. With the air of a dandy, he wore the resplendent costume which the King had chosen for his favourites—the blue velvet casaque, lined with red silk ; a red vest, fantastically embroidered with gold and silver ; a cravat, and cuffs of rich lace.

At one glance the girl read his fierce anger and vindictive purpose, and knew that he was unchanged. He must have seen her when she was presented to the King, and relentlessly pursued her the moment he was free. Her courage rose to meet the occasion. With unruffled temper, she made a sedate curtsey.

"Monsieur de Vaudreuil, permit me to present you to the brother of my dearest friend, the Duchesse de Maillebois—Monsieur le Chevalier Réné Gaston de Beaumanoir. You cannot have been aware of his presence."

If a glance of hatred could have killed Réné he would have died then and there ; but young de Vaudreuil remembered in time that a brawl with the Beaumanoirs would be no recommendation to the favour of the haughty, self-willed girl whom he meant to make his wife. He controlled himself with an effort, and remarked in a drawling tone ;

"Ah, Monsieur, I have heard of you. Shall we try our fortune in the tennis court this afternoon ?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur de Vaudreuil. Fame speaks of you as an expert," replied the young officer, with ready courtesy.

He fully realised the dangerous strain of the situation. One hasty word, and a duel, with all its scandal, would be the inevitable consequence. It struck him as a humorous suggestion that he and his rival should fight their battle on another field—the tennis court, where he too hoped to hold his own.

"Mademoiselle, my cousin, you may not have heard that my father and mother have returned from Poitou, and are now here with the Court ? Allow me to conduct you to them, that you may account for your presence here."

There was a covert menace in the tone, which the girl's quick ear could not fail to catch. But she turned with a brave smile, and there was no tremor, no faltering in her light reply.

"This is news indeed, Monsieur de Vaudreuil. We will accept your escort with pleasure, and lose no time in paying our respects."

Yvonne came of a gallant race, and to the last she would show a fearless front, though she had learnt that already the enemy was at the gate, and knew in her inmost soul that captivity and the bread of affliction awaited her.

[END OF CHAPTER ELEVEN.



THE VOICES OF ANGELS.

A Sermon Preached at Balmoral Castle on October 30th, 1892, in the presence of the late Queen, the Royal Family and Household, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D.D.

"And I heard the voice of many angels."—REVELATION v. 11.

WE do not keep saints' days in the Church of Scotland. But some days are dearer to Scottish people than others. They have associations which we are unwilling to part with; customs are connected with them which we delight to retain. To-morrow evening sees a popular Scottish festival come round once again. It is what is known as Hallowe'en or All Hallows Eve, and the leading idea in regard to it is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences prevail. And if the festival is of pagan origin, as is believed, it is a somewhat singular coincidence that it should fall on the eve of a day on which in the Church of England are commemorated the saints or the holy ones of God, the pure and triumphant ones who have gone hence.

In any case, it cannot fail to do us good to think at such a season of the year as this, when the natural year is waning and another winter season of desolation and death has to be faced, of some of the pure, life-giving, upward-leading influences to which we may be subject, to listen to the voices of some of the many angels on earth and in heaven which may be heard by the bending and attentive ear of faith.

Is it not true that everywhere, and at all times, we are surrounded by spiritual influences, and may hear even in this life the voices of ministering spirits—of many angels? Do not such influences dwell in the forces of Nature? Is it not their office to wean us from what is degrading and debasing, to make us seek after what is elevating and ennobling, to lead us from Nature up to Nature's God? "What, when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" asked someone of the poet Blake. "Ah! no," he answered, "I see an innumerable company of the Heavenly Host, crying 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty'"; and perhaps it was some such feeling as this which made the beautiful hymn which has these words for its refrain such a favourite with our dear dead Laureate, whose own clear note has indeed been as the voice of an angel to many of us throughout our lives. And many a time, I am sure, at sunrise, or in the pageant which possesses the western horizon at the evening hour, we have beheld Blake's vision and seen angel figures, with sweet fresh young faces and golden hair, harping upon their harps of gold. We have seen them bending towards us from the blue sky in the sweet sunlight. They have stretched out hands to us from waving trees and bending bracken and lovely little flowers. We have heard their voices in the whispering wind, in the notes of birds, in the laughter of the white waves upon the yellow sands, and in the music of a burn as it trotted gaily through a glen.

We have had a vision of angels, too, in moonlight and starlight nights, and those who have lost little children might, as they gazed at the beautiful stars, almost believe in the truth of the old legend which told of the moon being a kind goddess taking to herself the souls of the little ones who had died These are the stars, and she their kind nurse Many mothers know that children never die. The well-remembered faces shine out in the dark nights, and they still hear the music of their voices, though none hear or see but themselves.

And the children who, thanks to the good Father, are alive and with us—do they not exercise the best influence over us? For their sakes, we try to keep a good name. We are often kept from evil by the thought of them. "In old days," says George Eliot, "there were angels who came and took men away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from the threatening destruction; a hand is put in theirs, which leads them away gently into a calm, bright land, so that they look no more backwards, and the hand may be a little child's."

And we know that it is not only our children's goodness and innocence that minister to us, but also their fretfulness, their waywardness, the anxiety they give us. These also minister. They deepen our nature. They make us more self-sacrificing,

more able, like the good angels, to succour and defend others. And a good mother, a pure sister, a helpful wife, a kind and wise husband, even if only a blessed memory, are such not angels? Do they not exercise saintly influences to encourage us in all goodness—of a truth, angels now perchance in very reality drawing our thoughts upwards and onwards, "on and always on," and sometimes stealing very close to us, touching us with the old touch of love, bidding us be of good heart, to live and work a little longer for their dear sakes, and whispering hopefully of meeting once again.

We must not then say there are no angels in the world; all who minister to others, all who help to succour and defend those in any weakness or darkness, are such. As a doctor or a minister goes his sad rounds among the sick, the sorrowful, the dying, he sees them:

"I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,
Theirs' the soft sound and noiseless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the dying and the dead."

And the dead, the blessed dead, the innocent lives taken before their souls were touched by any stain of sin; those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world; those who have fought temptation and conquered, overcoming the evil in their nature; those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, which is the spirit of self-sacrifice; those who now carry the palm branch of triumph, who have come out of great tribulation, who have dared and fought and suffered for God and truth and right, who have lived and given themselves away for others—yea, died for others; who have filled the world with noble inventions and beautiful thoughts, who have put new songs into our mouths to enable us to attune our steps the better to the melody of "the everlasting chime," do we not see them still clothed in robes of virgin white? Do we not hear their voices sounding all the more melodious and imperative now that they are numbered with the saints in glory everlasting? Do we not hear the voices of many angels, bidding us "on and always on"?

And how many are the voices of such that poor mortals who live long in the world have to listen to with hearts nigh breaking because the loss is so recent and so hard to bear, the voices of little children, of pure maidens and high-souled young men, of mothers who had to leave their little ones, of wives torn from protecting, sheltering arms of husbands who were not allowed to remain, though needed so very much; of some whom we hoped would have laid us to rest, and now we have to lay them in the vigour of full manhood low in the grave, as was the case a few days ago with a noble lady dear to our Queen and revered and loved by many from the highest to the humblest. Ah! yes, the voices are many which call us from earth to heaven; the forms which bend out of the skies to us are almost more than we can number: "wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

And so running what remains to us of the race of life, we need not dread so much when there comes near us, when we hear the voice of the shrouded Angel Azrael, the Angel of Death, and listen to the flapping of his wings; for we know the Angel of Death is also the Angel of Life, and that, if death divides, it also reunites, and in a scene which may not be so unfamiliar after all, not unlike what we hoped for, but inexpressibly more beautiful, the love, the old love found again, but inexpressibly more dear, more tender beyond words to express, the life more angelic than anything we had dreamt of, and where all are as the angels of God in heaven.

That we may reach that happy land, and hear once again the voices of those whom we have loved and lost (then in deed and in truth the voices of many angels) let us say at the hour of our death:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me, to your care
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white!
Take, oh! take me, to your care."

Let this be our prayer, as also the beautiful words of the dying Laureate:

"When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
Towards the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone.
Call me, rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track,
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On and always on."



OUR SINGER OF THE SNOWS.

SINGER and banqueter at life's spent hearth,
Delightful Robin! in thy small red breast
The glory of the winter is expreſt—
The hope that triumphs o'er the season's dearth
And sings its spring-songs to the ice-bound earth,
Thy sympathy with man, thy spirit brave,
Thy tireless song, sweet haunter of the grave,
Prove thee Love's minstrel, and of heavenly birth.

My heart leaps up to see thy ruddy flame,
A fire of beauty in the wintry cold,
As once up-leaped the poet's to behold
The enclouded rainbow. Well did old acclaim
Hail thee God's bird. Might we, 'mid frost and snow,
Like thee, dear Robin, keep love's fire aglow!

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

A DARK SPOT IN A GREAT CITY.

CHANCE led me some time ago into a district the very opposite in every way to that "Industrial Paradise"—of which we have had the pleasure of reading so much recently—designed by Mr. George Cadbury, not only to house his workpeople, but also to raise them from the demoralising and unhealthy life to which the overwhelming majority of factory workers and unskilled labourers are so hopelessly condemned to-day.

A very direct contrast to healthy, rural Bourneville is the parish of St. Laurence, situated on the northern side of Birmingham. For general squalor, misery, and criminal capabilities, this district is unequalled in the rest of the city, and rivals many of its contemporary London rookeries. To give a description of its network of mean streets and rabbit-warren of courts, with their horrible, unwholesome, two-roomed houses, mostly built on the back-to-back system—which, of course, absolutely excludes all possibilities of ventilation—would be impossible; it will suffice to say that the parish contains all those qualities which make slum-life horrible, in a superlative degree; consists of 8,000 inhabitants, and extends over fifteen acres of ground; and that the whole area was officially condemned rather more than two years ago. But with the exception of closing a few impossibly bad courts and a certain amount of pharisaical outward cleansing of some of the worst houses in the worst streets, the condemned area remains in much the same condition as it did before it was declared to be unfit for human habitation.

My first impression of St. Laurence was a sensation of shadow. The dark, heavy smoke from many factory chimneys seemed to hang over the long, grey streets like a pall; open doors of some of the dingy houses showed dim, gloomy interiors, and the very demeanour of the untidy, slatternly women, who hung about the entrances of courts and houses, slunk into dirty beershops, or went listlessly about such work as they had to perform, added to the feeling of depression. Inertia was in the very atmosphere; mental, moral, and physical inertia showed itself on every side, in the pallid, ill-kept children, who in their turn idled in the gutters, too languid to play with their companions, in the absolutely hopeless attitudes of the women, many of whom were entirely supporting their large families as best they could, and in the dirty rooms in which they lived.

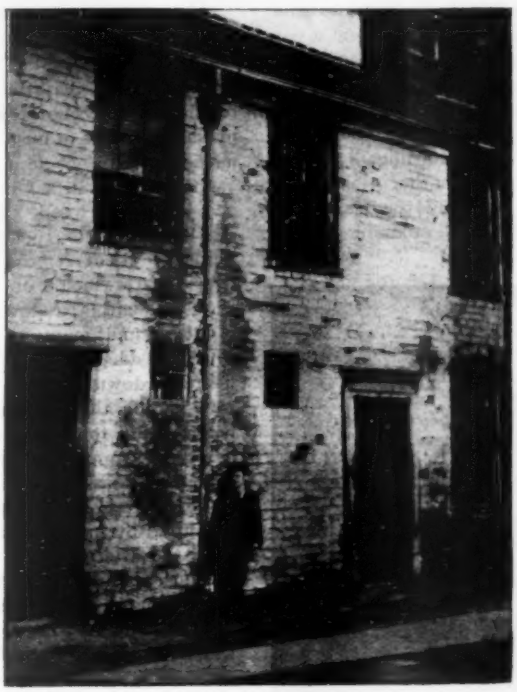
Those are, indeed, typical of the district. A panelling of battered, painted wood, about thirty inches high, runs round the room; above it, on the walls, a paper which leaves on the retina an impression of blurred yellowish brown, is pealing away, the crumbling plaster beneath showing a multitude of holes; the quarries on the floors are in many cases cracked and set in at precarious angles, and frequently allow damp to ooze through their joints, and over all an indescribable odour prevails.

In the furniture one sees much variety. There may be a table and chairs of a sort, but it is probable that a broken stool or two, an empty box, the ubiquitous paraffin lamp (that prominent weapon of defence and assault), and a bundle of rags will complete the whole inventory of the inmates' household gods.

The *genius loci* of this district is the vicar, the Rev. T. J. Bass. His staff consists of two Church Army nurses and a typist. For all the numerical smallness of the workers, many institutions have been organised by the vicar, and are carried on successfully. Thrift societies, holiday funds, mothers' meetings, men's clubs, the social meetings of which are very largely attended, and—most important of all and most difficult of all to manage—the Girls' Club. Here the girls are entertained as much as possible, taught to sew, and encouraged to sing and amuse themselves; but, most popular, and probably what attracts the majority of recruits in the first instance, are the physical drill and the simpler forms of gymnasium work in which they are instructed. For all that, recruits are hard to find—as, indeed, they are for any of the above-mentioned societies—and when obtained, are at first difficult to keep. It forms a heavy addition to the nurses' duties to persuade the girls to give up harmful acquaintances, and to keep them away from the doubtful amusements of the streets. When they first come to the Club they are the undiluted essence of the modern factory girl—unkempt,

untidy, their everyday language of a lurid type, perilously quick to take offence, and, when roused, as primitive in their passions and as ready with their fists and tongues as the proverbial bargee. But, for all that, they rise—and so do the elder men and women who can be persuaded to awaken their self-respect, and who can be encouraged to practise thrifty and cleanly habits—but, as surely as they do improve, so equally surely do they shake themselves entirely free from the Slough of Despond, and leave the parish, their places being immediately filled by the perpetually out-of-work class. For the parish of St. Laurence is recognised by the people themselves to be the outward sign of having reached the bedrock of their descent; they know that, living in [illegible], they can go no lower down the social scale, until death or the workhouse claims them for their own; and to anyone knowing the inner workings of their lives, either of those contingencies is a certain amelioration of their lot.

The notes of a single day's observations amongst these people may prove instructive as well as interesting reading. Having started at about 9.30 a.m., I was, first of all, present at an inspection of the school children for the purpose of detecting eye troubles. Amongst 250 children twenty-six cases of ophthalmia, convergent squints, and other troubles, were picked out in under five minutes. This prevalence of ophthalmic disorders is attributed largely to the presence of a chemical factory, which at times gives off such tremendously strong fumes that people unaccustomed to the neighbourhood find their eyes running and are seized with uncontrollable coughing. *À propos* of this same factory, I was once told by the chief of the City Fire Brigade that during a rather severe fire on the premises twenty of his men on duty had their boots absolutely eaten off their feet, and their uniforms totally ruined by the action of an acid manufactured there.



HOUSES IN THE ROOKERY.

After eye inspection, I visited with the vicar twenty houses at different parts of the parish; and in these, four women, whose husbands were out of work, were supporting their families, One was "closing" curtain hooks (joining the

hook on to the pin), being paid at the rate of threepence for twelve gross, and had kept herself, husband, and one child for twelve weeks by her work. Two others, one having four children, and the other three, were engaged in sewing hooks and eyes on cards. One of them, two of whose small children were able to help her a little, told me, "We sit at it all day sometimes, and then can only do twenty-four gross" —for which they received ninepence, but had to find their own needles and thread. I have since heard of many cases where the women who collect the finished cards for the factories from these home-workers, demand from them a percentage on each gross, which, small as it may be, is a serious item to a woman who earns under a shilling for a long day's work, and has to keep herself and four children. One family only, out of those seen that morning, did not require help in some form or another—dispensary notes, coal, or groceries—and the responsible head of that was a woman who took in washing,



A PARTLY DEMOLISHED HOUSE, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.

and whose small household belongings, including the mangle on which her young family practically depended for their daily bread, had a week before been seized for the debt of *three shillings and threepence, one week's rent.* At the crucial moment the vicar had heard of what was going on, and had come to the rescue.

Amongst other small trades followed by the women and girls of the district are button-carding, for which much the same rate of payment prevails—twenty-four gross sewn on cards bringing in from 8d. to 10d.—and salt-hawking. I only met or heard of one girl who had tried domestic service. Her experience had, I fancy, been a very short one, and she showed a marked disinclination to return to it, for she said she "couldn't do without having her evenings free."

Wood-chopping and selling is also a popular trade, but mostly followed by men, though the female members of the family generally assist by making up the sticks into bundles of the required size. The largest profit that can be made in this line of business is 6d. a load, and it usually takes a whole day to dispose of one.

After these visits I inspected a court which had just been closed. The yard ran down hill at a marked angle; pools of stagnant water and mud lay about it, the slime actually oozing over the thresholds of the houses situated at the lower end; windows were nearly destitute of glass, and many of the doors would not shut. Inside, the damp oozed up through the floor and down through the roof; the ceilings were so low that anyone even below average height could touch them. The plaster was in a more than usually appalling condition, and sanitation was practically non-existent; but up to quite recently these hovels had been inhabited by human beings.

In the afternoon we made more visits, and amongst others were asked to see some people said to have been ill for several days. We found a man, his wife, and child, lying in a room which left barely space to walk round the bed. All were in a state of high fever, and their complaints were highly suggestive of that scourge of slum life, typhoid. Such it proved to be, and after much trouble and many delaying formalities they were removed to a hospital, the man declaring that all his family had died in hospital and that he should, too. Strangely enough, his prediction proved true.

Owing to what I will only call exceedingly defective sanitary arrangements, an enormous number of typhoid cases were subsequently removed from that same court.

After visiting up to 6.30, the dispensary notes, coal tickets, etc., had to be made out, and we started to deliver them. We visited other houses besides, and had many more cases to report for investigation on the following day.



THE ONLY GROUP THAT WOULD FACE THE CAMERA.

In many of the houses I saw men who were known to be under police supervision; at others we heard of husbands who were what they described as "away" or "inside," nearly all these cases being burglars in what we may call a small line of business; and some few were absent on account of wife assaults, which, unfortunately, are most painfully common in this district. When I was on the point of leaving the parish at about 10.30 I saw one of these occurrences, without which no evening's work in St. Laurence would be complete, for "Might is right" is one of the unwritten laws of the district as far as the settlement of domestic affairs goes. Sometimes a few words of judicious advice may nip the quarrel in the bud, but only if one comes on the scene in time to prevent the neighbours from giving their advice, which mostly consists of pointing out the most vulnerable spot to place a blow.

Such were the observations in one day of a casual visitor. I must have been into at least sixty houses in the course of that day, and have since systematically explored the parish without finding in it a single better-housed or better-off person than those I encountered on my first visit. It is the sort of work that a lay worker might do day after day, without ever coming to the end of the distress and illness that fill the parish. The tiny staff struggles with it from early morning till late at night. Five a.m. till 11.30 p.m. are quite usual hours; and though the parish is without resources in itself, what is required even more than monetary help is personal assistance. Mr. Bass is trying to form a woman's settlement, for much work lies in the parish that can only be done by women for women, and many souls and bodies are being hopelessly wrecked for want of helpers. Volunteers, should they only be able to give a few hours weekly, would be most welcome. Much might be done by them in reporting cases of sickness alone. It is no uncommon thing for illness to go unnoticed by other members of a family. In fact, infectious cases have been known to be wilfully concealed. The spread of an epidemic in these crowded courts and houses is both rapid and terrible in its effects. It is no uncommon thing either, whilst doing this kind of work, when making inquiries about people of whom one has lost

sight for a month or two, to be told "Wot? Them as used ter live in that 'ouse? Oh, they're both dead, miss."

But the real source of all the evil, of the drunkenness, and of all the vices that are so terribly rampant in this district, is the way in which these poor people are housed, for none of them have homes. Certainly, there is a roof over their heads, shared by perhaps ten or twelve people—two small rooms! You cannot expect people to have any idea of decent living if they are herded together like cattle; you cannot expect them to work hard when they are being slowly poisoned by escaping sewer gas or decimated by diseases bred by defective sanitation; but a terrible point about the question is that all attempts to force landlords to improve insanitary property only react against the unfortunate people themselves, inasmuch as the rent is at once put up, and they are forced either to move or else add another lodger or two to their already overcrowded household.

The housing question is one which demands most urgently, and at once, a solution at the hands of the men and women of England. An American author tells us, very truly:

"You cannot let men live like pigs when you need their votes as free men; it is not safe. . . . You cannot rob a child of its childhood, of its home, its play, its freedom from care, and expect to appeal to the grown-up voters' manhood. The children are our *to-morrow*, and as we mould them to-day so they will deal with us then."

The children *are* being robbed of their home, their play, and all the softer influences that should surround childhood and form that character of which we shall reap in the to-morrow which will come. What can we expect of the race which has been moulded by influences such as abound in St. Laurence's parish, which is, after all, only one of very many?

The housing question is no longer a matter to be played with by wrangling Town Councils and shirked by landlords, for it is a national menace, a cloud already bigger than a man's hand.



A TYPICAL STREET.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD.

MISS FLORENCE BALGARNIE is at present engaged on a Temperance tour round the world. She left London some two years ago, and after a prolonged stay in Australia, New Zealand, and Japan, proceeded to India. Since last November



(Photo: W. V. Amey, Landport.)

MISS FLORENCE BALGARNIE.

she has been travelling through India on a mission organised by the secretaries of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, and meetings have been held in Ceylon, Tinnevelly, Trichinopoly, Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Lahore, Delhi, and this month (February) Miss Balgarnie is due in Bombay, and further meetings will be held next month. From first to last the tour has been specially planned with the view of stirring up an increased interest in the Temperance cause. Miss Balgarnie is exceptionally fitted for deputational work. She is a daughter of the late Rev. Robert Balgarnie, of Scarborough, and was educated in London and Germany. She has taken a deep interest in the Cambridge University Extension lectures, and was for some time a member of the Scarborough School Board. She signed the total abstinence pledge in 1877, and has visited America with the special object of studying the prohibition laws. Miss Balgarnie has been for many years a constant contributor to the press, and her little book, "A Plea for the Appointment of Police Matrons," attracted considerable attention in philanthropic circles. She is a powerful speaker, and is very apt in her quick-witted replies to interruptions. Persons fond of asking questions with the view of disconcerting the lecturer generally come off second best in their encounters with this gifted lady. Recent letters from India report that her meetings have been thoroughly successful, and have done much to arouse an enthusiastic interest in the work of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, which our readers will remember was founded by the lamented W. S. Caine, M.P.

PROGRESS IN THE ARMY.

The Royal Army Temperance Association in India reports a membership of 21,726, made up of 21,489 military members, in 183 branches in India and Ceylon; and 237 members in eight Volunteer and civil branches. There are also 5,688 honorary members, and 164 juvenile members. The average membership for the year 1903 showed a decrease of 1,073. The Rev. J. H. Bateson, the general secretary, remarks: "The simple meaning of these figures is that we have had larger accessions to our ranks from among the men new to India, and very considerable losses, due to our old members who have left the colours." The military authorities have given frequent testimony to the excellent work done by this association.

SOME STARTLING FIGURES.

Mr. J. H. Whiteley, M.P., recently gave a striking speech on "Temperance Reform from the Business Point of View." He remarked that "he was in a business—that of cotton—where they dealt in sixty-fourths of a penny, and where 1 per cent. of waste which was unnecessary was enough to turn what ought to have been a profit into a loss. In many businesses the men who had made, and who are making, success, were those who kept their eyes on the waste. Taking the last two years they had been spending as a people just over £180,000,000 per year on intoxicating liquor. That worked out at £4 5s. 6d. per head, and per head included women, children, and babies in arms. He estimated that no less a sum than £60,000,000 per annum was spent on excessive drinking. That excess was sheer waste. It was money that ought to have gone in expenditure on clothes, on the house, on travel, and on everything that tended to make for the healthy life of the community. And there was a further dark side to the picture, for this drink waste had to be classed under 'Poverty and the Poor Rate,' 'Police, Crime, and Prisons,' 'Insanity and the cost of Asylums,' and 'the Physical Deterioration of generations yet to come.' When he took a walk through the slums of London and saw the shoeless and ragged children, and thought

of the warehouses packed full of goods, and looms not running because of over-production, he realised that what was wanted was power to consume, and that the power to consume had gone in the wrong direction. It had gone to waste instead of going in good things."

A WOMAN'S WORK.

For many years past one of the most earnest and capable Temperance workers in North London has been Mrs. Bailhache, of Crouch End. With a quiet, persuasive persistence, this excellent lady has been a leading spirit in many



(*Photo: A. J. Chapman, Crouch End, N.*)

MRS. BAILHACHE.

and well-considered projects for rescuing poor girls and women from the evil influences of intemperance. In opposing licences, in vigilantly watching the due enforcement of the existing licensing laws, and in strenuously pressing forward much-needed reforms, Mrs. Bailhache has rendered conspicuous service. The poor and downtrodden of her sex have long found in her a loving Christian friend, overflowing with sympathy for them in their troubles; and, moreover, willing to spend and be spent in their service. She is a living example of how much good one whole-hearted woman can accomplish when thoroughly in earnest, and her cheerful, sunny disposition leads her to take a courageous view of the ultimate triumph of Temperance principles, despite her intimate knowledge of the seamy side of London life.

A HINT TO LADY SPEAKERS.

Now that the cause has the benefit of the powerful advocacy of so many gifted lady speakers, may a mere male humbly suggest that much good might be done in working-class neighbourhoods if a few plain, practical suggestions were given by a woman to women-folk in the Temperance meetings as to the making of a good cup of tea, cup of coffee, or cup of cocoa? Talk about a chemical lecture, or a blackboard address, or a magic lantern display, why, a lady speaker who carried a teapot on to the platform, with a kettle and lamp, and made a cup of tea there and then, and let the women "taste and try," would strike out quite a new line, and do a real service to many a working man whose tea, coffee, and cocoa is often spoilt in the brewing.

A TEMPERANCE EXHIBITION.

This month a Temperance Exhibition is to be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich. Canon Humphreys, who has been identified with the work of the Church of England Temperance Society for so many years, has been appealing for the loan of pictures, models, diagrams, old curios, and objects of interest connected with the history of the Temperance movement. Let us hope that the project will be thoroughly successful. Some years ago the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union had a splendid exhibition of the kind, and managed to secure the original teetotal pledge in the handwriting of Joseph Livesey of Preston, Thomas Whittaker's historic rattle, one of Father Mathew's medals, an immense collection of portraits of early workers, valuable autographs, and many of the early books of the movement. One interesting feature of the Hackney exhibition was a display of old pledge cards. When one remembers the splendid record which East Anglia has in Temperance story, the Norwich Exhibition should certainly be of exceptional interest.

THE NEW SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

What has Parliament in store for us? Rumour has been very busy, and party politicians have not been slow to throw out many sagacious hints as to coming legislation. One thing is quite clear. Temperance folk must keep a vigorous look out on their representatives at St. Stephen's. Members of Parliament are not quite independent of the Temperance vote, and if there is a chance of any liquor legislation coming along, those of us outside the House must make the most of our opportunities to tone up the Temperance work of our representatives inside the House. Candidates and would-be candidates for Parliament should be publicly challenged in their meetings to give a clear expression of their opinions on the Temperance question. It is easier to reform a candidate than to reform a member. Energetic voters outside the House may do much to direct the votes of their representatives inside the House.



By the Author of "Colonel Kit."

DAN lifted the baby a little higher, leaning against the projecting woodwork of the window to ease the weight. Not that she was a heavy baby, for she was thin and wasted; but, then, so was Dan himself, and his shoulder blades showed edge-like through his ragged shirt.

"Ain't it prime?" he said, smacking his lips and sniffing. "Extry good to-day."

Baby's face wrinkled in enjoyment as through the ventilator above came a pleasant steam and odour of cooked food. The window was steamy, yet through it could be seen a man in white linen coat and hat busily carving joints and serving dinners.

"Which'll you choose, baby?" asked Dan.

Baby's claw-like fingers patted the pane, and Dan withdrew them hastily, rubbing off with a bit of her frock the marks they had made.

"Bit o' that pie with the gravy a-runnin' down—my, ain't it d'licious! And we'll have taters and marrer with it. I'll choose some of that currant pudden, and we'll have ginger beer to drink. Feed like lords, don't we? Come on then."

He hitched up the baby again, and walked off, a little parcel wrapped in dirty newspaper dangling from his waist by a bit of string. He went staggeringly, bending backwards, so that it was no wonder he often ran against people, especially as baby's frock had a way of flapping across his face and so impeding his vision.

"Hi, where are you going with that prize baby?" said one man against whom Dan collided. "Think you're going to drop that ton weight on my toe?"

"You've got enough to carry without," Dan retorted quickly, and the man, who had just come out of a public-house, laughed and felt in his pocket for a loose copper. He had only a farthing there, for farthings are not easily spent by men, but Dan grasped it eagerly with a "Thanky, sir."

"We'll get a sucker," he said, and went into a little shop, from which he emerged, bearing a stick on which was stuck a small apple, covered with something brown and sweet.

He let baby touch it with her little pink tongue, then carried it carefully out of her reach. "We'll soon have our dinners," he assured her, "and it'll come in lovely."

Dan staggered on till he came to the Embankment before St. Thomas's Hospital. Then he made his way painfully down the steps till he came near the water. There he sat baby on a step warmed by the sun, and stretched out his own tired limbs. The river shone and danced in the sunshine, and steamers passed to and fro, while behind the children reached the great hospital that has healed and helped so many sufferers.

Dan untied his parcel, and showed some pieces of stale bread, dark and unwholesome looking. His face fell a little, and he muttered, "She might have put in a bit of relish; but there, we've got the sucker."

Gravely he spread the newspaper on the stones, then with his two forefingers stuck out, made motions as though cutting something.

"Here's your bit of pie," he said, handing a crust to the baby, "and mind you don't spill the gravy down your pinny."

Baby sucked at the crust, listening solemnly to Dan's talk of the good things they were having; but all the time he kept a watchful eye on her, and when a bit of the crust proved too hard for her, he took it down to the water and dipped it in. When the bread was finished they took turns at the sucker, till there was nothing left on the stick but a brown smear; then baby had the stick to herself, and appeared to derive much enjoyment from it.

That was how Dan and the baby got their dinners most days. Father had died before baby was born, and Mother was not like most mothers. Often she lay in their one room, taking no notice of her children, who had to fare as best they could. Dan was used to her coming in at all hours of the night—sometimes so mad with drink that he lay shivering in his corner, hoping she would not see them. The neighbours said it was a wonder baby had lived, but they were all too much afraid of "thirsty Sue" to interfere. Dan had been to school irregularly, and could read and write after a fashion; but since baby came he had not been to school at all, and had not been troubled by the attendance officer. For one thing, he was not a desirable scholar, and for another his mother so constantly shifted her quarters that it was not easy to find them.

From the time of baby's birth Dan had looked after, washed and dressed her as well as he could, and carried her about, learning how to still her crying, and teaching her to talk. She was two years old now, but her rickety little legs refused to carry her more than a few steps, and only those when she was clinging to her brother. He talked to her so much that she seemed quite to understand, and day by day they went through the pitiful little farce of choosing their dinners at the cook-shop window.

That autumn was very hot, and baby drooped so visibly that one day Dan called his mother's attention to her; but thirsty Sue was not in a condition to understand much, though she gave him a few coppers, and bade him get a bottle of medicine. Instead of getting the medicine Dan bought milk, which baby tasted eagerly, but soon refused, seeming too tired even to care for drink. Then the mother disappeared; but as she shared the room with another woman who did not object to the children's company, they were not molested and were allowed to go there when they liked.

"Come and choose nice dinner, darlin' baby," Dan said one morning, as he toiled along in the sun. All he had for food was a bit of very dry bread which the man downstairs had thrown away. Perhaps if he dipped it in the water and made it soft baby would be able to take some of it.

"There's lovely pies—and my, ain't that a bit o' meat," he said, pressing against the window. "And look at them little puddens with the juice running out. What'll we have, baby?"

Baby turned her head, and even tried to point; yet she did not trouble to look in the window, and Dan's heart sank. "Try and choose, do ducky," he urged; but the little hand fell back, and her head drooped against his shoulder, and the boy moved away.

"Leetle one seeck?" said a voice close by, and Dan wheeled round to see the friendly face of an Italian ice-cream seller. "She feel sun hot—eh?"

"I s'pose so," said Dan miserably.

"She like this," said the man, kindly handing Dan a little glass of ice-cream.

Baby sucked at it, and liked the cold sweetness, but she could not finish it, and the man filled the glass again and gave it to Dan.

"Leetle one want pheesick," he said. "Where her mother?"

"Dunno," said Dan.

Some customers appeared then, and Dan went on his way, comforted by the sympathy and ice-cream.

Baby's head seemed to have grown very heavy against his shoulder, and when he sat on the Embankment steps he was startled by the curious look on her face.

There was no one to help him, and some great tears rolled down Dan's face, making light tracks in the grime. Then as he looked round despairingly, he saw some of the sick from the hospital near, who had been brought outside on their beds, and lay enjoying the air, while nurses moved in and out.

"I'll take baby there," said Dan with the courage of despair. "Perhaps they'll make her well."

It was not the right hour for taking patients, but Dan came across a nurse who was touched by his appeal, and brought him and his burden to a doctor.

The doctor was kind, but rather sharp-spoken, and after looking at the baby he said some words to the nurse which Dan could not understand.

"Where's your mother?" the doctor asked,

and Dan had to say he didn't know, but hastened to assure him that she was not likely to be back for some time.

"Well, you had better leave your little sister here. We will do what we can for her," the doctor said.

"Please shall you make her well?" Dan asked.

The doctor looked at the sad, eager face, and answered gently, "We will do what we can; but, my boy, she ought to have been here before. Now Nurse will look after her, and you may come back and see her in an hour or two."

Baby did not seem to notice that Dan had given her to strangers, and the boy walked away with a queer choking feeling in his throat. He remembered the kind Italian, and wandered back to find him still busy with his barrow. He noticed Dan, but there was a rush of customers, and he could not talk to him then; but when they had gone he turned to him, asking:

"The leetle one—eh?"

Then Dan told his story, and the Italian was very kind. When he heard that Dan had no friends he said, "I come to the hospital with you. My name Vincenti Polli. I leave my barrow, for everything is sold, and I come with you; but first you must eat, my friend."

He gave Dan something to eat, then took his barrow away, brushed himself up, and then the two went to the hospital.

Baby was lying in a little white bed, looking so white and cared for that Dan felt afraid to touch her, and paused beside her.

"Speak to her," said the Nurse. "Get her to notice you."

"Baby darling, baby, don't you know your Danny?" cried the boy, and a little fluttering movement came over the quiet face, and baby opened her eyes, looking at Dan with a solemn expression.

"There, she knows her Danny," the boy went on. Nurse stood quietly watching, and the Italian was on his knees murmuring strange prayers. A screen had been drawn round the bed, and the ward was very still. Baby's eyes closed again wearily.

"See, darlin', we'll go and choose our dinners again," Dan said, and a queer little shadowy smile broke up the stillness of the little white face, and baby moved her head.

Nurse looked pleased, and turned to the Italian, who had risen.

"She's best left quiet," she said; "her brother can come again early in the morning."

Vincenti touched the boy's shoulder.

"You come with me. I bring you back in the morning. I take care of you now," and Dan went out with him, finding it a new experience to be looked after.

"I show you to my mother," said Vincenti. "She kind woman. Keep what you call lodging house. You shall sleep with me. In the morning we go find the leetle one is getting on. She soon be quite better. I bring her to my mother. You be good boy, and help me with barrow; then we get plenty money, and open shop with dinners, and the leetle one go to school, and she help my mother when she big—eh?"

It hardly seemed possible that Vincenti was making such kind plans for Dan, but when the boy saw the merry looking old woman, who greeted Vincenti by kissing him on both cheeks, and hearing Dan's troubles, treated him in the same way, it really seemed as if the plans might come to pass. The old woman made Dan eat a hearty supper, and then he went to Vincenti's bed where he slept soundly all night.

"You find your sister better," Vincenti told him in the morning, and his hopefulness infected the boy.

"The baby is better," Nurse told Dan. "You may just look at her, that is all; but who will take care of her when she is able to leave?"

Dan's face was one broad smile as he answered:

"There's a kind lady who is going to mind her, and I'm going to work for her."

"That's well," said Nurse kindly.

"Ah," said Dan, "I didn't know there were so many kind folks in the world. There's you and the hospital, and Mr. Vincenti and his mother; there's heaps and heaps of kind folks, and baby's getting well and all." His eyes were full of tears as he looked at his little sleeping sister.



"'She like this,' said the man."—*p.* 442.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

The Language of Heaven.

IT has been the harmless boast of other nations; but the Welsh of the present day, as you may hear in the rural districts, are particularly fond of saying that theirs will be the language we shall all speak in a better world. This may be because they are a small people, and because they love that strange tongue of Wales, which so few know, and because they believe it to be despised. But their quaint fancy may remind us that the "language" we we shall really speak will be the language we all know and love best—the communion of soul with soul. Here

> "Imperfect utterance is our saddest taint,
> And when the heart is full the lips grow faint.'

A Copy of a Copy.

If a clever painter, in the first flush of his enthusiasm, makes a copy of one of the world's masterpieces in an Italian gallery, it is likely that his endeavour will reflect a glimmer of the genius, a few of the ineffable touches of the original. But let another artist (say in England) make a replica of this copy, and the resemblance to the ideal will be far fainter; and the second work runs a risk of becoming a feeble, commonplace affair. Thus it is with us when we merely imitate the best man we know, who has tried to model his life upon the life of Christ. The result is sure to be a failure. We must follow the divine example which the four evangelists portray. Our copy will be imperfect enough even then, but it is thus only that we can come "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The Word of Mr. Jones.

ENGLISH honesty, among people of false religions, and in other lands, is a marvellous testimony to the stability of our national character, and to the practical value of Christianity. A dweller in Jerusalem lately told us about a British merchant, upon whose goods the Turkish authorities, by some most unusual oversight, had not levied sufficient duty in one particular year. To "dodge" the duties to the fullest extent possible seems in certain regions of Turkey to be almost an unwritten law among the adherents of Islam. But our compatriot voluntarily sent up a fair and square statement, and paid his big deficits smiling. The impression produced by this unique act upon the surrounding Mohammedan population was amusingly intense. The assessors of taxes have ever since taken this merchant's bare word as to the amount of goods on which duty may be due, and no investigation is made. In the native bazaar, our informant assured us, when the disciple of Mohammed is specially desirous of clinching the veracity of any statement, his favourite asseveration is not now as formerly, "By the beard of the prophet!" but, "By the word of Mr. Jones!"

"The Quiver" Postcards.

UNDER the title of "Fair Flowers of British Womanhood," Messrs. Cassell have just issued, for the benefit of readers of THE QUIVER, a sixpenny packet of fifteen pictorial postcards, each of which reproduces a pleasing face and an appropriate poetical quotation. We are proud to have so charming and attractive a series associated with the name of THE QUIVER.

The Care of the Feeble-minded.

WEAKNESS and wickedness are very close neighbours, because weakness is so easily influenced and led into temptation by wickedness, and a vast proportion of the criminals in our prisons, and the badly disposed in our reformatories and workhouses, are simply the feeble-minded, who are led into trouble and mischief, and launched on downward careers by people who make them the tools of their passions and the catspaws of their nefarious schemes. They often escape, but the poor weakling bears the stigma and the punishment, and costs the country a good deal of money. The attention of the School Boards was first called to mentally defective children in 1889, and special classes were formed for them in Leicester and London, and gradually in other large towns, but not till 1897 was public attention called to them by a committee appointed by the Board of Education, which resulted in a Bill being passed through Parliament that enabled school authorities to draw an increased grant from the State for their benefit, and

raised their period of tutelage from fourteen to sixteen. But even at sixteen they are but little fitted to take care of themselves, though they may be capable of earning wages, and the Association for Promoting the Welfare of the Feeble-minded was incorporated in 1901 for the care of such as cannot stand alone, without danger of harm to themselves and others. Small industrial homes, which are practically colonies, have been established both for boys and girls, with the best possible results, the pioneer of the former being Upshire Bury, in Essex, where the boys do gardening and rear poultry, and their services are much in demand for "odd jobs," and occasionally as auxiliary postal messengers, and they earn money that contributes considerably towards their expenses. They are all gentle and their conduct good under discipline that is as firm as it is kind. Among the homes for girls one is devoted to young mothers and their babes when discharged from Workhouse Infirmaries, well known in those establishments as "ins and outs." They are taught to care for their infants properly, and helped to support them by house, laundry, and needle work, so that they may not be exposed to the temptation of falling again. Other homes aim simply at training and developing deficient girls, and obtaining situations for them in families where they are carefully guarded and helped. There is always a percentage of employers who are widows or spinsters, glad of the services of such girls, for whom high wages are not asked, and willing to take kindly charge of them. The only difficulty is to bring them together.

A Fine Art.

"WHAT a blessing it would be," wrote in a letter Sir Henry Stanley, the great traveller, "if we cultivated the art of imparting pleasure to others." This can be easily done by resolving with God's help each morning when we awake to help forward the life of at least one human being by an encouraging word or an uplifting deed.

Earth's Last Evening Service.

REV. B. APPLEYARD, who ministers to a composite Sunday congregation of Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Greek Church folk, Lutherans, and Plymouth Brethren, at Port Essington, British Columbia, has recently been telling friends in the Old Country that he considers it is his distinction to hold, on Sunday evenings, the last service of prayer and praise in Christendom. To illustrate this interesting contention, Mr. Appleyard kindly pencilled a rough map for us, which we are sorry not to be able to reproduce. He makes out, however, that the sun, rising from Japan and traversing the whole world, finds its most western point at a few miles across the water from Port Essington, where his service is held at about 1 a.m., London time. The fact, he says, that their voices are probably the last of those of all Christians to uplift that Sabbath sacrifice of supplication and of thanksgiving, which now, following the sun in his march, girdles the whole round earth, is a continued help and inspiration to himself and to his little isolated band of heterogeneous fellow-worshippers. They are fond of concluding their service with the beautiful hymn in which this verse occurs:

> "We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
> While earth rolls onward into light,
> Through all the world her watch is keeping,
> And rests not now by day or night."

For the Little Ones.

VARIED, healthy, and bright reading for the little ones was never more wanted in our homes than it is to-day, and we heartily commend to our readers the monthly numbers of "Little Folks," issued by the proprietors of THE QUIVER. At present the magazine is giving its young readers two serial stories, one by Mrs. L. T. Meade, and the other by Mr. E. S. Ellis; and little boys, as well as girls, will find plenty of harmless fun in the many excellent items which fill the pages of this ever-fresh favourite. "Tiny Tots," which is also published by Messrs. Cassell, is for the benefit of very young denizens of the nursery who may not have reached the stage of reading for themselves, but clamour for something new to be read to them.

A "Drudgery Divine."

ON a rock-bound, well-nigh desert island of the South Seas was encamped a numerous company of lepers, exiled from a more populous island by Government order. Little provision was made for their necessities, and many must have starved but for the energetic benevolence of the members of a native Christian Endeavour Society, who carried to these poor creatures, from time to time boatloads of food. After two years of such hardship it was announced that another and less desolate island-home was appointed to the hapless sufferers, the chief of the district receiving orders to convey them thither; but in his repugnance to their terrible malady he refused the use of his boat for their convoy, his people generally following his example. Again the brave Endeavourers came forward. Far distances they travelled in quest of the needed boat, to meet with constant refusals; at last a small cutter was lent them, in which they sailed to the leper island. Difficult and arduous indeed was their task of embarking their maimed and crippled passengers; but these loyal young Christians carried the feeblest in their arms, and one by one they were liberated from their rocky prison. A long voyage against contrary winds, and the sad company was safely landed at Lifu and comfortably housed. Then their benefactors bathed

in the sea and burnt every garment they had worn during their labour of love.

Secrets of Perfection.

The diverse methods of two well-known artists who have recently died in England are not without their spiritual application. "You demand two hundred guineas for two days' work?" once asked the Attorney-General of the first, who was a rapid painter. "No," was the answer; "for the knowledge of a lifetime." And thus it is from the patiently and prayerfully built up strength of moral character that the great heroic and sudden effort comes. Of the second artist, at whose humorous depictions of London life we have often smiled, it was the peculiar characteristic that he could convey a powerful and definite impression in a sketch with extraordinarily few strokes. But friends who knew his plan of work said that this apparently simple effect was the result of infinite previous pains. He would draw line after line, to be rubbed out; add a light here, take out a shade there, and leave only exactly as much as he wanted for his final impression. And so, it is a long and complex moral training, the culture of what is noble in our humanity, the elimination of what is base, which produces that grand simplicity, the mark of the best and saintliest of our kind.

"The heights by great men won and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards through the night."

Poor, but Righteous.

Between good and evil, as between Michael and Satan, the battle is always being waged; and in the humbler conflicts goodness is sometimes pathetic in its power. There is a village, hidden away in South Wales, where the local blacksmith—an infidel, a scoffer, a blasphemer, a man of lax life—seemed the incarnation of petty wickedness. He was a sort of pinchbeck hero with the young men of the place, and on summer evenings they would gather round his forge, and each listener was likely to go home worse than when he came. And in the same Welsh village there was an aged labourer, infirm and friendless, and in receipt of parish pay. He had not the remotest title to influence, beyond the mere fact that he was known to be good. The old fellow would wander occasionally to the outskirts of the company outside the forge. He never spoke, as he stood for a little with the setting sun shining on his white and scanty hair; but from the moment of his approach the foul word faltered upon each young fool's tongue, and even the blacksmith's braggart voice was still. Nor was it long before the group began to slink away. Here, surely, in the humblest and homeliest form, we have a proof of the purifying virtue of that "salt of the earth" which our Lord said His disciples were to be, and which is alone saving our race from corruption.

"Wonderful in Counsel."

"Are you an Englishman?" inquired the landlord of a hotel at Buda-Pesth of a passing stranger; "two English travellers are in my house, one very ill, the other dying, and I know not what to do." This passer-by, himself on the point of leaving the country, interested two English ladies staying in the city in this sad case. The names on the travellers' luggage disclosed that these were Dr. Keith and Dr. Black, distinguished Scottish divines and authors, now visiting, on their return journey from Palestine, various European countries with a view to organising Christian mission work among the Jews. They had determined to avoid the Austrian Empire, where despotic Romish sway seemed to preclude all opening for their scheme; but, worn out by their travels through the desert and Holy Land, they had felt compelled to return to Scotland by the Danube as their quickest route, staying a night only at Buda-Pesth. On the point of leaving that place, however, Dr. Keith was seized with a dangerous illness, while his comrade was also so ailing that though occupying adjoining rooms, the friends did not meet for six weeks. By a remarkable coincidence, they had received, before starting from home, an introduction from one of the ladies above mentioned to some Turkish dignitary. She therefore at once understood who the strangers were and the object of their journey. No less remarkably, this Miss Pardoe had also received from the Archduke Joseph, Viceroy of Hungary, then absent at Presburg, a note to his Archduchess at Buda-Pesth, and had already seen that lady. At once, therefore, she went on behalf of the suffering strangers to that noble-hearted Christian princess, who ordered that every possible care and attention should be devoted to them both; feeling the stronger interest in their sad case because a copy of Dr. Keith's well-known "Evidence of Prophecy" had previously come under her notice and deeply interested her. To the amazement of all, the sick man recovered. "There is nothing to be done but order his coffin," one standing beside his bed had remarked. "We all thought you were dead," exclaimed his physician at the first sign he gave of returning vitality. As soon as his strength permitted, the Archduchess visited him. She expressed deep interest in the cause these Christian travellers had at heart, and many an hour of spiritual converse they enjoyed with her. Thus in a very stronghold of Austrian rule were found that protection and zeal for mission work among the Jews which led to its establish-

ment by the Church of Scotland in 1841. Its success was as remarkable as its origination, and this not among the Jewish residents alone; many leading Roman Catholics were affected by the movement, which also did much to revive the life of Protestant churches at that time steeped in rationalism. Although after some years these Scottish missionaries had to leave the country in consequence of the crushing of Hungarian liberties, religious and political, yet the revival of spiritual life wrought throughout the land by the Pesth mission has left rich and abiding and abundant fruit. The list of those converted from Judaism to Christ between the years 1843 and 1851 is most noteworthy, not only as regards number, but intellectual distinction and spiritual influence: it included three such widely known and honoured ministers of the Gospel as Alfred Edersheim, Adolph Saphir, and Alexander Tomory, for many years missionary to the Jews in Constantinople.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from December 2nd, 1903, up to and including December 30th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott, £2; Colin B. Ellison. (Blundellsands), £1 1s.; Mrs. Gooddy (Barnsley), £1; M. T. F., 10s.; "A Friend" (Kilburn), 10s.; "A Farmer's Wife" (Blackpool), 5s.; A. E., 2s 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* R. C. (Falkirk), £10; "Bradford," £1 10s., £1 10s., £1 10s., £1, 10s. 6d., 5s.; Colin B. Ellison (Blundellsands), £1 1s.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; "Rauceby," 5s.; "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER" (Brighton), 4s.; X. (Sheffield), 2s 6d. The following amounts have been sent direct:—"Reta," £1; B. P., 10s.; A. W. (Cambridge), 2s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* M. T. F., 10s.

For *The Ragged School Union* ("*Robin*" *Dinners*): Tom A. Reed (Gateshead), 5s.; E. Reid (Longsight), 5s.; "Thank Offering," 4s.; A. Bishop (Ealing), 2s. 6d.

For *The London City Mission:* "A Well-Wisher (Weymouth), £1.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

37. Upon what ground did the Pharisees charge our Lord's disciples with breaking the Sabbath?

38. What do we learn from the disciples eating the corn as they passed through the cornfield?

39. By what miracle did our Lord show us that all works of mercy are lawful on the Sabbath day?

40. What is essentially necessary to make one's work acceptable in God's sight?

41. In what way does Jesus illustrate the lasting effect of good works?

42. What was a constant source of danger to fishermen on the Sea of Galilee?

43. On what occasion were the disciples so frightened that they spake harshly to Jesus?

44. In what way did Jesus save His disciples on the Sea of Galilee?

45. Where is the country of the Gergesenes, where Jesus and His disciples landed?

46. By whose order was St. John the Baptist put to death?

47. Had St. John the Baptist any great influence over the Jewish people?

48. What was Herod's opinion of St. John the Baptist?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 352.

25. Because he considered that Jesus was so much greater and holier than himself. (St. Matt. iii. 14; St. John i. 27.)

26. As "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." (St. Matt. iv. 1–9; 1 John ii. 16.)

27. The King's Gallery of Herod's tower, of which Josephus says, "From the top of which if anyone looked down he would grow dizzy, his eyes not being able to reach so vast a depth." (St. Matt. iv. 5; Josephus, "Ant." b. xv. c. 14.)

28. By the example He sets us of attending the synagogue every Sabbath day at Nazareth. (St. Luke iv. 16.)

29. The people of His own city, Nazareth, sought to cast Him down headlong from the brow of the hill on which the city was built. (St. Luke iv. 29.)

30. They were partners in the same fishing boats on the Sea of Galilee. (St. Luke v. 10.)

31. When Jesus called St. Peter and others to be His disciples He gave them a proof of His divine power by a miraculous draught of fishes. A similar miracle took place when, after His resurrection, Jesus recalled His disciples to Him. (St. Luke v. 4–7; St. John xxi. 6–9.)

32. Jesus and His disciples were together in the synagogue when a man cried out, "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth? I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God." (St. Mark i. 24.)

33. By casting out an evil spirit from the man in the presence of the whole congregation. (St. Mark i. 25 26.)

34. He would not allow the people possessed with devils to speak, because they knew Him. (St. Mark i. 34 and 44, 45.)

35. The efforts which our Lord made to obtain time for prayer and meditation. (St. Mark i. 35; St. Matt. xiv. 23; St. Luke vi. 12.)

36. At the healing of the paralytic, and when dining at the Pharisee's house He forgave the woman who was a sinner. (St. Mark ii. 5; St. Luke vii. 47, 48.)

XUM


UNIV.
OF
MICH.



AID FROM THE FISHERMEN

(From the Painting by Bernard F. Gribble.)

STIRRING SCENES IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

By Hugh B. Philpott.

"PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than War," and among the victories of Peace few are more notable or more inspiring than those that belong to the warfare against intemperance. Not that the story of the great fight is one of uniform success. At one time we see the embattled hosts of Temperance sweeping forward to their end like an invincible army; at another they can barely hold the field against their foes, and the story of the campaign is one of quiet preparation, of cautious reconnaissances, and of forlorn hopes. Let us glance at a few notable scenes, not forgetting that the real importance of an event is not always proportionate to the pomp and circumstance by which it is surrounded.

A trivial and insignificant event in the eyes of most of the people of Cork was a meeting held in a certain schoolroom in that town on April 10th, 1838. Yet it was big with consequences for the whole Irish people and for the cause of Temperance throughout the world. The room, though of no great size, is but sparsely filled, and even those who have taken the trouble to attend the meeting are by no means unanimously friendly to its object, that object being the starting of a Temperance society. Many of them are surprised and perhaps a little angry that their beloved Father Mathew, who has summoned the meeting, should take up with this teetotal fanaticism and seek to deprive them of their most cherished indulgence.

But there is one little group of men whose hearts are filled with joy and thankfulness; they are Protestants and Temperance reformers, and they feel that the cause they have at heart is that day to receive a great impetus, though how great the issues of that little meeting will be, not the most sanguine and imaginative among them can possibly foresee. A notable figure in this little group is an old Quaker merchant, one William Martin, a man much respected by his fellow townsmen of all creeds and parties. For some years he, with a few earnest fellow-workers, has been trying to stem the tide of intemperance in the city. But little



SIR WILFRID LAWSON AND DR. TEMPLE ASSAILED AT EXETER.

success has attended these efforts, and Martin has long felt that the cause can only be immediately commended to the people of this Roman Catholic community by one of their own faith. The man above all others who has the ear of the people, and whom he hopes to enlist in the good cause, is Father Mathew. The two men have been colleagues in the management of the Cork Workhouse, and have learned to love and respect each other, for both are men of active benevolence and of a large and tolerant spirit. They have both seen much of the sad results of alcoholic excess, and more than once the Quaker has said to the priest: "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if *thou* wouldst but take the cause in hand, what good thou wouldst do for these poor people!"

The words have not fallen on deaf ears, and after long and anxious thought and much earnest prayer, the path of duty has become clear, and a day or two before the meeting in the little schoolroom, Father Mathew has called at William Martin's office to announce his conversion to the cause of total abstinence. "Friend William," he says, "I have come to tell you a piece of news. I mean to join your Temperance society." Overwhelmed with emotion, the good old man can say little more than "Thank God, thank God," as he flings his arm round his friend's neck and kisses him like a child.

Father Mathew, "a handsome, honest-looking man," as Thackeray afterwards described him, opens the historic meeting with an address in which he explains why he has called his friends together. He speaks of the many applications which have been made to him by gentlemen differing from himself in religion, but known and respected for their worth and benevolence, and though he thinks they overrate his powers, he cannot refuse to listen to their appeals. "If through any humble instrumentality of mine," he continues, "I can do good to my fellow-creatures and give glory to God, I feel I am bound as a minister of the Gospel to throw all personal considerations aside, and try and give a helping hand to gentlemen who have afforded me so excellent an example. Indeed, if only one poor soul can be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take." He then takes a pen in his hand, and saying in a loud voice, "Here goes, in the name of God," signs his name in a pledge-book lying on the table.

Sixty others follow his example, and then old William Martin speaks out of a full heart the gratitude he feels. "If it should please the Almighty," he says, "to take me out of the world soon, I think I would go with more satisfaction than if I had been taken some years before, because I feel a weight going off my shoulders and (laying his hand on Father Mathew's shoulder) falling here."

Thus began one of the most wonderful crusades of which history has any record. Father Mathew's journeying through the country, winning recruits for the teetotal army, has been compared, not inaptly, to the preaching of the first Crusade by Peter the Hermit. Everywhere he was received with boundless enthusiasm. Wherever he went the people flocked in thousands to receive the pledge at his hands, until his adherents were numbered literally by the million; thousands of drink shops closed their doors, the revenue from excise duties fell off enormously, and the deposits in savings banks steadily increased.

One great scene we may glance at by way of contrast with that just referred to. It is Easter Monday, 1842, and the scene is still the city of Cork. The day is to be celebrated by a great Temperance demonstration, which is to take the form of a parade through the principal streets by the Temperance societies of the district. From an early hour in the morning all the roads leading to the city have been black with the crowds of men, women, and children, on foot and in all kinds of vehicles, who are coming to take part in the great procession or to be spectators of it. Many of them have come from places thirty or forty miles distant, but in their eagerness and enthusiasm they reck little of fatigue. The procession is to be a big thing in its way. Ten thousand people, representing fifty-seven societies, will take part in it; there are to be forty-one bands, and banners innumerable. But it is not to hear the bands or see the banners that the thousands of excited people are crowding on to the line of route. They have eyes for only two figures in the procession, those of the two best beloved and most famous men in Ireland—Theobald Mathew and Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell, who at this time is Lord Mayor of Dublin, has joined the ranks of the total abstainers, and has intimated his intention of taking part in the procession. The warm-hearted, imaginative people are full of excited anticipation at the prospect of seeing the great "Liberator" and the great "Apostle of Temperance" walking together in the same procession.

XUM

From the Corn Market, where all the contingents assemble, the procession starts at about eleven o'clock and moves slowly through the crowded streets. The offices of the Temperance societies and some of the other houses on the route are beflagged and garlanded; every window is occupied by eager sightseers, and many find a place of vantage on the roofs The procession has not gone far before the great event of the day happens. The Lord Mayor of Dublin meets the demonstrators, and "Liberator" and "Apostle" greet each other. Perhaps Father Mathew is not altogether pleased at this public association of the great political leader with his work, for one of his great aims has been to avoid identifying the cause of temperance reform with any political movement. Yet he cannot be indifferent to the help that may be given to the cause by one so powerful and popular as Daniel O'Connell. Of either man it might be said with truth that he was the idol of the Irish people, and as they meet, greeting each other with cordiality and affection, a great shout goes up from the thousands of onlookers, handkerchiefs are waved, men and women crane forward, and children are held shoulder high that they may catch a glimpse of the central figures. No monarch on a great state occasion, no conqueror returning from the war, could have had a more splendid reception than that accorded to the political and the moral emancipators—the champions of liberty and of sobriety.



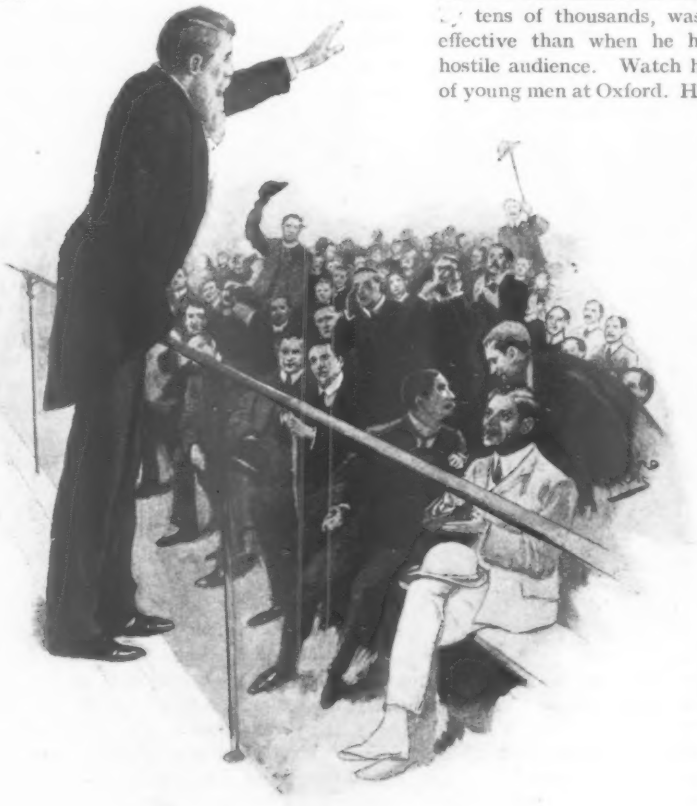
"SOME ARE OPENLY HOSTILE, OTHERS COLDLY INDIFFERENT."

Here is a story of the beginning of Temperance work in Scotland. The scene is a Glasgow lecture hall, the time a certain Monday evening in September, 1829. A tall, benevolent-looking man, of dignified aspect, stands on the rostrum, nervously facing a curious crowd which completely fills the hall; it is not a hostile crowd, but certainly not a sympathetic one; curiosity is the prevailing feeling, for the subject of the lecture is "Temperance Societies," a novel, and to most people rather ridiculous idea. The lecturer is John Dunlop, a man of shy and retiring disposition, who has had no training in the art of addressing a popular audience, and is painfully conscious of his own lack of the gifts and graces of the orator. Only by a strong effort of will has he forced himself to stand in his present position, and the condition of nervous depression, amounting almost to physical illness, with which he approaches his task has not been lessened by overhearing at the door of the lecture hall the hearty peals of laughter with which half a dozen divinity students were discussing the subject of his discourse.

Why does John Dunlop undertake a task for which he is so obviously ill-equipped? Simply because no one else will do it. To him it is as clear as the day that the best remedy for the intemperance which is working such havoc among his fellow-countrymen, lies in the establishment of Temperance societies on the lines of those which are already working successfully in the New England states. Again and again he has urged these views upon the

ministers and other leading people in Glasgow and elsewhere. Some are openly hostile, others coldly indifferent; all regard him as a man with a bee in his bonnet. The nearest approach to sympathy he has received has been the suggestion that he should explain his proposals in a public address, and the present meeting is the outcome of that suggestion.

John Dunlop goes through with his irksome task, like the moral hero that he is, and finds the mountains of difficulty dwindling to molehills as he proceeds. The audience, indifferent or even hostile at the outset of his address, are soon listening with rapt attention. The simple, earnest utterance wins a respectful hearing which might have been denied to a more florid and artificial oratory, and at the close many of the audience, including the hilarious divinity students, express themselves willing to join a Temperance society as soon as one should be formed.



"I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE."

The Temperance reformer must be prepared for some hard knocks, for the forces arrayed against him are many and strong. Even Father Mathew, whose progress in Ireland was one of almost miraculous success, encountered serious opposition when he came to London. There was a wild scene one day in Bermondsey, where he was addressing an open-air meeting. Sixty or seventy men, decorated from head to foot with hop leaves and brandishing quart pots in their hands, attempted to storm the platform; while others even tried to cut the ropes fastening the supports of the platform—a wicked design which, had it succeeded, must have led to a serious accident.

Besides such gross outrages, the subtler forms of opposition, which consist in banter and ridicule, have to be faced by nearly all Temperance reformers. J. B. Gough, the great Temperance orator, whose wonderfully eloquent orations were listened to with unbounded delight by tens of thousands, was never more really effective than when he had to deal with a hostile audience. Watch him face a gathering of young men at Oxford. He has been warned to expect a hostile demonstration, and has been unable to get any prominent local man to take the chair. When he stands up to speak, the lecture hall resounds with a confused hubbub of shouts and laughter. There is no malice in it, but a spirit of boyish fun seems to have seized the audience. Gough stands calmly waiting for the noise to subside. He is rather amused than perturbed, for he has the good fortune to be endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous. Whenever the demonstrators give him a chance he

interjects a sentence of his address. "What is the cause," he asks, "of the intemperance of Great Britain?" In reply a thin, squeakish voice lisps out, "Temperanth thothietieth," and there is a roar of laughter. Catching the exact tone of the speaker, Gough, who has been an actor and is an admirable mimic, replies, "I beg your pardon, sir, but it is not temperanth thothietieth at all," at which there is another laugh, this time at the expense of the interrupter. Then the uproar begins again; some whistle, some sing, some crow, some bray.

At last the lecturer shouts, "Gentlemen, I have a proposition to make." "Proposition!" "Let's hear it!" cry some of the audience, and there is a lull in the tumult. "What I propose is," says Gough, "that you shall choose your champion, and he and I shall take the platform for ten minutes each, turn and turn about; and the audience shall judge who is the victor in this contest, he or I. That's fair." "Yes, that's fair," they assent, and at once begin in a spirit of fun to suggest champions. No champion, however, is forthcoming, and at length Gough is permitted to continue with very slight opposition, and is loudly cheered at the end.

Even that most genial and popular of Temperance advocates, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, has had to meet some fierce storms of opposition. On one occasion at a Temperance meeting at Exeter the opposition developed into a perfect riot, which even the presence of the Bishop, the late Dr. Temple, in the chair was not able to restrain. The rioters broke the chairs and used the fragments as weapons of offence. The Bishop kept his seat, perfectly calm and collected; while Sir Wilfrid vainly essayed to make himself heard. They were bombarded with missiles which included onions and little balls of flour. One of the onions, which passed close to the Bishop's face, was afterwards picked up and grown by a gentleman who witnessed the strange scene. When the bombardment ceased, the publicans and their friends attempted to storm the platform. As the police declined to interfere, the meeting had to be abandoned, and the lecturer and chairman emerged from the contest uninjured but smothered with flour.

Perhaps there never was a more exciting Temperance meeting than one which was held on June 6th, 1871, in the London Guildhall. In the eyes of some of the City Fathers there was something almost impious in the very idea of a Temperance meeting in the historic home of revelry and feasting, and they were ready to endorse the remonstrances of "the trade" when it became known that the Lord Mayor had granted the use of the Guildhall to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends for a meeting in support of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill then before the House of Commons. In a spirit of compromise the Lord Mayor imposed upon the promoters of the meeting the conditions that half the platform tickets should be given to the licensed victuallers and half the time of the meeting should be at their disposal for submitting an amendment to the resolution. Here was promise of a lively encounter. The hall was filled long before the time for beginning the meeting, and the courtyard was thronged with partisans of the rival causes and with curious onlookers attracted by the prospect of exciting developments. A line of tall City policemen were ranged along each side of the hall, their official impassiveness contrasting curiously with the excited condition of many of the audience.

The Lord Mayor, who presided, briefly explained the order of proceedings. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was to move a resolution in favour of the Bill, which was to be seconded by Mr. Samuel Pope, after which Mr. Alderman Gibbon would propose and Mr. Lawley, a member of the Common Council, would second an amendment. Sir Wilfrid, on rising to speak, was greeted with a babel of sounds, applause mingling with opposition, but the opposition prevailing sufficiently to prevent his being heard. The genial baronet adopted an expedient which has proved useful to many a speaker in similar case: he delivered an animated discourse to the reporters' table. Mr. Pope did the same, and even Mr. Alderman Gibbon, the champion of the liquor interest, fared no better—perhaps because the shouters at the back of the hall were unable to distinguish friend from foe. The Lord Mayor then decided that a vote should be taken, but amidst such a hubbub it was not easy to get an intelligible expression of opinion. The publicans on the platform raised great posters bearing the words, "Vote for the amendment," but in spite of their efforts the amendment was declared lost. The Lord Mayor then retired to his private room, the partisans of Bung trooped out of the hall, and Gog and Magog looked down upon a calmer scene. Some of the more zealous of the Temperance party remained singing hymns, and with speeches of mutual encouragement strengthening each other's hands for the conflict.

XUM

IN THE STRAITS OF TIME



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–XI.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, a Huguenot girl, is being educated at the famous Abbaye-aux-Bois. Her school friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, is married to the Duc de Maillebois, and at the wedding Yvonne meets the young Chevalier Réné de Beaumanoir, and they are mutually attracted to each other. After the wedding, the girl-bride Gabrielle returns to the convent school with Yvonne, and the Duke her husband goes on an embassy to Rome, and takes Réné with him. Yvonne meets Réné again at the Palace of Versailles, when King Louis receives the Doge of Genoa. There she also meets her guardian, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who abruptly removes her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to his house.

CHAPTER XII.

"OH, how you weary me! You are so slow, Rosalie. There, put Zozo on my lap and give me my chocolate."

It was the Marquise de Vaudreuil who spoke, in fretful complaint, as she leant back languidly amongst her silken cushions, to recover from the fatigue of her endless, elaborate toilette. She was wrapped in the soft folds of a rose-coloured satin gown, whose delicate tints were repeated in the hangings of the wall. In the long mirror opposite, she could see the reflection of a face whose age it would have been impossible to define, so skilful and laborious was the art with which it had been enamelled and painted and powdered. Her hair, dyed of a wonderful golden hue, was elaborately dressed in a mass of little curls on each side of the forehead, and as she gazed on her own image, with ever-increasing inward satisfaction, the lady's good-humour returned.

"After all, you were right, Rosalie. I did well not to have my own hair cut shorter, for the fashion of these ringlets may change."

"But they are ravishing, Madame; the coiffure suits you perfectly. Monsieur Binet, the King's perruquier, could not have excelled this," murmured Rosalie, with a rapt expression, as she admired her own handiwork.

At that moment, there came a sharp, imperative rap at the chamber door.

"Does Madame receive so early?" asked the discreet waiting maid.

Her mistress gave one quick glance around at the stately bed, with its brocaded hangings, the toilet table with its glitter of silver ornaments, the attractive disorder of silk and lace. She smiled at herself in the glass, and gave a nod of assent.

"Monsieur le Marquis de Vaudreuil" was solemnly announced. There was a moment of strained silence, but Rosalie could scarcely hide her amusement, as she thought to herself:

"Only her husband. What a disappointment for Madame."

With a sniff of disgust at the heavy, perfumed atmosphere, Monsieur came forward abruptly, and slightly bowed over his wife's outstretched hand, laden with jewelled rings.

"You did not expect me, Olympe; but I have serious matters to discuss. Can you give me your full attention?" And he looked meaningly in the direction of the maid.

"You can go, Rosalie; and remember that

I do not receive for the next half-hour," said Madame, with admirable self-control, for the blow was severe. "Lie still, my sweet Zozo; no one shall hurt you," she added, stroking the long, silken hair of her little Blenheim spaniel, who had begun to bark at the intruder.

When the maid had demurely left the room, she looked up at the Marquis, who was pacing backwards and forwards on the parqueted floor.

"Sit down, I pray you. My nerves cannot stand the noise of your tramping feet. It is about that girl, I presume?"

"Your discernment does you credit," he replied impatiently, as he flung himself into a deep, brocaded chair. "The time has come for decided action with regard to Yvonne. The lucky accident of meeting her at Versailles yesterday solved the question of taking her from the convent at once. Now the game is in our own hands, if we play it well."

"Which means that you want my help. What am I to do?" was the plaintive inquiry. "If you had followed my advice, you would have married her to Adolphe years ago, and sent her to the convent afterwards. Now you see what has happened. She is as much of a heretic as ever, and the wedding no nearer."

"But I tell you, Olympe, it was impossible. She was my ward, and known to be a Huguenot. All the world would have cried out against me then, and, as you know, a breath of scandal would have ruined me with the King."

"Talk of scandal, what will happen when our debts can be hidden no longer?" she sneered. "You are bad enough, but Adolphe is a mad gambler. And all my fortune is eaten up already. It is fortunate that poor little Louison will never want a dowry."

"What about your jeweller and your dressmaker, Madame?" asked her husband, with irritating calmness, as he lightly waved his hands, with an air of detachment, which took in the whole luxurious chamber, and then let his eyes rest on the pink satin garment.

"Oh, Madame Dio must wait. I bring her so much custom," was the somewhat uneasy reply. "Well, after all, our interests are the same. Tell me, what part do you wish me to play?"

"At length, Olympe, you understand reason. I cannot by force compel this wilful girl to renounce her religion and marry Adolphe; but she is young and attractive, and therefore open to flattery. We must win her over, and for that I look chiefly to you, Madame, though, of course, Adolphe must be ever in attendance. You will take her out constantly into the society of Court and fashionable life, of which you are so brilliant an ornament. Yvonne will soon learn to love it, and then she must be made to understand that her marriage will be the only key to all that makes life worth having."

Mollified by the unexpected compliment to herself, the Marquise de Vaudreuil remarked in a more amiable mood:

"Ah, but all this will cost money?"

"And money will be forthcoming. I manage the property of my ward, and a large income for her expenses will be legally at our service. You shall have a letter of credit for Madame Dio, of any sum you like to name."

The bribe was irresistible, and Madame la Marquise forgot all about her nerves and vapours, and smilingly consented to everything. When her husband left her, it was with the comfortable assurance that he had done a good morning's work, and secured an invaluable ally.

Madame de Vaudreuil tinkled a silver bell for her maid, who must have been suspiciously near the door, for she came in at once, with a startled air.

"Rosalie, quick, give me my tablets," cried her mistress, with eager alertness. "What are my coming engagements? Send Antoine to fetch the last *Gazette* and a print of the *Mercure Galant*, if it is to be had anywhere. I would make sure that I have invitations for every *fête* and every reception. Ah, I remember, the great *carrousel* of Monsieur le Dauphin at Versailles is on the fourth of June. Listen, I must have a new gown for that. Tell me, how much time is there?" The maid consulted the calendar of saints' days, hung above the desk, and with some trouble made it out.

"Madame, to-day is Thursday, the seventeenth of May; that will leave a fortnight from next Monday."

"No time to lose! Then there is the picnic which the King gives at Marly on the 15th of June. Something pastoral and Arcadian would suit me for that, quite the shepherdess. What do you think, Rosalie? We will consult Madame Dio at once"

"But, Madame," stammered the maid, opening her eyes wide in wonder, "you wished to economise. You remember what a scene she made last time, and you vowed——"

"Ah, but all that is changed, you stupid creature!" exclaimed the Marquise, starting to her feet and dropping Zozo, who began whining

at this sudden and undeserved neglect. "No one fits me as she does. And I tell you I am going to pay her. I am going to order as many dresses as I like. Send Antoine to the Rue de Grenelles, or, better still, go yourself. Tell her to bring brocades and gold and silver tissue—everything of the newest and most costly. And Rosalie, I forgot. Where is Mademoiselle de la Féronniere?"

"She is with Mademoiselle Louise, who is merry as I have not seen her for many a day. They are chattering together like two children; 'tis a wonder to see."

"Yes, the girl has a good temper, and will be easy to manage," was the half aside. "By-the-bye, what is that maid of Mademoiselle's like? Is she any good?" asked the mistress abruptly.

"A quiet old frump, Madame; only fit to look after the shabby black gowns her mistress brought from the convent."

"But you must be friends with her, Rosalie, and find out all her secrets. We must leave no stone unturned."

"Ah well, Madame, that will be easy enough, for this Madelon is a good sort of body. She has given me a recipe for the famous water of the Queen of Hungary, and she sat up last night by the bedside of the scullion who lies sick with fever. There are not many of her kind in this household," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"No, indeed. You are all a worthless, insolent pack, who care for no one but yourselves!" exclaimed the Marquise haughtily.

"And whose fault is that?" asked the maid, with sudden pertness. "True, we may have some freedom; but then our wages are never paid, save to M. Richard, the cook, who would not stay without them."

"Rosalie, how dare you!" was the first indignant cry; but a moment's thought convinced the injured lady that there was nothing to be gained by violence. She must have an ally for the task before her, and never grudge to pay the price.

"One forgets these trifles. Tell me, how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, Madame! For one whole year—twenty crowns!" gasped the tire-woman, scarcely able to believe her ears, and not knowing if her mistress had taken leave of her senses, or had come into a fortune.

"Why do you stare at me like that? Do as I bid you, and you shall be paid to-morrow."

"Do you mean it? Am I dreaming?" said Rosalie, under her breath. But the words which followed had a ring of truth in them.

"Now listen, my good girl. You can help me. You must make friends with this Madelon, and get her to tell you everything. You know that Monsieur Adolphe is to marry Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, his cousin? Well, she must be happy with us, she must meet with smiling faces on all sides, she must be the spoiled child of the house—and on the day of her wedding I will give you fifty crowns."

"Fifty crowns! Why, 'tis a dowry for me!" murmured the maid, with her thoughts full of that tempting, fabulous bait.

"Then we understand each other, Rosalie; so lose no more time," said her mistress, with feverish eagerness. "Go yourself and fetch Madame Dio here at once; promise her anything. And as you descend, ask Mademoiselle Yvonne to give me the pleasure of a visit in my chamber."

The maid obeyed, with joyful alacrity; and Madame la Marquise had scarcely time to mould her plans into working shape, before a gentle knock at the door announced the arrival of the young heroine in the forthcoming drama. She was welcomed with effusion.

"My sweet child! Come and sit by my side, and tell me all about yourself. I have scarcely had time to speak to you yet. How glad you must be to leave that dull convent!"

"Ah, Madame, I was very happy there," said the girl, in the loyalty of her heart.

"But you will be far happier with us, my Yvonne. And you must not call me 'Madame,' so coldly; say 'My dear aunt.' We must be the best of friends; for, indeed, I am more like an elder sister—the same colouring, the same complexion." And she shook out her fair curls, with a simpering glance of recognition at her face in the mirror.

Yvonne was silent, in sheer amazement. She looked round the gorgeous, over-decorated boudoir, where luxury and self-indulgence glared at her from every side, while she could scarcely breathe in the stifling, perfumed atmosphere. Then, with clear youthful vision, keen to detect falseness and artifice, she felt how all centred round and matched the painted doll before her. Well might her heart sink at the thought that henceforth, this would be her guide and companion.

Madame read the girl's expression according to her own nature. Surely she must be full of envy and longing at the sight of all these beautiful things.

XUM



"'You did not expect me, Olympe; but I have serious matters to discuss.'"—*p.* 454.

"My poor child. You have had a hard life, with no pleasures; but now all is changed. Fie, that horrid little convent frock! What is your maid thinking of? You must never wear it again, my beauty. I have sent for my modish dressmaker, and your toilettes shall be a dream. I can fancy you in a soft, shimmering green of Venetian silk, with water-lilies, and again in a heavenly blue tabbinet, worked with silver thread. Ah, but Madame Dio will be in ecstasy to adorn such a face and figure. And your hair, child—goodness! what liquid gold!"

As she spoke she playfully loosened the comb which held up the coiled mass, and Yvonne's long tresses fell like a veil round her shoulders.

"Yes; it must be dressed in the last mode—little curls like mine—and it will be adorable!"

But this was more than the girl could endure. "Ah, Madame, I pray you leave me as I am!" she exclaimed, and there was such a note of real alarm in her voice that her aunt replied soothingly:

"Well, well; we will make no change at present. It must be called 'the bashful maid,' which will be *piquante*; or, better still, 'Madonna like,' for that will please Madame de Maintenon. She affects simplicity, and is pious beyond expression. That reminds me, you must become one of Madame's 'Ladies of the Office of Charity,' which I joined when she started it last year. And when we are with the Court at Versailles, you shall go with me every day to Vespers in chapel, and carry your little taper, to make sure that the King recognises you. You shall have my Director, Dom Orson, or the Abbé de Sainte Croix—with him confession is a delight. He has so much knowledge of the world.

"But indeed, Madame, I have no need of a Director, and I do not go to Confession, for I am a Huguenot——"

"Oh, I knew what you would say; but that will come all right!" interrupted her aunt impatiently. "Now find Madelon to dress your hair, and bid her bring down the dresses you had for Versailles, to await the coming of Madame Dio."

Yvonne needed no second telling. With a sigh of relief she made her escape, and scarce drew breath till she had reached the quiet haven of her own chamber. Once there, with closed door, she threw herself on a low stool by her bedside, and buried her face in her hands.

Oh, the shame, the indignity of it all! To think that all her high hopes and aspirations should dwindle down to this. That she should grow earthwards, and become in time such another as that painted woman, with no soul above the choosing of a silken gown and the fondling of a lap-dog. She shivered at the thought; surely it was impossible.

Then before her troubled spirit, there rose up the crowded story of the last few days. Was she indeed the same Yvonne whose horizon had so lately been bounded by the convent walls; who had passed thence to a world of enchantment, of which the very memory made her eye flash and the warm blood mantle to her cheek?

She saw herself back at Versailles, in those stately gardens where joy had kept tryst with her, and echoed back the secret of her heart. Then had come the sharp awakening, when all her happy dreams had melted away. Her guardian's voice, pompous and honied, still echoed in her ears, like the trump of doom.

"My child, we have neglected you too long. You will abide in the convent no longer—nay, this very day you shall return with us to our home, and take your rightful place as a daughter of our house."

Yet for all her despair, the young girl's eyes grew luminous, and a dreamy smile played round her lips, as she remembered that game of tennis in the Royal court, where Réné had been the conqueror and the King himself had applauded, and her foolish heart had accepted it as omen for the future. Nor was this all, for the Chevalier de Beaumanoir had dared to claim her as his partner in the final *contre-danse* at the great Court ball that night!

But the radiant flash of a moment faded away, and dark shadows closed in around her. Too well she knew that ere daybreak he had set off on his long ride southwards to join his ship at Toulon, and that every minute the distance which severed them grew apace.

Would they ever meet again?

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was high noon of a cloudy June day, when a great painted coach, drawn by six horses, with postilions in green and white, lumbered into the courtyard of the Hôtel Vaudreuil. A couple of lacqueys, in the same livery, swung themselves down from the back of the chariot, and threw open the door. One on each side, they supported

Madame la Marquise, muffled up in the many folds of her long pink mantle, down the wooden steps placed there to assist her descent. She had scarcely touched the rough paving stones before a young girl lightly sprang, unaided, to the ground by her side, and at the same moment there came a fretful cry from an open lattice window above.

"Yvonne, Yvonne! Come and tell me all about it!"

"Truly that child becomes intolerable!" exclaimed her mother impatiently. "What is Bichon thinking of, to suffer such misconduct? She must be punished——"

"No, no, Madame," interrupted a fresh young voice, in eager pleading. "Poor Louise had so few pleasures; let me go to her."

And without waiting for an answer, the girl tripped swiftly up the polished staircase, with a light tapping of her dainty, high-heeled shoes. She never paused until she had crossed a dark passage and entered a long narrow room, where she was welcomed with a cry of delight.

"Dear Yvonne! I knew you would come. Now, quick, take off that loose dress, that I may see your Court gown. Ah, how lovely!" and her cousin's voice died away in a long-drawn sigh, as Mademoiselle de la Féronniere unloosed her silken cloak, which dropped with a soft rustle to the ground.

There could scarcely have been a greater contrast than the two cousins. The tall, slight girl, with her lovely face and rich glowing colour, her golden hair dressed high above her brow, in her clinging gown of palest blue taffetas, richly embroidered with silver thread—a delicate picture of radiant beauty.

And the other? Alas, poor Louise Éléonore de Vaudreuil! A hunch-backed cripple, with a thin, white face, already deeply lined, not with age but suffering; whose pinched features bore the sad record of her twelve long years of hopeless endurance. This was no meek, patient creature; the ministry of pain had brought no shrouded blessing, no healing touch to this ungentle nature; only peevish complaining and bitter rebellion against a cruel fate.

But for one brief moment, she forgot everything in a girlish delight at the sight of pretty clothes. "Now turn round; let me see you from every side," was the eager demand. "'Tis a dream of beauty! Madame Dio has surpassed herself, for I never saw the like."

The child's voice broke off in a long gasp of admiration, which was perilously near a sob. Yvonne, who was watching her with yearning pity, was quick to perceive that the excitement was too much for her, and that her sharp, piercing eyes were suddenly dimmed with tears. In another moment she had covered up her finery, and taking a seat by her cousin's side, she began her story in low, eager tones.

"Yes, Louise, dear, the *carrousel* was a wonderful sight, and you shall hear all about it. We had the Wars of Granada, with the most splendid Moors, the most stately Spaniard hidalgos! How I wish you could have seen those wonderful costumes. It was a gorgeous pageant. There were eight quadrilles, of which the first was led by Monseigneur le Dauphin, and the second by the Duc de Bourbon. Then the great procession defiled in order round the camp, to the sound of trumpets and tymbals, and spirited martial music, till they reached the amphitheatre where the King sat in state."

"And where was your place, Yvonne? Did you sit on a balcony where everyone could see you?" asked Louise, looking up at her with admiring eyes.

"Yes, dear; we were on the raised seats, with the rest of the Court, and had a fine view of the Tournament. It was most exciting to look down on the gallant knights in armour, jousting on horseback with lance and spear, and shooting with crossbows and arrows. Prince Camille de Lorraine carried off the prize on the first day, but the Marquis of Plumartin was the winner in the end. How I wish you could have been there with us, dear Louise! You would have enjoyed it more than anyone."

She broke off with a tremulous chord of sympathy in her voice; but the unwonted touch of kindness seemed to sting the cripple's sensitive passionate nature.

"Do not lie to me, Cousin Yvonne; I will have none of your pity!" she cried. "You would be ashamed to have me by your side, in the midst of your fine company, like a death's head at the feast!" And she looked up with fierce defiance, into the gentle face bent down to her.

"Believe me, if it would give you pleasure I should be proud to attend you to the King's Court, with the noblest of the land. Will you not accept my friendship and trust my sincerity, dear?"

The grave words were spoken with such an accent of truth and love, that the girl's angry spirit was hushed and soothed.

"Yes; I know that I am a wicked girl,"

she sighed, "and sometimes jealousy seems to well-nigh drive me mad. But there is some excuse. See what a glorious world this is for other girls, and then look at me, a wretched hunchback, a thing to shun with horror. Think of it, Yvonne. Here am I, no cold saint like you, but a warm-blooded human creature, with the keenest craving for life and joy—so young too, yet a prisoner for all the weary years in this deformed body. 'Tis a very death in life."

There was something so terrible in this self-revelation of a soul in agony, that for a moment Yvonne was dumb; but with her instinctive longing to speak some word of comfort, presently she murmured:

"Try to look upon it as the will of God, for your good in some way that we cannot see now."

"Ah, you are like all the rest with your tame platitudes. Is it for my good that I am fed on bitterness until I hate the very name of a God who can be so cruel, so unjust? What have I done to deserve this awful punishment?" she demanded, in sullen despair.

Yvonne was silent. Who was she that she should justify the ways of God to man? But she stooped forward and kissed the flushed, burning cheek.

"Listen to me," continued Louise. "You shall hear my story, and then talk to me of God and religion, if you can. Picture to yourself a sweet little girl-child, the darling of the household, petted and spoiled by all—why, even my mother was proud of me, for I was an added charm to the attraction of her *salon*.

"One day my father carried me off in his arms to the ante-chamber, to show me, and make his boast, with happy pride, to some boon companions. He tossed me up to the ceiling, as he had so often done before. They tell me that I was brave and full of spirit for a babe, that I loved the rapid movement, and crowed aloud with delight. But this time, by some unknown trick of fate, he failed to catch me in his outstretched arms; I fell heavily on a marble pedestal, and in a moment my whole life was wrecked. When the slow mischief revealed itself, no cost was spared. Heaven and earth were appealed to, in vain. Not a chirurgeon of repute but tried his hand on me, from the Docteur Passerat to the Capucins du Louvre. Not a gruesome remedy or a blood-curdling charm was I spared. Bichon will tell you all about them by the hour together.

"When there was no hope from mortal man, then Heaven was assailed, with lavish alms and weary pilgrimages, but all alike was of no avail. The petted darling became a cripple, a hunchback, a thing of terror and loathing."

"Dear Louise! Ah, the pity of it!" murmured Yvonne. Her gaze rested with wistful tenderness on the eager face, so distorted with rage and yet so keen and vivid, with the piercing eyes that shone like stars. Then a sudden thought struck her, and some happy instinct bid her give it expression. Almost unconsciously she exclaimed:

"How clever you are, *ma cousine*. What a gift you have for telling a story. As I listened to you, I saw it all acted before me like a moving picture. You would make a marvellous story teller."

The chance arrow pierced the mark. The poor girl looked up with a new light on her countenance.

"Do you think so, indeed? Sometimes I have wondered. Ah yes, I am clever, I know it. I hear all that is said, I never forget anything, I read the people about me like a book. As an instance, I can see through my mother's powder and paint, and her false golden hair, and she hates me for it. I am a reproach and disgrace to her."

"Hush, hush, dear!" interrupted her cousin, startled once more at the violence and bitterness of her tone. "Let us talk about yourself. Women do write sometimes. There was Louise Labé, and Dame Pernette, and La Reine Marguérite, not so long ago. They say, too, that Madame de Sévigné's letters are charming, and the King himself is delighted to be allowed to read one. Then there is Mademoiselle de Scudéry; have you read her "Conversations Nouvelles?"

"Oh yes, my father buys me books. But what will you say if I tell you that I love the dramas of Monsieur Racine, and that I too have tried my hand at verse? I will show you a new couplet of mine, if you promise not to betray me. I am supposed to be for ever working at this eternal tapestry, but I have my tablets and inkhorn always at hand.

"Hark! who is that riding into the courtyard?" she cried, turning towards a small mirror placed at right angles to the window, where she could see reflected all that happened below. "Ah, it is Adolphe. Dear Yvonne, you are ever good to me. Now listen and I will repay you. You must not marry him," she hissed out in a fierce whisper. "He is cruel, he only wants your fortune. I am sure

there is some plot, but I will be on the watch and warn you. Now, quick, talk of other things; be bright and gay, for he will steal in upon us unawares."

It was as she said. A few minutes later the door opened noiselessly, and Louise, much daring, exclaimed with a light laugh: "So you see, dear, he admires you more than ever, and, for my part, I look upon you as my sister already." Then she turned, and gave a well-acted start of surprise at the sight of her brother.

He was in wondrous good temper. Plainly all had gone well with him at the great Court *fête*, and the words which he had overheard seemed to him of good omen. He came forward with a gallant bow.

"Ah, my fair cousin, I find you, as usual, engaged in good works. Now that you have cheered the solitude of my little sister, will you not make me happy too, and join me in long-promised game of *mail?* We have the whole afternoon before us, and I am sure you will soon learn to play."

A quick meaning look passed between the two girls, and Yvonne, prompt to take the hint she received, replied:

"I shall be glad, my cousin, if it will give you pleasure, and you have the patience to teach me."

So it was arranged that they were to drive to the ground immediately after the middle day meal, and she withdrew to put on an appropriate costume. Mademoiselle de la Féronniere had only yielded to her cousin's request as a matter of diplomacy, and to please Louise; but, contrary to all her expectations, she enjoyed the game of *mail* very much, and proved herself a most apt pupil.

To a young girl of her simple tastes, it was delightful to be freed for a time from elaborate toilettes, and to take wholesome exercise in the open air, such as she had been accustomed to at the Abbaye-aux-Bois; and never before had Adolphe de Vaudreuil been so courteous and attentive, and appeared to her in such a favourable light as when he was seriously teaching her the game he delighted in. On that June afternoon there were other players on the ground, which was a fashionable resort just out of Paris. De Vaudreuil made the most of his opportunity in flaunting his intimacy with this beautiful companion, of whom report already spoke as his promised bride.

In many respects this game of *mail* was much like our golf; but it was played with balls made of box-tree root, and one of the clubs was like a shovel—flat, thin, and broad—while another was hammer-shaped, like our croquet mallets. Yvonne was taught how to put out her left foot in starting; how to "slow back," not raising the club too high.

"Now look at me," cried her teacher. "You



"She threw herself on a low stool by her bedside, and buried her face in her hands."—*p.* 458.

see that the swing is the thing. The wider the curve you make with the club the better, but you must never lose sight of the ball."

"Ah, that was a splendid stroke!" she cried in admiration, as his ball shot straight out into the distance and was lost to sight.

"You should see Louis Brun, of Provence," he replied, in a self-deprecating tone. "Why, they say that he can drive four hundred yards! But that passes my credit. Down there in the south they are not allowed to *mettre la boule en beau* ["tee" it], for each stroke, as we do in Paris. Now try again, Yvonne. No; you must not raise the left elbow, in the style of fat Madame de St. Quentin yonder!

"You must take the ball boldly. You observe that we have arrived at *la passe*," he said, and pointed to a raised iron circle. "I must show you what to do. We take the lofter, and with a light touch lift it over." He first showed her the stroke, and then handed her a lofting iron, with much solemnity, that she might follow his example.

By this time the girl was too much in earnest herself to smile at his eagerness, and she did not notice even that quite a group of spectators had gathered around them. She had never looked more beautiful—her eyes bright with excitement, a delicate colour on her cheeks, and her radiant golden hair escaping in vagrant curls from her little velvet cap. Adolphe could not fail to see the admiring glances turned towards her. He valued her accordingly, and his pulses quickened at the thought of his coming victory.

He knew her to be, so far, an obstinate heretic; he more than divined her deep prejudice against him; and yet he registered an inward vow that, in spite of everything, he would win this lovely creature, cold and pure as a snowdrift, for his bride. He would use every art, every subtle wile, to conquer her proud will; and Louise should be his tool and accomplice. Hitherto his cousin's great fortune had been the main attraction, but now other feelings awoke. It was Yvonne herself that he wanted, and with new zest he set himself to strain every nerve in the exciting pursuit.

The girl was young and fresh enough to love air and movement, gay sights, and pleasant games. She should have them. He would study her tastes; bring all his cunning wit and cleverness into the contest. Her days should be one round of gaiety and excitement; and when all this had become indispensable to her, she should learn the unflinching truth, that marriage with him was the only "open sesame" to happiness.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW era had begun for Yvonne. She was so full of life and spirit, so radiant in her perfect health and vigour, that it was little wonder her physical nature should rebel against its long suppression, and crave for mere earthly enjoyment. The temptations which surrounded her were most insidious, for the girl was no pale saint, with languid pulse and ascetic instincts, but a very human creature, who rejoiced in her youth. To her the game of *mail* was an ever fresh delight, whilst a long ride on a spirited Arab carried her back in memory to the careless country joys of her childhood, when horses and dogs were her cherished companions.

Even the gay and frivolous society of the Court, from which at first she had been disposed to shrink with vague misgivings, now gave her more pleasure than she cared to own. The ceaseless round of *fêtes* at Versailles, the royal picnics in the forest of Marly and Fontainebleau, the fashionable and literary gatherings in Paris itself, where all was so bright and vivid, could not fail to charm her, when beyond the devoted attentions of her cousin she found herself courted, and admired, and surrounded on all sides by a subtle atmosphere of flattery.

Adolphe de Vaudreuil was wise in his generation. He soon learnt that this girl, whose attractions grew upon him day by day, must be taken on her own terms, and treated simply as a comrade; one touch of sentiment would ruin all. Thus it was that in the eagerness of his new pursuit, he spared no time, nor labour, nor expense, to crowd the young girl's days with every varied form of amusement.

His father looked on in crafty silence at the little drama acted before him, well pleased, and yet at the same time not without a touch of contempt, for even the heiress was scarcely worth all this unwearied devotion from an egoist like Adolphe. But one element was left out of his account, for if ever the Marquis de Vaudreuil himself had indulged in the passing weakness of love, it was so long ago that he had forgotten all about it.

As for little crippled Louise, from whose keen eyes nothing was hid, she was inscrutable, and gave no sign, but bore with stolid patience the inevitable loneliness and neglect. It may be that she foresaw a catastrophe, and simply bided her time.

Meantime, Yvonne's hours of waking life were so full and absorbing that she had no time for more serious thought. Even at night, when old Madelon lingered about her chamber, full of wistful longing to warn and counsel, her mistress was too sleepy and tired after the day's pleasure to take much notice. But a sharp awakening was at hand for the slumbering soul.

On a certain Monday, July 16th, the Vaudreuils were all to be favoured guests at one of the most magnificent *fêtes* ever known, even in that age of luxury. It was given by the

Marquis de Seignelay, Secretary of State, in his splendid gardens at Sceaux, some miles south of Paris, and was a special compliment to the King in honour of the coming marriage—the fulfilment of his heart's desire—that of the Duc de Bourbon and Mademoiselle de Nantes.

The great painted State chariot, with its six Flemish horses, lumbered round to the doorway of the hotel betimes, and after awhile Madame de Vaudreuil and Yvonne, in gorgeous dresses, mounted the steps and took their places, in leisurely fashion, with due attendance of obsequious lacqueys. Lastly, Adolphe joined them, resplendent in a casaque of peacock blue velvet, richly braided with gold, worn outside a waistcoat trimmed with ribbons; while his new wig, with its long curls, was an elaborate work of art, of which he was justly proud.

The Marquis de Vaudreuil had preceded them, as he was in attendance on the King, and would form part of his suite from Versailles. His fortunate position ensured for his family the most exclusive seats on this great occasion.

"We are much flattered that you honour us with your company, instead of riding alone, Adolphe," hazarded his mother, looking up at him with a furtive side glance, as she rustled her brocades in a nervous, fidgety manner.

If there was one person in the world whom she feared more than her husband, it was her cold, sarcastic son; and she could not grow accustomed to this new phase of behaviour—this amazing show of respect and courtly devotion.

"The honour is on my side, Madame *ma mère*. Ah, you ladies dazzle me with your splendour!" was his suave reply, as he made a low bow to his cousin, placing the three-cornered hat, with sweeping plumes, on the seat by his side.

The young man was in the best of tempers, he was satisfied with his appearance, and felt that all was going well with his suit. During the slow, tedious drive, for the poor horses never achieved so much as a trot with their ponderous burden, he set himself to beguile and entertain his companions by his witty conversation. There were difficulties even here, as he well knew; pitfalls to be avoided in the way of Court scandal, unseemly jests, or ill-natured comments; so he fell back on the never-failing resource of the skilled talker—his own personal experiences.

"Did I ever tell you, my dear cousin, how once, when M. Bontems was suddenly taken ill, I was for one whole day in personal attendance on his Majesty?"

"It must have been a very serious charge, to judge from your solemn tone," said Yvonne, with a light laugh.

"Hush, you foolish girl!" interposed Madame. "It is almost high treason to treat the King's service with such scant respect."

"Indeed, I assure you it was no light matter; the etiquette is most strict," continued Adolphe, taking no notice of the interruption. "I will begin, then, at dawn, with the story of the King's day. I went on duty at eight of the clock, walking delicately without my boots, not to disturb the royal slumber. A trusted lacquey of experience followed me, to bring in a basket of wood into the chamber, and replenish the stove, if needed. He then carried away on a silver tray the collation—a cold fowl and other delicacies—placed within reach at night, in case the King might awake and feel hungry; for, indeed, our liege hath a regal appetite. Moreover, he has a way of rising at midnight to feed his dogs.

"Next, the attendant took away the mortar, a silver vessel filled with water, in which floated a half-pound mould of yellow wax, with cotton wick in the centre. Besides this, there was a waxen taper in a silver candlestick on the floor, placed for safety in a silver basin, and burning all the night."

"Ah, did he indeed?" exclaimed his mother. "What waste! And may I ask was all this a perquisite of the valet?"

"Ah, who knows?" Adolphe shrugged his shoulders. "Shall I continue my tale? Next, the watch-bed, occupied by the head *valet de chambre*, was removed noiselessly by the servants, and my duty was to stand alone and in silence by the couch, until the inlaid clock should strike the half-hour. Think how I was trusted. Consider the responsibility of gazing thus on sleeping Majesty! But now there fell upon me the awful duty of awaking a Monarch!"

"What did you do?" asked Yvonne, much amused. "Did you shake him?"

"Shade of Cæsar, forbid it! No; I discreetly sighed and murmured, and made a few deferential sounds, until the royal sleeper roused himself, when I hastened to the door of the ante-chamber and announced pompously, 'His Most Christian Majesty no longer sleeps!'"

"It must have been a trying moment."

"Yes, indeed; and it left me breathless with agitation. Well, after an interval came the first *entrée*, when the King, seated in a great tapestried chair, received a few favoured guests to his toilette.

"Then came the royal breakfast—a small white loaf on an enamelled salver, and a little wine and water in a vase of gold enamel. Next your expectations, my cousin. But I hope I have not wearied you with my long story?"

"Oh, no; the ways of a King are full of interest. But if it is the same every day, it must become tedious."

"It is not for us to criticise such an exalted personage, my niece. I have already had occasion to reprove your levity," said Madame, in an aggrieved tone.



"'The honour is on my side.'"—*p.* 463.

followed the *grande entrée*, when the toilette was complete, and all the visitors whom the King delighted to honour were suffered to pass within the balustrade. Later, the King dined alone.

"The afternoon is given to pleasure. His Majesty has a craving for the fresh air, and also a talent for receptions. That is why so many picnics in the forests of Marly and Fontainebleau have become State functions in the summer time, when there is no hunting, which is his greatest passion."

"Ah, yes!" cried Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, with kindling eyes. "To hunt the stag in the forest of Fontainebleau—it must be a pastime indeed, worthy of a King's delight."

"And of his invited guests!" added Adolphe, with a smile. "You will find it surpass all

The silence which followed was most welcome to the young girl, for she was thrilling with eager excitement. At this coming *fête*, which rumour said was to surpass all that had ever been known in the way of magnificence, what might not be in store for her?

Yvonne scarcely dared to dwell upon the radiant hopes which flashed through her mind. Yet was it not more than possible that the Duc and Duchesse de Maillebois would be amongst the invited guests; and that, meeting her dear Gabrielle, she might have news of Réné?

Nay; was it even too wild a dream to imagine that some happy chance might have brought hither the young Chevalier himself, in attendance upon the King?

[END OF CHAPTER FOURTEEN.]

The Beauty of God.

By the Rev. Joseph Woodhouse, Chaplain to Horton Asylum, Epsom.

"The beauty of the Lord our God."—PSALM xc. 17.

IF the inscription of this old-time pilgrim song be accurate, it is Moses who brings the stately poem to a conclusion with the prayer that God's beauty may be upon His people Israel.

A brief study of the beauty of God will give to it no small amount of interest and inspiration.

Has the reader ever *seen* the beauty of God? I wish he could have seen it as I did when *I saw God give to the world a new day!*

1. It all comes back to me most vividly as I write. I was on board a steamer crossing the Channel. It had been a grand night, the sea perfectly calm. The sentinel stars had kept their silent watch throughout the darkness. There had been scarcely a fugitive puff of wind to ruffle the bosom of the sea, scarcely a fleck of cloud in the star-lit heavens. I watched, and I saw God give to the world a new day.

Away in the far east the soft light began to appear. The faint glow of the rising sun tinted ever so slightly at first the day's awakening. Little by little the kindly light spread, radiating softly above the horizon. Presently there shot up towards the high heavens, gleaming arrows of light—pink, amber, orange.

As I still watched, the rich glow deepened, the radiance widened, broadened. Farther and farther the rays spread, higher and higher the glory ascended. But a mist obscured the line in the far distance where sky and sea ever seem to meet.

Yet all the time the light was growing brighter, and the radiance more beautiful. The stars began to lose their lustre, and the night to yield her sovereignty to the coming day. Another moment—Yes!—there is the glowing edge of the sun, a burst of molten fire.

I watched intensely. While I gazed, it became larger and fuller. Higher still it rose, till the round disc of the sun's face fair blazed across the heavens. And God blessed His creatures with the gift of a new day. Indeed, I saw Him give the blessing! An intense rapture thrilled me, and I was conscious of receiving, while standing upon the steamer's deck, the wonderful gift as from God's own hand.

IT WAS THE BEAUTY OF GOD IN THE MIRACLE OF DAYBREAK!

2. Yet how quietly God did it! I could not hear the flight of one arrow of light through the thin air and up the dome of sky. I listened attentively, almost anxiously. I could not catch the faintest sound of the breaking of the day. I heard nothing of the drawing of the bolts as the gates of the morning were flung wide open. No sound was perceptible save the hiss and dash of the salt wavelets as they broke upon the steamer's iron sides while she ploughed her way resolutely forward.

And how many years, how many cycles of years God has been doing the same wonderful thing! Day by day He continues the miracle just as easily and as gloriously as when the first day was born in the remote beginning of things. "The beauty of the Lord our God" is in the daily marvel of daybreak.

3. Is it not also in a thousand common things that make the world so splendid where God's sons and daughters live and move and have their being?

It is seen in midday lustre, in twilight softening gleam, in midnight flicker of countless stars, and in silvery glow of the silent moon. It is in springtime loveliness, in summer's wealth of glory, in autumn's bounty, and in winter's frost and snow. It is in the flowers that carpet the earth; in flickering shadows of forest and glade; in the mountain crevasse; in the flashing river, the April shower, the scudding cloud. Everywhere—east and west, in city and hamlet, on the everlasting hills and hoary rocks, filling heaven and earth, belting the whole round world—God's infinite beauty clothes all His works.

4. How beautiful God HIMSELF must be to make the world so wondrously fair! Behind all the lavish loveliness of the works of His hands there are the precious thoughts of God whence all the beauty has sprung. And *every* divine thought is a beautiful idea that will clothe itself in some gracious ministry for man's welfare. And so many thoughts too! "If I could count them, they are more in number than the sand."

But are not the glories of rock and sky and sea, glen and forest and flower, only Nature's reflections of the moral and spiritual beauty of God's pure self? So beautiful is He that at the best Nature's marvellous works are but hints and suggestions of His real and glorious nature. What thrill was in the pilgrim song when the glades and rocks of the wilderness echoed with the chorus of the pilgrim host as they followed the moving cloud-pillar, singing as they went:

"Lord, Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God! . . .
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it!"

5. But what does it all signify? Does it not mean that the beauty of God is not gathered up and focussed in the glories of the material universe? Nature, in her vastness, and in her fairest mood, is not the complete revelation of God. Nature is not spiritual enough to reflect the whole beauty of God. The Lord Jesus Christ is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." "God is Spirit," and behind all material illustrations of God there are His moral excellencies. These constitute His supreme beauty, and they are manifest to the world in "His only begotten and well-beloved Son." "He that hath seen Me," is the Lord's own testimony, "hath seen the Father."

6. And is not the prayer of the pilgrim song "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," a legacy for devout hearts in all the ages to appropriate? Surely the open secret of Christ's gospel for to-day is that wherever spiritual union with the Lord Jesus is a reality it is possible to recover the blurred image and likeness of God. God's moral beauty can pervade the human soul by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. According to the measure of His capacity, by the might and mystery of faith, a man may be as full of God's beauty as God is full of it Himself. Notwithstanding all the limitations of life in the flesh, the believer in Christ may have "God dwelling in Him, the hope of glory." The truth is, God's spiritual beauty is unveiled before the whole universe in the unblemished character and scatheless life of the Son of God and Son of Man. And being rooted and grounded in Christ, whosoever will may grow up into Him in all things.

Hence it comes to pass that the beauty of Christ's strength to do right; the beauty of His meekness, gentleness, charity, unselfishness; the beauty of His conspicuous goodness and holiness, may clothe and adorn the soul of the man of faith to-day. In this way he may translate the prayer of the divine poem into his own redeemed and sanctified life. "The beauty of the Lord our God" may transfigure the life now lived in the flesh so that it may be a living epistle for God, known and read of all men.

Indeed, this divine beauty in man is not the baseless fabric of a dream. In the power of the Holy Spirit, and as silently as the breaking of the day, the transfigured life may show forth the praises of the Lord.

I have made it prominent because the beauty of character in the Lord Jesus Christ is the human representation of the moral and spiritual beauty of the invisible God. And the more we grow like Christ the more nearly we regain the lost image of God.

"LET THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD OUR GOD BE UPON US."

THE WHITE ENSIGN.

A Complete Story by E. Reid-Matheson.

EVERY morning without fail, since their marriage, Irene had waved her handkerchief to her husband as he turned the corner on his way to the station—every morning until to-day.

But this morning, though Adrian looked back as usual, the "White Ensign," as he called it, was not visible.

To think a little miss like that should make everything go wrong all day for two grown people!

Yet, however it may be in another world, in this it is precisely the small, trivial things which matter.

Adrian's face was blank, as he turned the corner to catch his train. How could he guess that Irene, the "White Ensign" crumpled in her small fist, was peeping from their bedroom window to see the last of him—but cautiously, from behind the lace curtain, that he might not know?

It was all the fault of that bicycle—if we may speak so of a bicycle that never existed.

Here, indeed, was the gist of the quarrel.

Irene considered that the bicycle could, should, and ought to exist; everybody cycled nowadays but herself.

Her two unmarried sisters had machines, and spent half their time in delightful excursion rides with friends. Why, *why* might not she take lessons and have a bicycle too?

Adrian had several objections, and in stating them he, man-like, made the fatal tactical blunder of mentioning his least objection, the £ s. d. aspect, first.

Irene had taken him up passionately. Not afford it, not *afford* it! What about his scheme to go for a week's trout-fishing in Hampshire with Jack Dayrell, at a pound a day per rod? Of course, that was another matter—that was for himself!

She had laughed a little dry laugh; and when Adrian, keeping his patience, went on to tell her that his chief reason for objection was fear of an accident, there was so much traffic on these suburban roads; and then the tram-lines—if he could always be with her—the little dry, disagreeable laugh came again.

Oh, really, he was most kind and thoughtful. What a pity she could not see his consideration in the right light!

At that point Adrian had risen from the breakfast table, and gone out, muttering under his breath.

Irene heard him in the hall brushing his hat. It was a thing she had never known him do before, because she always did it for him. Every morning she would say, as she gave it to him, "There now, isn't that a work of art?" and he would swear it looked better than new.

But that morning the hat came off with scant attention—a few short, sharp twists of the brush round its sleek black sides and top, and never a word of admiration.

For the little woman who tended it so deftly sat glued to her place at the breakfast table, one finger in her mouth and an angry light in her pretty eyes.

And then the slam of the front door, and the little woman, already an ache in her heart, had rushed upstairs to see Adrian out of sight.

Perhaps he would not look back; in any case there would be no white ensign for him to-day.

But he did look back, and the white ensign seemed to struggle to get free and wave; but small fingers held it tight.

Would Adrian really care?

Ah, well! it would never do for him to think she had forgotten her anger—her righteous anger—so soon.

If he did mind a little, he had certainly deserved it. So Irene, thrusting the crumpled handkerchief into her pocket, went downstairs, and took out the pretty silk shirt she was making for herself.

When she had bought the silk it had troubled her conscience a little that it had come to twice what she had reckoned it should; but when she told Adrian he only laughed and said all the better, nothing could be too good for her; some day she should have not only all the silk shirts she could manage to wear, but everything to correspond.

Adrian was confidential clerk to Brown and Mortimer, the well-known house and land agents, and as neither had a son to succeed him, Adrian had certain castles in the air.

Irene sewed for a few minutes in rather feverish haste; then pushed the work suddenly from her, and sat with a troubled frown, thinking.

Ten o'clock! And Adrian would not be home until half-past six. More than eight mortal hours to get through with that shadow between them. They had never parted so before. Tiffs



"Adrian had several objections,"—*p.* 467.

there had been, of course; and it came upon her now that she had done quite her share in beginning them, but they had never before parted without making it up.

"The butcher, please M'm."

"No order." Irene spoke sharply in her inward discomfort. "Stop, Mary"—the maid was closing the door—"tell him three lamb chops, nice ones."

True, there was still plenty of the cold beef; but to-night there should be chops. Adrian was fond of them.

Irene went into her neat little kitchen to finish ordering. There should be new potatoes for the lamb, and a gooseberry tart.

Gooseberries were very small yet, Mary said, and very dear.

"It is I who have to pay for them, Mary," said her mistress with unusual asperity, and in the same breath added an order for cream.

Mary stared, but said nothing; but, of course, she "'ad 'er thoughts."

Irene went back to her sewing, her troubled spirit for the moment soothed by the thought of having ordered Adrian's favourite dinner; but the relief was short-lived, and the prospect of those long hours before Adrian could know about her thought of him loomed longer and more dreary as the minutes dragged by. Irene sighed a hundred sighs in one, and put away the pretty silk shirt; it had less than no interest for her to-day. Then she remembered a pair of Adrian's gloves which lay holey and buttonless in the hall table drawer, and, upstairs, some shirts with the neck-band stud-holes sadly needing attention. Adrian had mentioned the things once or twice, and Irene had really meant to mend them, but somehow it had not got done. That morning saw all of them mended; remorse guided the needle, and upon one or two of the garments a hot, shining teardrop fell.

Irene strained her imagination to remember Adrian's face when he had looked back and seen no white ensign waving, and her distress urged her to misgivings which intensified as she harboured them. What if Adrian had taken her petulant words to heart, and——. She dared not formulate her thought.

If only she could see Adrian for a moment. How could she endure this suspense until half-past six? A wild idea came to her of taking train to town and going to her husband. It was gone in a moment. Adrian had no private room, but sat in the main office amongst half a dozen junior clerks. How could she say what she would want to say—that it was all her fault, and that she had never meant the unkind things she said? Or how could she tell but that he was sore and angry still, and might not listen? Or, worse still, that he had heeded the matter so little that he would wonder why she came? No, for every reason it would

never do; there was nothing for it but to wait.

Then another wild idea came to her: she would telegraph. Irene seized pencil and paper:

"Please forgive your wife; she is sorry. Wire reply."

But supposing Adrian should be absent or engaged, and that a fellow-clerk should open the telegram? Irene's cheek burned at the notion. Perhaps the whole affair had passed from Adrian's mind, and he would come back to her, his own affectionate, companionable self. In any case the telegram was impossible. With another sigh, fathoms deep, Irene laid down her pencil and worked on at the shirts till they were finished, though the modest little cold luncheon which Mary had set at one end of the table had been ready an hour ago.

Before Irene had eaten—it went against the grain to-day—a loud peal at the door bell set her a-tremble.

A telegram? Bad news of Adrian? Her heart stood still.

A loud, cheerful female voice asked if Mrs. Blunt were in. Irene remembered. It was Margaret Seeley, calling for her to go to the local tennis tournament.

"What, still feeding?" cried a lively young matron, who, entering, administered a hasty peck to Irene's cheek without lifting her veil, and subsided rather heavily into an arm-chair.

Irene said something about having been busy. She was trembling still from the shock of the bell-ring, and the knowledge that nothing escaped Mrs. Seeley's roving eye did not help her to composure.

"Seedy, aren't you, Irene? Well, you look it, at any rate. What, then—squabbling with the beloved? Oh come, don't pretend you're such angels! I know of old that Adrian isn't."

Mrs. Seeley laughed a malicious, tantalising laugh. Irene's heart grew sicker; Margaret Seeley was quite the last person whom to-day she could bear to see.

That lady had known Adrian years before Irene and he had ever met; nor was she sparing in hints of a former tender understanding, and insinuations that—well, that it was her own doing that her name was not Mrs. Adrian Blunt.

Irene had never felt able to ask Adrian the straight question which would have set her foolish jealousy at rest; and Mrs. Seeley fed her pet myth with allusion and insinuation till at times the poor child hardly knew how to bear her society. But never, *never* should Margaret think she feared to associate with her on Adrian's account; and, besides, jealousy is a ravenous demon, and compels those whose breasts he inhabits to feed him, at whatever cost to themselves.

"Come, child, get on your hat, or we shall miss a lot of play; it will take us half an hour to get there, and if you pretend you must be back by six——"

Oh yes, she must be back quite by then, Irene said quickly.

Part of the way they walked, taking a tram when it served. It was a balmy day in late May; light dazzling clouds sailed by overhead in the blue, the breath of flowering shrubs was in the air, and the glamour of full spring-tide overlay even the monotony of respectable middle-class Suburbia. But to-day the scent of lilac and hawthorn came faint and sickly to Irene's nostrils, and the sunshine might as well have been darkness, because of that foolish, tender signal omitted; and all that bright afternoon at the tennis tournament, among the pretty frocks and flutter of fresh spring millinery, the gay hum of voices and outbursts of applause, Irene was lonelier than alone because of the undefined foreboding at her heart.

Margaret, sparkling with vivacity, looked here and there, bowing to casual acquaintances with a sort of exuberant graciousness, born of consciousness of a new and becoming hat. Possibly it should not count against Margaret Seeley that she was not cast in womanhood's nobler mould; but, instead, was of that much-abounding type which sees in every other woman a rival, and construes another woman's discomfiture as its own triumph. It had tickled Margaret's feminine littleness to play upon the obvious uneasiness of Adrian's wife with regard to those mythical tender relations of former days; perhaps she considered this was but fair compensation for the fact that her readiness to become Mrs. Adrian Blunt had not met with the success she could have wished.

The young matron's roving glances presently collected around her a little knot of men, whom, though her acquaintance with most of them was casual, she played off one against another with an audacious coquetry which appeared to afford them and herself equal satisfaction. Some slight attempt was made to include Mrs. Blunt in the vivacious fooling; but Irene's smiles were conjured with effort, and, left in peace, she sat chin in hand, staring at the tennis players, but thinking of Adrian and that

miserable quarrel. Stealthily, now and then, she stole a glance at her watch, and when half-past five came she escaped on easier terms than she had hoped, thanks to Margaret's preoccupation. Arrived at home, Irene put on her prettiest blouse, and took up a book to beguile the last ten minutes of waiting; but the clock-dial got more attention than the book.

Half-past six! He was rarely later. Irene ran upstairs quickly, that she might not miss a second of him if he came in time, peeping from her window to see him turn the corner.

No sign of him. She went downstairs and took up her book to prove to herself that she was not in the least anxious.

Seven o'clock! The book was thrown aside with a heart-wrung sigh. What could be keeping him? She paced the room, stopped, listened, paced again.

Half-past seven! Mary appeared at the door. Hadn't she better bring in dinner before it spoiled? But dinner was negatived in a voice in which Irene heard her own unshed tears. Restrained, those same tears, only until the door closed; then she sobbed out the day's accumulation of anxiety and remorse.

The evening sunlight, pouring in at the window of the small, cosy dining-room, mellowed to its richest gold, paled, faded into greyness; and still Adrian did not come.

Irene's eyes were dry now, but beneath them dark, sorrowful shadows. All evening she listened, paced the room, listened again. The ticking of the clock fell upon her racked nerves like red-hot rain, and the faint sound of Mary moving in the kitchen irritated her past bearing; every rattle of wheels outside meant Adrian brought back injured—dead.

Nine o'clock! Mary once more. Surely her mistress had better have something to eat.

Irene's farce of cheerfulness was played out. "I can't eat whilst I'm anxious about Mr. Blunt, Mary," she said. Mary, with the well-meant pessimism of her class which sometimes has to do duty for sympathy, closed the door with the remark that "It was to be 'oped nothing 'adn't 'appened" to her master.

These tactless words were but the echoes of Irene's secret fears; no dreadful *dénouement* of that silly squabble did her imagination spare her. Her heart throbbed in loud unison with her beating brain; better almost any certainty than this killing doubt. The hall clock leisurely thudded out ten strokes, and the French time-piece chimed a belated silvery echo.

Irene, her white face set in resolve, put on hat and coat in feverish haste, counted the money in her purse, and took her latch-key.

"Mary," she called, "I am going to London; you can go to bed. Leave the lights downstairs."

The hall-door closed behind Irene, the night breeze met her tear-burnt face, and blew in her ears with nameless omen. The road to the station was dark but for the dull yellow gleam of isolated gas lamps. Foot passengers passed Irene—knots of young men with loud cheerful voices, married couples returning from some mild social festivity, street-boys whistling the latest music-hall ditty. Now and then a cab rumbled by, into which, eagerly fearful, she tried to peer. The station gained, she flew up the steps, and at the cry of "Victoria train," flung herself breathless, ticketless, into the first open compartment. The five men of sorts and conditions who sat within smoking, surveyed the late comer with interest aroused by the fortuitious combination of a pretty, sad face and the late hour.

Irene heeded nothing of it. How this train crawled! She could have done the journey quicker on her own fear-winged feet. As the train slowed into Victoria, Irene jumped out and hurried along the platform, pushing her way in devouring impatience of each momentary obstruction. Outside she got into a hansom.

"Where to, Miss?" came the driver's voice down the trap-door.

Irene began to give Adrian's office address, but pulled herself up suddenly. The office would have been closed for hours.

"Wait—wait a moment till I think," she cried.

Despair surged over her in hot waves. Where? She had never given it a thought; her one impulse had been to fly to her husband, to save him possibly from—she knew not what. Helpless unit that she was in that vast, teeming Babylon. A cry went up from her dumb lips, "Oh God, help me!"

Moments like these are like long years. Cabby waited above his trap-door. Something queer, no doubt, he thought; but in his quality of hansom driver he caught passing glimpses of many life-tragedies, and took them as all in the day's work—or night's.

"Irene!"

She looked up with dazed eyes.

"Irene! *Child*, what are you doing here?"

Adrian Blunt lifted his wife from the hansom; she clung to his arm tightly, but did not speak.

"Look 'ere," began the hansom driver in

injured expostulation; but the couple had disappeared through the booking-office, and he walked his cab off grumbling.

The train got into motion; husband and wife looked into each other's eyes.

"Oh, Adrian, it was cruel of you; you don't know what I have suffered."

Then it came out that on his arrival at the office he had been sent into Oxfordshire to inspect a property for a client of the firm, and the trains had been all wrong for the return journey.

"I never got to Paddington till after ten," he said.

"But you *could* have telegraphed me, Adrian."

"I could," he said; "I ought. I did think of it, but somehow I thought—I thought——"

"You thought I shouldn't care," she sobbed; "but I've been *miserable* ever since you went this morning, and——"

"I'm a brute," he said; "it was all my fault."

And so forth, and so forth. Don't we know it all by heart? The ridiculous, needless little squabbles, in which each of us is so surely in the right; the heart-ache, the remorse, finally the reconciliations, which cancel bitterness and draw closer bonds already close and dear.

After that dreadful day, if ever the white ensign missed waving in the morning there was a satisfactory reason for it, and no hearts were sore; and—in case anyone should care to know it—Adrian invented an excuse to get out of that fishing-trip with Jack Dayrell, which sacrifice bore fruit in a certain delightful surprise for Irene on her birthday morning.



"Wait—wait a moment till I think."—*p.* 470.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

BASIL: THE ORGANISER.

In Two Parts. Part the Second.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

ONE of the great pieces of work—perhaps the most important in its far-reaching consequences—with which the name of Basil of Cæsarea will be for ever connected, was the introduction into the world of Eastern solitaries and monks,* system, order, obedience, work. At the period of Basil's most far-reaching influence, this vast company of Christians were very numerous, often powerful, and increasing in numbers every day. They as a rule acknowledged no chief. Each individual, or at most each little company of individuals, followed their own customs. Wild, undisciplined, often fanatical, they constituted, on the whole, a danger, rather than a strength, to the Church. Basil, while conscious of their power, saw how grave a danger the presence, the mighty and ever-growing influence, of these men, often lawless and undisciplined, was to the still struggling Christianity of the East. To a large degree his wise measures warded off the peril, and brought into obedience and subjection these wild and enthusiastic "free lances" (to use a later expression) of Christianity.

Briefly we will sketch the rise and progress of monasticism, which for good and for evil for many centuries exercised so vast, so far-reaching an influence over the Eastern and Western Churches.

For the first two centuries of the Church's existence monasticism, either in its "solitary" or "cœnobitic" † form, was virtually unknown. The central conception of the monastic life was celibacy, and an entire renunciation of the world, its joys, its pursuits, its aims.

In the first instance, persecution of the Christians on the part of the Pagan world, which after the first 200 or 250 years had grown in intensity, drove not a few Christians from the homes and haunts of men into desert and inhospitable regions, where, by the sacrifice of all that men hold dear and love, they might still serve their God and His Christ. The burning enthusiasm which drove men to subject themselves to this hard life, *survived* persecution and the earlier reasons which induced them to become wanderers and renouncers of all life's joys and ordinary pursuits.

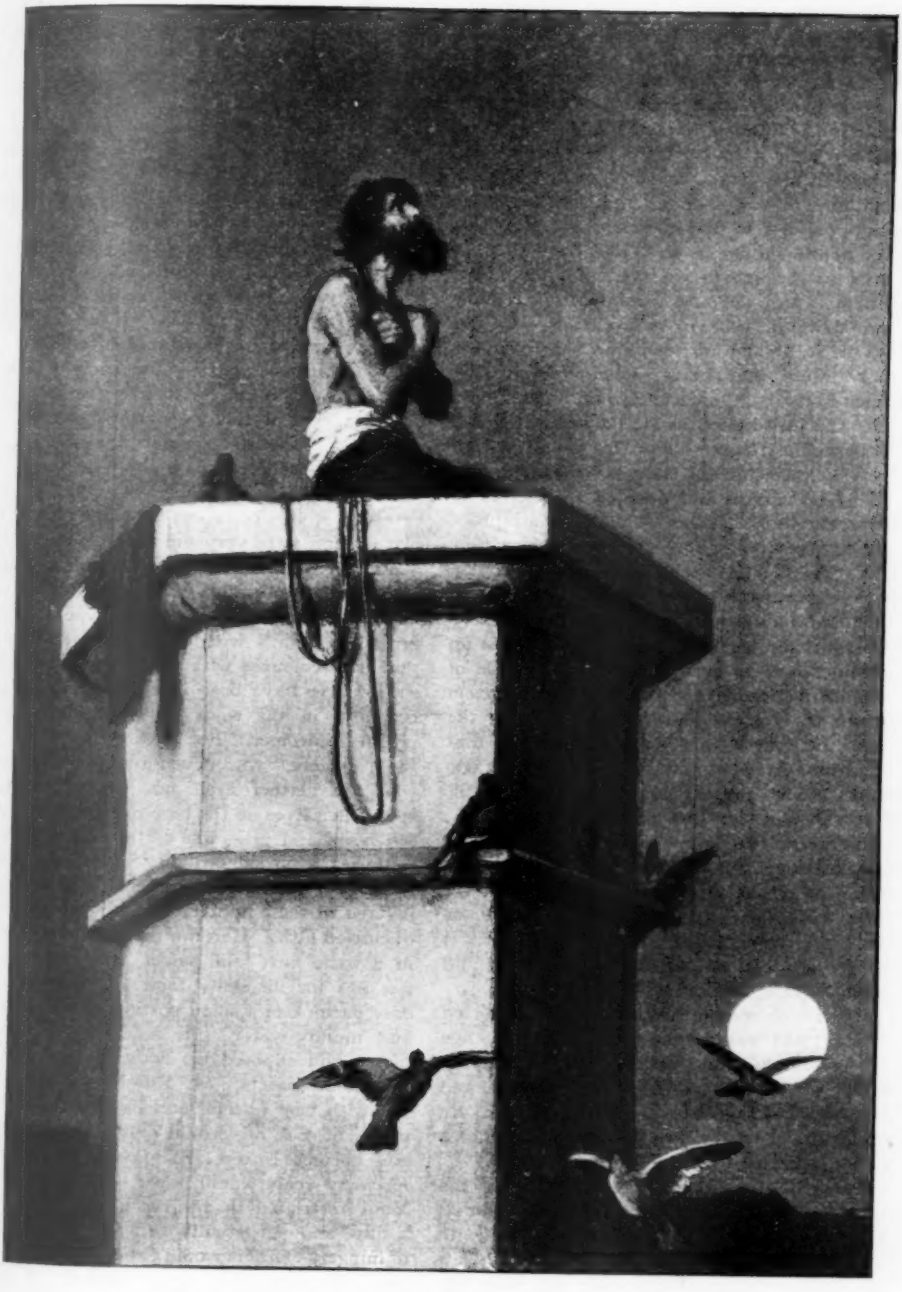
Nor is this survival difficult to understand. For the first 250 or 300 years the Christian community was necessarily separated from the ordinary world; their hopes, fears, interests, joys, even sorrows, were absolutely their own. They were—and they gloried in the thought—separated from the ordinary world around them. When, however, the triumph of the Church threw the bulk of Christians into active political, military, and commercial life, they were no longer a separate and distinct people. How natural, then, that many of the more earnest and devout should have endeavoured to imitate the separation from the world which, in the days of persecution, was necessarily the common condition of all Christians. This separation could alone be carried out in the adoption of the austere monastic conditions of life.

Such a persuasion that only *thus* could they be really separate from the careless world around would largely account for the rapid spread of what has been termed "the ascetic epidemic" after the triumph of Christianity. Other causes, too, were at work. The luxurious existence led by so many in Rome and the chief provincial cities, perhaps, in the fourth century had become more marked than in any previous age. The asceticism of the monks and solitaries may be looked upon partly as a reaction produced among earnest souls by this extreme luxury and love of pleasure.

But another and still more powerful incentive to the strange and feverish passion for the hard life of the solitary and the monk existed in the miserable and hopeless condition

* Lecky does not hesitate in styling the monks and solitaries in the last half of the fourth century "A Mighty Nation."

† *Cœnobitic*—the term signifies a company, large or small, of men and women who were banded together to lead a "common life." The *solitary* or *anchorite* lived alone. The *monk* lived with others—the same austere, self-denying life.



"On the last pillar he remained for some thirty years."—*p.* 475.

of the Empire. *Within*, disorder and disorganisation, a terribly oppressive and corrupt Government, the burthen of an enormous and unbearable weight of imperial taxes. *Without*, the barbarian invasions and perpetual raids, bringing in their train unheard-of misery and desolation. Many a harassed and despairing citizen sought a refuge from the woes of the Empire in the monastic state, which offered something of a refuge in this life, and the promise of a rich reward when the fret and fever of life should be over and done with.

And so it came to pass that a great army of these strange devotees arose in an incredibly short space of time in many lands. In the days of St. Jerome we read how nearly 50,000 monks were sometimes assembled at the Easter festivals; how some 7,000 monks lived under the jurisdiction of St. Pachomius, under St. Serapion 10,000; how in the Egyptian city of Oxyrinchus as many as 10,000 monks and 20,000 virgins had devoted themselves to the ascetic life. These vast numbers are probably exaggerated; but, still, it is clear that before the fourth century had run its course there was scarcely any Christian country in which the monastic movement had not taken firm root, and included among its votaries an enormous and an ever-increasing multitude of all ranks and orders. In the West, monasticism became the vogue somewhat later than in the East. St. Martin, of Tours, founded the first monastery in Gaul, and we read how 2,000 monks were present at his funeral. (St. Martin died at the close of the fourth century.) Egypt seems to have been the land where monasticism first appeared; and in Egypt, where, as it has been well observed, "everything excessive and extravagant found its birth, and ripened with unexampled vigour," it rapidly attained its extreme development and its most austere severity."

For various reasons it was ardently supported by the great writers and teachers of that age of great thinkers and writers, and the undying names of Jerome and Basil, of Ambrose and Augustine, of Epiphanius and Chrysostom, are among the more fervid advocates of this strange development of Christianity.

Advisedly we style it "strange," for the monastic ideal, whether in its solitary or in its cœnobitic phase, had absolutely nothing in common with the ideal life painted in the New Testament. Nothing that ever fell from the lips of the Divine Author of Christianity suggested that His disciples should order their lives upon the austere pattern favoured by an Antony or a Pachomius, by a Serapion or a Jerome. The burden of the Lord Jesus' prayer for His own was "*not* that they should be taken out of the world, *but* that they should be kept from the evil."

Monasticism was a purely human ideal. The vehemence and ardour with which those really great ones among the Master's servants, whose names we have just quoted, advocated it, was no doubt owing to the stress and storm of the iron age in which they lived. They deemed it, if not needful, certainly helpful, for that terrible time. It is uncertain if they looked forward to it becoming, as it did, an important and powerful factor in Christianity.

The strangest, and at the same time the most extraordinary, as it was the most unnatural, form of this wonderful "epidemic of austerity" was the passion for self-torture, which was the great characteristic feature of "the solitary." These saints, for in this category their countless admirers loved to place them, were very numerous. We possess a number of their biographies—wild and grotesque, certainly, but without doubt in the main true and authentic; and we read the gruesome details with a pained astonishment that lives coloured with such awful self-torture should ever have been regarded as lovely and beautiful in the sight of the all-loving and pitiful Redeemer. For instance, we read of the "grazers," who never lived under a roof, who ate neither flesh nor bread; but who spent their lives on the bare mountain-side, and ate herbs and grass like cattle. Most of these solitaries regarded ordinary cleanliness of the body as a pollution of the soul, and the most revered of their number had become one mass of clotted filth. Here we read of one who lived in a little cave and never ate more than a few figs for his daily food; of another who only partook of a small portion of barley bread and muddy water. St. Macarius slept in a marsh and exposed his body to the stings of venomous insects. St. Eusebius loaded himself with iron fetters, and lived in a dried-up well. St. Sabinus would only touch corn that had become rotten. St Bessarion, we read, for forty years would never lie down to sleep. Many restricted themselves to one small meal a day, and perpetually suffered the gnawings of hunger. Others would eat only every second day. Perhaps the most famous of these curious saints was St. Simeon Stylites, who built in succession three pillars, the last being

sixty feet high. On the last pillar he remained, incredible as it seems, for some thirty years exposed to every change of climate in heat and cold, constantly bending his body in prayer. Round him he had bound a rope, which became imbedded in his flesh, and which must have given him ceaseless torture. We omit other and terrible details supplied us by his too-faithful biographer. From all parts of the world pilgrims of different ranks and orders came to do him honour, and to listen to his hoarse prayers. Over this pillar of long torture a brilliant star is said to have shone, and he was generally acclaimed, even in far-distant lands, as the highest model of a Christian saint; and when that sad and sombre existence at last came to an end, a crowd of devout men, some of them of the highest rank, followed Simeon the Stylite to his honoured grave.

Not a few of the solitaries of that age imitated, or tried to imitate, his awful life of suffering! It was to the high honour of Basil that he discouraged this strange ideal of solitary sanctity, and lent the weight of his great influence to support another and healthier form of monasticism.

The great Bishop of Cæsarea, in common with the other eminent leaders of thought in the fourth century, from Athanasius to Chrysostom, was convinced that the monastic theory was one great safeguard of the harassed Church, but he was too real a statesman not to be fully conscious that the disorganised condition of monasticism, as it existed in his day, would effectually prevent the ideal, conceived by the loftiest spirits of the age, ever being realised. So he set himself, as one of his life tasks, to work out the reformation and reorganisation of this monasticism. He was well equipped for the task, having visited and carefully examined the ways of living in the principal centres of ascetic life in Palestine and Syria, and more especially in Egypt, the great home of the solitaries and the cœnobites.

After careful examination, he became convinced that the life of the solitary, with its wild excesses, its strange and exaggerated austerities, must be discouraged. Basil was not blind to the great influence exercised by the more conspicuous examples of the solitary life, but he felt that the evil which would surely result from these unnatural existences would far outbalance the good. So with rare wisdom, risking the unpopularity which he was conscious would result from such teaching, he pointed out with great force the danger of the caprices of human pride being mistaken for the calling of the Holy Spirit, emphatically declaring that the monastic life led in common (the cœnobitic) was the better way.

In three master-works he set out an elaborate and well-thought-out scheme for the regulation of monastic societies, under the titles of (1) the greater rules, fifty-five in number (with an introduction), in the form of answers to the questions of the monks themselves; (2) the lesser rules, 313 in number, in the same form of question and answer; and (3) the monastic institutions.

The thought that underlay all these regulations was that in the self-denying life (1) *obedience* to authority must be accepted—obedience unquestioned and unswerving; and (2) that *work*, not merely idle, dreamy contemplation, must be the aim of every true monk.

Basil, the Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, possessed sufficient influence in his own great diocese, and in the neighbouring districts of Asia Minor which more or less acknowledged the supremacy of Cæsarea, to enforce the reception of his stern, grave, though at the same time kindly, rule; and from his own immediate province his rule rapidly spread, and was accepted throughout the larger portion of the East. Its power and far-sighted wisdom was very generally acknowledged; fervid, and even enthusiastic, advocates of asceticism whose renown and far-reaching influence were unquestioned—men of the type of Ephrem, the Syrian Deacon, and Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis—accepted for their followers and disciples the rule of Basil, and at the same time eagerly courted his friendship and deferred to his judgment.

It is not too much to say that Basil must be considered the founder of the great system of monasticism which gradually spread over the whole East and West. *Before him* monastics were largely made up of a wild and fanatical horde of impulsive men and women, many of them, while intensely in earnest, yet at the same time grossly ignorant, generally, though not universally, without discipline and without order, each striving after an ideal of their own imagination. *After him*, they were, more or less, a great army, disciplined and obedient, with a rule of life set before them to which they were compelled by the most solemn vows to submit themselves; and in this rule *work* and earnest striving * occupied

* Subsequently so successfully developed by Benedict in the West.

the prominent place. Basil was the real creator of monasticism.

In our sketch of this great figure, which stands out so prominently in that group of the intellectual giants of the fourth century, we have necessarily touched at some length upon that wonderful and widespread outburst of asceticism, soon developing into that vast network of monasticism which so powerfully affected Christian life during many centuries—that monasticism with which the name of Basil will be for ever connected as its real founder. We would add just a few obvious reflections on the character and influence of this somewhat strange feature of Christianity.

It is hard to be just here. Monasticism has its bitter foes, as well as its devoted and ardent friends. Men of the school of Gibbon are unsparing in their sneers and bitter scorning; on the other hand, men of the school of Montalembert * and Ozanam can only see the beauty of the system, and are unmeasured in their lofty estimate of the blessings conferred on the world and Christianity by the lives and labours of the monks and the nuns. Writers like Lecky, or even Dean Milman, with all their noble efforts to be fair and just, paint their picture here with colours ever grey and sombre, and do scant justice to the splendid strivings after the higher life on the part of the great monastics.

But when all is said and done, it must be confessed that the teaching of monasticism is a sublime selfishness. The ideal monk, the perfect monastic, isolated from his brothers and sisters, is secluded from the trials and the cares, as well as from the duties, of common life. The principle and object of the life of the monk and nun is the purification, the elevation, of the individual soul. "Let the world perish, so that the single soul can escape on its solitary plank," is the groundwork of the ascetic teaching. Centuries later, in a little volume—perhaps the most popular and widely read (after the Bible) book in the world—the spirit of monastic Christianity is exquisitely expressed in short and quivering sentences, which have gone home to a thousand thousand hearts. But this incarnation of the spirit of monasticism, the "Imitation of Christ," as the work is curiously misnamed, begins in self, ends in self. Of feeding the hungry, of clothing the naked, of comforting the sorrowful, of bringing up smiles on faces where smiles are rare, not a word is found in any of its eloquent heart-stirring pages. To all devout students of the "Imitation," the popular gospel of monasticism, the world is dead. *This was not the teaching of Christ.*

Thoughtful men have dwelt with some insistence on the evil effect upon society caused by the withdrawal from the active into the monastic life of so many of the noblest and most enthusiastic souls, and have attributed to this cause "the conspicuous failure of the Church for so long a period to effect any more considerable amelioration in the moral condition of Europe," and have not scrupled to assert that the fact of the ablest men in the community inculcating as the highest form of duty the abandonment of social ties and all domestic affections, engendered a decadence of all patriotism and a serious deterioration of the home life.

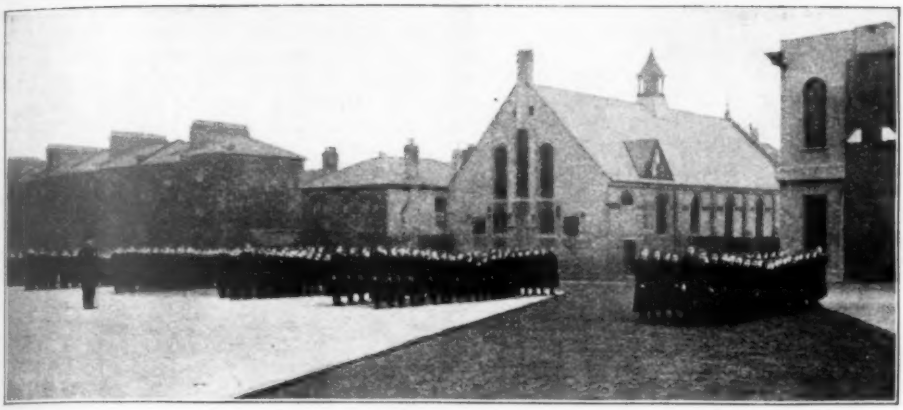
On the other side, the historian and the moralist cannot lose sight of the effect which the many acts of magnificent self-sacrifice, even if coloured with that sublime spiritual selfishness we have dwelt upon, had on a thoughtless, careless world. Imperfect and distorted as was the ideal of the solitary, still the example of many thousands who, in obedience to what they believed to be right, voluntarily gave up everything that men hold dear, was not wholly lost.† Multitudes, we read, of barbarians were converted to Christianity by the sight of St. Simeon Stylites praying and suffering on his lonely pillar.

It would be impossible, of course, to discuss here the broader question involving the benefits almost infinite in their variety and extent, conferred upon society during the long dark middle age by the monastic orders.

* I refer, of course, to that wonderful and winning "Epic of Monasticism" contained in the charming pages of the seven volumes of the "Monks of the West," but the fair critic, while ungrudgingly admiring the beautiful story, reluctantly acknowledges the exaggerations into which Montalembert is too often betrayed.

† Lecky's "History of European Monks," chap iv.

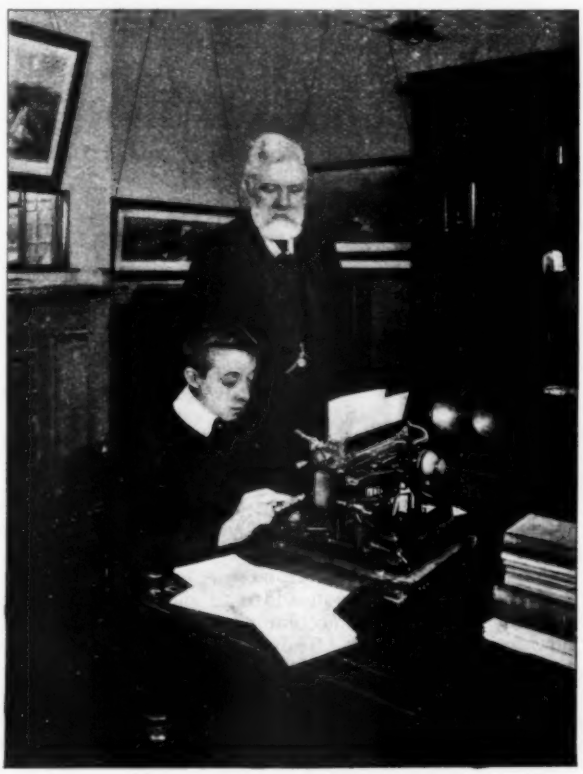
OUR OLDEST ORPHANAGE.



AT DRILL: PLAYGROUND OF SENIOR SCHOOL.

THE number of orphanages in the United Kingdom is now so large that it is difficult to realise that they are entirely the product of the last century and a half, and that prior to 1758 orphans as a class were ignored. If children had the misfortune to lose one or both parents, friends usually contrived to take one or two into their own families, and the rest had to go to the poorhouse, as it was then called. The system of the day allowed boys who had attained the age of fourteen to be apprenticed, and the fees for this included their board and lodging, such as it was, while they were learning a trade, and domestic service swallowed up the girls at a general wage of one shilling a week, and poor little drudges the majority of them were.

But about the middle of the eighteenth century there came a stirring of men's consciences and a universal impulse to redress the wrongs of the poor. The Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters. The fact that so many respectably born yet friendless children became beggars and grew up to be criminals, and had



HIS LAST TERM.

little chance of being anything else, weighed with fourteen thoughtful, and fortunately wealthy, London men who originally met at the George Inn, Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, to discuss the situation in 1758. They resolved to befriend twenty orphan working-class boys, to take them away from bad influences, bringing them up from seven years of age decently, in pure air, and to teach them to earn an honest living by the work of their hands.

Hoxton was then a village, not too far from the city, but a healthy, breezy spot where a suitable house and grounds could



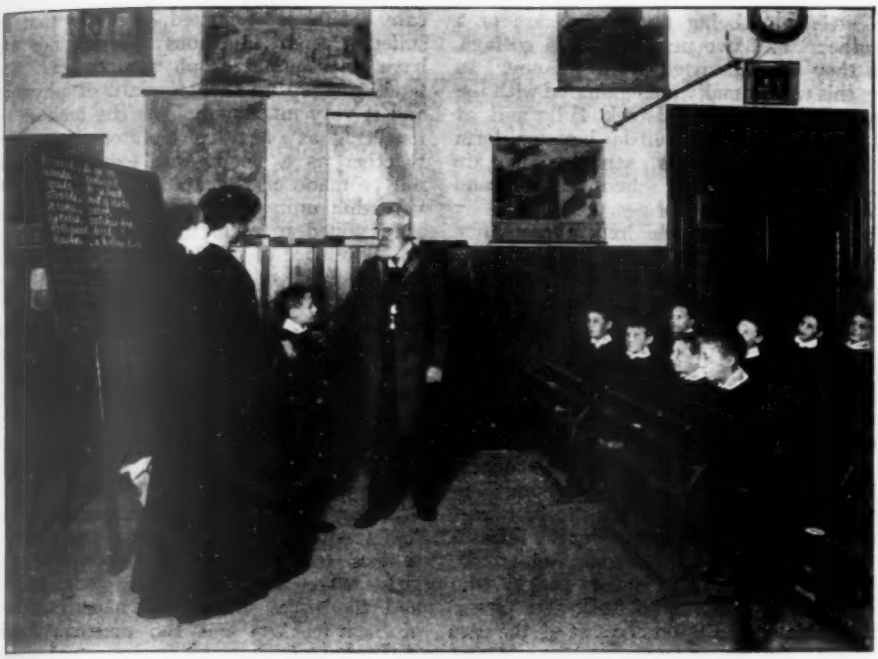
EXTERIOR OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL AT HAVERSTOCK HILL.

be obtained at very moderate rental. So twenty orphan boys were chosen by the committee, lodged, fed, and clothed, and instructed diligently for eight hours daily in making nets, list carpets, and shoes. Those who were inclined to learn were also taught to read—after a fashion.

Twenty girls were soon added to the boy orphans, and all were accommodated somehow for several years. The name given to the institution was "The Orphan Working School," and it exactly fitted the effort that was being made. Its value was fully recognised, and funds came in so rapidly that the committee soon felt able to enlarge their borders and afford the privileges of a home and training to a much larger number of children. Meanwhile, some of them began to think that a little more education would be desirable, and in January, 1764, it was proposed and carried that the children should be taught to cipher before leaving the house—at least so far as the rule of addition. This was considered a great advance.

In 1773 there was enough money in hand to justify the governors and committee in building a place suitable for their purpose, and they chose a freehold site in the then airy and little occupied City Road, close to the old Turnpike. Here they erected halls and dormitories for seventy children, and also a chapel, in which many well-known ministers and laymen officiated from time to time, for the institution was and always has been unsectarian. After settling down in the new house, the three R's were taught pretty regularly, though not by a qualified teacher, as the shoemaker of the establishment was considered quite clever enough to impart all the desirable knowledge, and it certainly served as a stepping-stone from which many boys rose to good business and even professional positions.

All this time the children were very



INTRODUCING A NEW BOY TO TEACHER AND CLASS.

quaintly dressed in drab coats and waistcoats, leather breeches, and white shirts with turnover collars open at the neck, speckled worsted stockings, and low buckled shoes. The girls had drab frocks, white caps and aprons, buckled shoes (which for some reason or other were always bought at Reading Fair), blue stockings, and straw bonnets and white tippets out-of-doors. It is only within the memory of the present generation that dress of this kind has been tabooed, and the children of charitable and other institutions have been attired neatly in clothing that bears no stamp.

London was rapidly increasing, and the premises in the City Road were within measurable distance of being built in. Moreover, that site was rising in solid value, so the committee was able to buy the estate of Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, and in 1847 they built the main portion of the present rather imposing edifice so as to provide for 240 orphans, and fifteen years later the wings were added to enable them to raise the number to 400, the funds being subscribed in commemoration of the fact that the school was just a century old.

The educational changes that have now been at work for many years past have caused the schools to be very largely developed and brought into line with the requirements of the day, and the pupils now hold their own well in the various examinations, and the teachers have received many compliments on their success. Such educational advantages have borne good fruit in enabling boys who have left at the regulation age of fourteen, or in some instances fifteen, to mount the social ladder and take substantial positions in life. Indeed, the committee and governors of the institution have in many instances been trained and educated within its walls, and it is able to account altogether for a total of 6,000 children, at least 90 per cent. of whom have done well in later life.

For many years it was felt that orphans not being admissible till the age of seven was a drawback. During those early years a little child whose friends can barely find it food and clothes undergoes a good deal of knocking about, and the seeds of many bad habits and tendencies are too often sown. This led to the foundation of the Alexandra Orphanage in 1864, of which the then Prince and Princess of Wales became patrons. It is at Hornsey Rise, and is conducted on the cottage system, twenty-

five little ones being under the care of a "mother" and two nurses in each cottage, and they are admitted from infancy. In 1877 this was formally amalgamated with the establishment at Haverstock Hill, and at the present time 200 little inmates form Junior boys' and girls' schools, and are drafted to the Senior school at Maitland Park when nine years of age.

Among so many children there must from time to time be illness, and in order to assist recovery a convalescent home has been built and equipped at Margate which accommodates twenty-five at a time, and most useful it has proved.

Visitors to this institution frequently remark on the absolutely healthy appearance of the children, and there is, indeed, a total absence of "weediness." So much of the charity of the present day is concentrated on the weak, who are very much to be pitied, but will never grow up to be robust members of society, that it is quite refreshing to come across a bevy of well-grown, apple-cheeked, sturdy young people who are physically fit for hard work and plenty of it. This is greatly on account of the care exercised by the Committee in selecting candidates for admission. No child in delicate health is admitted, nor any that are suffering from infectious disease, nor who have any mental or physical defect. This tends to keep up the standard of physique, and it very much simplifies the task of the teachers, as healthy children can work together as a flock, and exceptions need not be made of delicate and easily tired or very dull units. From the very first they are trained to regular habits—early rising, an abundance of good, wholesome food, and plenty of exercise and fresh air. All this fits them for the strenuous life of the world's workers, and, their lives being arranged on the principle that change of work is as good as play, there is no pandering to the craze for perpetual amusement that is one of the most evil signs of modern times. Play in play hours is by no means ignored, but the habit of work is laid and strengthened as the years go on, and thus the Orphan Working School has always remained true to its name and its original purpose, and it *does* teach the children to work. The girls make and mend for one another and the tinies under the superintendence of their teachers and the matron. Frocks and knickerbockers, table-cloths and sheets, servants' dresses and caps, are only a



CANDIDATES FOR ADMISSION.

few of the items that pass through their busy fingers; and in the kitchens they are taught to cook, and in the laundry to wash and get up clothes. This plan is so very good because it is entirely homely and simulates as nearly as can be the training of a wise mother, who makes her elder daughters care for the little ones, take pride in sewing for them, and making even old clothes look "amaist as weel as new," as Robert Burns said of the cottar's wife in his well-known "Saturday Night." The mending of household linen, again, fits those who marry for keeping their own household goods in order, and teaches those who ultimately go out to service an accomplishment which the majority of mistresses require at their hands. The house-proud lady of a generation or two ago mended her fine linen and napery with her own hands; but very few now know how to do it, even if they have any taste in that direction, and the house-parlourmaid has the keeping of the bed and table linen, and is expected to mend it, though the mistress in purchasing may buy it ready made. The cookery taught in the Working School kitchens includes instruction in the why and because of every operation, and the girls therefore learn how to extract every ounce of nourishment out of the food materials entrusted to them. Again, in laundry work, which has become one of the bugbears of the modern housewife, the girls are properly and systematically instructed, and shown that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and how very much easier the right way is than the wrong when it is only understood. Starching and ironing are no mysteries to them, and, as laundries are among the best paying



GIRL LEAVING: PACKING HER BOX.

industries, the openings for skilled employment after they leave the orphanage are many and very fairly lucrative. Nor is domestic manual labour alone taught, for the Working School marches with the times, and within the last year or two shorthand and typewriting have been taught to those who have an aptitude for such pursuits, and thus the range of occupations open to the orphans is very much enlarged. Places are found for them before they leave, so that they have no chance of drifting into idle ways in the interval between quitting the school and entering a paid situation.

Every girl receives three guineas for an outfit of clothes when she goes out into the world, and during the first seven years after leaving the school has the chance of receiving small sums varying from five shillings to a guinea on producing certificates of good conduct from her employers.

Boys are even more handsomely treated, for £2 is handed to each when he leaves and £3 more at the end of a year if he can produce a satisfactory testimonial from his master. A distinct sum of money is useful in helping a boy forward, but it is equally beneficial to a girl to be kept in touch with the institution in which she was brought up for the seven years that carry her over from girl to womanhood.

Whenever a great catastrophe occurs by which whole families are orphaned the Working School manages to accommodate a considerable number. When the Exeter Theatre was burned down some years ago a contingent of twenty boys and girls was received at Haverstock Hill, and when the ill-fated *Princess Alice* went down in the Thames several children found a home and friends there; while after the South African War every nerve was strained to take in as many desolate orphans as possible. Like other charitable institutions, the Orphan Working School has had its ups and downs, and sometimes feels the pressure of hard times, but the Governors are not frightened by passing clouds. They have never gone in for sensationalism or made a great noise, but the work has been done diligently and unobtrusively with the least possible number of officials over and above the working staff, and year after year proves that in quietness and confidence is their true strength.



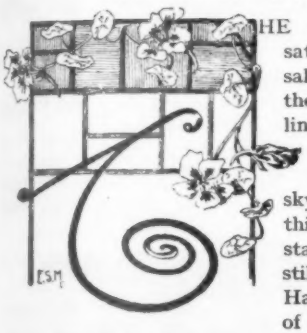
ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE: JUNIOR PLAYGROUND.

XUM

FOUR DAYS IN HER LIFETIME.

By Harry Davies.

THE FIRST DAY.



THE woman who sat apart on the saloon deck of the big southern liner, with her face uplifted towards the sky, saw many things in the stars. It was a still, sultry night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring. The darkening ocean spread like a vast somnolent plain towards the last pale glint of the after-glow—a big daub of blackness against a phantom glimmer. The great heart of the vessel pulsated with a steady throbbing like the life-beat of some mighty animal. The peaceful swell of the waters sped past her with scarce more than a swish and a gurgle. From the chairs scattered on deck rose and fell the subdued hum of conversation, varied by occasional laughter. Faintly, from the saloon below came a woman's voice singing a familiar song. All the sounds seemed to blend harmoniously with the wonderful peace of the night. Above, the stars glowed and quivered like the fierce eyes of a furnace; and this woman, who sat in her lounge chair, in the shadow of her quiet corner, saw many things in them.

She saw, to begin with, along the vista of the past years, two days that stood out in her life above and distinct from aught else. The first was a day in July, fifteen years ago. It was in the west country, where the hills, bleak and barren, tower above their wooded valleys like some aged giants, keeping guard over the puny affairs of men. A lad and a girl stood by a stile that led from the field-path on the hillside to the woods above. Below them the roofs of the village peeped forth amongst the foliage. The summer sun was setting over the western heights, and the peace of evening was stealing softly from copse to copse. At intervals, rendered musical by the distance, came the tinkle, tinkle of colliery trams as they performed their last journey for the day down the steep incline from the pits to the railway siding. The girl had heard that distant sound many a time since then, but never without a sweet rushing of the blood through her veins.

Fifteen years ago! Yet she could remember it all as though it had happened only yesterday. It is strange how, in the great moments of life, whether of joy or suffering or calamity, the mind picks up and records the most trivial things. Every word that was said on that July evening; every sound that floated on the air; every object that met the eye; they were engraved on the palimpsest of her brain for ever; and it was her pleasure to recall them all to-night as she looked at the stars. From the rank ground which bordered the wood had come the odour of wild mustard, from the trees behind the twittering of many birds. On the bank at her feet grew a star of Bethlehem, which she had swayed to and fro gently with her parasol. Far over to the west faint tints of orange and crimson were shooting up the sky, and they seemed to speak to her full heart of the glory that had come into her life. Yet the marvel was not that she remembered all this. The marvel would have been that she should forget. For had she not thought of it day and night, night and day, for fifteen years? Had she not treasured it up in the innermost depths of her soul—a perfumed memory, a secret casket of purest gold, a radiant star, shining for herself, for herself alone, amongst the clear glory of the heavens?

The girl who stood by the stile was slim and lissome, and fair to look upon. Without the slightest trace of conceit, even with a feeling of detachment, the woman on deck allowed that fact. She knew that the gift of comeliness had been vouchsafed to her in more than an ordinary degree, and she had been glad of it, as any healthy-minded girl would be, but never so glad as when she realised that it had caused her to find favour in the eyes of the lad who stood with her by the stile. As for him, he was tall, sunburnt, brown-haired, frank-eyed. As she looked into the stars, she could see his face as she saw it on that day, fifteen years ago—eager, strenuous ardent. She put up her hand to the locket at her breast, and fingered it lovingly. And then she fell to thinking of the words he had said. They were still like the sweetest music to her ears. She smiled to think that at thirty-six

she could be so sentimental. She could remember the whole conversation, word for word, in the exact order in which it had been spoken. So often had she gone over it all during these fifteen long years.

For it was at the stile he had said that which was the crown and guerdon of her life. So long, so long, even then, had she loved him—even from the days when, as boy and girl, they had trod the same lanes to the same school. To have the heart's dearest desire, to hear the words which were craved more than anything in the wide world, to be yearned for by the one most beloved—is there

did not know? Do you think she was not waiting too?"

"Ah, now you've floored me," he retorted. "I am too happy to argue seriously. I expect the young lady wasn't blind, if the truth were known. And besides, you know, she might have been told all about it."

"Whether she was told or not, she knew. A woman always knows."

"Oh, wise little philosopher! I like to hear you. Philosophy suits that hat."

"Now you're laughing at me."

"I feel so jubilant, I could laugh at anything. But, dearest, to be serious, do you know what



"Wondered how they could all shout and laugh as they did."

anything that can bring greater perfume and sweetness to a woman's life than this? For a brief space she could not trust herself to speak, lest her happiness should seem unwomanly.

"And you will wait for me, Ruth?" he said joyously.

"Dear, I will wait for you, if needs be, even as Rachel waited for Jacob."

"But it was the other way about," he replied laughingly.

"According to the words of Scripture it was," she said; "but do you suppose she

waiting means? Do you know what weary years may go by before I am able to send for you? Supposing it were seven or eight? Supposing it were ten?"

"If it were fifteen—if it were twenty—it would make no difference to me," she answered.

He gently took her hands in his.

"A woman's love is a marvellous thing," he said. "It is something divine. What I face with dread, you seem to think nothing of. For I do dread it, Ruth. The long years of waiting are more than I can bear to contemplate. Yet there was something I dreaded more, and that

was the thought that, if I did not speak to you, another fellow would be picking my rose before I was able to do so myself. Wasn't that mean? Wasn't it the very essence of dog-in-the-manger? Yet I could no more help it than I could help breathing."

She looked into his eyes with a smile. How little he knew!

"Make your mind easy on that score," she said. "There would not be anyone else. And even if you were never able to send for me I would rather have waited for you, even in vain, knowing that you loved me, than have married any other man in the world."

There was a short pause. His voice was husky when at last he replied.

"Dearest, I am satisfied," he said. "No man could wish for greater proof of love than that. I am not worthy of it; but with God's help I will try to be so. At least, I can promise this: as far as human power and will can go, you shall never have one moment's regret that you trusted your dear life to me."

A robin had broken into song in the hedge. The last rays of the setting sun had sent a shimmer of gold athwart the odorous wild mustard. From some mountain farm on the hill behind them had come the cadence of a woman's voice, long drawn and melodious, calling the cows.

THE SECOND DAY.



ITH a sudden revulsion of feeling, her thoughts sped onward to another day, four months later. The transition was like a drop from a height. A rush downward, a mental shock, and she found herself fallen from ethereal summits into the dull places of earth. Never could there have been two days more widely diverse in any woman's experience. A sad, dreary day, this second. The morning had opened dark and sombre, a melancholy mist hanging over the mountain slopes, a drizzling rain falling steadily down the valley. The barren hilltops loomed hazily through the fog, the grey-white wreaths of which hung with brooding heaviness over the woods. A desolate, depressing scene, in fit accord, as it seemed to her, with the dull aching at her heart. For this was the day of parting, the day when her lover went forth to the other ends of the earth. Please God, they were to meet in a far-distant continent when he had made a home for her, but there was a long, weary struggle before him ere this would be accomplished—for he went out throwing down his cap to Fortune with nothing but sturdy limbs and a stout heart to aid him. Whether the years would be few or many, he knew not; but years it would certainly be ere they would be able to commence life together. A sickening dread tugged at her heart—a terror of the blank desolation which would possess her when he was gone—an empty gnawing of apprehension at the passing of his face from out her lonely life; yet for his sake she would not let him see how she was suffering.

His friends and relatives came to the little valley station to see him off, but she had arranged to accompany him to the junction some twelve miles away. She sat back in the corner of the carriage as he leant out for a last hand-grip, and wondered how they could all shout and laugh as they did. The fussy, asthmatic little engine started, a cheer was raised. It came home to her with sudden force that the parting had really commenced, and a wild impulse possessed her to throw herself on her knees before him. The effort of self-control left her flaccid and depressed. There was so much she had wanted to say, but language was denied her. She realised that the precious moments were slipping away. Each moment was a tug at her heart. Never would she forget that ride. She was on the platform at the junction. . . . He was leading her to the waiting-room. . . . There were only a few minutes to go ere the great express came thundering in. . . . Yet she seemed to have said nothing—nothing. The waiting-room was empty. Of that she was glad. He took her hand in his.

"Dearest, you will be true to me?"

She looked up into his eyes and met his gaze.

"Until my dying day," she said.

"I shall never rest until I have made a nest for you," he said, bending down towards her. "Week in, week out, my aim will be towards that one object. It will be my first thought at morning, the subject of my last prayer at night. It will be my star towards which my eyes shall ever be directed. And I will reach the star. Dearest, I give you my word that, granted health and strength, I will reach it. Keep a brave heart, dear love. There is no obstacle that can stand before a man when he has a light to his path such as I have."

Her heart was well-nigh bursting; she would have given all she possessed to have been able to tell him what she felt, yet the utmost she could do was to look up into his face and say:

"Whether the time be far or distant, dear, you will always find me waiting."

From without there came the clanging of a bell. Her heart seemed to have stopped beating. He took her in his arms.

"Good-bye, dear, and may God watch over you and protect you until we meet again."

She was very pale. She tried to answer, but something in her throat prevented her speaking. She could but cling to him and whisper: "Good-bye."

He had begged her not to come to the carriage door. "A carriage-door parting would be more than I could stand," he said. And when it came to the last moment she felt he was right. So she crept forlornly to the door of the waiting-room after he had gone, and there caught a last look of his face as in a blur.

How she lived through that day she knew not. The memory of it was softened by time, yet even now it brought a poignant sense of misery to her heart. To go back alone up the dismal fog-laden valley, to have to face the long, dreary afternoon teaching in the village school, just as though nothing had happened—it was desolation indescribable. How she went through it all she knew not; but somehow it came to an end, and somehow the days went by, and somehow at last life shaped itself into the old groove again.

In her little school-house on the hillside she learned to discipline her heart and to wait in quiet. It was a hard, bitter lesson, but she was the happier for learning it. Who, indeed, is not? She had her interests in life, and in them she found her solace. She was the support of her widowed mother, and she found a keener pleasure in that. There was her school to look after, her backward scholars to bring up to the standard, her own domestic arrangements to think of, with the hundred and one little happenings that always attach thereto. For the rest, Nature was a friend to her. From the little house on the hillside she looked forth on a dense wood of larches. Above them towered the rugged mountain-tops. Below rippled the stream among its boulders. They all had a new language for her, a deeper note of melody and peace than she had ever found in them before. Whether it was the great west wind crashing among the branches, or his gentle sister from the south humming among the bracken, or the stars shining above the rugged bluff, the message always seemed to be the same to her. "*Have patience a little while. The years will soon pass. He is working for you. Have patience.*"

And sometimes came another friendly sound when the breeze set from the south-west—the far-off tinkling of the trams as they ran down the inclne. They always caused her heart to throb for the memory of a certain July evening, and they always spoke the same message as the wind and the stars, only in a still kindlier voice.

The years went by, bringing their changes. Her mother died, and henceforth she was left alone in the school-house, save for Margaret, the elderly servant, who had been with them for a quarter of a century. Margaret was gaunt and angular, a confirmed man-hater, and a hopeless pessimist. She contrived to hide the depths of affection which abided in her gnarled old heart under great asperity of manner. On the subject of the engagement she was especially acrid, yet she referred to the subject with strange insistence. "However you could have anything to do with them men I don' know," she would say, with a snap. "They're all a poor lot. No more thought or sense than a lump of dough. I warrant you he won't have a proper kitchen set for you!" Dear old Margaret! Her company was not exactly inspiriting, but it had been an unspeakable consolation to Ruth.

She thought over those years one by one as she lay in her chair. As she traced them in order, she felt again with inexpressible poignancy the old familiar dreariness of longing and waiting. That they had been very hard to live she could not deny to her own heart. Hope deferred—hope deferred—that had been the tale almost from the beginning. He had always been an optimist, and, like all optimists, was apt to see things in a glamour. At first he was confident that in five years he would be sufficiently established to send for her. The five years went by, and he had still failed to reach the goal. He had had the worst of ill-fortune, and was practically obliged to start over again. But in another two years he thought he saw his way clear—in fact, he was quite certain. And so the years had gone on, and still he had been unable to send for her, and people had long ago taken to shaking their heads pityingly as they looked after her. She saw them not,

XUM

nor would she have heeded them had she seen. "If it were fifteen years—if it were twenty," she had said to him that evening by the stile, "it would make no difference to me." Well, it had been fifteen, and she could claim to have been faithful to her word. The only difference which Time had wrought had not been in her love for him, or her loyalty, or her patience, but in those changes of form and face which the years must ever bring to us all—a change imperceptible to herself, but none the less pronounced. The sun and the wind had been kind to her; her quiet, regular life had kept the lines away from her forehead; her skin was as clear, her colour as fresh, as when she was a girl of twenty. But her face had grown fuller and older-looking, and more staid; the light of youth had gone out of her eyes; her figure had rounded into proportions almost matronly; threads of silver were showing plentifully amongst her wealth of dark hair. She looked unmistakably what she was—a woman of thirty-six. Comely of feature, as she must ever be, but still palpably middle-aged.

Ah, well! the waiting was over. The years had been leaden-footed, but at last her long probation was at an end. Success had come to her lover, and with it, happiness to her. The home was ready and waiting far away on the quiet uplands of Queensland. God had been very good to her. Her heart surged with deep gratitude as she looked at the stars.

THE THIRD DAY.

She stood on the crowded, bustling quay, and looked around her with a great expectancy. Her heart leapt as her eyes fell upon him. She would have known him anywhere, despite his beard. How well he looked, how bronzed, how manly! He had altered scarcely at all, save that he was stouter and manifestly older. He was looking away from her, scanning faces eagerly. She went to him quickly, and touched him on the arm.

"Frank!"



"A chill fell upon her."—*p.* 488.

In that one word was compressed all the longing, all the loneliness and anticipation and pent-up love of fifteen years.

He turned swiftly, and they met each other's gaze. In her eyes the light softened as she saw the deep lines on his forehead. In his it suddenly, unmistakably died away. The smile faded from his mouth. He had always had a most expressive face, and, whether he would or no, his feelings were always writ

large upon it. The change that came over it when his gaze fell upon her was quite involuntary on his part, yet withal so marked that even she, in the height of her joy, could not help seeing it. A chill fell upon her—a chill that seemed to numb the very pulsations of her heart, and to spread like the touch of ice through her whole being. Her smile, like his, died away. He had immediately recovered himself, and was welcoming her with great heartiness, holding both her hands as he spoke. But to her it seemed that his tone was forced, his enthusiasm laboured, as of one who is trying to hide a feeling of dismay. She could not respond. The humiliation was almost too great to bear. This was the golden moment to which she had looked forward with such unspeakable eagerness! His face had fallen on beholding her! She tried to smile; and to speak cheerfully, but it was a forlorn attempt. He seemed to see that something was wrong.

"You are very much changed," he said lamely. "I should hardly have known you."

"One does change in fifteen years," she replied, with a mirthless little laugh. "You, too, are changed, but I should have known you anywhere."

"Come along," he said, taking her arm, with another attempt at cheerfulness. "As I told you, I have arranged for you to stay with the Wingroves until we—are married. They have been very good friends of mine, and I want you to like them very much."

Part of her luggage collected, and the rest arranged for, he called a cab. Despite their efforts, there was a constraint between them as they sat side by side. She could not repress the bitterness of her disappointment. In the place where her heart had been there seemed to be a stone. She had expected so much, and—his face had fallen when he looked at her! The thought continued to torture her the while she strove to appear natural and collected. He put his arm around her, and, raising her face to his, kissed her. She sat quite still.

"Haven't you a kiss for me after all these years?" he said.

She looked up into his face with a grave smile and kissed him.

He released her, and again the constraint seemed to rise between them.

He began to talk—of the home he had prepared for her, of the spot he had selected for their honeymoon, of the Wingroves. She tried to listen intelligently, the while her brain tortured her beyond expression.

"I do want you to like the Wingroves," he said. "I simply cannot tell you how much they have done for me. Had it not been for their kindness and help and encouragement, I should have given up the struggle long ago."

"I am sure I shall like them," she said.

"I feel pretty confident you will not be able to help yourself," he replied laughingly. "Of all the hospitable, warm-hearted people you ever could imagine—but in two minutes you will see them."

Again there was silence between them.

"You are really very much changed, you know," he said, with a half smile.

The words were uttered involuntarily, and in half-nervous attempt to make conversation, but the repetition somehow stung her to the quick. She grew pale to the lips.

"Ah, here we are!" he said cheerily, as they pulled up before a well-kept residence.

She sat at the window of her room. The air was hot as it blew in, but it seemed like the laving of cool water compared with her burning forehead. Her brain was in a whirl, her head aching furiously. She tried to think, but the effort caused her temples to throb and the lights of the city to dance before her eyes. She sat perfectly still for a while, and then tried again. How had she got through the evening? What had they talked about? She had not the faintest idea. She only knew that she had answered questions mechanically, that she had nodded her head when remarks were made, without hearing a word; that she had smiled when the others smiled, and laughed when they laughed. What did they think of her? What could they think, save that she was absolutely colourless and empty-headed? And what did it matter? Her castle seemed to have fallen to the ground like a pack of cards, and she sat amongst the ruins as one bewildered. It could matter very little what people thought.

She tried to argue out the whole question with herself. She had come out after fifteen solitary years of waiting, not doubting for one moment but that things would be the same as in the old days, that she would be to him the Ruth of fifteen years ago. She walked over to the mirror. Oh, poor fool that she had been! The Ruth of fifteen years ago was gone for ever, and in her place was a round-figured, middle-aged woman with grey hairs. With brutal force the cruel truth burst upon her. It was the Ruth of fifteen years ago he had ex-

XUM

pected to see, and she—she was old, old, old! She threw herself on the bed, and burst into a flood of weeping. The humiliation was too bitter to bear. What wonder that he was disappointed, that his face fell when he beheld her? What wonder that she was weighed in the balance and found wanting when such a girl as Patty Wingrove—young, trim-figured, bright-eyed—was so friendly with him, laughed at and chaffed him, hung upon every word he said? She had noted it all with a dull aching at her heart. How could she have expected that she would find him the same Frank as of old? Time had changed him as it had changed her; he had settled down into a new life wherein she had only been a figure in the background, a memory, an indefinite personality, to whom he had once spoken words of love. The gulf of time and habit had opened up wide and staring between them. She was no longer necessary to his happiness or his welfare. She had not been there to help him in his long struggle, and he had fought it without her. Even the affection which comes of daily association was an absent quantity. Small wonder that he looked at her critically, and that his face had fallen when he beheld her. She sat at her window as the dawn crept over the city, and told herself the bitter truth. And ere the sun rose her mind was made up. Her pride would permit of no other way.



"She turned towards him with a sudden movement."—*p.* 492.

Fortunately, she had only brought to the house a valise for immediate necessaries. All her luggage was to follow. She had more than sufficient money in her purse for the return journey. She had been thrifty all these years. What she would do after she reached home she did not know and did not care. Her foolish dream was over; her life was practically finished. She had staked it all on one chance. She smiled bitterly as she rose from the window. On one thing she was determined—she would go back. She had heard somebody say that a boat was leaving on this very day. Frank was going to ride up country on business, and would be starting before breakfast. He would not know she had gone until he returned. She would leave a sealed note for him, so that even the Wingroves would be in ignorance as to what had happened until the evening. By that time the boat would have left. The arrangement could not have suited her purpose better had it been specially planned. She would go back. That much was due to her pride. She would marry no man on sufferance; no, not even if she had waited thirty years for him. Hurriedly, feverishly, she got out paper and pencil, and wrote in the grey light. This done, she put her things together, stole softly down the stairs, opened the great doors, closed them softly after her, and went out, all unknown to the sleeping house.

Yet again she was sitting on the deck of an ocean liner, looking up at the stars, but there was nothing to see in them now. She could hardly realise that it was she who a short time

ago had found in their glow such kindly glimmerings of hope and promise for the future. It was not she; it was someone else—someone very vain and very foolish. The stars were not kindly at all; they were cold and hard, and they glittered like evil eyes upon the dark night.

She had passed through much torture and agony of mind. The little imp of doubt which so often sits upon our shoulders after some great decision is taken had whispered his wavering queries in her ear morning, noon, and night. Had she done rightly? Had she acted hastily? Had she misjudged him? But ever she ended by shaking herself free from her tormentor. No; she had made no mistake. She had simply done what she would do again had she to pass through the same experience. She had not fallen so low as to marry a man simply because he felt in honour bound to fulfil his promise. He would be the happier for her action. He would marry Patty Wingrove. And as for her, well, she would, at any rate, preserve her self-respect.

The fierce battle which she had fought with herself had left her wretchedly ill in body and spirit, and she felt that she could bear no more. She must shut the door upon the whole subject, must shut it hard, and throw herself against it, and turn the key and have done with it. She set herself steadily to plan out the future. What was she to do? She would only have a modest sum of money left when she got back. Would they have appointed a new mistress? Even if they had not, the school-house would be empty. She had given nearly all her furniture to Margaret before leaving. The rest she had sold. Where should she go? Where, but to Margaret? She had good friends in the quiet valley, but she could not face any one of them just yet. Margaret had taken a cottage on the hillside, not far from the school-house, and was living on her thrifty savings, combined with her poultry and her garden. Dear, true-hearted Margaret! She would welcome her open-armed. She could live with her at least for a time, and surely she would be able to find something to do before her money was all gone. She had enough to last her, with care, for three months. And, besides, there was her trousseau. A lump came into her throat when she thought of selling her trousseau, but she fiercely repressed it.

Her thoughts went off at a tangent. What was he thinking, she wondered. What had he felt and said when he read her note? She was glad she had not put one bitter word in it. Was he wholly relieved at what she had done, or was he a little bit sorry? Perhaps, if she had waited—perhaps he had not been so disappointed as his looks indicated when he met her—perhaps——She sprang to her feet. The little imp was on her shoulder again. She must not, would not, think of it. She had done the only thing it was possible to do.

She threw out her hands wildly to the night.

"Oh," she said, "however old, or ugly, or disfigured *you* had grown, it would have made no difference to *me!* I would have loved you all the more! It was cruel of you—cruel!"

THE FOURTH DAY.

THE snow lay thick on the mountains. It had fallen with a blinding whirl for two days, but had now ceased, and the leaden clouds had dispersed. In their place reigned a sky of winter blue—pale, lucent, delicate as porcelain. The laggard sun, keeping down low to his southern path, seemed to waken to a sense of his duty, and shone upon the white world with a marvellous radiance. The snow gave back the light from every glittering crystal in its wide expanse, from every sparkling bough, from every rugged bluff that raised its hoary head to the heavens. Ruth came to the door of Margaret's cottage and looked upon the scene. She was so blinded by its dazzling beauty that for a time she was unable to open her eyes.

Snow everywhere, from the lane in the valley to the topmost height. A wonderful network of it on the larches in the woods, a delicate tracery of it upon the hedges, deep drifts of it piled up in odd corners, a vast mantle of it upon the bare hill summit. A solemn peace reigned upon the scene—a vast quiet, like the sleep of Death, broken only by the crackling of twigs, the occasional twitter of a bird. Able at last to bear the strong light, Ruth looked out upon the mountain summits, which rolled like billows, white and sparkling, to the west, and her heart surged with emotion at the grandeur of God's handiwork. "*I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.*" The words seemed to echo in her ears as

plainly as though the light breeze, soughing in the mountain-ash tree above her, had whispered them. The peace of the scene stole somehow into her aching heart. Love, friendship, constancy, all these things might fail, and become as Dead Sea fruit to the taste, but the hills would never fail her. They were always kind, always steadfast, always full of comfort, like God's own love.

Only Margaret as yet knew the real reason of her return, and even from Margaret would she hear no ill word concerning Frank. When Margaret had begun to storm against him in a fury of indignation, she had stopped her in a tone which Margaret well knew of old.

"That will do, Margaret. If you say another word, I shall be annoyed. It was my fault, and mine alone."

"Well, I'll warrant you he hadn't got a proper kitchen set for you!" said Margaret, stubbornly, and Ruth was obliged to smile. She could not be angry with Margaret, who only a short time since had sobbed at the delight of seeing her.

"Poor dear! She's vexing sore," thought Margaret, and thereafter she was humbly fond and studiously avoided the subject.

Ruth's plans for the future were all arranged. Everything was to be exactly as before. The teacher who had taken her place had only been engaged temporarily, and the vicar had given Ruth to understand that the appointment would again be open to her if she cared to take it. At first she was doubtful whether she could endure existence in the old place, where every person and item in her surroundings was a continual reminder and probing of the wound. But gradually she grew to realise that she would not be happier elsewhere—perhaps not so happy And she finally had decided that she would return to the school-house.

"So I shall live and die in the old spot after all," she said, with a half-smile, as she looked at the roof of the gabled little house showing among the white-laden trees in a turn of the valley. It was a strange ending to her life's romance. To look forward to the heart's desire for fifteen years, to have it within the grasp, and then to be obliged to put it away and turn back to the old life. Would it not be a shock to anybody? She felt a great dreariness despite her strength of will. There was nothing to look forward to now save drudgery and loneliness to the end of her life. Work she did not mind—but—to be old and lonely!

To hide her tears from Margaret, who was ever hanging about near her in a dumbly faithful way, she opened the wicket-gate of the cottage, and walked along the lane. When she came within sight of the village she stood by the gate which led into the cornfield. The knoll behind her sheltered her from the icy touch of the breeze. The winter sun shone full in her face, and hence she did not see a man walking at a smart pace up the lane towards her. The snow deadened the sound of his footsteps, and it was not until he was full upon her that she became aware of his presence.

"Ruth!"

She stood as one stupefied. Her face was ashen-grey. Mechanically she laid her hand on the gate for support.

"Ruth, dear, won't you speak to me?"

She was breathing hard. He started forward as she swayed against the gate; but she motioned him away. With a great effort she recovered herself.

"Oh, why have you come here?" she moaned.

"I have come after you, Ruth. Why else? Do you suppose I could take your note as final, and let you go like that after fifteen years of waiting?"

She turned and faced him, her eyes kindling.

"Yes, that is just it," she said, with repressed intensity. "After fifteen years of waiting you felt obliged to ask me out. After fifteen years of waiting you have felt obliged to come after me. It is the years of waiting, and nothing else, that weigh with you. I am grateful for your consideration, but I decline it with thanks."

"Ruth, listen to me. It is *not* the years of waiting that weigh with me. I asked you out because I wanted you. I have come after you for the same reason."

She shook her head sadly.

"You asked the old Ruth out, not the present one. You were disappointed in me because I have grown old and faded, and——"

"Ruth!"

"But you were—you were!" she cried, hot anguish in her insistence. "It was written in your face, in your manner, in every tone of your voice——No, I must say what I have to say. It was the old Ruth you were in love with, not with me. I am in your eyes a different woman. It is in the waiting for *you* that I have grown old, but that does not matter. To have kept your love it was necessary that I should have performed the

miracle of remaining young all my lifetime. I cannot fulfil your requirements, and I will leave you to find someone who can. Perhaps Miss Patty Wingrove can do it. If so you are welcome to go to her."

She could no more have prevented the bitter words from escaping her than she could have prevented the wind from blowing. Yet when she saw the pain in his eyes, the whiteness of his face, she was as swiftly overcome with remorse.

"Oh, Frank, forgive me—forgive me! I did not know what I was saying. It was mean—despicable of me. I wish you every happiness, dear, indeed I do, whomever you may marry."

"That will be you or nobody, Ruth."

"No, dear, it will not be me," she answered gently. "Things are all changed since the day we promised each other. We have drifted apart, and I am no longer necessary to your happiness. I am still sentimental enough, despite my age, to demand that any man marrying me should love me for what I am, not for what I look."

"Ruth, you are judging before you hear the defence. Is that fair? Is it like you? You have been judging ever since the first moment of meeting. You were judging when you wrote that cruel note—no, not cruel in its wording, but cruel in the message it conveyed. You were judging all the way home. And you are judging still, although the very fact that I am here must show you that there is a possibility of your being mistaken. Surely I have earned the right to be heard! If you have waited fifteen years, so have I. When I met you after all that long separation, I must frankly confess I was surprised and a bit taken aback. You see, it was the image of Ruth as I left her that was always locked up in my heart. I found you changed, but if you think that changed my love for you in the slightest degree, you are absolutely and hopelessly mistaken. You seemed cold, a shadow appeared to spring up between us, and do what I would, I was not able to remove it; but I put it down to your being tired, and I thought everything would come right in a day or two. Oh, it was hard, Ruth, after working and waiting so long! It was all for you—and when the reward was nearly within my grasp, you, of all people, snatched it away from me. Ruth, I have come after you. There is no other woman on the face of the earth for me. If you don't marry me—well, my life is over, that is all——"

His voice broke. It only needed that to vanquish her completely. At every sentence he had spoken the frost in her heart had been thawing, thawing. And now the hot tide of tumultuous joy had burst in and swept everything before it. She turned towards him with a sudden movement. She uttered no word, but he saw that she was blinded by the tears which were coursing down her face.

"I cannot go without Margaret this time," she said, as they walked up the lane. "I won't leave her behind again."

"Dearest, you shall bring her with you. You shall bring the whole village if you want them."

Her eyes danced with happiness.

"Margaret will say 'No' and 'No' and 'No' most stubbornly, until I put my arms round her neck and say, 'But, Margaret, you must come, if it is only to see that we have a proper kitchen set.' And then she will relent."

"A proper kitchen set? What *do* you mean?"

"Never mind. It is a secret between us. You must allow me one secret before I begin telling you everything. Oh, Frank, don't let us go in just yet. I am too happy to face anyone else."

They turned and looked back upon the white world. The rays of the sinking sun were aslant upon the distant hilltops, and touched up their snowy summits as with fire. Through the clear air came floating a far-away sound—the musical tinkle, tinkle of the colliery trams. She pressed his arm. He returned the pressure.

"Do you hear it, Frank?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you remember?"

"Remember, sweetheart? Could I ever forget? *Tinkle, tinkle.* It brings back one of the happiest moments of the past. I remember every sound, almost every word of that evening."

She was satisfied.

"There have been four memorable days in my lifetime," she said softly; "two very happy and two very wretched. But the happy days have more than atoned for the others."

PLEASURES OF THE POOR.

A FRIENDLY LEAD.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.



"THREE CHEERS FOR SAMMY!"

"THREE cheers for Sammy! He ain't missed a lead since he's bin in these 'ere parts." Never did the broad and good-humoured countenance of Sammy the coster light up with so genuine a thrill of pride as when he heard these words, accompanied by a thunderous slap upon the shoulder, at a benefit concert at the "Duck and Green Peas" public-house, somewhere in the East End of London. Let us say "somewhere," and stick to it; for in this attempt to describe, in its comedy and tragedy, one particular way in which poor people take their pleasures, our geography had better be vague and our names fictitious, but the facts may be trusted as tolerably true to life. Sammy, I said, grinned with gratification, for there is no compliment which a man of his class appreciates more than such a spontaneous tribute from his rough comrades to his "jolly good-fellowship." This inspiring eulogy was started by the pianist in Sammy's honour, and roared forth by the jovial party to the accompaniment of thumps which tested the stability of the beer-stained tables of the "Duck and Green Peas." Sammy was a bachelor; I never clearly made out whether there was any truth in the occasional chaff, which he bore with great philosophy, concerning his early rejection by a donah, the daughter of a tripe merchant, a young lady always spoken of as possessing black eyes (natural ones) and with a partiality for the wearing of red feathers in her hat. He had a soft corner beneath his corduroy jacket for any pal down on his luck, and was very good to children. It was the two elder girls of his sister 'Liza who first brought him to the Mission Hall, which he got quite fond of attending when his winkle trade was a bit slack, and where his powerful bass practically drowned the third-hand harmonium in "Showers of Blessing." Sammy, a mixture, like most of us, of faults and virtues, was quite the most attractive type of the man whom every town parson knows, a fellow never, or rarely, to be

found in a state of complete intoxication, but who, on every day when money "ran to it," would take just too much beer to be safe. It is such men who (as doctors have told me) are the despair of the medical profession. When any serious disease grips them after forty, they are next to impossible to cure. Power of vital resistance has been rotted away by incessant alcohol. The soaker is the worst patient of all. But poor old Sammy looks healthy enough, as he shows us a card which runs something like this:

"A Friendly Meeting will take place at the 'Duck and Green Peas' on Thursday night, June 10th, at nine o'clock, for the benefit of Bob Dropmore, whose wife has died and left him with four children totally unprovided for. The following old pals have promised to rally round him: Sandpiper, Tommy the Teaser, Danny the Dancer, The Doctor, Tubby Turner, Irish Mike, etc., etc. A first-rate programme, including songs by Bob's youngsters."

It is one of the *nuances* of our subject, that what is spoken of as a Friendly Lead is nearly always put down upon the card of invitation as "A Friendly Meeting." Nor is the card we have instanced typical. The average grammar may be worse, but as a rule cards are less grotesque. Let us give a usual specimen:—

"'Leg of Mutton,' Ryder's Yard, Whitechapel. Proprietor, Mr. Tompkins. A Friendly Meeting will be held in the above House on Saturday, December 11th, for the benefit of Mrs. Jackson, whose husband is in the London Hospital and lost the use of his leg. Chairman, Mr. Smith; Vice-Chairman, Mr. Brown. Commence at eight o'clock."



"TOM BOWLING."

Here is one of the humbler sorts of Leads. This poor woman, Mrs. Jackson, would pay about one and ninepence for the printing of such cards; she would also put down one shilling for two pots of beer to open the proceedings. For each sixpence contributed fourpence would be spent upon refreshments, and twopence would be given to the case. Quite possibly as much as £5 would be collected, of which the widow would only receive a small portion. Even under much more rational and generous circumstances drink is bound to absorb much of the proceeds. A clerical friend of mine, who has had opportunities of seeing the system in most of its bearings in the East End of London, calls it "this thriftless, extravagant, and intemperate method of relieving distress." The verdict is strong, but I do not question its substantial justice. If, however, we wish to be interested, and possibly even a trifle amused, by the pictures which we are going to present of these pleasures of the poor, we had better think rather of the real, if perverted, sense of human brotherhood, which is at the root of all these undesirable manifestations of goodwill.

For all this time my friend Sammy has been waiting to take us to the afflicted Bob Dropmore's Benefit in the big upstairs room of the "Duck and Green Peas." Let us follow his burly form, and try to be not more shocked than we can help. But, frankly, we are not prepossessed by what we know of the character of Bob. While he had never done a day's work if he could help it, his poor wife had toiled like a slave, kept the home together, and provided for the 'bacca and other trifling luxuries beloved by your true loafer. It was unlikely that the card of invitation romanced in averring that Bob's children were "totally unprovided for." Sammy informs us that the popular sympathy for Mr. Dropmore's domestic bereavement is so great that it has been proposed to rig him out with a hot-potato barrow, to be purchased from the wife of a baked-potato merchant, who has

recently had a little difference with a dock labourer, and who is at this moment stranded in "'orspital." By this time Sammy has piloted us into the long club room of a rather good-class "pub." Perhaps we are known to many present; at any rate, Sammy is, and we get a hearty welcome from the assembled pals. We are further honoured by an invitation to



THE COMBATANTS PAUSE.

sit by the chairman at a table which is already well garnished with pots and glasses. This functionary is a local vendor of the toothsome trotter. He has a large mouth, the elongation of which is much exaggerated by a deficiency of bridge about his nose. Though it wants at least fifteen minutes to the appointed hour, more than half of the company have had quite as much as is good for them, and the rank tobacco smoke hangs like a dense cloud over an apartment seriously lacking in ventilation.

"Now we shan't be long!" yells the chairman genially, as Bob is seen in the doorway, leading in his four children, together with Auntie Kate, a stalwart Irishwoman. When they are seated, and Auntie has been accommodated with an 'arf o' porter, the chairman says he hopes "as how everybody present who 'as a 'art in his chest will give liberally to them pore orphans as yer see afore yer." He then himself passes round the plate, or rather two plates, one on the top of the other. The contribution of each benefactor is placed in the top plate, and is immediately emptied by the collector into the under plate. If this procedure strikes us (who may not be totally inexperienced in collections) as curious, Sammy will whisper hoarsely, "Why, yer see, guvnor, we can all spot what's give, and there ain't no chance o' some on 'em pinching a bit." A tall, rakish-looking youth, who has entered the room during the cheery jingle of the coins, sits down before the piano. He takes his pipe from his mouth, and fortifies himself by a long pull at the large pot of bitter with which he is supplied. Then the chairman calls on "The Doctor," who has a small chandler's shop in the next alley, to oblige the company with a song. With some difficulty the vocalist, a little person with pale whiskers, pushes his way to the piano, and rather sheepishly announces, "Tom Bowling." The manifest lack of compass of the singer's

voice suggests certain obvious jokes among the audience as to the difficulty some folks have in "goin' aloft." What with the pianist being unacquainted with the tune, and "The Doctor" being uncertain as to both tune and words, a misunderstanding arises between the two artists which threatens to terminate the evening's harmony; the pianist, in fact, going so far as to assert roundly that he is "not here to be made a bloomin' fool of." We are reminded what a medley of sense and nonsense, of qualified good and evil, friendly leads are, when the grotesque chairman, really kindly, and not without tact, soothes the irate musician by another reference to "them pore orphans." Peace is restored with honour; and Irish Mike, who is wonderfully like the conventional stage Irishman, rolls out "Rory O'More" uncommonly well. Mike is enthusiastically encored, and obliges with a "comic," of which memory (fortunately, perhaps) only allows us to recall one verse, and it is this:

"He owned a rat tan terrier dorg,
Which stood but one foot three,
And the way that critter chawed up rats,
'Twas gorgeous for ter see."



"'THAT'S TOM CATER'S GAL.'"

After another hour or more of weary turns, when our eyes are smarting terribly from the thick and acrid fumes of strong tobacco, the chairman suggests that Mr. Dropmore might like to say a few words. To undergo this ordeal, Bob nerves himself with a liberal draught from his replenished quart. He is, he hiccoughs, most thankful for the kind support of all his good ole pals here present. He has lost a good ole "dooman," etc. For here we must sacrifice verisimilitude to reverence. We cannot bring ourselves to do more than hint at the maudlin piety, apparently relished by his hearers, with which the idle, feckless fellow compares his neglected dead drudge of a wife with a "nangel." After the stricken Bob has subsided, with his head upon the table, there are calls for Auntie Kate. The blowsy, good-tempered-looking woman requests that before her bit the four children should sing, "'ome sweet 'ome." This the forlorn little things really do prettily, and it is the one moving and human item of the otherwise vacuous show. Most of the men among the fuddled listeners are quite unable to restrain their visible emotion. Auntie Kate, on rising, is most sympathetically received. It is her intention, she gasps and jerks, to be good to Bob and to be a mother to his children. Instead of the frantic applause, with rattling of jugs and glasses, which greets her promise, it would be well if the unfortunate Aunt could hear a warning whisper of the catastrophe only too likely to follow her words. "When she looks," she says, "at them angels there, the very heart of her is being ripped out wid grief." Midnight is approaching, and the appearance of the landlord will probably finish the lead. In any case, we have had quite enough of it, and Sammy guards us by a short, but not very savoury cut, to our belated tram.

Friendly Leads, so popular in the poorer districts of London, are singularly partial in their hold over the provinces. In towns like Wolverhampton and Burton-on-Trent the name seems absolutely unknown. In the latter place, not long ago, a friendly concert was given in the Town Hall, where, of course, drinking and smoking were not allowed, for the widow of the foreman in a brewery, who had suddenly died. A good deal is also done in this direction on temperate, but not teetotal lines, by the societies of Oddfellows. Nottingham, as I happen to be aware, is a favourite winter stronghold for benefit concerts; but they are mostly of

a higher and more lucrative type than those London Leads which we are describing. The public-house entertainments bring in far less money. The miners in Nottingham are particularly clever in organising benefits on a big scale, and in pushing tickets. Sometimes hundreds more tickets will be disposed of than the hall will hold, if all the purchasers turned up. At a concert given after the war for a Scots' Fusilier, who had lost his arm at Paardeberg, the takings, after deducting expenses, amounted to nearly £50.

But it is back into the greatest of cities that we must go if we would survey the horrors and humours of the Friendly Lead at their worst or best. Here is a specimen of a not uncommon form of Lead in rough neighbourhoods. A dock labourer has lost a leg at his work, and a boxing match has been arranged between, say, the "Stepney Slogger" and the "Billingsgate Bantam." After a few rounds the combatants pause for liquid refreshment, which they imbibe copiously at the expense of nearly every man in the room. The exhilarated "Bantam" begins to crow a bit over a previous exploit, in which he badly mauled the "Slogger." The "Slogger," whose honour apparently feels a stain like a wound, expresses his fixed intention of "moppin' the floor" with his rival. On the particular occasion of which we are thinking, the "Bantam," lunging out wildly at the "Slogger," hit inadvertently a gigantic navvy, who was not in an intellectual condition to overlook even so trifling a mistake. The navvy seized a quart pot off the table and brought it down, with its contents, upon the face of his assailant, "makin' 'is mouth a bit wider," to quote the potman's delicate but expressive phrase. Then ensues a general scrimmage, which is ended by the entrance of the police.



"SHE STRUGGLED TO HER FEET TO RETURN THANKS" (p. 498).

There must be a sordid sameness in the attempted descriptions of these Leads; but they afford a field for the observation of many lights and shades in the lives of the poor. "I was asked," said a friend of mine, a layman who has laboured among them for many years, and who has an unusual gift for getting into touch with the working classes, "by a jovial greengrocer, as I was walking down Mile End Road, one New Year's Night, to take a ticket for a benefit concert for the widow of a canal boat driver. As it was a woman for whom the lead was organised, ladies were admitted. The large red-headed chairman, whom I knew well, indicated the widow with a jerk of his thumb. 'That's Tom Cater's gal; we shall give 'er a proper evenin' when they all comes.' She was a really comely woman, not more than thirty years of age, and she was holding a very pretty girl of about nine close to her breast. It was pitiful to see the flushed child's eyes blinking in the foul smoke already beginning to gather.

When the room was pretty well crowded up, the orchestra, comprising a pianist and two violins, got into position, and the chairman, banging on the table with a broken drum-stick, gave out that the 'band' would play a solo. A boy with a cracked voice then obliged the assembly with some well-meant squeaks. Such effect as this effort might have produced was somewhat spoilt by a commotion at the door, caused by the entrance of a young fellow in a very smart overcoat. 'That's the Squire,' cackled the chairman to me; 'just wait till *he* takes a hand, to hear what singin's like.' The Squire was evidently an important personage, and well known; for he was vociferously cheered as he stood up to sing. Taking off his coat, he sighed very deeply as he deposited it on the back of his chair. In a most sentimental voice, with looks to match, he informed the company that he would give them that beautiful song entitled 'Mingle your eyebrows with mine, Love.' A more doleful performance I never heard. By this time the company seemed to think that they had enjoyed enough of the masculine element, and there were loud calls for 'Daisy.' To my considerable surprise, a damsel whom I had not previously noticed, came forward with a shamefaced mien, much unlike her usual confident and dashing air. The fact was, Daisy and I recognised each other. She was now a handsome girl (with a tinge of Hebrew blood), and I had known her, on and off, for ten out of her seventeen years of life. Daisy's was a curious history. In the earlier days, when I lived near Charing Cross, Daisy was a motherless child, brought up by an unmarried aunt, herself little more than a girl, who gained a good wage by dancing at a variety theatre. This girl's devotion to her little niece was really beautiful; though I never saw her at a place of worship, save once or twice at a midnight service, with some of her stage paint still on her cheeks, she paid for Daisy regularly at a Church school. The youthful aunt died from a sharp attack of pleurisy, brought on, it was said, by tramping home, heated from her work, in the wet, with thin shoes. Daisy, who had finished her education, joined some friends and migrated east as a tailoress, and I had not set eyes on her for over eighteen months till this eventful night. 'Now, Daisy, my dear, give us something lively,' called out the chairman; but Daisy, presumably because of our unexpected meeting, attempted none of the jovial ditties for which she was evidently famous, and was even more off colour than the Squire. Her choice of 'The Vacant Chair' as a song was singularly unhappy, for 'we shall meet, but we shall miss him' affected the widow to tears, and caused the refilling of her glass with gin. The poor woman, in fact, had certainly taken more than was desirable when she struggled to her feet to return thanks for the £4 which had been handed up to her as the net proceeds. She spoke of the deceased Tom as 'a good boy, never blacked me eyes, treated me to whelks and porter Saturday nights; but now he's gone, etc. etc.' 'God bless the little gal,' was an ejaculation from one of the audience. As I departed, some of the ladies were proposing a dance; but this idea having been vetoed, perhaps from considerations of the licence, the Lead, with a few more harmless songs of the type of 'The Old Folks at Home,' dwindled to its rather melancholy midnight close."
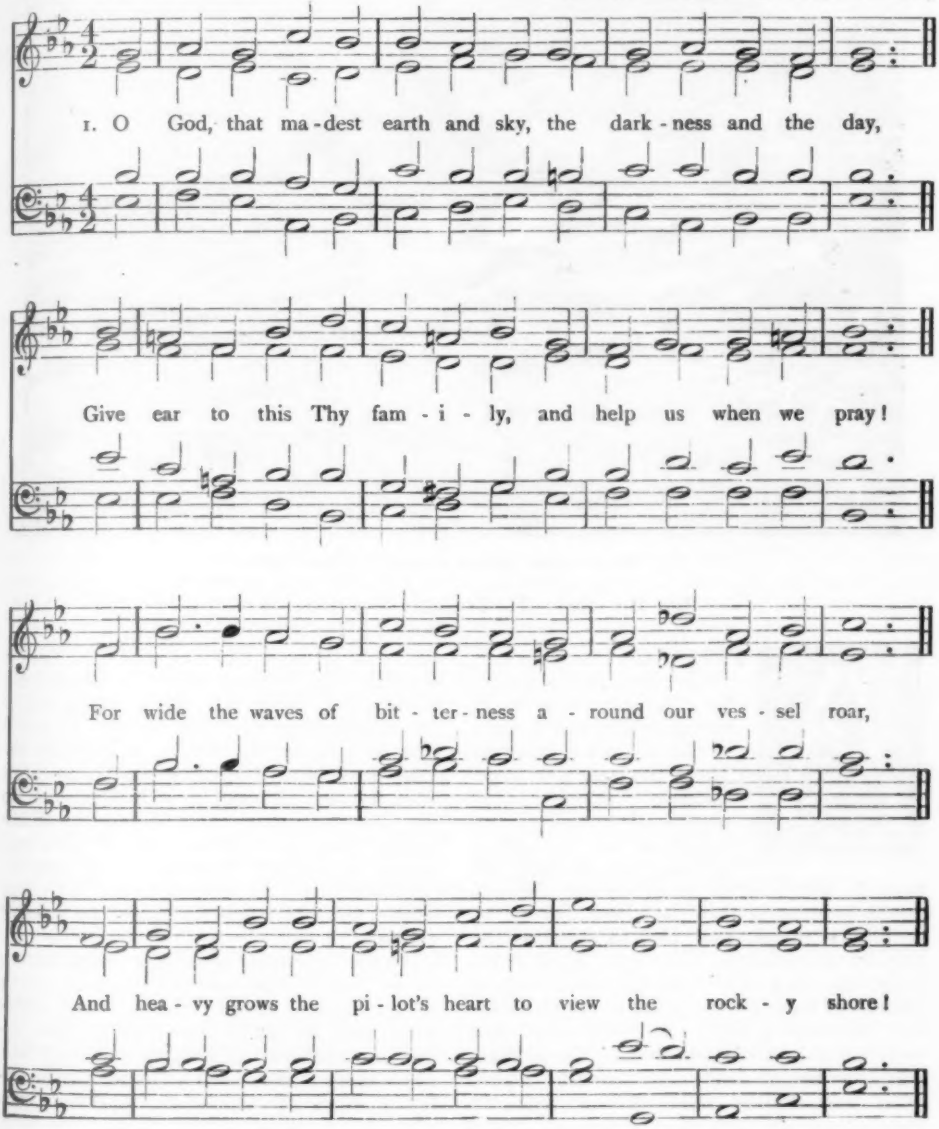
The writer has thought that he would better fulfil his object by giving specimens of Friendly Leads in, so far as is possible, their unadorned vulgarity, than by moralising elaborately about resultant evils, which are sufficiently plain. Their one big asset is, we repeat, their underlying spirit of goodwill. Their unquestionable curse, as at present most frequently conducted, is their undue patronage of the public-house, and their mischievous alcoholic indulgence and excess. Their removal or reform appears to us to depend on the much wider problem of the education, as to the drink question, of the conscience of the community. In the more "classy" East End Leads non-intoxicating drinks, such as lemonade, are already provided as alternatives, and this may be a hopeful sign. But while the multitude of well-to-do Englishmen still regard the consumption of strong drink as almost inseparable from good-fellowship, it is absurd to expect much in the way of regeneration to start from the bottom of the social scale. That Leads do impart a certain amount of pleasure into the dull, drab lives of the poor is undoubted, and the pleasure, apart from the drinking, is not all wicked. At any rate, while we good church and chapel folks are so arbitrary, so partial, so unsystematic, so sentimental, in our own charities, when money, of which there is desperate need for the Almighty's work, has to be coaxed out of our pockets by baits such as bazaars, with their attendant fooleries, I do not think that, with all our holy horror of the crude philanthropic efforts of poor Sammy and Daisy, we are quite the fit people to cast the first stone.

XUM

"O God, that madest Earth and Sky."

Words by BISHOP HEBER.

Music by WALTER G. ALCOCK, Mus.B.
(Organist of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's.)



2. The Cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair:
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking faith renew!
And when Thy sorrows visit us, O send Thy patience too.



(Photo: A. E. Hogg, Belfast.)

THE WISHING CHAIR, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, COUNTY ANTRIM

By the Rev. T. Cruddas Porteus, B.A.

A FEELING of solemn awe steals over one who stands for the first time amid the grandeur and wonder of the Giant's Causeway. These thousands of stone columns, massive and many-sided, wedged together so as to form a natural pier, reaching out towards the Scottish coast in the dim distance, look as if they had been carven by sculptor's chisel, and put in position by mighty machinery. One can hardly believe that they have been fashioned without the aid of man, by the great forces of nature and of nature's God. In presence of such visible and tangible wonders, for the moment one can almost fancy the romantic legend true, and believe that at one time the columns really formed a causeway across the "Sea of Moyle," uniting the land of the shamrock and the land of brown heath and shaggy wood. Tradition says that a Scottish giant sent an insulting message to the Irish giant, Fin MacCoul, to the effect that only for fear of wetting his feet he would come over the sea and give him a beating. On hearing this Fin constructed a causeway over the briny, along which the braggart came, only to get a sound thrashing from his rival. After this the road sank into the sea. Staffa, in Scotland, is very similar in cliff formation to the Causeway, and these, according to the legend, were the extreme ends of Fin's road across the water. Ruthless science has discountenanced this popular legend by telling us that the formations are caused by volcanic action.

At the Causeway there are many marvels to be seen. The Giant's Head is a huge rock, jutting out into the sea and visible from afar, on which one may see the outline of a massive but benignant looking face. Then there is the Giant's Organ, the magnificent pipes of which are 120 feet high. The natives say that the organ plays twice in seven years, and then only two tunes—one for the Orange and one for the Green. Thus the spirits of the lofty race of long ago wisely steer a middle course in party politics, and keep the peace with both sides. To sit on the cliffs beneath this

colossal structure on a perfect summer day is very delightful. The sky overhead is one vast sapphire, cloudless and serene, the soap-stone rocks of brown sepia tint and fantastic shape stand clearly marked against the shimmering heavens, or the matchless blue of the ocean. The grassy slopes of the cliff beneath are white with large ox-eyed daisies, basking in the hot sunshine, and filling the air with their fragrance. Above tower the mystic pipes of the organ, surmounted by huge masses of overhanging rock. There is no organ recital proceeding; the grey, weather-worn pipes are mute. Neither the merry lilt of "St. Patrick's Day" nor the weird strains of "Boyne Water" steal across the bay. But there is music far below, where the waves that roll in from the great Atlantic boom among the hollow rocks, with their deep majestic bass, and break among the jutting crags in showers of feathery foam.

Another object of interest is the Wishing Chair. In a part of the Causeway called the Honeycomb, there is a cushionless but comfortable seat in the rock, the columns below leading up to it like steps to a king's throne. Local tradition says that whoever frames a wish while seated there will be sure to have the desire granted, provided you "hould your whisht" and never tell the wish to anybody. The condition is by no means always kept. Many a merry maiden sits in the chair and proclaims her wish in tones that wake silvery echoes among the old grey rocks. Sometimes a trio of little ones compel papa to take the "giant's throne," and then tease him to tell them what he thought of. Requests that are "large petitions" indeed are sometimes made to the shades of the departed giants, and they would need to be remarkably clever ghosts to answer some of the appeals that are made to them. So the old and very persistent superstition is turned into a subject of merriment, and often there is great fun around the rocky seat.

A Wishing Chair! Have we not, every one of us, a magic seat of this kind to which we often resort? Our hearts are wonderfully full of wistful hopes and longings. Our golden age is ever in the future. We are certain that we should be perfectly happy if only we had something which now we lack. And perhaps our deepest desires are never communicated even to our dearest. About the things which touch us most closely we naturally "hould our whisht." A strange reserve seals our lips; our most cherished ambitions are locked in the secret place of the heart. One of the first things to remember in regard to our Wishing Chair is the morality of wishing. The nature of our desires is the index of our character. What we want shows what we are, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." There are wishes that tell of the ape and tiger nature, desires that betoken that the man is led not by the conscience and the spirit, but by the base hungers of the flesh. There are wishes that suggest discontent and envy. You are not where you would be; you have not what you would like to have. You want to climb; you want to own. "Oh, that another's place and possessions were mine!" is the cry of your heart. You have not mastered the great secret of the converted Rabbi and "learned to be content." There are nobler wishes than these—aspirations that tell of Christlikeness, longings for the perfect heart and the blameless life.

The Wishing Chair is a kind of balance where we may weigh ourselves, and see what manner of people we are. Place yourself now in the magic seat, and ask your heart what is your great wish, your dominant desire. Are you putting it into £ s. d.? Are you thinking of some illicit and prohibited pleasure? Are you framing it in terms of social ambition? If so, write yourself down as a soul of low ideals, one in danger of spiritual apostasy. Or what is your wish? Do you stand on the steep slope of the hill of holiness, looking longingly towards the summit? Is your heart full of yearnings, your days full of strivings after betterment? If so, the desire of your heart is in harmony with God's great plans, and the direction of your life is ever towards a blessedness that is unspeakable. And even if your heavenward yearnings fail of their complete fulfilment in this life, they have not been cherished in vain. To the king who desired to raise a fair temple to God, but was prevented, came the Divine Word, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

But the Wishing Chair suggests another lesson—the beneficence of disappointment. Supposing everyone who sits in the magic seat at the Causeway were to have his wish granted—would he be the happier for it? Not so, in many cases. Fortunes suddenly inherited are not always attended with blessing. "Pounds upon pounds" oft bring with them the hard heart; fame sometimes results in the haughty look and

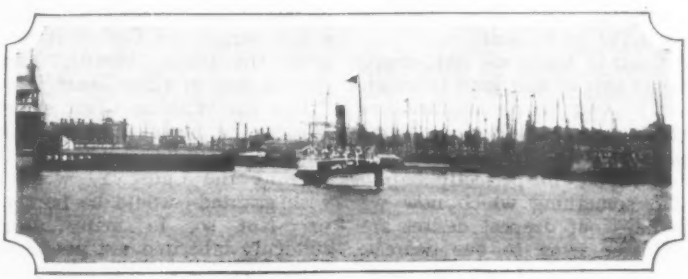
the loss of a quiet spirit. We should not find it such a pleasant thing to be princes or premiers or millionaires, as we sometimes imagine it would be. It would not do for us to have every idle and extravagant wish of ours gratified; and the kindness of God may often be traced in the frustration of many of our hopes and wants. This is the secret of our unanswered prayers. Our Father, knowing our many longings, has opened to our approach His throne of grace. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," and if the desire be for our good and His glory, it will surely be gratified. Let us not be bewildered if something we ask for through many years, and with many tears, is denied. It would be cruel to give the knife to the little child that cries for it, attracted by the bright glitter of the steel. Many of our requests in praye are very childish; and looking back across the years, we know now that they were not gratified because God knew best. God's kindness is manifest not only in His giving, but in His withholding; His wisdom and power are revealed not only in His responses, but in His silence. It is a good thing for us that our Father orders our lives, not according to our foolish whims, but according to His infinite love and knowledge.

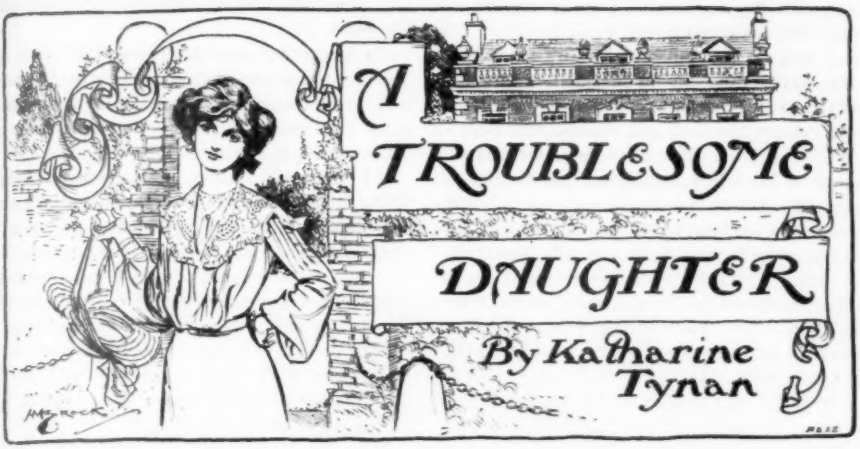
There is another thought of which the Wishing Chair reminds us, and that is, as to the true condition of achievement. If our wish be honest and earnest, we shall link desire to endeavour; we shall not only wish but work. The prevalence of wishing wells and wishing stones suggests that men are ready to make use of any road to acquisition and success except the royal road of labour. They are willing to use every kind of magic except the magic of work. It is the Divine Will that many things we want and need should be acquired. Any other method would be ridiculous and wrong. If wishing alone made people learned, many a dunce would soon be a philosopher. If wishing made men successful, many a ne'er-do-well would be a thriving citizen. If desires only made us good, many a scapegrace would be a saint. There is an imperative condition to be fulfilled before our hopes and wants can be satisfied. "One thing have I desired," said David; "that will I seek after." Many a fervent desire would be speedily realised if men recognised the need for practical toil. When wishes furnish compelling motives for persevering endeavour, they are almost sure to "come true."

Apply this to the highest things. We desire that men should be holy and happy. We want sin to be beaten down. We want the kingdom of God to come. What are we doing to fulfil our own desires? Are we wielding the power of a consistent life? Are we opposing a determined front to the host of evil forces that surround us? Is any soul the better for our influence and our prayers? Let us join our longings to a little doing, translate our fervour into practice, help to fulfil our ideals by some useful service.

The *best wishes* are desires after goodness and usefulness; and these are certain to come true. Is the unspotted life your purpose and your prayer? Then "ye, therefore, shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Do you long to wield a Christlike influence, to uplift and bless your fellows? "Follow Me," says Christ, "and I will make you fishers of men." Happy are those whose hearts are ever in glad harmony with the old words, wedded to sweet, familiar music, "O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him; and He shall give thee *thy heart's desire*."





A SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER XV.

A MASTER-MARINER.

JUDY had left Stannington behind her, and was haunted by a memory of Maurice Evelyn's manner to herself, a manner in which there was a subtle difference. He was not angry nor estranged; if anything, he was kinder than before. Yet his kindness hurt Judy.

She felt that he was glad she was going away. A day or two ago he would have stormed at the suggestion; he would have swept down on Judy's mother and asked her to prevent it, with that manner of his towards Mrs. Evelyn which was debonairly certain of her powerlessness to refuse him anything in reason. Judy felt in a vague trouble that Maurice had washed his hands of her. When she came back he would be gone.

His quiet speech—"Cousin Judy, I wish you very much joy. You should have told me before, and told me yourself, Cousin Judy"—sounded in her ears through the clank of the metals and the grinding of the wheels of the train; made her plainly so absorbed in her thoughts that Miss Meredith, with a deep spot of excitement in each cheek, forbore to disturb her by conversation.

Judy was received with open arms by the Duchess. Her little room was ready, and a chair bedstead had been set up in it for Miss Meredith. The settlement was not likely to be embarrassed by the addition of another inmate, since the Duke and his young Duchess had presented the Dowager Duchess with a row of empty houses in the street for the extension of her work.

A day or two later Judy and Miss Meredith made their fateful expedition into Essex.

Cadgwith-on-Nevern lies at the junction of the River Nevern with the sea. It is a small, clean, pebbly, sandy place, with the smell of seaweed always in the air. The population consists mainly of fishermen and old retired sailors.

To one of these worthies Judy addressed herself, asking the way to Captain Kennet's cottage. Poor Miss Meredith was far too nervous by this time to assume any part in the control of the expedition, out of which she would have scurried at the last moment, if Judy had not held her fast to it.

"Cap'en Kennet—Wullie Kennet. Why, I sailed with him in the *Aurora*. Take the first turn to the right and second to the left, and there you are. Ye'll read 'Good Luck' writ in the pebbles of the path to the house-door. 'Tis the 'Look Out' he calls it. I've heard Cap'en Willyum say as how the good luck o' comin' was for them that came, but the good luck o' goin' was for him that sped them. He was always one for his joke was Cap'en Kennet."

Judy pressed a coin into his hand, for which he did not thank her, being engaged in recovering his breath after the series of chuckles

and gurgles he had emitted as a tribute to Captain Kennet's cynicism.

They had no difficulty in finding the place, nor the owner, who sat on his lawn under the flag-staff, with a red handkerchief over his head to keep it from the flies, and himself fast asleep.

"Willie is quite fifteen years older than I am," Miss Meredith explained hurriedly, as she caught sight of the sleeping figure; "and, dear me, how he has aged! I suppose it's the hard life and the exposure and all that. Oh, Judy dear, I think we'd better steal away quietly. It can't be Willie really, now I see him closer. He never could have grown so old-looking in the time. And so stout! Oh, Judy dear, let us go before he wakes. I can write to him. I am sure it will be the better way."

Judy was not sure that it would not be the better way, now that Miss Meredith had laid eyes on her lover of old days. Captain Kennet was in his shirt-sleeves. His coat, with fine brass buttons, lay on a garden chair. He had a clay pipe, half-dropping from his fingers. His mouth lolled open. As they began to retrace their footsteps he snored, a tremendous ear-piercing, far-reaching snore which had turns and twists in it and went off into all manner of unexpected high notes.

"Let us run, Judy," whispered poor Miss Meredith, looking as though she would sink into the earth.

But at that moment a little white dog, with a black spot over its eye and its tail standing at attention, rushed from the cottage with a prodigious barking. The sleeper sprang to his feet; his clay pipe clattered down on a white stone that formed part of the boundary of a flower bed and was smashed into atoms. Captain Kennet turned sharply round and perceived them.

"Why, bless my soul," he said, hastily getting into his coat, "I must have fallen asleep. It must have been the heat of the sun. Won't you step inside, ladies? Why, bless me, Jeanie, Jeanie Meredith, you aren't a day older. And pretty as ever, my lass, pretty as ever."

Judy almost felt Miss Meredith tremble by her side. She glanced at her, hoping she was going to rise to the occasion. Now that she saw Captain Kennet nearer and without the red handkerchief his face attracted her. She could see in the elderly, ruddy, weather-beaten face the pink and white, blue-eyed Willie of the locket. She hoped Miss Meredith would not let him see how changed he was in her eyes

To her relief she perceived that her quiet dignity of nature had come to Miss Meredith's relief. Her face showed no more perturbation than one might expect. Her pale lips wore even a little flickering smile.

"I am very glad to see you again, Cousin Willie," she said. "This young lady is one of my pupils, Miss Judy Evelyn. What a very pleasant place you live in, Cousin Willie."

"Aye, indeed; you couldn't find a pleasanter port after seas than Cadgwith. It is my fault, Cousin Jeanie, that you haven't been here before now. But better late than never; and you and the young lady are heartily welcome. You'll step in out of the sun and drink a cup of tea with me?"

They went up the path paved with a mosaic of coloured stones, in which the words "Good Luck," were framed. Each side of the path flowers grew in profusion. There was every possible variety of the old-fashioned sort—sweet peas, pinks, snapdragons, sweet williams, phlox, stocks, mignonette, all growing so thickly that it was a perfect kaleidoscope of colour. There seemed a great many arbours and arches, and devices of all sorts in the small domain, and through an opening in a hedge of sweet-brier and crimson ramblers Judy caught sight of a little vegetable garden, as chockful to all appearance as the flower garden.

There was a trellised porch over the door, and the house-walls were trellised. A very fine Gloire de Dijon covered porch and house-walls, the roses looking in at the little many-paned, old-fashioned windows. These were all wide open, and bore not a trace of a curtain except that afforded by the rose tree outside, and that was so carefully nailed up that not a branch of it was allowed to trail.

The little hall was very light and bright. There was a model of a sailing vessel all in a snowy cloud of canvas on a table, and there were many shells about, and some old-fashioned prints of Hood and Nelson and other naval heroes.

From the hall four doors opened, and standing between them Judy could catch a glimpse of four snowy walls.

At the first door on the right-hand side of the hall Captain Kennet stood back, and with a bow invited the ladies to enter.

Judy thought she had never seen so white a room; and could not refrain from an expres-

sion of delight, at which the old sailor looked pleased.

"The decks are swabbed down every morning," he said; "and since I'm captain and crew there's no fear that the work won't be done to my liking."

On the walls was a master's certificate from the Board of Trade, a picture of the flags of all nations, a picture of the death of Nelson, and something else which Judy went up to and examined. She found it to be a document setting forth how Captain William Kennet had saved his ship the *Aurora*, with all her passengers and crew, when she had run aground on a dangerous reef, and had shown great personal gallantry, for which he had been awarded a binocular by the Board of Trade. Another framed document was an address from the passengers who had been saved; a third was an acknowledgment of Captain Kennet's courage and seamanship from the owners of the *Aurora*.

Having glanced at these, Judy turned round and smiled at Captain Kennet. She was thinking now how blue his eyes were, how firm and handsome his mouth, how honest and kindly his expression.

He smiled back at her, and there was modest deprecation in the glance.

"'Twasn't much to do, young lady," he said. "Any man that's worth his salt 'll save his ship or go down with her. 'Tis a sight easier to save her than to drown. The passengers made no end of a fuss, being landsmen. They presented me with this here watch."



"They had no difficulty in finding the place nor the owner."

He drew out a massive gold watch, and, detaching it from a chain like a cable, laid it in Judy's hand.

"Yonder's the binocular," he said. "And the owners, they gave me fifty pun'."

About the walls stood brass-bound chests and such ship's furniture, which filled Judy with delight. She looked round on the curious glass cases, containing birds' eggs, fishes, stuffed birds, bits of ivory and coral—all manner of strange, suggestive treasure-trove, and her eyes brightened.

"I should love to look at them all," she said.

"So you shall, missy; so you shall. I could tell you stories about them which would keep you amused many a winter's night. But 'tis time to give you ladies your tea. Maybe you'll excuse me stepping down to the kitchen to make it."

"Please may I come and help you?" asked Judy, who had forgotten what her friend might be enduring in her own pleasure at all she saw.

"And welcome, missy," he said cheerfully. "Dear, dear, 'tis long since a woman's made my tea."

"I thought you had children, Willie," said Miss Meredith nervously.

"Two—a boy and a girl. The boy's got a craft of his own. The girl, she married a year ago, and keeps house at Southampton. Her husband's a mate on an Atlantic liner. It was a blow to me when my Susy married. It seems lonely here without her! Perhaps you'd make the tea, Cousin Jeanie?"

"With pleasure," Miss Meredith said, but with a certain faltering in her tones.

As they passed through the little hall, Judy caught sight through one open door of a small wooden bed, with a shelf above it as like a ship's bunk as possible, and a room lined with lockers.

Through the other open door she saw what filled her with amazement. There was a small brass bedstead, with flowing curtains of white muslin, edged with lace and tied up with blue ribbon. A couple of pretty rugs were on the floor. There were pictures on the wall, and chintz-covered chairs, and a pretty blue-and-white wardrobe, and—for this one room—muslin curtains at the windows.

"That was my Susy's state-room," the father explained with a sigh that was like the wind in the cordage of the sails. "She needn't have left me because she weren't comfortable. But they will go; it's what we rear 'em for."

The kitchen was as snowy white as the rest of the house. There was a snowy dresser, and white shelves ran all round the walls; and such utensils as were in sight outside the many cupboards all twinkled as they caught every ray of light that was going.

A tea-tray was set out on the well-scrubbed table, and the captain, going to a stove of copper that shone like gold, lit a range of gas jets in it and set the kettle to boil.

"The kitchen's prettiest of all," cried Judy, clapping her hands.

The window looked on the kitchen garden, and a couple of great hollyhocks peeped in with their blowsed country-girl faces. The place was full of the scent of thyme and musk and various sweet-smelling herbs.

"Let us have tea in the kitchen," said Judy; "and then I'll help you to wash up."

She was as pleased as a child. With her ready receptiveness of the impressions of the moment she had forgotten everything but the delightful house, which seemed too good for real life, and could only, she thought, have been imagined in a book.

"I generally do have my tea in the kitchen of afternoons," Captain Kennet said. "As long as Susy was at home she kept me up to the parlour. She was like her mother before her, very genteel and ladylike in her ways. These are Susan's cups and saucers."

It was the first reference he had made to his wife, the woman who had supplanted his earlier love long ago; and Judy thought he made it with difficulty, but as a thing that had to be done, like the saving of a ship.

Miss Meredith turned quite red, and bent to look at the tea-cups, which were delicate things, with bands of roses and true lover's knots of blue ribbon upon them.

"Do let me cut the bread-and-butter," cried Judy, as Captain Kennet brought out that with many dainty things from one locker and another. "And oh, what delightful-looking things you have there—with such quaint, foreign names. What is this?" taking a bottle and holding it to the light.

"That's a fruit you won't get here, young lady, not for love or money—the mangosteen from Burmah. It hasn't found its way over here yet, not even preserved; but my shipmates bring me a jar now and again. Susy used to like 'em. These are guavas," indicating another jar, "and here are cumquats and preserved ginger. Have what you like for your tea, and carry away whatever you can carry afterwards."

"Oh, you are too kind," said Judy. "Please may I look? I never was in such a fairy-story house before in my life."

"Look wherever you like," Captain Kennet said, heartily. "Being my own crew and captain as well, you won't find no dirt shoved away in corners."

Before Judy had finished her peeps into the fascinating cupboards the tea was made and ready. Never had she so enjoyed a tea, and Captain Kennet's hospitality was magnificent. Judy laughed outright once as she recalled the playful bit of cynicism reported by the old

sailor. She rose to the occasion, and did full justice to the strange dainties with which Captain Kennet heaped her plate.

Miss Meredith ate nothing, to the captain's great concern.

At last Judy had finished, and after she had washed her hands in Susy's pretty room, where nothing had been forgotten—not even a cake of scented soap—she proposed to take Roarer, as the small dog was called—she suspected a corruption of "Aurora"—for a walk round the premises.

Captain Kennet was hospitably ready to accompany her, but this Judy declined.

"You old friends and kinsfolk will have plenty to talk about without me," she said audaciously, and ran off, aware of the despairing reproach in Miss Meredith's eyes.

"She ought to rise to it," she said to herself. "What if he is stout and rather bald, and talks ungrammatically, he is a beautiful old dear for all that. What did that Susy girl mean by leaving him? She must have been a spoilt, selfish pig"

She spent a delightful half-hour in exploring the garden Never were so many delightful things packed in little. There was a tiny pond for gold-fish, a double hedge, a little maze, a flight of steps leading to a look-out tower cut through a great hollow tree and swathed in ivy.

Presently the other two came and joined her. Judy gave one rapid look at Miss Meredith's face. It was disturbed, and Captain Kennet's had a shadow on it.

"She has not risen," Judy said sorrowfully to herself.

CHAPTER XVI.

WORKS OF MERCY.

CAPTAIN KENNET saw them into the train, and at the last laid beside Judy a little basket he had been carrying, in which some of his choicest and strangest preserves were hidden in roses and pinks. How he had found time to put them up was a matter that excited Judy's wonder, since he had hardly left them for a second.

Before Judy could thank him the train carried them off, and the last thing they saw was his face smiling at them as he stood with his bald head bare in the strong sun and the sea wind.

"I am in love with your Cousin Willie," said Judy, turning to Miss Meredith. "He is the finest of gentlemen. And his house is simply unique. I don't know how that Susy could ever have left it and him."

"He showed me her picture," said Miss Meredith guiltily. "She has a very refined face. Willie has become very homely. I suppose it is the rough sailor's life. I should never have known him."

"What did you say to him?"

Miss Meredith jumped at the sudden question. They were alone in the railway carriage, and the train was carrying them on through the flat fields, with now and again a little church and a graveyard and a few scattered houses. Often the houses had a faint suggestion of the one they had left behind—little gardens, with the beds set in borders of shells and round white stones, sometimes a flag-staff or a telescope at an open window. Judy supposed that many retired sea-captains must live down this way.

"You shouldn't have left me, Judy," said Miss Meredith reproachfully. "I never thought you would have done such a thing."

"I thought you wanted to answer his letter. Of course, you were bound to answer it in one way or another. You don't mean to say you've refused him?"

"Why, you knew I should, Judy," said Miss Meredith in a tone of dismay. "I knew quite well beforehand that I shouldn't leave the Red House and your dear mother. How could I go from her to Willie, as he is now? How *could* you have supposed it? He was so different, Judy. Why, I remember the time he used to read poetry. He was very fond of Byron."

"He lives his poetry now," said Judy, "and I think himself and his house beautiful. I'm surprised at you, Merry, that you don't see it. I confess I looked for better things from you."

"*Judy!*" cried poor Miss Meredith, almost in tears, "I thought you understood me so well when I told you all my misgivings. Of course, it is a sweet little house, and Willie was very kind. He was always a kind fellow. But then—he has grown so stout. I remember the time when he was quite slender. And he is bald, Judy!"

"Oh, I know, I know," said Judy impatiently; "but he's just a beautiful Willie, despite the baldness and stoutness. I should have thought you'd have found it out, Merry."

Miss Meredith's eyes filled with tears; yet her face wore a gratified air.

"I've got used to the Red House and the



"'If I die to-night, Martha Driscoll,' she kept calling out, 'you'll hang for it'"—(*p. 510*).

Red House's ways," she said ; " and I suppose I've learned to be very particular. When Willie's letter came, my first thought was, as you know, that I couldn't bear to have a man making everything untidy. Of course, I see now Willie wouldn't do that. The house is extremely neat. And he said, poor fellow, that I'd have nothing at all to do only sit and look pretty—those were his exact words "—she blushed prettily over repeating the speech —" that he'd do everything and wait on me hand and foot. As though I should permit that if I were to marry a man ! And he told me about his marriage, dear. Since you know so much about it, I ought to tell you that Willie really wasn't to blame at all—in fact, he behaved very romantically ; and he seems to have been rewarded by his marriage being a happy one, after all. He said, though, that old lovers were ever the best, and that since his girl had left him——"

She broke off with a smile and a sigh.

" It's no use telling you the many things he said. I was glad to find that he had the same kind, faithful heart as of old. But to marry Willie is out of the question. Indeed, I believe I have grown confirmed in spinster ways. The Red House has spoilt me, Judy. I believe I shall stay at the Red House till I die, as your dear mother has often told me I must."

" I don't want you to leave the Red House," said Judy " We'd all be miserable without you. Still, somehow, I thought you wouldn't have seen that Captain Kennet was stout and bald-headed—at least, after the first. I am rather disappointed in you, Merry."

" I am so sorry," Miss Meredith said, looking as though she felt the rebuke very much ; " but I can't be expected to be as romantic as you, Judy."

" Never mind," Judy said, with an air of finishing the discussion. " I should have said you were quite as romantic. There are other eyes than the eyes of the body to see with ; but it's no use making you look so unhappy. You can go back to-morrow to mother and your beloved Red House, and forget everything about that enchanting little paradise of a house where poor Willie is so lonely."

Miss Meredith returned to Stannington next day, wearing an air to the last of being under a cloud with Judy ; and Judy set herself to be

so busy for some weeks to come that she should not have over-much time for thinking.

"Gently, gently," the Duchess said at first, when Judy showed her eagerness to be up and doing. "You must not do too much, or you will be so tired after a little while that you will not be able to do anything."

But after a day or two of quiet, tender observation of Judy the Duchess assented to her desire for constant occupation, urged her no more to rest in her room with a book for an hour or two in the afternoon, as the other girls who were in her charge did.

"She has grown to be a woman too suddenly," she said, noticing the gravity of Judy's face, that used to be all smiles and dimples. "A happy love-affair never made a girl grow up so suddenly. She looks as if she were fighting a battle out all by herself."

Day after day Judy had enough strange experiences to help her to push her own anxieties away from her, and to sleep for the most part dreamlessly.

The Duchess had, as she said, handed her over to Martha Driscoll, the Irish dressmaker, the most capable of all the working women who helped the Duchess's work and adored her.

Many a squalid room, many a squalid trouble she made acquaintance with under Martha's wing, and to many a one she helped to give comfort and ease, while Martha did the practical thing.

One of the duties of the Duchess's mission was the cleansing and beautifying of the homes of the forlorn poor who were unable or unwilling to do such work for themselves. This the Duchess used to call playfully the Apostolate of the Scrubbing Brush: and it was sorely needed among Martha's compatriots, whom she visited chiefly.

Judy would listen with delight to Martha's half-cajoling, half-bullying of her countrywomen, whose reception of her was often an ungrateful one.

"Sure, here ye are again, Martha Driscoll," one would say, with her arms akimbo in the doorway in a vain attempt to keep Martha out. "Sure it isn't but a week a-Wensda' that you destroyed my little place before flingin' wet soapsuds all around it. Pat's been bothered wid the rheumatics ever since, and the sight o' me two eyes is not the same since ye wint whitewashin' the walls last spring. If it wasn't for the young lady, the sorra fut I'd let ye pass."

Or another: "Wisha, Martha woman, tell me, how did we get on at all at home in Ballydrisheen? Sure 'tis terrible proud ye are, woman. It wasn't much rowlin o' buckets o' water we wor doin' there. But sure, we wor happy an' comfortable, an' the could never seemed to strike to yer bones as it does here. We wor hot in winter an' cool in summer, glory be to goodness, an' no talk of all that washin' at all."

"'Twas clane dirt in Ballydrisheen," Martha would reply, "an' it's dirty dirt here. Not that I hould wid dirt, clane or dirty."

"Sure, people that wants so much washin' must be terrible dirty in themselves," a third woman would remark. "My old grandfather now. I often heard him sayin' that he hadn't been washed since his mother washed him, except the rub o' the towel he got when he went to the penny barber a-Saturday night; yet he was the clanest-skinned man ever I saw, an' had a complexion like a babby whin he died at eighty-four."

"True for you, Mrs. Mack," a gossip standing by would remark. "Sure, everywan knows it destroys the complexion to be always sloppin' soap an' water over it. There's Mick, his skin is that soft and tender that he'd take a could in his face if he washed. Glory be, woman! think what people goes through that washes all over!"

Martha treated these remonstrances with imperturbable good humour. Only once did Judy see her really put out, and that was when an assailant was unfair enough to call her "a meddlesome old maid."

"If I'd had a husband, and had brought childher into the world, it isn't keepin' them in misery I'd be, as you do, you unfortunate slattern of a woman!" Martha replied so fiercely that the enemy was quite routed and slunk off, muttering a half-apology.

Judy discovered in time that it was as much by fear as by love that Martha carried on her apostolate with such vigour.

"Sure, I wouldn't be bringin' the woman's tongue on me," one woman whispered aside to Judy. "Look at the red head of her. 'Tis only the grace of God keeps her tongue quiet. She's a terrible viper when she's angry."

However, Judy never saw, except for that one little outburst, anything but the most marvellous patience on Martha's part; and as she watched her scrubbing and whitewashing, and changing the clothes on beds, she wondered at what the grace of God could do.

Once it was an old woman—a very querulous invalid—whom Martha had discovered living in great squalor.

Martha and a neighbouring woman—for there were things Judy was not permitted to do—carried the old woman into an adjoining room, and made her comfortable on a sofa while the other room was put to-rights.

Judy was left to distract the old lady while Martha made the bed in the next room, replacing the grimy coverings with white sheets and fine woollen blankets, to say nothing of a new straw mattress. When that was done and the rubbish removed, Martha proceeded to clean the grate, light a bright fire in it, and then to scrub out the room thoroughly. The door between the two rooms would not altogether shut, and the sound of the sluicing of water in the next room disturbed the old lady dreadfully.

"If I die to-night, Martha Driscoll," she kept calling out, "you'll hang for it. Is it more water I hear you peltin', an' me that bad with asthma I never slept a wink all night? Yerra, are ye thryin' to drown some wan? The room must be like a say by this time."

She was answered only by soothing murmurs from the next room, mingled with the swishing of waters and the steady sound of the scrubbing brush.

"I liked me own ould bed best," the old lady said ungratefully, when she was introduced to the transformed room and Martha displayed the blankets to her with pardonable pride. "An' I'll tell ye what I think of yer clanin' up when I know whether I'm goin' to be kilt wid a could or not."

When Judy became acquainted with Martha's sister, Mary, she thought she understood better the meaning of Martha's wonderful patience.

Mary was the younger of the sisters, although by reason of continued bad health she looked the older of the two.

She was tall and thin, with a suggestion of a weak spine which was only too well founded. She ought to have been plain-looking, with her long horse features and her sparse sandy hair, looped in curtains each side her face. But instead she was beautiful. It was as though God had said, "Here is a vessel which I shall fill with My light" The light was so visible behind the plain, heavenly face, that Judy felt almost awe-stricken.

Mary, too, was a dressmaker, and though she lived in an East End street, one of considerable skill. She loved the work, and was a born artist in the delight she took in the silks and satins and chiffons and in the making them into garments that should enhance the beauty of the wearer. She had arrived at her present state of invalidism, she told Judy, through the fact that when she worked at her business long ago in the Irish village where she was born, and had had to finish a piece of work in time, she had sat on the stone floor so that the discomfort of it should keep her awake.

"Sure I knew no better—God forgive me," she said to Judy, "or I wouldn't have misused the poor body He gave me."

Martha and Mary had a couple of rooms now at the top of one of the houses belonging to the Duchess. They looked across the chimney pots and caught the river breeze and saw a great expanse of sky. There was a canary in the window of the sitting-room that sang incessantly, and a small rough dog which Martha had picked up as a stray and brought to Mary to keep her company when she was out.

Mary had plenty of work to do: the Duchess's friends gave her many things to renovate which their maids would have regarded as perquisites. She was so clever that the Duchess could have procured her permanent work in the West End, but this she would not consent to. Martha was devoted to the Duchess and the Duchess's work, and Mary would not be separated from Martha.

Of course, she, in time, confessed the innermost thoughts of her heart to Judy—most people did that in time.

"The only change we could ever think of making, if it was the will of God," she said, with the heavenly smile coming and going on her plain features, "would be to go back to where we come from. Martha could do a deal of good there now with all she knows; of course, 'tis working among our own people here, but it isn't exactly the same. I do be dreamin' of Kiltrasna lyin' there in the sun under the mountains, an' the pleasant stir of it, an' the homeliness."

Judy repeated the speech to the Duchess, who looked surprised.

"I never should have thought that Mary was home-sick for anywhere but Heaven," she said. "I wonder how you win their confidences, child. They never tell me half so much."

The weeks went round all too soon for Judy. She was out of tune for Eastbourne and its

gaieties, but at last the time came when she must go.

Almost the last thing she did when the luggage was already piled on the cab, was to run round and say good-bye to Mary.

When she went in Mary was sitting between her and the window sewing at some filmy stuff. The light seemed to have caught the thin red hair and made it flame like an aureole.

She dropped her work, and stood up to say good-bye to Judy. She took Judy's two hands in hers and looked at her with eyes which seemed to look through her, to fathom her every thought.

"God bless you, dear lamb," she said, "and ease your heart of its burden."

And then she laid a hand on Judy's head.

"I know now," said Judy, "what a real saint is." This was as she thought over the parting with Mary after she had been carried off in the cab to the station. "And oh, I know now how Mary looked when she sat at the feet of Jesus."

CHAPTER XVII.

BAD NEWS.

AUGUST and September were gone by, and the Evelyns were back again at Stannington. Eastbourne, with its melancholy twilights, its music and gaiety, which had seemed to fill Judy's heart with a vague trouble, was a thing of the past. She was glad to be back at Stannington, and for that no one was likely to quarrel with her.

"The real good of a holiday," said Mabel, with unexpected paradox, "is the coming home again."

"I love the winter," said Bertha. "There will be the golf—we are frightfully keen on golfing, Judy—and papa has promised that we shall hunt; and altogether it is going to be a delightful time. Then we shall have Cousin Maurice at Christmas to make everything go so much better than ever it did before. Oh, Judy, you don't know what a dear he is. He is always finding out one's tastes in order to gratify them. He has given us such beautiful golfing sets, and we never had such sweets and flowers and books sent to us before."

"And, of course, mother smiles on it all, because it is Cousin Maurice," put in Mabel.

"I wonder why he leaves you out, Judy," said Bertha again. Bertha was the least astute of the family. "It's rather rough on you, old girl. I suppose you've offended him somehow, for you seemed no end of chums in the summer."

Judy smiled a little wanly.

"Perhaps he thinks engaged girls oughtn't to have those pleasant attentions," she said.

Mabel and Bertha blushed and bridled a little, as though such an idea might possibly affect them in the near future; and Mabel remarked that she thought cousins should always be able to offer little attentions to one another without anyone objecting.

One or two people noticed that Judy and her sisters seemed to have changed places. It was Judy now who was quiet and languid, her sisters who were bright-eyed and energetic and full of the joy of living, and even slangy in a mild way.

One person whom the change in Judy perturbed was Jack Winstanley. He kept sending her wistful glances whenever they met; and having one day drawn her out on one of their old expeditions which used to be so frequent—Jack had a new Irish terrier, Rory by name, who was death on badgers, and so they set out on a badger-hunting expedition which, rather to Judy's relief, proved fruitless—he made a delicate allusion to the subject.

"I'm awfully sorry to see you down on your luck, Ju," he said. "There's hardly anything I wouldn't do for you and give you. Very different from the old days, isn't it, when I used to make you fag for me? If it was a question of punching a fellow's head now—but, of course, I know it isn't. I'll tell you what, Ju. I sometimes wish there wasn't such a thing as love in the world."

Another person who watched Judy with tender, anxious eyes was her father. He was very careful not to let Judy perceive him; and like many excellent people, his loving anxiety made him angry, so that he would go away and lock himself in his study, and frown and fume while he denounced himself for ever having permitted Judy's engagement.

Judy used to take long walks by herself at this time, or with only the company of Rory, whom Jack had left in her charge when he returned to Harrow. Jack had a profound contempt for London, excepting only for the bit of it which is known as Lord's Cricket Ground, and thought that it was no place for a dog of Rory's spirit.

On these long solitary walks Judy's thoughts would recur again and again to how she and

Maurice Evelyn would meet when he came at Christmas. She could hardly make another flight. That would be too conspicuous. The thought of his coming would enter her mind like a sudden glow of light and colour, making the grey October skies rosy, hanging the autumn woodlands with another glory than the splendid leafage one.

Then, realising what this involved, she would reprove herself sternly. When Major Lindley came back again she was determined to find out if she had really supplanted Miss Rosamund Lindley in his heart. If she had not, he must know that he was free, however Lady Flora felt about it. On the other hand, if by consenting to an engagement she had made Major Lindley love her, Judy felt there would be no drawing back. While the thing was in doubt she would consent to no treasonable thoughts, however sweetly they allured her.

She could not help the great leap of her heart when Maurice Evelyn's name was mentioned, the wild rush of joy at the thought of seeing him again. Only she would not willingly yield to such forbidden delights. If she could presently, without hurting anyone or her own conscience, think about him as her lover, she would be the happiest girl in the world—that is if Maurice could forgive her and look at her with the eyes of last summer, before he knew. But till then there was no paltering with duty possible to her.

Major Lindley wrote more or less regularly. He was up-country now, and they could never tell when a letter would reach them, so they were prepared for delays.

His letters to Judy were always the same short, kind, tender letters, with a paternal air about them which would not have satisfied Judy if she had been a girl in love.

In the late autumn came a longer interval; and then, somewhat to Judy's surprise, Lady Flora showed signs of uneasiness and perturbation.

She was across the Green every morning to the Red House, even when no African mail was to be expected, to know if Judy had heard, since she had not.

Gradually, as the days passed without a letter and grew to weeks, her uneasiness infected the others. They wrote to the War Office and had the official reply. The authorities there had no news of Major Lindley.

But even before that period of suspense set in it was apparent to everyone that Lady Flora had begun to feel her age. She walked more weakly, leaning on her stick, her eyes became dull; the little network of fine wrinkles on the old ivory face suddenly deepened; her spirit no longer showed itself in her vivacity; she was snappish with Judy because she was not looking her best.

"You ought to be the proudest girl in the world," she said. "When I gave him to you I thought you would be. You are not the same child that I knew. He would give you no thanks for fretting over him."

Judy noticed the oddity of the phrase, "When I gave him to you," with passing wonder.

"Poor old godmamma," she thought tenderly. "The strain has been too much for her. It has broken her down"; and had no resentment for Lady Flora's unjust snappishness.

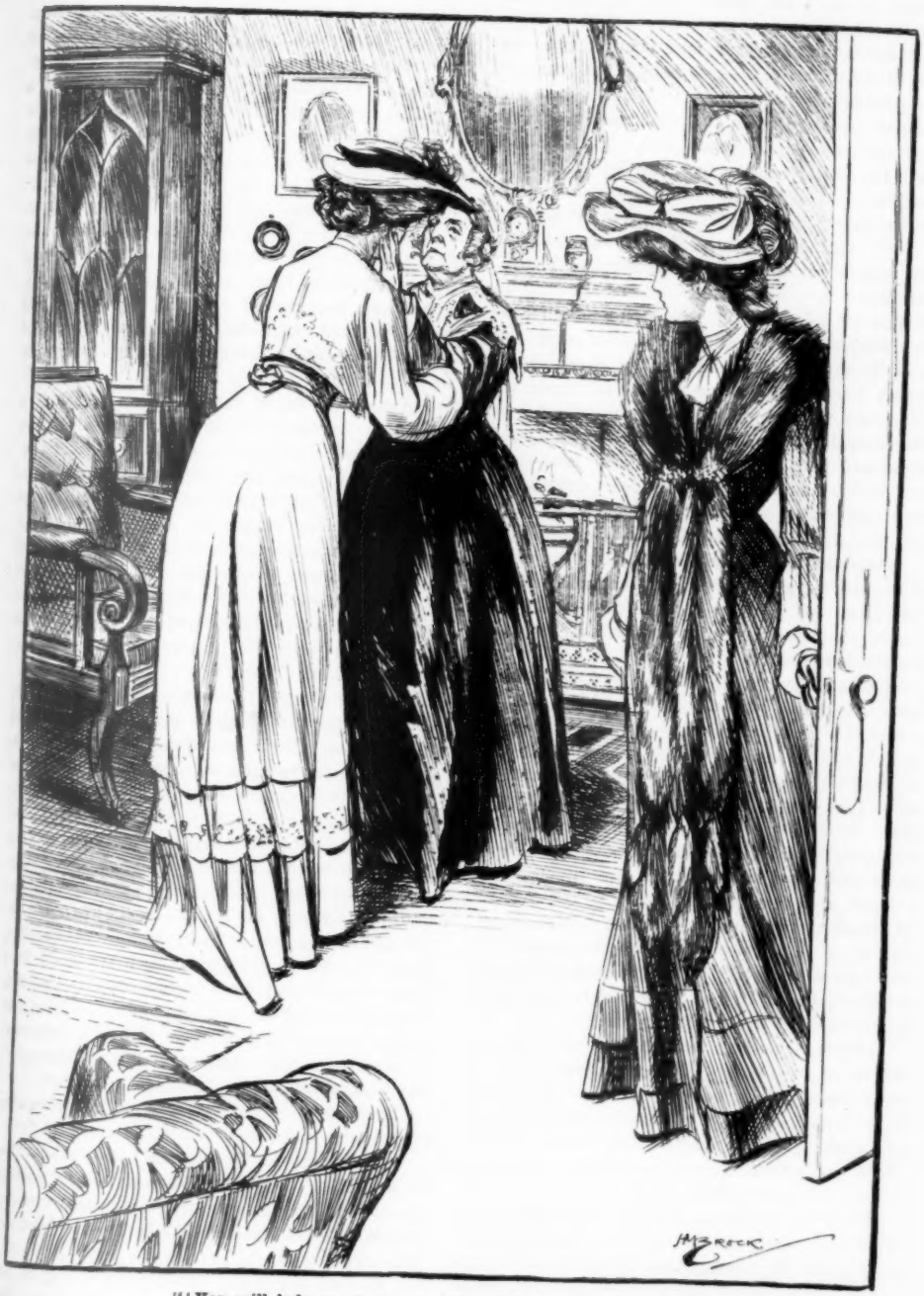
At last Judy crossed over from the Red House to the cottage to keep Lady Flora company. If it did nothing else, it prevented those incessant pilgrimages. There were three posts a day into Stannington, and the bags were hardly in before Lady Flora would set out across the Green. She did not wait to see if there would be a letter for herself. She did not go to the post-office. She was not one to take her disappointment before the eyes of her humbler neighbours; and day after day the look in her face when her eyes met Judy's and read the answer in them was pitiful to see.

"Let us go back," said Judy once, "and see if there may not be a letter for you. See, Stocks has not reached the Cottage yet. He is only at Pond's End."

Lady Flora did not glance through the window of the Red House by which they were standing with any lively anticipation that there would be a letter for her in Stocks' bag. She did not look at all.

"There will be no letter for me," she said with a hopelessness that struck Judy with wonder and pity. Why should not Philip write to his mother? Why, he had been as careful to write to her as to Judy. The posts all those months had always brought them each a letter.

It was borne in upon her by degrees that there had been a quarrel of some sort between Philip and his mother, and that he had ceased to write to her, or that she did not anticipate a letter from him. Judy shook her head over it sorrowfully. There had always been great divergences between mother and son, but they had seemed to be healed; and no one



"'You will help me to bear whatever it is to be.'"—*p.* 517.

could doubt Lady Flora's joy in the reconciliation.

Judy wondered and was silent. She was not given to very great curiosity, and she had the virtue of discretion.

Just at this time the atmosphere of the Cottage consorted better with Judy's mood than the atmosphere of the Red House. Teddy Parkins had come to the point, and Mabel was an engaged girl, and the happiest of mortals.

Judy rather wondered about it. *She* had discrimination enough to see beyond Teddy's fat white face and stolid manner, beyond his perpetual sucking of his gold-headed cane, the simple, gentle and chivalrous soul that was Teddy's. She had hardly given Mabel credit for such perception. Yet there was no doubt that Mabel was rapturously in love. She would have married Teddy, she declared, if he had been a crossing-sweeper; and Judy felt that it was true. She had been accustomed to think of her sisters as the least little bit in the world worldly as well as conventional.

It seemed that Teddy and Mrs. Parkinson could not make enough of Mabel. The wedding was fixed for January, but already the bridegroom-elect and his aunt were raining presents on the bride-elect.

And such presents! The very latest and most expensive motor-car; a sable coat which ran into four figures of value; a necklace which had once belonged to an empress.

Yet Mabel was so wrapped up in Teddy that the presents did not overwhelm her as they would have another girl. Mrs. Evelyn was quietly, placidly pleased about everything. Only Mr. Evelyn grumbled and muttered to himself in the secrecy of his den that the rain of presents and their value was "barbarous." But then he had an incessant soreness about what he considered the bad treatment Maurice Evelyn had suffered at their hands, and sometimes his heat ran away with him.

Judy was glad to be out of it all. If only the letter they looked for would come she could have been happy at the Cottage with Lady Flora and Lady Flora's old maid Charlotte, and the dogs. People forgave her when she accepted no invitations in these days. Everyone knew her anxiety about her lover.

It was an afternoon in early December, and the lamps had not yet been lit. There was no visit to the Red House this afternoon, since the whole Evelyn family except herself were spending the afternoon and dining at Battlements. So she had gone across in the morning instead to see them all, and tell them there was no news. By this time they rather shrank from asking Judy; and Mr. Evelyn had begun to grumble at the incessant junketings at Battlements as something indecent; but this was a grumble he kept for his hours alone in his den.

Lady Flora was in her bedroom, where Judy did not intrude upon her except by special invitation. Judy was in the little drawing-room off the hall, sitting on the hearthrug, trying to read by the firelight, while the dogs settled themselves comfortably on her warm red skirt, Rory nestling nearest to her. Rory had transferred himself from the Red House with his mistress, to the indignation of Lady Flora's dogs, who thought his puppyish ways ill-bred.

Suddenly a sharp rat-tat, the knock of a telegraph messenger, sounded through the house. Judy sprang to her feet. At Stannington they had not grown accustomed to telegrams of no importance, and her heart sank heavy as lead with a premonition of ill-news. It was the word they waited for at last. But from whom did it come? What did it announce?

Before Charlotte had come grumbling from her kitchen Judy had received the message. It was for Lady Flora.

She sent Charlotte back calmly, and then stood a second in the hall before she ascended the staircase. If it contained the worst news, ought not she to open it first? But no, that was something Lady Flora would not permit. She began ascending the stairs, hearing her own heart-beats thudding in her ears, saying over and over to herself that she did love Philip, she did love him, and if she had lost him she would never look for happiness any other way.

When she entered Lady Flora's room after being bidden to do so she saw at once that Lady Flora also had heard the telegraph messenger's knock and was ready to hear the worst. She held her hand for the telegram without speaking and opened it fumblingly; but Judy did not dare to offer to help her.

When she read the words of the telegram she turned in a blind way and looked at Judy.

"It is from the War Office," she said. "He is not dead. I thought it was to say he was dead. He is dangerously ill with enteric. Perhaps—who knows?—he may be dead by this time."

"Or out of danger," said Judy, going to her tremulously, and putting an arm about her shoulder.

XUM

Lady Flora turned from her and sat down in a chair as though she could not stand any longer. Then she turned her face to the wall.

"I think he is dead," she said. "The worst always happens; and he has died without forgiving me."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSAMUND'S PLACE.

SHE seemed to have forgotten Judy's presence. Her eyes were fixed on something Judy could not see. Her whole form drooped forward as though the muscles of the tense little frame had suddenly become flaccid.

Judy was frightened. What was she to do? She tried to say something of comfort, but could not. Her thoughts flew home for help; and then she remembered that there was no one at the Red House except the servants. "God help me!" she cried, "God help me!" But there was no sound in the room except the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, the scratching of a mouse behind the wainscotting, the shudder of a rising wind in the trees outside.

Tears formed in her eyes and remained there as though frozen. She felt the room cold. Lady Flora would never have fires like another woman of her age. She made a little movement towards the desolate old figure in the arm-chair with the telegram still clasped in its hand.

"What could he have to forgive you?" she asked, and the sound of her own voice startled her. "You were the tenderest of mothers."

Lady Flora turned then and looked at her.

"He wrote that he would never forgive me," she said, "because I had turned Rosamund Lindley and her sister out of the Manor House He could forgive me for having wrecked *his* life, but he could not forgive *their* being homeless, as he put it. Why, they had the Manor House all those years; while I, his mother, had lived between the almshouses and a labourer's cottage! I thought I had rooted Rosamund Lindley out of his heart and set you up there instead It has been all of no use. He has beaten me at last, and has died without forgiving me."

Judy made a step or two to her side, and dropped on her knees.

"God is too good to take him away without forgiving you," she said. "Where is your spirit? Where is your courage? He will come back. He will forgive you. We shall all be happy again."

"I thought you would satisfy him, after all those years that my plotting and planning and Prim's insane pride had kept him and Rosamund apart. You have never satisfied him. I can see it in his anger against me. She has his heart still, although he would never let you know it."

Judy's two arms went up about her neck.

"He will come back," she said. "And I will give him up. He shall marry the love of his heart. What was I, a foolish little girl, to satisfy a man like that?"

Lady Flora's head dropped on Judy's shoulder.

"If he could only come back," she said, "I would put Rosamund into his arms and bless them. I would go on my knees to him to forgive me all my long life of thwarting him down to the last mean lie with which I kept him back when he would have gone to Rosamund last April; for the letter with which I turned them out of the Manor House. If he would only come back!"

"He will come back, but he will not have his mother on her knees to him," said Judy steadily.

"God has broken my heart," said Lady Flora.

"Not your heart," cried Judy, holding the old head close to her breast, "but only your will to thwart His."

She took Lady Flora's hands then and found them cold. An inspiration came to her so daring that she trembled before it.

"Come to the drawing-room," she said, "and sit by the fire; you are perished. I shall ask Charlotte to make you some nice tea with cream in it. Come, I am going to bring you the one who ought to be with you now, who has loved him almost as long as you have, and as faithfully. If Philip be dead, it is she, not I, who has the best right to grieve for him like a widow. But he lives; I am sure he lives. And don't you think it will help him on the way to recovery if he knows Miss Rosamund is in your house as your daughter?"

For the first time Lady Flora's face softened into hopefulness, or something like it.

"I think he would forgive me then," she said. "But child, child, what is it we are ready to do to you between us all? Are *you* not to be thought of at all? Philip would never let

you suffer, not even to win his own happiness. I have been cruel to you, child, for you love him too."

For a second Judy hesitated. Then she spoke out bravely.

"Godmamma," she said, "you must not be angry with me. For some time past I have doubted that my love for Philip was the right kind. He dazzled me; there was nothing wonderful in that. But love—perhaps I did not know the meaning of love."

Poor Judy, who was trying to be honest and unselfish all round!

Lady Flora listened to her with a growing amazement in her expressive face. Then came coldness, almost disdain.

"Not love Philip?" she said. "Impossible! Why I thought you loved him. I told him that he had won your heart without knowing it. That was how the engagement came about. He has a fanatical sense of honour. For a little while he was pleased, but you could not hold him. His heart went back to her."

"Godmamma!"

Judy was turning paler and paler. Then the blood came back in a great rush to her smooth young cheeks. But Lady Flora had ceased to look at her.

"Bring me Rosamund Lindley," she said. "In this hour her place is beside me. You have no right to mourn for him."

Judy went away with a hanging head. But was it not thus that those who would do good to others were often repaid? It was no time for anger and resentment. She would bring Rosamund Lindley—somehow she never doubted that she would come—and then she would go back to the Red House. Whether Philip lived or died, she was free now by her own confession and his mother's disclosure.

Judy's grief for the lover, to whom at least she was tenderly attached, was held in abeyance by the revelation of how it was that Major Lindley had come to ask her to marry him. Her cheeks burned red as she went across the grass plot of the Green in the moonless dark.

Was it not her own fault, her own folly? Judy asked herself, remembering her childish admiration of the distinguished soldier. And to think that he had felt himself bound to marry the foolish little person who had fallen in love with him! Oh, he must live, he must come back; if only to undo all that wrong. To think she had filched the love that was so precious to Rosamund, and that she had not even needed it after all! If she had been in love with him, there would have been some excuse.

Inarticulate prayers formed themselves on her lips as she hurried along.

Along the high road the village of Stannington straggles for quite a mile. After the last of the houses there is a stretch of road; then beyond a white gate you may see the gabled, steep-roofed house of the Spinney Farm.

There had been great sympathy for the Misses Lindley in the neighbourhood over their change of abode. The Spinney Farm might be picturesque, and Miss Rosamund might have done her best with apple-blossom chintz covers to the chairs, and pretty wall paper, and delicate curtains at the windows; but what a change from the Manor House to the Spinney Farm!

Like many of the picturesque houses in that most charming of villages, the Spinney was airless and dark within. The little diamond-paned windows, opening on one side only, were quite insufficient for purposes of ventilation. It was a modern house built by Squire Lindley, who little thought his own daughters would ever occupy it. The good gentleman had the laudable intention of admitting no new buildings unless they were in harmony with the old.

The white gate gleamed in the darkness. Judy passed within, letting it slam as she went. She passed round the house to the glass porch, which also did duty as a small greenhouse. As she passed the drawing-room she saw Miss Rosamund seated at the piano. She was in white, as usual, and the gleam of lamplight was on her golden hair. She seemed to be singing; but the room was empty of any occupant other than herself, except for her little black Pomeranian, which was curled up on the white rug by the fire.

The room was charming, with its water-colours and books and the tender, gracious figure of the woman at the piano.

Judy could hardly wait to knock, for the little half-glass door within the greenhouse stood open. To find Miss Rosamund alone, that was the great thing. Any moment Miss Prim might come back.

However, she knocked and brought Jemima Appleby, who had been Judy's pupil in the Sunday school, from the kitchen. She smiled all over when she saw the visitor.

"Miss Rosamund's within, Miss Judy," she said; "but Miss Prim is in the village. She won't be home till after six."

"I want Miss Rosamund," Judy said, passing by Jemima Appleby, but not forgetting, despite her preoccupation, to compliment Jemima on her appearance. She left Jemima, who was still feeling the glories of the recently assumed black dress and white cap and apron, beaming all over as she passed into the drawing-room. She had noticed by the white-faced clock in the hall that it was twenty minutes past five. If only she could kidnap Miss Rosamund before Miss Prim should return!

Miss Rosamund played a discord in a startled way, and then, with her hands still on the keys, turned and stared at Judy, her cheeks whitening.

"There is bad news," she said. "He is dead, wounded?"

"He is very ill, Miss Rosamund, and his mother asks for you."

"His mother. Lady Flora Lindley? She was always against us. She cannot want me. Child, child, it is your place to be with her now. I have no right."

Something in the forlorn yet stately way in which she stood up, one hand clinging to her chair as though for support, went to Judy's heart like a sword.

"Poor child, I am very sorry for you," Miss Rosamund said. And the pity in her voice was exquisite.

"Why, so am I sorry for myself," said Judy with a laugh that was like a sob, "for it is not my place to grieve for him at all. I have been standing in another woman's place all these months. Miss Rosamund, he was on his way to you. His heart never ceased to be yours. No woman ever had so faithful a lover. But somehow he was led to believe that you were about to marry Mr. Neville. His heart was broken. And then, because I had been so foolish and paraded my hero worship so openly that it might be mistaken for love, he thought he must make me happy, since he never could be happy himself. And I took him because his glory dazzled me. Miss Rosamund, he is yours, he has always been yours. His mother knows it now. She needs you in this hour."

Miss Rosamund looked at her with eyes like moons, in which wonder strove with delight for mastery.

"And are you not heart-broken, little Judy?"

"I am not heart-broken," said Judy. "I am going home; and you are to take my place with Lady Flora. She will not believe that he can live. But he will live. God is too good to take him from us."

Miss Rosamund bowed her head.

"If he dies now," she said, "I shall have the right to grieve for him. If he lives, and it is true that he loves only me, no one will ever come between us again."

The clock in the hall struck half-past five.

"Come," cried Judy in an agony of impatience, "that poor old woman is waiting. You will have to take a few things just for the night. Your other things can follow to-morrow. Come. Miss Prim will be returning."

"Prim will not oppose me. She would not have opposed me this long time back. She has learned to forgive. She is to marry Mr. Neville. The mistake must have arisen in that way. She is not bitter against nor angry with Lady Flora any longer, so she says."

For all this assurance, Judy was heartily glad when she and Miss Rosamund had left the Spinney Farm behind them, and had taken the path across the Green in the velvety darkness.

"Do you know what I was singing when you came in, Judy?" Miss Rosamund said, with sudden awe. "I was singing:

> 'A wind comes over the sea
> With a moan in its blast;
> But nothing comes home to me,
> Sailing slow, sailing fast.'"

"Ah, but you see you were wrong," said Judy; and then became silent with a thought that never had bad news been received as such tidings of joy. "There will be a happier ship for you one of these days," she added.

But Miss Rosamund did not seem to have heard her.

They were at the Cottage. Charlotte opened the door to them without any surprise.

"Her Ladyship is in the drawing-room, Miss Judy," she said.

Judy went in first, and Rosamund Lindley followed her timidly.

Lady Flora was standing by the fire. As Rosamund came in view she advanced a step or two to meet her.

"Your place is with me now," she said. "Can you forgive me, Rosamund? We will go back to the Manor House together."

She had not a word, not a glance for Judy.

She took Rosamund's face between her two hands.

"You love him," she said. "You will help me to bear whatever is to be."

Then Judy went out and left them together.

[END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.]

AN INDIAN MISSIONARY'S DAY.



A VILLAGE DAY SCHOOL IN INDIA.



UR mission station is a lonely one; it is almost a hundred miles from the great and busy Presidency city. In the town there is but one other European family. The missionary is cut off from very intimate converse with his own countrymen, and necessarily has close relations with the Bengali people. The town is very much like other towns in Bengal. There is a long street, and the houses, which are built chiefly of mud and thatched with straw, are thrown about in hopeless confusion. No building regulations have been observed, and each owner has built as seemed best in his own eyes. Altogether our town has about five thousand inhabitants, and is an important business centre; here is one of the great rice markets of Bengal. We have a large variety of castes, for here are the proud "twice-born," the Brahmin, the cool-headed, successful Kaistha, and all the different grades down to the out-caste sweeper and "dōm."

The mission station is comparatively new, and the Christian missionary as he walks through the busy street is painfully conscious of the need for the proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the whole town, so far as he knows, with the exception of those living immediately under his care, there is not one Christian. But as he looks out over his district the outlook is even more distressing. There are in his district over 400,000 people, and the villages are almost crowded one on to another, the population per square mile being 514. In the whole district, with a population of 902,280, there are but two European missionaries, each with a small staff of native assistants; out of this immense population of over 900,000 people but 819 are Christians.

This viewpoint is decidedly depressing, and yet there is no more thorough optimist in

the world than the Christian missionary. Though the odds against the success of the Christian religion in India appear to be terrific, and to the ordinary cool, calculating mind the prospect of India ever becoming a great Christian country is quixotic, yet the Christian worker goes steadily forward, confidently believing, and translating his belief into the language of the people with whom he works,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."

Not for one moment does he doubt that even in India the day is coming when every tongue shall "confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

My day's work begins with an hour's reading in Bengali with a teacher. This teacher is a splendid specimen of the Bengali literary gentleman. He is the teacher of Sanskrit in the high school here, and holds a high degree in Sanskrit learning. As we read we very often get drawn off into earnest argument. One of his questions to me was this: "In what way do you receive forgiveness of your sins?"

My answer was, "We receive forgiveness of our sins when we acknowledge them to God, are without affectation really repentant because of them, and are determined to forsake them."

"This is what we also believe," he replied.

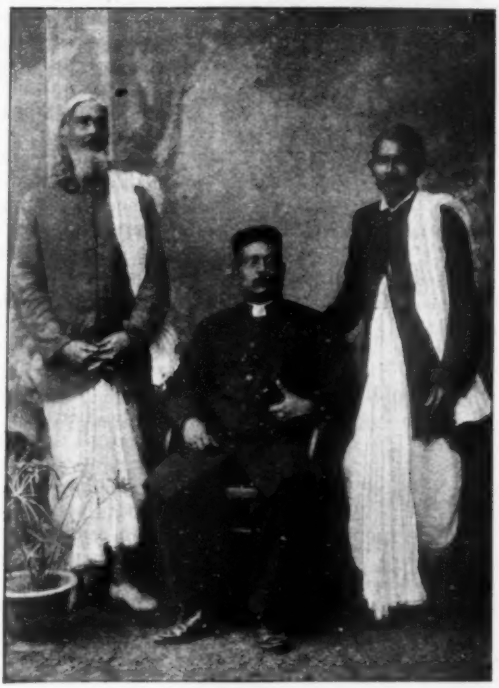
"How can this be true, when you say that the person who bathes in the Ganges is forgiven his sin?"

"Because the Ganges is holy. Sin cannot remain in it. The sins of the persons who bathe in it are expelled from the river, and take refuge in the trees on the banks of the river." And he quoted a Sanskrit passage from one of their scriptures, in proof.

"Surely you do not hold this very material view concerning sin, teacher?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I believe it thoroughly."

This exposition of the virtue of bathing in the Ganges was given in all seriousness, and with apparently a profound conviction of its truth. True conviction of the sinfulness of sin is never felt until one has learnt of the sacrifice of Jesus, and I tried to explain to my teacher the relation of the death of the Saviour to the forgiveness of sin. He shook his head in



BENGALI PREACHERS.



A MISSIONARY'S WIFE, WITH HELPERS.

utter dissent from the possibility of such a relation.

We often get into discussions of this kind, and before we are aware of it the hour is up and it is half-past six. After a cup of tea, the work of the day may be said to commence. There have already been one or two callers on me, but they have waited until I should be free. One of those waiting is a pleader, a B.A. and B.L. He is well educated, and eager to cultivate the acquaintance of the missionary. He is ever ready for a discussion on the perennially interesting subject of religion, but there are many duties awaiting us to-day, and we beg to be excused for this morning.

There is an interesting boarding school for boys in our station, and as we step across the garden we hear them singing "grace before meat." There they stand, nearly thirty of them, bright little fellows, with eyes closed and hands clasped, praying God's blessing upon their early breakfast. They have a little cooked rice at this meal. One or two of the boys are not present, so we make inquiries about them, and have them treated by the Bengali doctor in charge of the charitable dispensary. In having him we are very fortunate; in many places the missionary himself must know something of medicine and its use. After these early duties, the boys settle down for school work for three hours, until ten o'clock, when they have their breakfast. All the boys are being trained to work, as well as to learn to read and write. Some of them are first-rate weavers, and make a cloth which is in demand. All the clothes used by the boys in the school are made from this cloth. Some learn one trade, and others another, and in this way we are training them up in habits of industry as well as of study.

As we return from the school one of our workers comes to inform us of a remarkable case of fortitude under very adverse circumstances. A few miles from where we live is an isolated Christian family. The village in which they dwell, with the exception of themselves, is entirely Hindu. They have been tried and persecuted in numberless ways, and among their trials the worst was this: they were taunted with the fact of being Christians, and that their Dēvata (God) Jesus Christ had evidently forsaken them. It seemed very much as though the villagers were right; no one seemed to care for them in the slightest degree. To make matters worse, a crisis in the family life was approaching, and, using this as a lever, their Hindu relatives and acquaintances were making strenuous efforts to cause them to forsake their Christianity. The threats were of no avail. Nothing would induce them to forsake the truth as they had learnt it.

Our Bengali minister had in some indirect way learnt of this case, and he went to see them. When he got to their home, and they learnt that he was a Christian, they were filled with rejoicing. As he listened to their story he realised that the age of miracles was not yet passed. They were grateful to know that they were not *utterly* forsaken, and that God had heard their cry to Him for help. As the wife told of her confidence in God, and that He would help, the minister could not but have his faith strengthened. She told him her favourite hymn. The idea in it is as follows: "Let the world persecute us to the utmost of its power, give us pain to bear of the severest kind, yet our Lord Jesus we will never forsake."

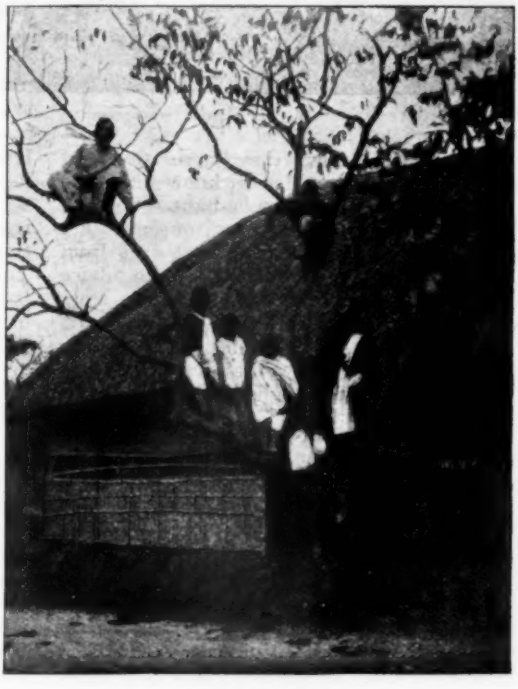
On his return he reported the interview

and situation to us. We felt we must help in this case. So we sent for them to come to the mission station, in order that proper attention might be given. How gladly they came! The husband tells how for fourteen years he was in the service of a good missionary who is now translated, and that while he was there he had learned of Jesus and had learned to love Him. While there he had married one of the girls of the mission school, and they had been happy in their married life. When the missionary left for Scotland, where he died, Bhusan returned to his native village, and had been suffering on account of his faith. For a season it really seemed as though he were forsaken, yet both he and his wife held with a firm hold to their faith in God, and knew that He would in some way come to their rescue.

After we had made our arrangements for sending for these people, I started with other workers to visit two villages, in order to visit day schools and also to hold preaching services. We started out in our bullock tonga. Our bullocks are two splendid animals, and they go along the roads in splendid style. There are four of us, and as we go there is opportunity for laying plans for work, and for the consideration of some theme from the Old or New Testament. This morning we had an earnest conversation about the Apostle Paul. He is the embodiment of the true missionary spirit; he in a special manner is the bright example for the Christian missionary. When he becomes cast down or discouraged, a reading of one of *the* great missionary's letters has a wonderfully vivifying effect. We talk of St. Paul, discuss his methods, and try to learn of him.

But what a road this is! Our bullocks are very strong, and do not stop for trifles. The unevenness of the road does not seem to affect them, but it affects us—and that seriously. Unless one is watchful, he gets more jars than are good for him. The chief trunk roads in Bengal are remarkably good, but the roads that are away from the great trunk roads are splendid bone-shakers. With all its drawbacks, however, this road is a beautiful one. The magnificent shady mango trees, just now in all their glory of profuse blossom, on each side of the road make an avenue of rare beauty. The birds are to be seen in great variety, and here and there a number of monkeys enjoying themselves in the trees.

It was the village market day, and there was a large number of people present. We took our stand in the shade of a fine tree, and commenced singing. Very soon we had a large crowd around us, and we had the unspeakable joy of preaching glad tidings of peace. The people listened with eagerness to the new story. Many of them had never heard it before, and it came to them with a strange sound. We sold Gospel portions, in order that in the quiet of their homes they might read the life of Him Whom we preach. A few of the more thoughtful waited for a quiet talk with the missionary, and we tried to make clear our message. In this village there are no Christians yet, but we are hopeful that in the near future some will turn to Christ. As we returned home along the same road, though we were thrown about in the tonga most unceremoniously, we could not but be thankful that "unto us, who are less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."



A BENGALI HOUSE.

While we believe in this bazaar preaching, and diligently keep it up, we believe more in following up definite clues. We are to be fishermen, and the fisherman tries to find out where the fish are that are most likely to be caught. We had heard of two women belonging to an aboriginal tribe who were inquirers, and so we sent one of our preachers, who belongs to the same tribe, to look them up. The preacher returned, saying that they were



A VILLAGE IN BENGAL.

inquirers, but that they were shy and nervous; they could not know that the missionary was not a coolie-hunter, to send them off to Assam or Demerara, or some other distant part, to which people often go from these districts. They wished to take advice from one of their relatives as to the step. The relative proves to be a man who was the first Christian in connection with our mission, and we know that his advice will be in favour of their following Jesus Christ. But they are very timid, very ignorant, very simple, and they need to have confidence in the missionary before they will become followers of his Lord.

Each afternoon at three o'clock we hold regularly a Bible class for all the workers on the mission station. A systematic study of the Word of God is imperative if we are to be successful wielders of the sword of the Spirit. This study is helpful, and it enables us to get close to each other.

The evenings are usually spent in going to visit or being visited by persons who are anxious to learn concerning the Christian religion; we are also expected to take an interest in all work of a humanitarian character in the town. The charitable dispensary claims attention, also the high school.

We have numbers of snakes during the year in our compound, and all who make it their home are continually on the alert for the first sign of the enemy. On one occasion I wished to put away some tiles carefully, and I ordered them to be placed in a corner of the cow-house. The cowherd remonstrated, and begged me to place them elsewhere. "There was really no room for them there," he expostulated. But when my back was turned the real reason came out. He said to one standing by, "I do not want the cow-house turned into a snakes' nest." It is well known that snakes love to have their retreats in old walls or under a heap of bricks or rubbish. His remark came to my ears, and I laughingly chided him about it. His reply was, "I cannot away with snakes; they just nip you—and you die. There is some satisfaction in being killed by a tiger or a panther. They make a meal of you; but a snake, bah!" And he made a gesture of utter disgust.

The shades of night are now falling fast, and we return to the bungalow tired, but nevertheless strangely triumphant and full of courage, because we are assured that if God be with us none can stand against us. We retire for dinner and a quiet evening with our family, oftentimes to an evening of hard literary labour.

So the missionary works—by preaching, by earnest talk with the Nicodemuses that abound, by visits to the homes of the people, by the preparation of literature, by its sale after it is prepared, by this method and by that, in order that by any means he may "save some."

JOSEPH CULSHAW.

AN UGLY DUCKLING.

A Complete Story by E. Burrowes.

EVERYONE said it was very hard on Jacquetta that she should be such a very ugly duckling, except Jacquetta herself. She had never thought about the matter, being singularly free from vanity or the desire to look at herself in the glass, until the fact of her exceeding want of beauty was brought home to her by the remarks of her friends and the sudden realisation of her sister's loveliness. Even then it did not worry her much, for Jacquetta was of a matter-of-fact, philosophical turn of mind, and moulded her life on the good old adage, "What can't be cured must be endured." So, where other girls might have lamented with secret tears, and made themselves morbidly sensitive on the subject, Jacquetta shrugged her shoulders and went on her way peacefully. She may have felt a little humbled in spirit, but she did not show it to the outer world, for though she was ugly she had some pride, she reflected with an odd humour.

It was when she was about twenty-two, and her younger and surpassingly beautiful sister Iris had taken the fashionable world by storm with her appearance at the King's Court and subsequent festivities, that Jacquetta announced one morning at the breakfast table that she was going away for a couple of months.

She made this announcement in her customary matter-of-fact manner, and helped herself liberally to marmalade with unmoved countenance, while Lady Marcia Langdon regarded her elder daughter with amazement. Iris had not yet appeared from her late slumbers, for the beauty had been up till the small hours of the morning, and must therefore be allowed her sleep out.

"And pray where are you going, Jacquetta?" inquired Lady Marcia disapprovingly. Her elder daughter had always been something of a thorn in the flesh to her.

"I am going down to Bearcot," said Jacquetta composedly. "I've had a letter from Uncle Dick this morning. He says I may stay as long as I like, and the moor is perfect just now."

"*Bearcot!*" echoed Lady Marcia. "My dear child, you will be buried alive there. No one comes near the place from one year's end to the other but the Vicar, and he is eighty-four! And in the middle of the season, too! Really, Jacquetta, you must have taken leave of your senses!"

"I think not. I don't care a bit about the season, you know, mother; and I do like the country in the summer. Why should I waste the best months in stuffy London, when I can go to the moor? You have Iris to go out with, and you don't want me. It isn't as if I were pretty, like she is, and a credit to you. People only ask me because they think you will be hurt if they leave me out, but they don't want me really. So I shall go to the moor."

Lady Marcia sighed impatiently.

"Oh, very well, my dear; have your own way," she said, with a little temper. "I am thankful that I have one daughter who is content to do the right things and enjoy her life while she can."

"Perhaps, if I had sea-blue eyes and golden hair, and a skin like a ripe peach, I might enjoy the season too," said Jacquetta good-temperedly. "As it is, I haven't, so the country suits me far better."

Lady Marcia looked at her daughter reflectively. She was a large, handsome woman of the milkmaid type. It was obviously from her that Iris had inherited her exquisite colouring and matchless complexion, even as it was equally obvious that Jacquetta's plainness came from her father's side. The fact that it had never worried Jacquetta astonished the mother, and she often wished that she could accept the trial in the same philosophical manner. But it *did* worry her. It was humiliating to be complimented on her younger child's loveliness, and then to see the only imperfectly concealed surprise when Jacquetta was introduced as the elder daughter. She knew so well what people were thinking and saying to each other about her ugly duckling.

"Well, if you insist upon burying yourself on the moor, where every prospect pleases and man is non-existent," she said suddenly, "I suppose you won't want any more clothes this summer. In that case Iris can have a new blue muslin, as well as a pink one, and a white chiffon gown for Ascot. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"It is, indeed," agreed Jacquetta, getting up from the table with a laugh. "Let Iris have my share of Ascot frocks by all means. I shall live in brown holland and serge for the rest of the summer."

As Jacquetta left the room by one door Iris came in at the other. In her white muslin frock, with a scarf of blue silk twisted round her slender waist, and a bow of the same at her breast, she looked the incarnation of radiant health and loveliness.

"Jacquetta not down?" she queried, lifting her pretty brows. "What next? Has she overslept herself?"

"Nothing of the sort, you lazy child," said Lady Marcia. "Jacquetta has been down and finished her breakfast long ago. She has gone up to write or pack or something."

"To pack?"

"Yes; she is going to Bearcot to your Uncle Dick."

"*Now?* In the middle of the season?"

"Yes; at once, and for the whole summer."

"Now, isn't she the oddest girl? I don't believe she cares for anything that other girls do. She *is* difficult, mother."

Lady Marcia looked at her daughter with an odd smile in her eyes blue.

"She is not as frivolous as you, you mean," she said drily. "At any rate, my dear Iris, you will be able to have your two new muslins and a chiffon frock for Ascot. Jacquetta wants nothing but brown holland and serge."

Iris shrugged her shoulders.

"Everyone to their own taste," she said. "I don't know what she sees in miles of heather and absolute loneliness. It doesn't satisfy *me!*"

But it satisfied Jacquetta.

Three days later she looked out of the train on a vista of distant moors rolling darkly away to the horizon, their purple outline broken only by peaks which she knew were the tors, beloved of her heart. Under their very shadow lay Bearcot, the goal of all her desires.

A fine rain, such as had often wetted her cheeks on the moor, was falling as she got out at the quiet wayside station, where it was to be presumed some sort of vehicle was in waiting to convey her over the five miles or more which lay between Bearcot and the outer civilised world. But there was no sign of the familiar dun-coloured mare and wagonette which had met her on other occasions. Nothing was to be seen in the small station entrance but a smart dogcart with a well-bred bay in the shafts and a man in dark livery standing at its head.

The train had puffed slowly on its way, and Jacquetta and her luggage were apparently the only things deposited on the platform. She turned to the porter who mounted guard over her box and bag.

"Is there no one from Bearcot?" she asked. "Hasn't the cart come in?"

"No, miss; there's no one from Bearcot."

"And no cab, I suppose? There never is one to be had here."

The porter agreed with Jacquetta. There was no cab. Things began to assume a hopeless outlook, for the rain had thickened, and was coming down in white sheets, drifting over the moor and blotting out all the view.

"Needs must when the devil drives," muttered Jacquetta to herself, with a glance at her thick boots and serviceable serge coat and skirt. "Well, I shall walk on," she said aloud to the porter, "on the chance of meeting the cart. You can put my things into the station-master's office, and someone will fetch them before nightfall."

"Very good, miss. You'll not lose your way in the mist, miss?"

"I know every inch of the way," said Jacquetta cheerfully, and started off on her wet walk, passing the dogcart which was still waiting in the station yard, and going out of the road across a short cut which led, she knew, to the higher road, climbing steeply up the opposite height, beyond which lay the open rain-drenched moors and Bearcot.

The road was steep and winding, and the rain drifted down thicker and thicker, in white wreaths, enwrapping the landscape and Jacquetta as she ascended higher and higher towards the open moors. But she did not mind either the rain or the walk. It was exhilarating to her after stuffy London, and she was thinking with sincere pity of Iris, doing the perpetual treadmill of the season, while she was here, free and unfettered by convention or fashion, when the sharp clatter of horses' feet and of wheels sounded behind her on the road.

It could not possibly be the cart from Bearcot coming from that direction, but she looked behind her, and saw as it were a phantom form of a tall horse and a dogcart. In the driver's seat she could just make out a cloaked figure, then she turned and continued her tramp. It was not the Bearcot cart, but

probably the one she had seen in the station yard.

It overtook her a few minutes later, and the mist-enveloped driver pulled up. In the fog she saw him lean forward and search the road for a moment. Then he spoke—apparently to her, since there was not another living soul within miles.

"Pardon me; but you cannot walk across the moor in this mist. May I give you a lift?"

"Thank you very much," said Jacquetta with dignity, which must have been completely lost on the driver, since she was only faintly visible to him through the mist; "but I know my way perfectly well, and I like the walk."

The stranger laughed amusedly.

"Tastes differ," he said cheerfully. "I call this fog simply abominable, and really, you know, it's a long tramp to Bearcot. I'm going there myself, so you might as well let me take you there in some small amount of comfort. It's easy to lose oneself on these moors, and a hard matter to get on the right track when once you've lost it. Won't you change your mind?"

Jacquetta hesitated, and thought better of her determination to brave the elements



"Jacquetta and her luggage were apparently the only things deposited on the platform."

and walk those five long miles across the moor.

"It's very kind of you," she said; "and I think—well, it *is* wet, isn't it?"

"It is. Give me your hand—that's it. Are you comfortable? Phew! what a day. They forgot to send for you, I suppose?"

"I suppose they did," said Jacquetta cheerfully; "but it didn't matter much. They can fetch my things some time to-night from the station."

"There is no need to do that," said the man at her side, flicking the bay mare lightly over the neck, "because I have them here—behind. I thought, if I couldn't pick you up, I might as well take your baggage. As it happens, I've managed both, you see. After all, there must be some slight connection between us, I suppose. Isn't Mr. Ogilvy your uncle?"

"Yes."

"And he is mine, too," said the man. "I must introduce myself to you as Anthony Garnard. I found out your name from your luggage, so I had the advantage of you there."

"Anthony Garnard!" repeated Jacquetta. "Why——"

She bit her lips, and choked back the hasty words which in another moment would have been spoken. Through the mist Garnard could see the wave of hot colour which ran into her cheeks, and his hands tightened on the reins.

"Say it," he said grimly. "I'm accustomed to it. You've heard nothing good of me, have you? But—it's peace now. That's what's taking me to Bearcot. I'm staying at the inn."

"I am glad," said Jacquetta simply. "Perhaps it wasn't altogether your fault?"

"Well, I shouldn't be believed if I said it wasn't," he said. "Still, I think you'll credit me with speaking the truth. It wasn't—altogether. Are you staying long up here? I've often wondered whether you ever came down here. You see, I've heard of you from Uncle Dick."

"I shall stay months, if I can," she said; "but do tell me—what have you been doing with yourself? You have come back to England for good and all, haven't you?"

"I think so. It really depends on circumstances. I can't say for certain yet, but I'm sick of roving. Hullo! why, here we are on the ridge, and Bearcot ought to be in sight, only the mist hides it."

Ten minutes later they pulled up at a grey wall set amidst the dripping heather. A small postern door gave access to the house, which lay snugly hidden inside, with its face turned to the open moors sweeping away to the west.

Garnard jumped down and rang the bell, which pealed long and loudly through the silence.

A man opened the door and looked out.

"Thank God! you've come," he said in an odd hoarse voice. "It's Miss Jacquetta and Mr. Garnard. Oh, miss——"

"What is the matter, Andrew? Why wasn't I met at the station? I wrote and told the master what train I was coming by, and——"

"Miss—he got no letter. He'll never get another. Master died this morning suddenly. We found him dead in his bed."

* * * * * *

"What will you do?"

Jacquetta looked up. Her eyes were red with weeping. She had loved Dick Ogilvy with the kind of doggy faithfulness which she had never been able to bestow on Lady Marcia or Iris. The uncle on the moor had filled her life with happiness—such happiness as the others would never understand—and she mourned him sincerely. Garnard guessed a little of this as he forbore to look at her too searchingly, and turned his attention to the streaming outside world.

"I shall stay here," said Jacquetta forlornly, "till it is—all over. Then I suppose I shall have to go home again. I don't know what else I can do."

"Won't you wire to your people? I can take a message in for you. I must go myself, to send messages to the lawyer and such people."

"Then I ought to send one home, I suppose. But mother won't want to come down here just now, I think."

But Jacquetta was mistaken in that.

Lady Marcia arrived the next day. Garnard had stayed at the inn in the nearest village, and she found Jacquetta alone with the servants. When fully acquainted with the manner of her uncle's death, and the coming of his prodigal nephew, she was oddly excited. She had always had what are commonly called expectations from Mr. Ogilvy, and she made no secret of the fact on her arrival.

"Your poor uncle, my dear Jacquetta, must have been a rich man. He has remembered me, I trust, in his will. What is this I hear of Anthony Garnard? He has come back? What is he doing now?"

"I don't know," said Jacquetta truthfully. "I know nothing about him; but everyone seems devoted to him here, and he has been very kind to me."

"Where the quarry is there will the vultures be gathered together," said Lady Marcia, with unexpected sharpness. "I don't trust that young man, Jacquetta You were quite right to send for me."

Until the funeral was over Lady Marcia hovered uneasily about Bearcot. Garnard came to the ceremony, stood at Jacquetta's side, and once touched her arm as they moved towards the graveside for a last look at Richard Ogilvy's resting-place. Lady Marcia had announced herself far too prostrate to stir from the house. They were the chief mourners.

Somehow the sight of Anthony's kind, sympathetic face sent a warm feeling of gratitude to Jacquetta's heart. She knew that whatever happened they would remain friends—she and Anthony. And the knowledge had a wonderful charm for her; the ugly duckling was so unaccustomed to win even the semblance of friendship from the men who fluttered round Iris like moths round a flame. But somehow she knew that Anthony belonged to a different class altogether.

The will, read by the family lawyer before Lady Marcia, Jacquetta, Garnard, and the servants, was of the briefest; for Richard Ogilvy, after a few legacies, bequeathed Bearcot and all its lands, and all his moneys, to his great-niece Jacquetta Langdon, solely and unconditionally.

The ugly duckling found herself a woman of property where but a few minutes previously she had been a girl of no importance whatever.

* * * * * *

"I shall live at Bearcot," said Jacquetta, with an air of decision.

"At Bearcot? Alone? Nonsense, Jacquetta; it is not to be thought of for a moment."

"I am of age and my own mistress, and I love the place," said Jacquetta placidly; "and so I shall stay here and take care of it, mother. You can get on quite well without me. You have Iris, and you know how I dislike London and society and all that sort of thing."

It was three days later, and Lady Marcia and her daughter were alone in the garden room, as it was called. Outside the summer sun was shining, the mist and rain of the past week had cleared away, on either side the moors rolled darkly purple away to the horizon, and there was a scent of thyme and gorse in the warm air.

Lady Marcia, looking critically at her daughter, discovered a new authority and decision in her face. She was plain enough, in all conscience, she reflected; nothing would ever make her a success in society; she had not even an apt gift of repartee to atone for her ugliness; she was, as Iris had said, difficult. Perhaps this, then, was the solution of the problem which had bothered Lady Marcia ever since she had brought Jacquetta out into the world of fashion, four years ago. There would be, after all, all the more for her beautiful Iris.

"I don't know what everyone will say," she said meditatively; "but if you insist upon doing such a foolish thing, of course I can't stop you, Jacquetta."

Jacquetta smiled. She knew her victory was gained. There was, after all, something in being the ugly duckling. Iris would never have been allowed to follow her own inclinations and bury herself in the country—alone.

So Bearcot settled down under a new *régime* and a new mistress. Anthony Garnard, who had held himself somewhat aloof since their first meeting, came once to see Jacquetta. It was, he said, to bid her good-bye.

"I've been a rolling stone all these years," he said, with an odd smile, "and it's about time I gathered some moss. I'm going to have a try at it, anyway. Will you wish me success, cousin?"

"With all my heart," she said. "What are you going to do?"

"Whatever I can. I was called to the Bar, but never practised. If that is too hopeless, I'll have a try at the weapon mightier than the sword."

"You mean to write?"

"Yes; I had a craze for it once. Perhaps it'll revive again now that something of the kind is necessary. And when I've made my fortune—I'll come back to Bearcot"

"There will always be a room for you," said Jacquetta simply; "you know I have a sort of feeling that you ought to be master here. I don't believe I have as much right to the place as you have."

Garnard held her hand a trifle longer than was absolutely necessary. There was a new warmth in his eyes and voice.

"My dear cousin, our uncle knew best. He knew that you would be a perfect mistress for the place, and I a very unworthy master.

Bearcot could never be in better hands than —*these*. And now good-bye. I may really come back again and see you some day?"

"Of course you may. And go and call on mother when you are in London. I should like you to see my pretty sister. Good-bye."

It was not until several months had passed that Jacquetta heard anything of him. Then she came upon a couple of powerful little stories in a monthly magazine, signed "Anthony Garnard," and a letter from Iris gave her more news of the man who had taken a strange hold upon her memory.

"Anthony Garnard comes here sometimes, and we meet him out a good deal. What a nice man he is, and so good-looking! He inquired for you the other day. People speak very highly of his writing, and say he promises brilliant things. Is Bearcot as entrancing to you as ever? I can't think why you are content to bury yourself there."

Jacquetta laid down the letter, and looked out on the sweeping moors rolling away as far as the eye could see in all their glory of autumnal colouring. Entrancing! Why, life had assumed a different aspect since Bearcot had become hers to do with as she liked. And for this reason she could not assign a cause for the unrest and depression which suddenly seized upon her. It was not that she was growing tired of the loneliness; solitude had no fears for her, as long as she had Bearcot, her animals, her gardens, and her books. Life was full of pleasure and occupation. But the fact remained that this letter of Iris's had come like some disturbing fiend, and its effect was similar to that caused by the falling of a small pebble into a glass-clear pool of still water. The



"Iris sprang forward and seized his arm."—*p.* 530.

circles went eddying out and out, till she caught herself up sharp at the memory of Anthony Garnard. Yet it was not possible that *this* was the real disturbing element.

You see, no one had ever paid much attention to the ugly duckling at home. Iris had always monopolised—naturally, so Jacquetta told herself—everyone, and no man in his senses—this was also Jacquetta's own opinion—would ever look at *her* again after once seeing the beautiful Iris. She had all the capabilities of friendship, and even for love itself, given the right person; but no one had ever attracted her in the least, except—Anthony And now he, too, would, of course, forget her for—Iris. It was a thought which held a pang of bitterness—a new and altogether incomprehensible feeling to Jacquetta, but very real, nevertheless. But presently her inherent cheerful philosophy reasserted itself, and she went out into the garden with a laugh at her own folly. Ugly duckling she must remain to the very end of the chapter; she must grin and bear it.

* * * * * *

Jacquetta turned and held out her hand, with a flush on her face, as Anthony Garnard came in.

"How good of you to come to my first house-party," she said. "You know my mother and Iris, don't you? That's the party; small and select. I wouldn't have Bearcot turned over to a crowd of fashionable folk who would only vote it dull and uninteresting. The Vicar joins us to-morrow."

"Quite right!" said Garnard heartily, looking round him with sincere appreciation. "How charmingly you have decorated this room; yet it is not altered much."

"No; I liked it as it was, with just a few alterations of a trivial kind. I don't think it could be improved possibly, though I know Iris hankers after white paint instead of my lovely old panelled walls."

"Iris is a Philistine," said Lady Marcia, smiling fondly at her younger daughter, whose fair beauty seemed to be only enhanced by the sombre background of dark walls and old family portraits.

They had come down to spend a week with Jacquetta, having exhausted the gaieties of London, Scotland, and Homburg, and Garnard had come by a later train. Lady Marcia had herself suggested that he should be invited, and Jacquetta, with an odd mingling of pleasure and distress, had duly asked him, reading his eager acceptance with a queer dart of pain. Of course, *Iris* was the magnet that drew him from his literary life—not Bearcot!

Yet how kind and courteous he was, how thoughtful for Jacquetta, and how interested in all her doings and the welfare of Bearcot. She tried to convince herself that this was mere brotherly interest, paid in advance; but the thought brought no balm to her soul. Her cheerful philosophy even threatened to fail at this novel crisis in her life.

It was then that a sudden autumnal storm sprang up and raged on the moor, howling in furious gusts round Bearcot, and devastating the country for miles around. The old house shook to its very foundations with the fury of the gale, and at the close of the second day one of the ancient twisted chimney-stacks fell in with a crash, carrying away part of the wall of what was known as the tower room, and leaving a gaping hole behind, where was evidently a hollow, like a secret chamber.

"What a mass of wreckage!" exclaimed Iris, as she and Garnard stood on the scene of the disaster. Jacquetta was closeted downstairs with the bailiff on the subject. Outside the wind was still tearing furiously.

"It's well it did not happen anywhere else," said Garnard; "this being just one of the rooms which is never used is quite providential. Hullo! what have you got there?"

Iris had picked up a curiously yellowed paper from amid the mass of *débris*, and the heading of it caught her eyes and sent a wave of hot colour running to her face.

"The last will and testament of Richard Ogilvy!" she read aloud; then opened the paper and glanced at it. A cry escaped her lips, and she looked quickly at Anthony.

"Do you know, this is a *later* will," she said, "and—we always said it must be a mistake of Uncle Richard leaving the place to Jacquetta; it was absurd, and you had always a prior claim. This will leaves Bearcot to *you!*"

Garnard started forward, his face grown strangely white.

"To *me?*" he cried. "Impossible!"

"It is the truth. Read it yourself. It is *yours*."

It was. A glance told him that much. He read the few words mechanically, then looked at Iris. Somehow, there was a new look in her lovely face which he did not like. Iris, with her milk and rose complexion, her sea-blue, velvety eyes, her wonderful hair, had never attracted him as had——

"Listen," he said peremptorily; "you will say nothing of this will."

"Why not? You must show it to the lawyer—of course you must. Why, otherwise—you cannot prove your claim to Bearcot, and it is *yours*."

"It is your sister's," he said steadily, "not mine. It is in far better hands with her. Let it remain so. I, at least, will never take it from her. As for this will, it is so much waste paper; I shall burn it."

He drew a match from his pocket as he spoke. Iris sprang forward and seized his arm.

"You are *mad!*" she said. "Quite mad! Why are you doing this? It is yours—yours; and yet you prefer to let Jacquetta keep it. What do you mean?"

"Simply this," he said quietly, "that Bearcot is hers, and shall remain so. And my reason is that—I love her. That is all."

"You—love—Jacquetta!"

The girl's voice was faint with amazement. No one had ever thought of Jacquetta in that way; it had always been Iris, and never the ugly duckling.

"Yes; and I will *never* take Bearcot from her."

"From whom?" asked a cheerful voice from the open doorway. Garnard turned, the will in one hand, a half-burnt match in the other. Jacquetta stood on the threshold; a dark shadow flitted for a moment into her brown eyes as she looked from Garnard to Iris and noted the latter's flushed face and bright eyes.

"Who is going to take Bearcot or not take it?" she asked smilingly; "and what is all this disturbance about? I heard your voice downstairs, Iris."

"The disturbance is *this!*" cried Iris, and before Garnard could prevent it she had snatched the will out of his hand, and given it to Jacquetta. "Read that!" she said, and then fled from the room. Her retreating footsteps had died away in the distance before Jacquetta raised her eyes from the paper in her hand.

"Where did you find this?" she asked quietly.

"In the *débris*. It must have been hidden in the wall."

"And you were going to—burn it? I could not help hearing what you said."

"Yes; I'll burn it now—if I get the chance."

"Why? Don't you like the place? Isn't it right that you should have it?"

"No. Jacquetta, I won't take it from you. I'll give it back again, so it's no use wanting me to take it, unless—exchange is no robbery, you know."

He had drawn nearer, and his hands were on hers. She looked up with a smile in her brown eyes.

"Well, what exchange do you want?" she said.

"Just *you*, Jacquetta. Give me yourself, and keep Bearcot for ever!"

She retreated a step or two, with burning cheeks and distressed eyes.

"But this is madness," she said; "you don't know what you are saying! I thought it was Iris—you—cared for. Besides, Bearcot has never been mine, really; it is yours."

"It is yours, dearest heart; and don't you know yet—that I love *you?* Iris is nothing to me; you are everything. Jacquetta, aren't you going to even give me an answer?"

Well, she gave him an answer, and it seemed to satisfy him, for the next moment she was in his arms, and the ugly duckling had come into her inheritance at last.

* * * * * *

So it did not really matter a bit to whom Bearcot actually belonged, for what was Garnard's was also Jacquetta's, and *vice versâ*. Whether old Richard Ogilvy could have ever foreseen this one cannot tell, but it is safe to say that he would have smiled on the union, which was one of heart and soul and—property.

Anthony Garnard is now a famous man of letters, and Bearcot is well known to his literary friends as the delightful home in which he tastes of real happiness, and over whose destinies Jacquetta presides so worthily.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

MARCH 20TH.—**Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.**

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew xiv.* 13—23.

POINTS. 1. A hungry multitude.
2. A compassionate Saviour.
3. An evening prayer.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **God's Regard for the Poor.** "Mother," said a little boy one day, "I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel." His mother was poor. They often used up their last stick of wood and their last bit of bread before they could tell where the next supply was to come from. But they had so often been provided for in unexpected ways, just when they were most in need, that the little boy thought God always heard when they scraped the bottom of the barrel. That was only the little fellow's way of saying what Abraham said when he called the name of the place where God had delivered him Jehovah jireh—"The Lord will provide."

The Poor are Christ's Representatives. A rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health, his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "O Thou all-sufficient Creator! could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions!" Hermas, the herdsman, heard this, and said to the rich youth, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut where there was nothing but misery and wretchedness. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept; the children were clothed in rags and crying for bread. Hermas said to the rich young man, "See here an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's brethren and representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully, and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermas smiled and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance, first to heaven and then to earth." "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy."

A Place for Prayer. "Where do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship. "Oh," he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead." Where there is a heart to pray, it is easy enough to find a place.

MARCH 27TH (PALM SUNDAY).—**Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.**

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew xxi.* 1—16.

POINTS. CHRIST'S RECEPTION.
1. Welcomed by the crowds.
2. Praised by the children.
3. Rejected by the Pharisees.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **How to Receive Christ.** One evening Charles Lamb had met some friends to talk together on literary topics. In the course of conversation it occurred to them to speak on the probable effects on themselves if they could speak mouth to mouth with the great and wonderful dead. "Think," said one, "if Dante were to enter the room, what should we do? How should we meet the man whose mind had contemplated the mysteries of glory in the highest heaven?" "Or suppose," said another, "that Shakespeare were to come." "Ah!" said Lamb, his whole face brightening, "how I should fling my arms up! How we should welcome him, that king of thoughtful men!" "And suppose," said another, "that Christ were to enter?" The whole face and attitude of Lamb were in an instant changed. "Of course," he said in a tone of deep solemnity, "we should all fall upon our knees."

Ministry of Children. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings a little child was seen talking so earnestly to a companion that a lady sat down by her to hear what she was saying, and found that the dear child was telling how much Jesus loved her, and how she loved Him, and asked her little companion if she would not love Him too. The lady was so much impressed by the child's words that she herself spoke to an anxious soul that very night for the first time in her life. And so "a little child shall lead them."

Opposition to Christ. You have heard of the sword-fish. It is a very curious creature, with a long and bony beak, or sword, projecting in front of its head. It is also very fierce, attacking other fishes that come in its way, and trying to pierce them with its sword. The fish has sometimes been known to dart at a ship in full sail with such violence as to pierce the solid timbers. But what has happened? The silly fish has been killed outright by the force of its own blow. The ship sails on just as before, and the angry sword-fish falls a victim to its own rage. But how shall we describe the folly of those who, like the Pharisees, or Saul of Tarsus, oppose the cause of Christ? They cannot succeed. Like the sword-fish, they only work out their own destruction.

APRIL 3RD (EASTER SUNDAY).—**Jesus and Mary Magdalene.**

Passage for reading—*St. John xx.* 11—18.

POINTS. 1. A weeping watcher at the tomb.
2. A comforting Friend in the garden.
3. A messenger of joy to the disciples.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Christian's and the World's Sorrow.** In the Pitti Palace at Florence there are two pictures which hang side by side. One represents a stormy sea, with its wild waves and black clouds, and fierce lightnings flashing across the sky. In the waters a human face is seen,

wearing an expression of the utmost agony and despair. The other picture also represents a sea, tossed by as fierce a storm, with as dark clouds; but out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers, and amidst these a dove is seen sitting on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm. The first picture fitly represents the sorrow of the world when all is hopeless and despairing; and the other the sorrow of the Christian, no less severe, but in which he is kept in perfect peace, because he nestles in the bosom of God's unchanging love.

A Comforting Friend. Away in India a poor native woman—like Naomi—was bereft of her two sons. She would take no comfort. To everything that could be said she had one answer: "I had but two, and they are both gone." Day after day she pined and fretted, going listlessly about, her life "empty" of all but a blank despair. One morning, as she wandered here and there among the people of the mission, one of them again remonstrated; but the poor creature gave her old reply: "I had but two, and they are both gone." "Look," said the worker, turning and pointing to a group, where a white lady of the mission stood talking to some dusky natives. "Do you see *her?*" The woman looked, and saw a sweet, pale face; patient, gentle, glad, as clear as a sky washed blue with storms, but wearing that unmistakable look which tells that storms have been. "Yes," she said, "I see her." "Well," said the other, "she also has lost her sons!" The poor native mother gazed for a minute spellbound. Then she sprang towards her. "Oh, lady!" she cried, "did you have two sons, and are they both gone?" And now the white mother, on her part, turned and looked. "Yes," she said, clasping the hands of her poor sister in sorrow, "but Jesus took them, and they are with Jesus, and Jesus is with me and comforts me. And by-and-by I shall have them again." From that hour the native woman sat at her white sister's feet, followed her about, hung on her words, and from her would take comfort—the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God.

A Joyful Heart. It is a bad fireplace where all the heat goes up its own chimney. True religion spreads joy all around. Yet the fire warms first the chimney in which it burns, and grace comforts the heart in which it dwells. Faith is the key of happiness. It delights to communicate the same to others. As the hymn says:

> "Then will I tell to sinners round
> What a dear Saviour I have found."

Joyful Christians set others longing for the pleasures of true religion. If saints were happier, sinners would be far more ready to believe.

APRIL 10TH.—**St. Peter Confesses the Christ.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark viii.* 27—38.

POINTS 1. Christ acknowledged by St. Peter.
2. Christ foretells His sufferings
3. Christ's requirements of His followers.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Confessing Christ.** A great many years ago a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will crown you, and I will make your name famous through all the world, if you will only build me a grand Coliseum." The work was done. The emperor then said, "Now we will crown that architect. We will have a grand celebration." The Coliseum was crowded with a great multitude. The emperor was there, and the Greek architect who was to be crowned for putting up the building. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and from the doors underneath were let out the hungry lions. The emperor arose amid the shouts of the people, and said, "The Coliseum is built, and we have come to celebrate its opening to-day by putting to death Christians at the mouth of these lions, and also to honour the architect who has constructed this wonderful building. The time has come for me to honour him, and we further celebrate his triumph by the slaying of these Christians." Whereupon the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted, "I also am a Christian!" And they flung him to the wild beasts, and his body, bleeding, torn, and dead, was tumbled into the dust of the amphitheatre. Could you have done that for Christ? (*Talmage.*)

Fellowship of Suffering. A suffering Christian lady on a bed of sickness shrank for a while from the prospect of prolonged anguish which opened before her. One night in a dream there appeared to her a small crown twined here and there with thorns, and by the side of this emblem of the Saviour's deep love there lay another crown composed entirely of thorns—large, murderous spines, such as doubtless composed the mocking wreath that bound the brow of the Son of God. She seemed to hear One say, pointing to the large heavy crown, "I bore this for thee; wear thou thine for Me." She meekly bent her head, and wore the wreath, and now she has laid it by for the "crown of glory which fadeth not away."

Suffering for Christ. A noble Scotch martyr said with his dying lips, "I am dying—oh, so happy! And if I had a thousand lives I would willingly lay them all down, one after another, for Christ. Oh, He is near me! I seem to see Him! I am coming, Lord Jesus." And he added, "Tell my parents not to weep, but to continue steadfast in the faith, and not to fear a suffering lot for Christ."

IN TOUCH WITH THE CHILDREN OF BETHANY.

By May Crommelin.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

WE had just reached the village of Bethany, and begun the toilsome ascent of its hill, when *they*, the little children, espied us. As yet we did not notice them much, being occupied in looking to either side of the rough lane. Here one of our party of three exclaimed, in admiration of an ancient dark archway leading to half-ruined buildings, "What a pretty sketch it would make!"; another was musing near picturesque crumbling steps of weather-worn limestone.

Meantime, children's shrill cries and the patter of many light, bare feet came nearer and nearer, till they were close about us. From the grey flat-roofed dwellings that cling to Bethany's hill like nests, above the new wide road cut midway betwixt height and valley, voice answered voice in childish treble. Small, bare-legged forms clad in pink and crimson, or blue and white, or that exquisite blending of saffron under-garment and upper jacket, or robe of pale turquoise (which initiated folk smilingly say is merely the result of long washing of the common deep blue cotton garb) came stumbling or springing over the rocky ground according to their more or less tender years.

Down from the upper world, where the house of Simon the Leper stands out in sharp, rock-like ruin against the cloudless evening sky, they trooped, frisking like "kidlings blithe and merry." More slowly uphill small sisters of from five to seven years climbed with babies in their arms—babes of a few months, or infants so big and heavy that the nurse is but little bigger herself. These fellaheen (peasant) maidens know, alas! so little childhood. They are taught to work—to nurse, to wash, to bake, to go for water, or bear burdens, all before they are, say, eight years old. But wise though they must needs be, how happy and childish were the bright glances bent upon us! When we stopped to try some snapshots and to take breath, how gleefully, yet shyly, they watched the kodaks! A few took flight from the wicked instruments; others allowed themselves to be much coaxed into posing in the foreground.

Were these little children like in features and complexion to those whom our Lord took in His arms and blessed, one wonders? Why not? True, these are Arab children, descendants of Ishmael, for the most part. True, also, that the nigh a hundred years of occupation by the Crusaders in the Holy Land—a fact which we seldom now realise—has left some traces in the people more enduring than their many ruined castles. In some places especially one can discern a Northern type, or Frankish—a stirring nature unlike the calm of the home-abiding Eastern. Nevertheless, be sure some—perhaps a large number—of the Jewish peasantry must have lingered on as a bed-rock of population in spite of Saracen warriors and Knights of the Cross. And the Eastern make of these wee, scanty garments, their brilliant native dyes would be always the same in Palestine. Even north in Damascus, south in Cairo, are they not much alike?

XUM



(*Photo : Bonfils.*)

BETHANY.

The nurslings wore not much more than a shift and an amulet tied to a plaited lock of hair. Often this charm was a tiny blue-glass hand made in Hebron, a sovereign aid against the evil eye. But the older girls, if well off, were adorned with half a dozen silver coins strung on the forehead, and bead charms round the neck. Poorer ones had only a red and yellow kerchief tied prettily over their tangled mops—often of fair hair. But a small maid with glossy black curls, might have been Irish, so glorious were her eyes therewith, blue as the wild borage blossom growing over the waste land nigh. Alas! that several of these pretty faces looked up at us wistfully, hardly able to raise their eyelids. Ophthalmia is still a curse in this land of scorching sun and limestone dust in summer time. That it was so in our Lord's lifetime here, witness the many blind He healed. Yes, little children like these He must have laid His hands on—graceful with the agility which comes to those whose many generations of ancestors lived an almost open-air life under a glowing sun, breathing the pure air of this hill country of Judæa. Much like these except——Ah, we expected so much!

"*Bakshish!*" cried a piping chorus; for now the kodaks were folded, and not only the models, but all their fellows were stretching out hands for money. How greedily they clamoured, pressing up, plucking our skirts, grasping at big "kabbaks" (about half a farthing), darting bird-like on smaller "metalliks" (hardly a halfpenny), passing the spoil on to the father, the mother in the background. Ah, *theirs* was the blame; and yet they begged no worse than Neapolitans, and these poor country-folk groan under the taxes of Turkish officials.

Still, we Westerns felt as if a fair illusion had vanished, and went on to see the sights of Bethany somewhat grieved. We were wrong.

Awhile later, at the hill foot, we found some listless groups of children again. One of our party—an Arab gentleman—who understood his small compatriots, began to chant to them in Arabic, clapping his hands. In a twinkling he was surrounded by some thirty, singing and clapping in chorus, following like a flock of lambs. As he led them laughing along the road towards our carriage in the distance, he seemed the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The Bethany village shop is a small, flat-roofed house boasting one door and window of small dimensions. Within, three fierce-

looking men lay or sat cross-legged on a counter. Their black eyes, flashing like their white teeth, glowered on the foreign woman from under their turbans. But when she (aided by her Arab companion) bought sweets piled high on a brass tray, to give the children, smiles wreathed their dark-complexioned faces. Eagerly the three big men came out to aid with grave courtesy. The English ladies said all must be orderly—"No scrambling!" The little ones must not be pushed by yonder nine-year-old lad, in the green and white striped "kumbaz," round which he was girding his sash tighter in anticipation of using the said kind of long shirt as a wallet. A radiant boy he was; but a giant among the rest.

With a gentleness that their savage looks belied, the Arab villagers guided up the long line of little folk, one by one; helped each pair of tiny henna-stained palms to make as deep a hollow as could be. But what miracle has transformed the lately chattering children that quarrelled like sparrows over their *bakshish?* Utterly silent, they raise eyes big with wonder, almost awe, to the pile of rose, white, and lemon delights. Sweet lips quiver, baby hands tremble. It is well-nigh too great joy. Not one murmured that he or she got a comfit less than another. The smallest boys mutely opened their shirts, hoping to store more there than in their fists. The little nursemaids trustfully squatted on the dusty road, with the babies beside them, and spread their tiny skirts to hold the generous *largesse*. Only a sound of crunching, gurgles of glee, sighs of utter ravishment.

A miracle indeed! But what has wrought it? Just love. Then as the two foreign women drove away with the "Piper," voices broke out. Shrill thanks, outcries and hand-clapping, a babble of joyous prattle. And we, regretfully looking back, thought of One Who took such little ones in His arms and blessed them.



THE COLBY GLEN, ISLE OF MAN.

PARLIAMENT PILL.

A Story for the Little Ones by the Author of "Colonel Kit."

"COME on, Mouse, I'll show you something."

"Yes, what is it, Pill? Where are we going?"

She was a little ragged girl in a frock that was much too large for her; she had a sharp, frightened face and quick, suspicious movements, not unlike the creature after which she was called. The boy was sturdy-looking, with square chin and determined face; rents in his knickerbockers showed his bare legs, and the sleeves of his coat were nearly torn off.

The wind was chill and fresh; a great many people were about, many of them well-dressed and wearing a holiday air. All seemed to be pouring over Westminster Bridge from the south.

"Ain't there a lot of toffs?" said Mouse, pressing close to Phil. "What are we going to see?"

"I'm going to show you the King making a Parliament," Pill answered.

Mouse looked awed. "I ain't never seen him," she said; "how does he do it?"

"He'll come riding in a gold kerridge, and he goes in that big house there, and makes laws, and if people don't keep them he cuts their heads off."

"Oh!" said Mouse.

"He used to stick the heads up all round the Parliament," said Pill, with a vague recollection of something he had heard at school. He and Mouse were very irregular in their attendance there, but, being unpromising, undesirable pupils, were not much sought after.

Mouse crept closer to him; they were in the midst of a crowd now, and she, being such a long way down, could see nothing much but backs of people.

There was an eager movement in the crowd, and a murmur of "They're coming!"

Pill had elbowed their way nearly to the front rank, but still there were backs between them and the desired sight.

"I can't see nuffin," wailed Mouse in a miserable voice.

"Here, get on me," Pill said, and by the use of other people Mouse managed to climb on his shoulder, and so caught a glimpse of the "gold carriage" as it passed.

"You didn't see nuffin yourself," she said to Pill as the crowd moved and she saw his hot face; "it was a beautiful Parliament."

"I'll be one once," Phil said, "I'll make people do fings, and chop off their heads if they don't, and you shall ride in my gold kerridge, Mousie."

"Fank you," she said fervently.

A gentleman near by smiled broadly at the talk, then as he passed on slipped sixpence into Phil's hand.

What a feast the children had as they wandered about the streets looking at smartly dressed people and gay carriages! It did not matter when they got home; Pill's people would not mind when he got in; and Mouse, who lived with an aunt and cousins, could do much as she liked. With the careless kindness of the poor, they had taken her when her parents died, letting her sleep somewhere in their two rooms, and giving her a share of their food. For the rest, she must look after herself, and she would have fared rather badly if Pill had not constituted himself her protector. Pill was respected in the court: he had ready fists, yet was always willing to do a good turn to those who were civil to him.

After the day Parliament opened Pill talked so much about what he would do when he was a Parliament that they nicknamed him "Parliament Pill."

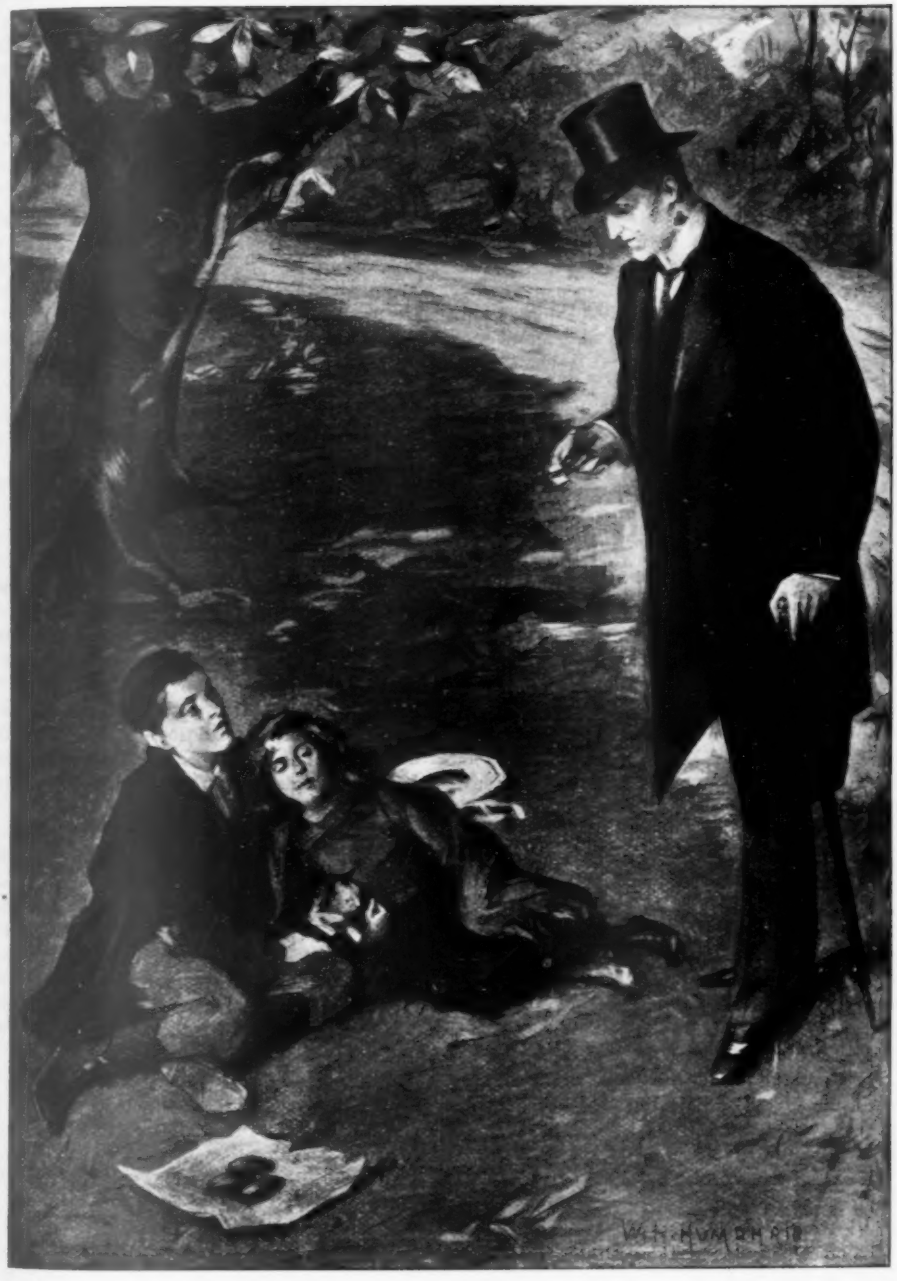
"What's the matter, Mousie?" Pill asked one day, coming upon the little girl, who was looking very miserable.

"I've hurted my hand," she said, showing a swollen hand that was a good deal inflamed; "I cut it with a piece of glass."

Pill found a bit of not too clean rag, which he dipped in water, and then applied to the hand. His rough surgery comforted Mouse, but the hand grew worse, as was not much to be wondered at.

The little girl grew white and thin, her eyes heavy with pain, and Pill became quite anxious about her. No one took much interest in the two, and the boy's heart grew hot within as he tried fiercely to think that Mouse was getting better.

Then came fine spring days, and Pill took



"'My boy, is the little girl ill?'"—*p.* 538.

Mouse for walks in the sunshine, doctoring the hand after his poor methods. He earned a few coppers whenever he could, and bought dainties to tempt her appetite, but more often than not she turned away from them.

"When I'm a Parliament," he would tell her, "nobody shan't have bad hands."

"I wish you was one now," said poor Mouse, who believed in him with all her heart.

"When rich folks get ill," Pill said gloomily, "their doctor says 'Go away and live in the country, and don't do nothing at all but eat and get fat,' and then they eats chicking and crabs and ices, and rides in kerridges and comes home with such red cheeks nobody don't know them."

"I'd like to see the country," Mouse said.

"You've got to," Pill said desperately, a great fear tugging at his heart as he saw her white face and dragging limbs.

Mouse must see the country somehow, and she could not walk there, even if they went by easy stages. Trains were out of the question, but trams went a long way, right into the real country, Pill had been told, but had not felt particularly interested.

For the next few days Pill, who was not generally too anxious for work, was eager to get any jobs he could, and on Saturday night a costermonger of his acquaintance hired him to help at his stall. If it was fine, they would go for their excursion on Monday, and Pill, finding his mother in a particularly good temper, begged from her a red woollen shawl that would wrap nicely round Mouse's shoulders.

Pill would not tell her till he saw what sort of a morning it was, and he was awake quite early on Monday to see what sort of weather it was.

Through the grimy window the sun was shining brightly; Pill's parents slept heavily, and took no notice of him as he crept from the room laden with the shawl and a mysterious newspaper package.

Mouse would be sure to hear him, and she came to the door of the back room directly he drummed on it. He told her in a whisper that she was going out with him, and he would wait for her in the street.

Her tired face brightened, and in a very few minutes she came out to him, carrying a miserable kitten.

"You can't never take that," Phil said, ready to take it from her arms.

She burst into tears. "Oh, I must—the boys were hurting of it so, I couldn't leave it."

"All right," he agreed, rather unwillingly.

Mouse had never been on a tramcar before, and of course they were to ride outside. The conductor was very kind to them, even finding something to put across Mouse's knees when he saw she felt the cold. But she was very quiet, leaning against Phil, and taking little notice of his talk. The bad hand, which was now very bad indeed, was hidden under the shawl.

At last they came into what was to them very real country, but Pill was disappointed that Mouse did not look more pleased; she only smiled faintly, and leaned harder against him.

They went as far as the tram lines, and then Mouse was unwilling to get down, and the kind conductor lifted her down the last steps and carried her across the road. "If I was you," he said to Pill, "I'd take the little 'un home, and put her to bed."

"The country 'll be sure to do her good," Pill said, less hopefully.

The conductor watched them as they went away together slowly, but he had to go back to his duties, and, being such a fine day, he was soon busy enough.

Many well-dressed people passed the forlorn little girl with the kitten, but no one spoke to them.

"Here's the real country," Pill said at last, proudly leading Mouse down a quiet lane that was bordered by tall trees. There was a sweet-smelling hedge at each side, and some pleasant grass patches.

"Couldn't we sit down?" Mouse pleaded, and Pill took her to the grass in the shade, hoping to tempt her to eat some of the cakes he had brought. But she could not touch them, and presently seemed to fall asleep, leaning against him and still holding the kitten.

Pill would not move, and sat there holding her till arm and back ached almost intolerably. Few people came down the lane, and those who did only looked rather amused to see the children sitting there with the kitten, and the stale buns spread out on the newspaper.

"My boy, is the little girl ill?" Pill had not noticed footsteps, and now looked up, to see a kindly-faced elderly gentleman standing above them.

"Yes," said Pill.

"What is the matter with her?"

"Her hand hurts her, and she wanted to go into the country, but it ain't doing her no good," Pill said with fierce misery. "When

I'm a Parliament I'll send all the little gals into the country for holidays."

"Let me see her hand." The gentleman took the hand so gently that he did not rouse Mouse, but he drew in his breath sharply as he looked at the poor hand.

"My boy," he said at last gravely, "I must take the little girl to the hospital at once—no, she will die if it is not now, and afterwards I will go home with you."

In a short time Pill found himself in a grand carriage with Mouse, the gentleman (who was a great doctor), and the kitten, but he could not feel any satisfaction as he saw how anxious the doctor was about the little girl. Pill himself was so tired and worn that everything seemed like a dream, the arriving at the hospital and seeing Mouse taken away. But he could trust the doctor, and presently fell asleep on a beach, only rousing as the nurse brought him some food. Then it seemed quite a short time before his doctor friend stood over him and said, "The little girl is in bed, and you cannot see her to-night, but you may stay in this room if you like—I have been to where you live"—he could not bring himself to say home, and he felt afraid Pill himself might fall ill. Besides, they wanted to have him near in case Mouse got worse in the night.

Pill slept well, and woke in the morning, to find the nurse beside him suggesting a good wash and then breakfast.

"Ain't I going to see Mouse?" he asked.

"Just for a few minutes," the nurse told him.

"Where's her cat?" he asked angrily. "You ain't killed it, have you?"

"No, indeed," the nurse said, pleasantly. "Well, suppose you come and see the little girl before you have your breakfast."

Pill went, treading as softly as he could, into the quiet ward; it was a small one, and in a bed Mouse lay with closed eyes, and, cuddling close to her, the kitten.

"She wanted it so," the nurse explained, and just then Mouse opened her eyes and looked at him. Her thin little face lighted all over, but she did not speak.

"There," said nurse, "you shall come and see her again, but she must rest now."

Pill's friend of yesterday came as he was eating his breakfast—Sir James, the nurse called him—and treated him with great respect.

"Does he know?" Sir James asked the nurse.

"No," she answered, "I hoped you would tell him."

Pill looked rather scared, and the doctor drew him to him. "My boy," he said kindly, "your poor little friend was so ill yesterday that to save her life we had to take off her hand at once. Now, please God, she will get quite well in time. I went to your house yesterday, and settled that you are to stay here for a bit and be near the little Mouse; would you like that?"

"Aye," said Pill, "and I could run your errands, and clean your boots."

"We'll make you useful, never fear. I hear the kitten has begun to earn its own living, and has caught a mouse this morning, so we shall have to keep it too, I suppose." The doctor's eyes twinkled.

Somehow, while Mouse was so ill Pill became a settlement in the hospital. He was provided with new clothes, and ran errands, and became a great favourite. It was all very irregular, of course, but Sir James usually got his own way in that hospital.

Mouse did not get well quickly, and the kitten had grown into a great dignified cat by the time the little girl got about again, and she was not at all anxious to go away.

"I say," Pill said to her one day, "our doctor's going to send you into the real country, and I'm going to school, and then you're coming back to live with the gentleman who keeps the gate. I live with him now, and I'm going to be taught a trade."

"I thought you was going to be a Parliament," Mouse said rather wistfully.

"So I am; our doctor says going to school and knowing a trade 'll learn me to be a right sort of Parliament."

"You'll have to give him something nice when you are," said Mouse.

"There ain't anything good enough for him," said Pill with sober conviction.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A TYPICAL WORKER.

MR. EDWARD BORELAND, of Liverpool, is an excellent example of the all-round type of Temperance worker. He is one of the most popular representatives of the United Kingdom Alliance, and is held in such high esteem by his colleagues in the movement that a few years ago he was elected President of the Official Advocates Temperance Association, his term of office being admittedly a great success, and his presidential address one of the finest on record. Mr. Boreland was born in the North of Ireland on June 14th, 1847, and has been a pledged abstainer upwards of thirty years. His official work for Temperance began with the Good Templars. Later on he was for twelve years a missionary for the Liverpool Young Men's Temperance Society, an association which has accomplished much good in the great seaport. He resigned this office to undertake a district superintendentship of the United Kingdom Alliance, a position which he still holds, and in which he has been privileged to win over many recruits in the most influential circles. Mr. Boreland is an accomplished speaker, and his native wit has been a valuable asset when addressing large audiences. His organising powers have enabled him to arrange and carry forward many large demonstrations, while his untiring energies seem to be ever on the alert for new opportunities of advancing the cause of which he is so strenuous an advocate.



(Photo: J. Thomson, Liverpool.)

MR. EDWARD BORELAND.

MUNICIPALITIES AND MORALS.

Mr. Alfred T. Davies, a Liverpool solicitor, has for some time been earnestly engaged in directing the attention of the public to the importance of insisting upon a watchful outlook on the doings of municipal bodies with regard to the licensed houses under their authority. He is a native of Liverpool, and was educated at the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth. With the late Canon Major Lester he was one of the founders of the Liverpool Self-Help Emigration Society. Mr. Davies' labours as a Temperance worker have made his name familiar all over the country, particularly in connection with the reduction of licensed houses. He is the legal adviser of the Liverpool Vigilance Committee, the most successful organisation of its kind in the country. It may be mentioned that the reduction of licences in Liverpool, from 1890 to 1903 inclusive, amounts to no less than 422. The old stigma of Liverpool being "the black spot on the Mersey" is thus being slowly but surely wiped out. Mr. Davies has written most ably on the "Licensing Problem and Magisterial Discretion," five editions of his little book



(Photo: Hartley Brothers, Liverpool.)

MR. ALFRED T. DAVIES.

being called for in the first year of publication, and no fewer than 27,000 copies having been put into circulation. He was the first unofficial witness invited to give evidence before the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws, and his examination occupied a whole day, and extended to over five hundred questions and answers. He holds strongly that England's great need is "Christian citizens, who realise as fully their duty to their neighbour as they profess to realise their duty to God." With this opinion in the forefront, he appeals to his fellow-countrymen :—"Send, therefore, to your Town Councils men of character, men who love their city, men who cannot be swayed by private interest, by social bonds, or by the glamour of wealth. Let no man win your suffrage who will not use his influence to secure that the police shall do the duty for which they are employed, without fear or favour, and that provisions of law now lying idle shall be put in force for promoting sobriety, decency, and peace. Educate your magistrates, energise your police, exert yourselves, and even Brewster Sessions shall witness the vindication of the people's rights."

A HINT AS TO SALES OF WORK.

One is glad to find that a diocesan branch of the Church of England Temperance Society has been bold enough to pass a resolution calling upon the promoters of bazaars for religious purposes to keep clear of the liquor business. Without attempting to "cram total abstinence down everybody's throat," it is certainly open to Temperance workers to earnestly remind their fellow-Christians that "where there's drink there's danger." Many persons object to bazaars entirely; others look upon them as necessary evils; and others again think they may be made more tolerable by being pruned of raffling and the presence of intoxicating liquor.

"THE BLACK LIST."

The *Alliance News*' "Black List" for the last Christmas season is a truly appalling record of the operations of the liquor traffic, and should do much to arouse the national conscience to a sense of the importance of aggressive Temperance work. Murders, outrages, fights, inhuman offences against little children, crimes euphemistically termed by the papers "accidents," all combine to make a ghastly catalogue. The pity of it is that all parts of the country seem to tell the same sad tale. Well might Mr. T. Marchant Williams, stipendiary at Mountain Ash, in commenting upon a case before him, remark, "One would think you were celebrating the birth of the devil rather than the birth of Christ. The day is spent in feasting, drinking, and fighting. It is supposed to be a Christian festival, but it appears to be rather kept as a pagan festival." The prayer of the martyr, "O Lord, open the eyes of the King of England," may now well be paraphrased, "O Lord, open the eyes of the people of England, that they may see what evil intemperance is working in their midst." The widespread circulation of the *Alliance News*' "Black List" cannot fail to prove of great service in educating public opinion.

THE COMING BANK HOLIDAY.

The first Bank Holiday of the year is rapidly approaching. Shall it be a holiday or a folly day? Very much depends upon whether Temperance people will take the trouble to try and arrange for some counter-attractions to the public-house on that day. In working-class neighbourhoods every Temperance society should hold a Bank Holiday tea party, to be followed by a Bank Holiday entertainment. Many men and women can be helped over the holiday by a little effort of this kind.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BAND OF HOPE WORKERS.

The Rev. A. G. Girdlestone, M.A., Vicar of All Saints', Clapham Park, takes a deep personal interest in the Band of Hope which flourishes in his parish. In order that the members may learn to appreciate the Scriptural basis on which the Temperance movement is founded, Mr. Girdlestone has this year instituted a [illegible]n of Bible-searching questions. The Vicar will as a rule give a lesson to the Band of Hope once a month, on the month's texts, and prizes will be awarded for the best answers. Four subjects are to be mastered, connected with the object of a Band of Hope.

ANOTHER ABSTAINING BISHOP.

The Right Rev. H. H. Pereira, the new Bishop of Croydon, is a total abstainer, and has been prominently identified with the work of the Church of England Temperance Society for many years past. In the early days of his ministry at Southampton he became keenly interested in the movement, and from that time he has spared no pains to serve the cause which he has so much at heart. In his new position he will have even greater opportunities of carrying the principle of total abstinence into circles unreached by the ordinary Temperance methods.

Short Arrows

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

"The Quiver" Order of Honourable Service.

THE first name to be added to the roll of Distinguished Members of the Order this year is that of Priscilla Lacy, who, on January 16th, completed fifty years' service as nurse in one family in Onslow Square. The medal of the Order was sent in time to be worn by the faithful old servant at a family gathering in her honour, and, in a letter of thanks to the Editor, she wrote: "I am very proud of it, as so few can get it." We need scarcely remind our readers that the only class of the Order now open is that for Distinguished Members, open only to those domestic servants who have completed at least fifty years' service in the same family.

A Portrait of Knox.

WE are indebted to Mr. W. Stirling Somers, of Hampstead, for an interesting note. Referring to the paper on "Painters and Preachers," which we published in the January number of THE QUIVER, he says:—"The writer observes, 'There being no original portrait of John Knox in existence, Wilkie had to invent a presentment of the Reformer, a model being found in Edward Irving.' Yet, singularly enough, he seems to be aware that Calder House is claimed as being the place where the Sacrament was first administered after the Reformation. Considerable controversy has raged round this point, but I mention it because I have in my possession a proof engraving of a portrait which hung in Calder House in my boyhood, and on the back of which was written, 'Mr. John Knox. The first sacrament of the super (*sic*) given in Scotland after the Reformation was dispensed by him in this hall.' I may add I was well acquainted with the owner, the late Lord Torphichen; also with the engraver of the portrait, published in 1828. The likeness is a pleasing one, and resembles the minute description given in the famous Latin letter written by Peter Young to Beza, 13th November, 1579." This portrait Mr. Stirling Somers was good enough to lend to us, and we reproduce it with this note



(After an Original Painting.)

JOHN KNOX.

Liberty, not Licence.

BEFORE the abolition of slavery in America a man bought a slave, in whom he took an interest, in order to give him his liberty. He told him that he was free, and could do what he liked, and go where he liked. At first the man could not realise what had been done for him. When he did so, he fell down at the feet of his benefactor and said: "I am free to be your slave." This is the sense in which it is true that in knowledge of Christ is perfect freedom. We are not free to do what we like, but what we ought. Jesus Christ has freed us from the law of sin and death that we should serve Him without fear.

All and Always.

"ALL at it, and always at it," was, according to John Wesley, the rule for a successful church. It is certainly the rule for successful Christian work. There should be union, all at it, and continuance, always at it. Disunion and overlapping waste Christian work, and too many

take it up in an intermittent way only when they have nothing else to do.

Egyptian Hermits.

The following is told in a book about the Egyptian hermits. One of them, when he saw a brother steal his food, said: "I am sure that brother was in great need." Another, whose name was Arsenius, when asked why he, being learned, inquired of a peasant, replied that, though he knew Latin and Greek, he had not yet learned the alphabet of what the peasant knew.

Some New Books.

In handy parts, and at a moderate price, Messrs. Cassell are issuing a new "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which should commend itself to the reader whose purse and whose shelf space are limited, for the work gives promise of being at once concise and comprehensive.—From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton we have received "The Religious Life of London," a volume of absorbing interest to all who have at heart the evangelisation of the Metropolis. It is edited by Mr. Richard Mudie-Smith, the superintendent of the most recent newspaper religious census, and author of an article on "The Lapsed Masses" in The Quiver. Statistical tables and diagrams in abundance have been provided at the cost of immense labour; but this will not have been undertaken in vain if its result is to awaken and quicken interest in the spiritual needs of the heart of the Empire.—Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster send us the forty-ninth yearly volume of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and they have already entered upon the fiftieth consecutive year's issue. The great preacher for many years preached three times each week, and the publishers still have shorthand notes of some hundreds of unpublished sermons.—Messrs. Morgan and Scott send us a volume entitled "Pastor Hsi," of North China, by Mrs. Howard Taylor, who gives her work the very apt subtitle, "One of China's Christians." This biography is interesting not only as the record of a consecrated life, but as pointing the direction in which missionary work must move for the evangelisation of the Celestial Empire. Our old contributor, the Rev. Frederick Hastings, is responsible for "The Spins of the Cycling Parson" (Walter Scott Co.), in which he has gathered a number of his cycling experiences at home and abroad, chattily told and cleverly illustrated, in many cases from his own drawings.—We have also to acknowledge "The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, and Other Poems," by Emily M. Hills; "Christ's Relation to His People" (C. H. Spurgeon), and "Smooth Stones Taken from Ancient Brooks," by C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore and Alabaster); "The Story of Our Lord's Life," by Mrs. Montgomery (Longmans); "Sunshine and Shadow in the South-West," by E. A. Rusher (H. R. Allenson); "Songs of Summer," by C. W. Wynne (Grant Richards).

Just Weights.

The Dutch stand high in the scale of commercial morality. Though they inhabit a small country, they do an enormous trade. In the north of Holland there is a noted business town called Alkmaar, which is an important centre for dairy produce. In the market-place stands the weigh-house, containing several huge beam scales upon which round red or yellow



THE WEIGH-HOUSE, ALKMAAR.

cheeses resembling cannon-balls are weighed. The weigh-house is a picturesque old building, surmounted by a tower, which contains a fine set of chimes. The façade is ornamented with a statue of Justice, and below it these words, in large letters, occupy the breadth of the building: "Integrity has righted the false balance." Those who caused this reminder to be written up, plain for all folk to see, were men of sterling honesty, who held firmly the belief that the best business is founded upon scrupulous honesty and fair dealing between buyer and seller. Upon those sound principles Alkmaar has built up her successful trade.

Zeal without Knowledge.

Long before the Revised Version of the Bible was thought of there were individuals who attempted to put the Scriptures into what seemed to them better English. One of these was an American named Hezekiah Woodruff. In 1852 he published his "improved" Bible.

We give two of the amendments as specimens. Where the Authorised Version says, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees," Woodruff substitutes, "Unless your correctness should exceed the correctness of the clergy." Where Judas came to our Lord and said, "Hail, Master!" Woodruff, to be more up-to-date and elegant, has "Preceptor, your most obedient!"

"Thou God Seest."

DR. MORRISON, the *Times* correspondent at Peking, tells us that at one place where he stayed a Mahomedan milk-seller watered his milk. When accused of doing so, he used piously to say, even when met coming from the well, "I could not put a drop of water in the milk, for there is a God up there," and he would jerk his finger towards the sky, "Who would see me if I did." Alas! the same sort of thing is not unknown even amongst Christians.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from December 30th, 1903, up to and including January 29th, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; "Sed Nomine," 5s.; "An Old Reader of THE QUIVER" (Wimbledon Common), 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £2, 10s., 2s.; "Streatham Common," 5s.; E. T. (Bramley), 5s.; "An Interested One," 5s.; G. A., 1s. 6d. The following amounts have been sent direct:—H., £10; "Reta," £5; "Otto," £1; A. S., £1; M. E. B., 15s.; M. A. J. C., 10s. 6d.; "Thurlston," 10s.; Mrs. R., 4s.

For *The Ragged School Union* ("*Robin*" *Dinners*): "A Widow's Mite" (Brixton), 2s. 6d.

For *The Orphan Working School:* "Streatham Common," 5s.

For *The British and Foreign Bible Society:* "A Well-Wisher," 3s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East:* "Two Readers of THE QUIVER" (Jersey), 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

49. To what place did our Lord retire with His disciples after the death of John the Baptist?

50. What great miracle was performed in this desert place?

51. How did Jesus spend the evening after this miracle?

52. What remarkable event took place in the early morning following the feeding of the five thousand?

53. What is the meaning of the word "Bethphage, and in what way did Jesus manifest there His divine power?

54. In what way did the people, on His journey to Jerusalem, acknowledge Jesus as the Messiah and their King?

55. What act of mercy did Jesus perform after He had cleansed the Temple?

56. By what name did Jesus say the Temple, as God's house, should be known?

57. Why should we suppose that the body of Jesus was laid in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa only as a temporary resting-place?

58. What comforting message did Jesus send to His apostles by Mary Magdalene?

59. Quote the words used by St. Peter testifying to his faith in Jesus.

60. In what way are Christians required to testify their faith in Jesus?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

37. Because the disciples took some corn and ate it, rubbing it in their hands, as they passed through a cornfield. (St. Matt. xii. 1, 2; Deut. xxiii. 25.)

38. First, the extreme poverty of Jesus and His disciples; and, secondly, that the preparation of food is not a breach of the Sabbath. (St. Matt. xii. 3, 4.)

39. By healing the man with a withered hand on the Sabbath day. (St. Matt. xii. 10–13.)

40. That the heart be sincere. (St. Matt. vii. 22, 23.)

41. Jesus likens the doers of good works to a house built on a rock, which cannot be destroyed. (St. Matt. vii. 24, 25.)

42. The sudden storms which arise, the terrible effects of which have been noted by all travellers in Palestine. (St. Mark iv. 37.)

43. When a great storm arose on the Sea of Galilee, and Jesus was asleep, the disciples awoke Him, saying, "Carest Thou not that we perish?" (St. Mark iv. 38.)

44. Jesus rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was immediately a great calm. (St. Mark iv. 39.)

45. The country of the Gergesenes is a district on the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee, over against Tiberias, of which Gadara was the chief town. (St. Mark v. 1.)

46. By the order of Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great, whom Tiberius, the Emperor of Rome, banished to Spain, where he died. (St. Matt. xiv. 3, 10; Josephus, "Ant.," b. xv. c. 14.)

47. Yes; for Herod was at first afraid to kill him because of the multitude, and the chief priests and elders were afraid to deny the divine commission of St. John because they feared the people. (St. Matt. xiv. 5 and xxi 26.)

48. Herod believed St. John to be a just and holy man, and when he heard of Jesus he believed that St. John had risen from the dead, and thus was able to perform miracles. (St. Mark vi. 14, 16, 20; St. Luke ix. 19.)

XUM

UNIV. OF MICH.



"IT IS THE LORD!"

JOHN XXI 7.

(*Painted by W. H. Margetson*)

SOME NOTEWORTHY HOBBIES OF PARSONS.

By Hugh B. Philpott.

IT was a celebrated parson who said many years ago: "So long as a man rides his hobby horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him, pray, sir, what have either you or I to do with it?" That seems a pretty sound principle to apply to the consideration of hobbies in general. To pry very closely into the doings of a public man during his hours of rest and relaxation may even savour a little of impertinence. Our purpose, therefore, in this article is not to watch the Bishop of London playing fives and Dr. Clifford collecting geological specimens, nor to inquire how many parsons ride bicycles and how many play croquet. These are scarcely matters of legitimate public interest. Our concern is rather with a few cases in which a parson's hobby or recreation has some genuine intrinsic interest or importance.

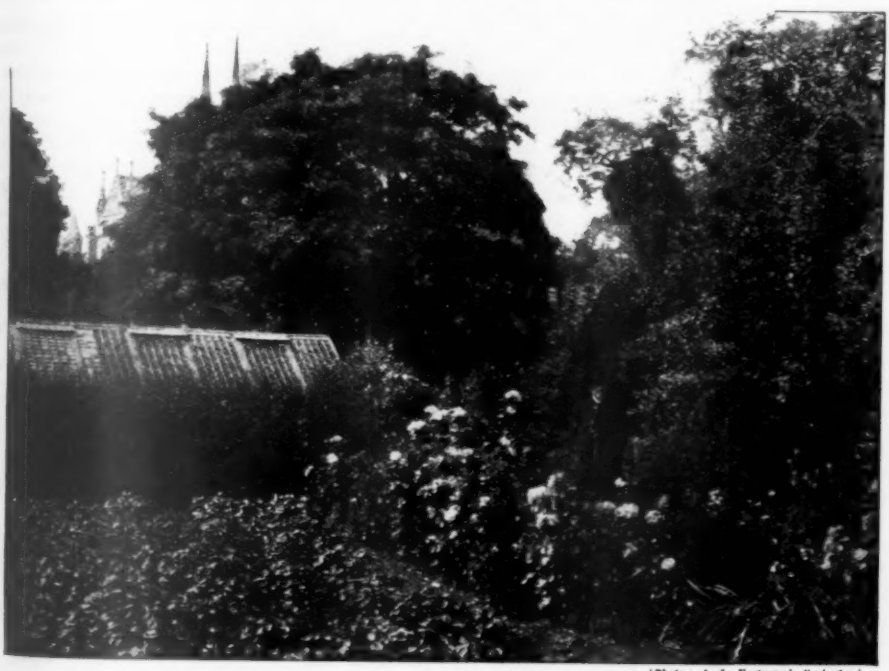
We must also exclude from consideration those more obvious occupations of the



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

DEAN HOLE.

parson—authorship, teaching, and public work—in which so many clergymen and



(Photo: A. L. Eastmead, Rochester.)

DEAN HOLE IN HIS ROSE GARDEN.

Nonconformist ministers excel, but which may be regarded simply as developments in one direction or another of their daily work. When, however, we come to speak of horticulture, microscopic investigation, ballooning, building, and turnery, we have to deal with subjects that the reader does not so readily associate with the pastoral office.

A visitor to the Deanery of Rochester is not long in finding out the hobby of the present Dean. The beautiful and well-kept gardens proclaim their owner to be a lover of flowers, and especially of roses. And, indeed, no professional horticulturist is more enthusiastic or more skilful in cultivating the queen of flowers than is the venerable clergyman whom Tennyson once called "the King of Roses." Dean Hole is in many ways a remarkable man, and during his long life (he is now in his eighty-fifth year) he has served his fellows faithfully and zealously in many different ways, and has had intimate relations with many of the most famous men of the nineteenth century. Few volumes of reminiscences published in recent years have equalled in interest Dean Hole's "Memories" and "More Memories." As preacher, scholar, man of letters, and *raconteur*, the Dean holds, and has long held, a foremost place among the clergy of the English Church; but it is to the Dean as florist that our attention must now be confined.

All his life Dean Hole has lived amongst flowers, and has found them a continual solace and delight. Born at Caunton, Nottinghamshire, he became curate of that place in 1844, and was vicar from 1851 to 1887. In the garden of this quiet country vicarage he was able to pursue year after year his delightful hobby, his enthusiasm for which increased as the years passed by. His rose trees multiplied from a dozen to a score, a hundred, a thousand, and at last to five thousand, gradually encroaching on the space given to fruit and vegetables until they monopolised the whole garden, converting it into one of the finest rose gardens to be seen anywhere.

But Mr. Hole was not the man to devote time and money to his hobby for mere selfish gratification. He has always sought to share with others the pleasure and profit he himself has derived from the culture of flowers. No man has done more to improve the culture of roses in England, and to extend among rich and poor alike the love of flowers in general and roses in particular. His "Book about Roses" is a standard work on the subject, which has passed through many editions, and has the rare merit among technical books of being delightful reading for everyone as well as full of helpful hints for gardeners. In 1858 he organised the first Grand National Rose Show, which was held at the St. James's Hall, and proved a very great success in every way. It was followed by other shows, at first held at intervals of two or three years, afterwards annually and even more frequently.

The Dean, who has always been a true and sympathetic friend of the working classes, has never encouraged the idea that rose culture is necessarily an expensive or aristocratic hobby. In his "Book about Roses" he shows what may be done in a very small garden by a very poor man who really loves the rose. It is not wealth, but a love for the flowers that, in his judgment, is the chief qualification for the successful rose grower. "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden must have beautiful roses in his heart. He must love them well and always. To win he must woo, as Jacob wooed Laban's daughter, though drought and frost consume. He must have not only the glowing admiration, the enthusiasm and the passion, but the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, the reverence, the watchfulness of love."

This quotation suggests what is indeed the secret of the good Dean's enthusiasm in the pursuit of his favourite recreation: he seeks not merely his own pleasure, nor even the pleasure of others; he always has in view the great elevating and humanising power of flowers. "Get a man," he says, "out of the dram and beer shops into the fresh, pure air, interest him in the marvellous works of his God instead of in the deformities of vice, give him an occupation which will add to his health and the comforts of his family instead of destroying both; then build revealed upon natural religion, and hope to see him a Christian."

While at Caunton Mr. Hole did much to promote the love of flowers among the children by giving prizes for their collections of wild flowers, and by accompanying them on flower-collecting expeditions and teaching them the names, habits and uses of the flowers.

In encouraging popular interest in flowers and gardens the Dean believes that he is doing something for the strengthening of religious faith. "The gardener," he says, "cannot believe in unbelief. He takes a seed, a bulb, a cutting (who made them?); he places them in the soil which is most

congenial (who made it ?); the seed germinates, the bulb spindles, the cutting strikes (whence the motive power ?); he tends and waters (but who sends the former and the latter rain ?); and the flower comes forth in glory. Does he say with the proud Assyrian, 'By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom' ? Does he not stand the rather with a reverent wonder to consider the lilies, until the very soul within him rises heavenward, and *Manus tuae fecerunt* is his psalm of praise."

Another clergyman whose hobby is the beautiful art of rose-growing is the Rev. Henry Brydges Biron, B.A., the vicar of Lympne with West Hythe. Like Dean Hole, Mr. Biron has become quite an authority on roses. His garden in summer time is full of lovely blooms, and he is one of the judges at the National Rose Show held at the Temple Gardens. Like many another successful horticulturist, he has profited by the experience of past failures. His earliest essay in rose-growing was anything but successful: his own account of it is as follows: "I bought a book on gardening. In this I read that the ground should be trodden down firmly. So I dug a few holes in the driest part of the lawn, trod down the soil until it was as hard as a stone, stuck some rose-trees in, and then waited. The following year most of them died, and the remainder did not give a bloom"



THE REV. H. B. BIRON AT WORK AMONGST HIS ROSES.

Mr. Biron has also some claims to fame as a sportsman. In his younger days (he is now in his sixty-ninth year) he was for several seasons one of the representatives on the cricket field of his native county, Kent. He was also a member of the "Quidnuncs," and it was while playing for that club against the Gentlemen of Sussex that he made his highest score—214. He is also a good hunter, always riding without spurs, and is a capital shot.

A Christian minister, whose hobby unquestionably makes for the material and moral well-being of humanity, and who deliberately uses it for the advancement of religious truth, is Dr. W. H. Dallinger, the well-known Wesleyan preacher and scientist,

If we speak of Dr. Dallinger's scientific work as his "hobby" it must not be supposed that there is any suspicion of dilettantism about it. It is work that commands the respect of the scientific world, and has in more than one instance been of almost epoch-making importance. In his own special field—that of microscopic research—Dr. Dallinger stands without a rival. He was for four years President of the Royal Microscopical Society, and the edition of Dr. W. B. Carpenter's great work, "The Microscope and its Revelations," which he edited and partly re-wrote, is the standard work on the subject.

Dr. Dallinger became interested in microscopic observations while still a boy, and thoughout his ministerial life he continued to find time for close and careful study. In 1870 he began a series of microscopic investigations, which extended over ten years, into the life histories of minute septic organisms. One result of these investigations was very important from the point of view of the Christian apologist as well as of the biologist. The theory had been propounded, and was at one time maintained by eminent biologists, that life could be spontaneously generated; in other words, that dead matter might be the parent of a living organism. Dr. Dallinger's investigation led him to the opposite conclusion, which he thus states: "Down to the uttermost verge of organised existence, out to its very edge, and in its lowliest condition, it is yet true that only that which is living can produce that which shall live." This conclusion is now accepted by most competent biologists. To the question, "Whence came life?" only the believer in God has any answer.

Since 1888 Dr. Dallinger has not held any settled pastorate. The Wesleyan Conference, recognising the importance of his scientific studies, wisely decided to relieve him of the ordinary circuit duties and appoint him a special preacher with liberty to accept or decline any invitations to preach that might come to him. He has thus been enabled to continue his studies and extend his services to many churches—and not only those of his own denomination—who would otherwise rarely or never have heard his voice. And the value of those services it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. In these days when the chief assaults upon religion are made in the name of science, the Christian



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER AT WORK WITH HIS MICROSCOPE.

minister who has gone deeply into the mysteries of the physical world, and can speak of them with an authority none dare gainsay, must wield an influence of no ordinary kind.

With Dr. Dallinger the contemplation of the marvels of the material universe, so far from weakening his belief in the spiritual, has only strengthened it, and often in his sermons he enforces his arguments by illustrations drawn from his own special studies.

Another minister who has taken up a scientific hobby, though one of quite a different kind, and become one of the leading authorities on it, is the Rev. J. M. Bacon, M.A., who has achieved a distinct place for himself among the adventurous few who have a practical as well as a theoretical acquaintance with the science of aëronautics. Although Mr. Bacon has never held a living, he has in his time done a good



THE REV. J. M. BACON WITH HIS BALLOON.

With all his learning Dr. Dallinger has great gifts of clear and simple exposition. He is one of the few men—as everyone must admit who has heard his fascinating lectures on such subjects as bees, ants, pond life, etc.—who can make a scientific discourse as interesting and intelligible to a popular audience as to a class of students. Dr. Dallinger's hobby—for such it was in the beginning, though it may now be regarded rather as his life's work—has not only enlarged his own life, but has instructed and delighted thousands, and has made the whole Christian Church his debtor.

deal of supply work for his brother clergymen; but of late years he has given practically the whole of his time to scientific work, chiefly in connection with ballooning. When Mr. Bacon takes a journey above the clouds he is not simply in quest of adventure and novel experiences; he always has a scientific purpose—some problem to solve, some fact in meteorology or acoustics to verify. A few years ago, when he startled a good many people in the city by exploding bombs over Trafalgar Square, he was engaged in some acoustical experiments, carrying out a suggestion made long ago by

Professor Tyndall that such investigations could best be made from the car of a balloon. Other experiments have had for their object the establishment of means of communication between the earth and travellers above the clouds. While journeying in his balloon Mr. Bacon has successfully communicated with troops encamped on Salisbury Plain, and he has succeeding in exploding a mine in a garden when he himself was three or four miles distant in the sky.

Astronomy is another subject in which Mr. Bacon takes a great interest, and his most perilous balloon voyage was one he undertook in November, 1899, with the object of photographing the Leonids. The ascent was made from Newbury, and for ten hours the aëronauts were unable to descend, as the valve had ceased to work. The balloon was travelling westward and they were in imminent danger of being carried out to sea. It was, in fact, a cold current of air from the Bristol Channel that brought about the descent. The fall was much too rapid to be safe, but the aëronauts dared not risk another ascent, as they were so near the sea. The balloon came to earth at Neath with such violence that Miss Bacon, who accompanied her father, had her arm broken, and Mr. Bacon had his clothes nearly torn off. In spite of this thrilling experience, however, Mr. Bacon does not admit that his hobby is a specially dangerous one. He points to the undoubted fact that aëronauts have often lived to a great age.

Mr. Bacon, who is a racy and attractive speaker, is in great demand as a lecturer on his special subject. He is the author of two books and many magazine articles dealing with the scientific aspects of ballooning, as well as with his personal experiences. His latest work, "The Dominion of the Air," is the best popular history of aërial navigation that has yet appeared.

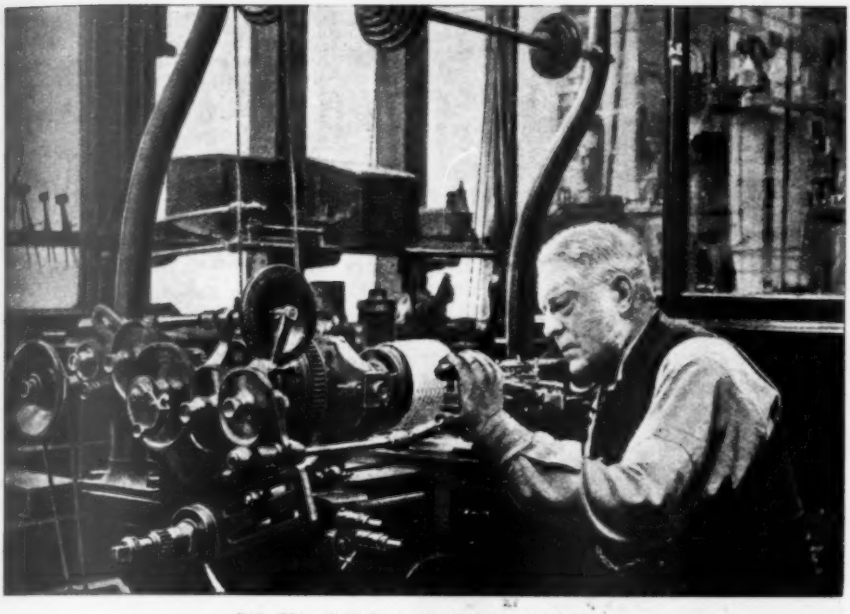
A remarkable hobby, which leads to some very beautiful results, is that of the Rev. C. C. Ellison, M.A., of Bracebridge, Lincoln. Mr. Ellison is an expert turner of wood, metal, and ivory, whose work has frequently gained diplomas at the exhibition of the Turners' Company held annually at the Mansion House. Even when seen beside the work of the most skilful professional turners in the kingdom, Mr. Ellison's beautiful productions have not suffered by comparison. They won for him a silver medal for ivory work, and a bronze medal for metal; indeed, some of Mr. Ellison's admirers say that he is the most skilful turner in the world.

Ever since he could handle a tool of any kind—that is to say, for the last sixty years—Mr. Ellison has been an amateur mechanic. His first notable achievement was when, as a boy at a private school, he made a false bottom for a tool box. By this piece of inventive genius he secured undisturbed possession every half-year of many pounds of contraband sweets. Afterwards he went to Rugby, and while there he purchased his first lathe. He kept it in a hired room at a tailor's in the town, and by its aid spent many happy hours in work which doubtless seemed very fine and important at the time, but which from the standpoint of later accomplishment he describes as "converting firewood into chips."

At Cambridge Mr. Ellison continued to practise his hobby, and by degrees became quite an expert mechanic. Since leaving college he has never been without his workshop, in which he has found that complete change of work which active spirits find as recreative as play and far more fascinating. In the special field of work which Mr. Ellison has made his own—that of ornamental turnery—there are possibilities of accomplishment of which the ordinary amateur mechanic knows little. As an illustration of the amount of thought and skill which have been devoted to the mere machinery for securing the best results, it may be mentioned that one of Mr. Ellison's lathes, with its accessory tools, cost no less than £1,200.

Mr. Ellison's long experience has left him in no doubt as to the usefulness of recreative work of this character, whether pursued on the princely scale in which he has himself been able to indulge his tastes, or within the narrower limits with which most amateur workmen have to be content. "The art of working," he says, "brings you into touch and sympathy with workpeople to your mutual benefit, enables you to help many a lame dog over a stile, to take a class—it may be—in a technical institute, and in countless ways to make the world better and happier for your existence." This is a consideration which may commend such hobbies to other ministers of religion and Christian workers. In these days of technical institutes and evening classes, the ability to take the interest of an expert in the work carried on must be a valuable asset to the minister who seeks to influence the young mechanics.

Incidentally, Mr. Ellison has found his



THE REV. CHARLES C. ELLISON AT HIS LATHE.

workshop and his mechanical knowledge of service in the detection of impostors among applicants for relief. Here is an amusing incident as he himself once told it to an interviewer :—

"One day a fellow came to the house with a basket of oranges to sell from, and to beg. I questioned him. He said he was a joiner out of work, so I marched him into the workshop and said, 'Now, old fellow, if you are a joiner, perhaps you will be kind enough to take down a jack-plane.' Whereupon he took down a trying-plane, which is about twice the size. I said, 'Perhaps you will be kind enough now to take down a panel saw.' He proceeded at once to take down a rip. Then I turned upon him and said, 'Look here; you are a lying impostor!' 'I am,' he murmured. So I told him, 'If you are not out of this place as fast as your legs can carry you, I'll turn you out.' He bolted in such confusion and hurry that he left his basket of oranges, and would have gone quite away without them if I had not shouted to him to take them away. And whenever a man comes here and says he is of such and such a trade out of work, I set him some of that work to do directly. They have got to know about it, and they fight shy of Bracebridge Manse."

An interesting hobby to which many parsons have given some attention is that of architecture. The usefulness of some architectural knowledge—especially in the case of the clergy of the Church of England—is obvious. The cathedrals, abbeys, and many of the parish churches of England are among the most precious of our national possessions, whether regarded as works of art or as objects of historic interest. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the clergy, who are the chief custodians of these treasures, should have an intelligent appreciation of their value, and should understand the best methods of preserving them. On the whole, these responsibilities have been well fulfilled, though sometimes it must be admitted that zeal has outrun discretion, and elaborate restorations have been carried out where a few modest repairs would have been in better taste. Many of the clergy have not only studied with loving reverence the buildings committed to their charge, until they know every stone and can read like a book the history of the building as revealed in its architecture; they have also in many cases made themselves authorities on ecclesiastical architecture generally.

As a rule, of course, the architectural knowledge of the clergy is purely theoretical, but there have been occasions when some

clergyman, greatly daring, has put his knowledge into actual practice and become for a time his own architect or builder. A notable example is that of the Rev. W. Burland, M.A., rector of Langridge, Bath, who has acquired a thoroughly expert knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of ecclesiastical architecture, and has built and restored a number of churches without any professional assistance. It was want of money that in the first instance made Mr. Burland an architect. Some important church repairs needed to be done, but the necessary funds proved very difficult to raise; so it occurred to Mr. Burland that he might as well save the architect's fees by planning and directing the work himself. The experiment proved successful, and he has since several



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE REV. W. BURLAND AT WORK.

times conducted the restoration of old churches, and even the entire building of a new one. At Priestleigh is a new church of which he made the designs and superintended the building from foundations to coping stone.

Mr. Burland makes all the working drawings required as well as the general design; he employs neither architect nor clerk of works, but engages his own workmen and personally superintends their work. The last piece of building work undertaken by him was the restoration of the fine old Norman church at Compton Martin, where he was lately rector. In this case the eminent architect Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., acted as expert adviser, but the actual work was carried out, as in other cases, by the energetic rector himself.

In working on these lines Mr. Burland is to a great extent reverting to the methods in vogue in the greatest period of English church building. When the great cathedrals and churches of the Middle Ages were built there were neither architects, contractors, nor trade unions in the modern sense. An ecclesiastic—bishop, prior, or abbot—was generally the leading spirit in the work, often the actual designer and master builder, and each workman laboured with the enthusiasm of an artist and the reverent zeal of one who felt that his was a truly religious work. Let us hope that in reviving the old methods Mr. Burland has also been able to revive in some measure the old noble spirit among the workers.



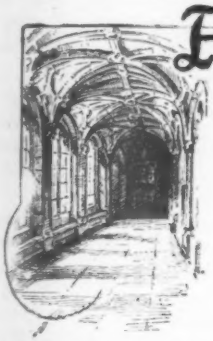
A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.- XIV.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, a Huguenot girl, is being educated at the famous Abbaye-aux-Bois. Her school friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, is married to the Duc de Maillebois, and at the wedding Yvonne meets the young Chevalier Réné de Beaumanoir, and they are mutually attracted to each other. After the wedding, the girl-bride Gabrielle returns to the convent school with Yvonne, and the Duke, her husband, goes on an embassy to Rome, and takes Réné with him. Yvonne meets Réné again at the Palace of Versailles, when King Louis receives the Doge of Genoa. There she also meets her guardian, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who abruptly removes her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to his house, where she is pestered by the unwelcome attentions of his spendthrift cousin, Adolphe. Her crippled cousin, Louise, is the only comfort of Yvonne's life in her guardian's house.

CHAPTER XV.



AS the great lumbering chariot reached the ascent to the hill and drew near the château of Sceaux, Yvonne and he companions found that the road was crowded with gorgeous equipages, all bound for the same destination. At length, after much patient jolting and delay, the great entrance was reached, and as Madame de Vaudreuil alighted and looked eagerly round at the galaxy of rank and fashion awaiting the royal party, she was like the Queen of Sheba in the presence of King Solomon—there was no more spirit in her.

"Ah, what a f.te! And I have a right to speak, for I have seen so many in my time. Let me see, it must have been six years ago when we had that tournament at Versailles, and the King's generosity almost passed belief! Why, each lady found a complete toilette in her apartment. Mine was of shrimp-coloured satin, I remember. Pink always becomes me so well, and he knew it!" she sighed. "And the King himself, why, he was wont to be all glittering with diamonds—or true *Roi Soleil!*

"But now, see, where he comes yonder. Only that dark casaque, fastened by a single gold button. No rings, no jewels, save in his shoe and knee buckles. And his hat—why, 'tis a beaver with only a single feather! He has turned serious since the death of poor Fontanges, and we know whose influence rules him now. Ah, there comes Madame de Maintenon with Madame la Dauphine."

Thus the good lady poured out the even flow of her reminiscences and remarks into the ear of Yvonne, who was far too much absorbed and interested in all that was passing around her to pay the slightest attention. It was a brilliant scene of courtly magnificence, and the costumes of the great nobles and the ladies of fashion vied with each other in richness of colour and costliness of material. Many who have made a name in history were familiar by sight to the young girl, but her eyes strayed far afield, in wistful search of the friend who

was her link with the past. More than once, on some festive occasion, she had seen Héloise de Chamans in the distance, but chance or design had always prevented their meeting, and she had been unable to obtain news of the young duchess.

To-day she was more fortunate, for she suddenly caught sight of the Duc de Maillebois in earnest talk with the King, and later, when the ladies were all marshalled to the raised seats under triumphal arches of flowers, to her intense delight she found herself next to Gabrielle.

The two friends had not met since the eventful day when Mademoiselle de la Féronniere had been so abruptly carried off from Versailles by her guardian, the day when she had parted from Réné.

Young Madame de Maillebois had been away from Paris during those two summer months at her husband's magnificent chateau in Brittany, where she had amused herself by playing hostess to her father and sister and a large, gay company invited to meet them; but she had been very glad to make this unique fête an excuse for returning to Paris and tasting the delights of the capital.

"Yvonne, my dear! This is, indeed, an unlooked-for joy. So the ogre has not devoured you yet? Tell me all that has befallen you, dear?"

Then a strange thing happened. The girl who had welcomed this meeting with such eager joy was suddenly dumb and panic-stricken. How could that simple question have carried dismay into the heart of Yvonne? What was there to tell?

With a sudden blinding flash of insight she saw her past two months spread out before her. A very lifetime it seemed, nay an eternity, wasted in thoughtless frivolity. Was there ever such an arid desert in which no heart of grace could blossom, such a scribbled page of vanity and folly, from which she could only hope that the recording angel would turn aside with averted eye?

She dared not meet her friend's keen inquiring eyes, but with bowed head she murmured:

"I cannot tell you—there is nothing——"

"Yvonne, dear Yvonne! Surely it is not true that which I hear on every side?" cried Gabrielle, in a tone of pained conviction. "They tell me that you are always at the Court, at every fête and picnic and rout, dressed in the very pink of the mode, no unwilling victim, but beaming with delight, a very queen of beauty—ah, that I can believe. But they also say that you are ever in the company of Monsieur de Vaudreuil, who is inseparable as your shadow, and that your marriage with him is fixed past all doubt——"

"No, no! It is false, Gabrielle!" interrupted Yvonne, in a hoarse, muffled voice of despair. "Oh, what have I done? Surely you could never believe it of me, that I could be so changeful, so false?"

"Dear Yvonne, I knew you too well. Even when Héloise vowed it was the common talk I well-nigh fell out with her, and I prayed that, at least, she would not write word to Réné till the marriage was an accomplished fact."

"That will never be! But I see how, in my ignorance of the world, I have been led astray and lured on," was the pitiful lament. "For it is true that my cousin has been with me everywhere, like my shadow, and ah, me! I have been so blind, so foolish, that I never understood the meaning smiles, the veiled jests, till now."

She buried her face in her hands, overwhelmed with the surging memories which mocked and tortured her.

Her friend pressed her hand in silence, full of understanding sympathy. When she spoke again, her words were sad and grave.

"I fear me that you have trouble ahead. If only I could help you! Remember that my home is always yours, and that Monsieur de Maillebois is the staunchest of friends."

"Tell me of Réné," whispered Yvonne. "We may be disturbed at any moment." And she gave a glance toward her aunt, who was revelling in a perfect orgie of gossip, with Madame de la Fayette by her side.

"My brother has been away on a cruise in his vessel, *La Topaze*, but has now returned to Toulon. He is well, he asks for news of you; and he tells me that he has written to you, but has had no answer——"

She paused, for at that moment a sudden silence and hush of expectation fell upon the gay company. The twittering of many voices ceased, and the fashionable ladies leaned forward with eager faces, as a blowing of horns and trumpets announced the approach of the grand procession, the central feature of the fête.

First came a stately array of knights in picturesque mediæval armour, preceded by floating banners, by heralds-at-arms, pages, and squires, all bearing their emblems on the glittering shields and coats of arms. The

cavalcade was followed by an immense gilt chariot, the Car of the Sun, around which were grouped the four ages—of gold, silver, steel, and iron—all the heavenly signs, the seasons and the hours. Next came the Car of Apollo, surrounded by Arcadian shepherds, and followed by fauns and sylvans and dryads. To Yvonne's dismay, this motley company paused exactly in front of her seat, and one dressed as Pan came forward, and looking up at her, recited verses in praise of the Queen of Beauty.

With a quick, instinctive impulse, the girl



"The girl was suddenly dumb and panic stricken."

adroitly drew herself back into the shadow, behind the garlands of roses, and whispered to Gabrielle :

"Accept their homage with a good grace. See, Monsieur de Maillebois is smiling up at you."

It was quite true, and every face was turned towards them in restless curiosity ; but she did not add that Adolphe de Vaudreuil, standing below, with a wand of office in his hand, as one of the masters of the ceremonies, was looking in vain for his queen. His plot had failed, and apparently he had missed his chance of thus publicly paying court to his future bride, for she was nowhere to be seen.

Meanwhile Madame de Vaudreuil, on the other side of her, was bowing and simpering in the perfect content of satisfied vanity, without a doubt that the verses were in praise of her mature and unapproachable loveliness. Altogether it was a very pretty piece of mystification, although but a passing scene, scarcely understood even by the actors therein.

The fickle Pan had soon passed lightly on in the train of a stately Diana, to bear elsewhere the tribute of his flattering voice. Slowly the magnificent procession moved onwards, and under cover of the renewed laughter and applause, Yvonne whispered :

"You spoke of Réné's letters, but not one has reached me."

"I do not wonder, now that I have seen Madame de Vaudreuil!" was her friend's low reply. "That painted face, and ah! those cruel thin lips. You say she is so pious, too ? I must tell you a story M. de Brissac amused us with yesterday. It is so characteristic of the fashionable ladies like Madame.

"You know how the King has taken to religion of late years, always present at Vespers in the Royal chapel? And of course all the Court ladies, of whom your aunt was one, never failed in their attendance, and carried each a little taper to make sure that her face would be duly recognised. Well, one day M. de Brissac played them a trick, and gravely announced that the King would not come to chapel that evening. All the ladies stayed away, and when his Majesty, in dismay, asked the reason, he was told; and, alas! the pleasing fiction of the Court ladies' devotion melted away like a cloud."

A murmur of rippling laughter welcomed the merry jest, and in the gay humour of the moment the two young girls forgot the stately present, and were once more light-hearted comrades of the convent school.

CHAPTER XVI.

TO tell all that happened at that memorable fête in the gardens of Sceaux would need a volume in itself. Is it not written in *Le Mercure Galant* of that date?

To Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, at least, it was an eventful day, of which the slightest episode was written with indelible letters on her memory, for it closed a chapter of her life. By the side of the young Duchesse de Maillebois she was protected from the attentions of Adolphe de Vaudreuil, whose time was also much engaged by his official position. Yet now that her eyes were once opened, Yvonne could not fail to notice significant glances, and to hear now and again whispered remarks which flushed her cheeks with scarlet.

She was watching one of the ever-changing entertainments—this time a quaint new invention of a chaise drawn by Suisses, in which there were four seats, shaded by a gaudy canopy and occupied by a very distinguished company. She had seen Madame la Dauphine, Madame la Duchesse, Madame la Princesse de Conti, and Madame de Maintenon take their places, when she caught the sound of voices in the crowd.

"Who is that tall, fair girl?" asked one.

"Oh, that is a Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, an heiress from Poitou, who is going to marry young de Vaudreuil and pay all his debts for him. He has been flaunting her about everywhere, without the shadow of a chaperone to look after her!"

"Well, 'tis not our affair what repute the lady gets, if we see the colour of her husband's money. He lost five hundred écus to me at lansquenet the other night, and he is always unlucky at the game of euchre.

The girl heard no more, but she felt that she could sink into the ground for very shame. It was too terrible that, by no fault of her own, she should thus have become a reproach and a byword; but still more to be dreaded was this assumed certainty of her marriage.

She pressed closer to Gabrielle and hurried her away, on some light pretext, though she knew that in her splendid dress of silvery gauze it was impossible to escape observation. But at this moment fortune served her, for there was a general stir and movement towards the improvised opera house, where Monsieur Racine's *Idylle de la Paix* was to be given by the first singers of the day.

After this, events followed in rapid succession until the hour arrived for the sumptuous banquet, in the great hall of the château, when the famous artist of the royal kitchen, M. Robert, outdid himself. The long tables were set out in magnificent array, covered with gold and silver plate, and decorated with garlands of flowers and intricate architecture of confectionery. Every delicacy, in season and out of season, was piled on the board with lavish profusion. From sea and river came every known fish, great and small. There were peacocks and swans, egrets and turtle doves, game and fowl, and mighty joints of meat, all seasoned with spices and mediæval sauces, pungent and strong of flavour. In the centre, amid the quaint edifices of musk-scented pastry, were great dishes of fruit and sweetmeats innumerable.

The magnificent banquet was lighted up by rows of lacqueys, with flaming torches in their hands, standing behind the guests, in the great sombre hall, although it was scarcely dusk in the soft summer air outside. Not until very late, after another gorgeous fantastic procession by torchlight, did the long day of festivities come to an end.

With a lingering clasp of the hand, Yvonne parted from her friend.

"Courage, my dear," whispered Gabrielle. "Remember that if trouble comes, our home is ever a refuge for you."

"But if my need is desperate, and there is no escape, I will send you René's ring!" was the low murmured reply.



"The girl needed all her courage as she waited."—*p.* 562.

"Have no fear; it will call him back from the uttermost ends of the earth!" were the last precious words of comfort which she dimly felt, rather than heard.

Once more the young girl found herself in the great chariot by the side of Madame de Vaudreuil, and she shrank back into her dark corner as her cousin, flushed with wine, stumbled brusquely into his place opposite. The unwonted excess had loosened his tongue and robbed him of his self-control. Vaguely resentful of the way in which Yvonne had kept aloof from him all day, he addressed his words to his mother.

"Did you see that fellow d'Heudicourt? He has come back and wormed himself into the King's favour, till now he is appointed one of the *Grands Louvetiers*." *

"Yes; I saw him and his wife too," was the frightened reply.

"And I'll lay a wager that you greeted her as a dear friend!" he cried in a jeering tone. "Well, I wish you joy of her. She never was much to look at, but since her exile Madame d'Heudicourt has grown as ugly as sin, for all her gaudy finery. Did you hear what Madame de Poitiers had the spirit to say to her to-day? 'You have a fine holiday face!'" And he laughed noisily at his own story.

There was a strained silence, then the misguided Adolphe continued:

"Monsieur de Louvois is most urgent that I should accept a commission to go down into Poitou at once at the head of a dragonnade against the Huguenots, with the Abbé de Chaylus to help. You know him?"

"Ah, yes; the holy man who was so cruelly treated in Siam for his faith. Almost a martyr, my director told me," said Madame, unctuously.

"*Sacré!* he has been through the fire himself, and knows how to singe others!" was the rejoinder, with a brutal laugh. "I shall have a rare time with him. It would curdle your blood to hear of all that he did in the Cevennes against those damned heretics!"

"Hush, hush, my son!" interrupted Madame de Vaudreuil, in mortal terror, as she pointed towards Yvonne.

What a cruel irony of fate it would be if, in one moment of half-tipsy excitement, he should reveal his true character, and destroy all the fruits of his long self-restraint and careful devotion! But at that moment the heavy lumbering chariot swayed in some deep rut, and shook the horn lantern which hung in front. It cast a flickering ray on the girl's pale face. She gave no sign, her eyes were closed, and to all outward appearance she was asleep.

Madame drew a deep breath of relief, and Adolphe blundered on, with his confidences unchecked.

"Yes; those wretched miscreants of Poitou will curse the day when de Chaylus escaped from his persecutors. These dragonnades are an invention of genius, a gigantic satire! Picture to yourself a company of rough dragoons sent out as missionaries to all the towns and châteaux where most Huguenots are found, to convert them! Ha, ha! by every means their gentle souls can devise, short of death; there we draw the line.

"But if the recalcitrants chance to die of their tortures afterwards, why, 'tis the will of God, and no blame to us. You can never conceive the obstinacy of even weak women and children. At one lonely château we found the mistress a widow, of this reformed faith so-called, and her servants—mostly Catholics—had fled, so she was at our mercy. The dragoons drank her wine—very good wine in that cellar, I remember—they plundered the house, destroying all they could not take away. But what touched the woman most was to see all her dainty linen ransacked, and the costly damask cloths and fine Holland sheets carried down to the stable, as litter for the horses!"

"Ah, that was cruel!" gasped his mother, with a touch of sympathy for the outraged housewife.

"But what will you say when they took her boy of four years old—Pierre, she called him—and tossed him backwards and forwards across the long room? And when she implored the soldiers to spare the shrieking child, they said she must be cold, and tied her close to the fire. Then they piled it up with her furniture, and threatened to cast her in the flames if she did not abjure her faith."

"Oh, Adolphe, did they burn her to death?" asked his mother, shuddering.

"No; she fell senseless on the hearth, and we left her there, obstinate heretic! But this is nothing. Shall I tell you some more?"

"No, no, my son; I pray you spare me!" she pleaded, for vain, silly creature as she was, Madame de Vaudreuil was a woman still.

Moreover, she was in constant dread that her niece might awake, and hear these awkward

* Huntsmen of the wolf-hounds

revelations, which Adolphe would be the first to disclaim in his sober moments. She roused herself to change the subject of conversation, and soon, to her relief, his heavy breathing announced that he was sleeping off the effect of those rare and costly wines.

Meantime, as the lumbering chariot jolted on through the night, poor Yvonne felt that she had indeed supped on horrors. Conscience might prick her on the morrow for listening to confidences not meant for her, but in the first moment she was half asleep and scarcely took in the meaning of his words. Then, as Adolphe's self-betrayal became more flagrant, she felt herself to be engulfed in a sea of infamy, and frozen with terror and repulsion. It was a revelation of undreamed depths to the horror-struck girl, and she closed her eyes, to hide the red glare of bloodshed.

Beneath the silvery mantle of gossamer, her hands were clenched until the nails dug into the tender flesh, she could have screamed aloud in her frantic despair, but she was hemmed in on every side, and durst not move nor breathe. Then a desperate thought came to her. Humbled to the dust by the memory of her friendliness with a traitor, and a cruel persecutor, Yvonne felt that she had reached the limit of her endurance. She must escape and flee for her life, no matter whither, so that she would be free from such defilement. She would seek a shelter with Gabrielle, or make a pilgrimage back on foot to her dear old home at Croisette.

In the wild tumult of her soul she poured out all to Madelon that night, as soon as the chamber door was closed and barred.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, if I could but have spared you this!" said the old woman sadly. "To me it is no surprise, but I could not warn you, for of late we seem to have drifted apart."

"Yes, Madelon, and I alone am to blame," was the free confession. "The downward course was so easy, so pleasant. I basked in the sunshine of flattery; I was vain and frivolous and worldly, and thought of nothing but gay apparel and ever-changing amusement!"

"Do not blame yourself too much, dear Mademoiselle. I would not deny the young their pleasure. 'Rejoice in thy youth,' saith God's word."

"And for all these things cometh judgment," added Yvonne. "I went astray against my better knowledge. I was like a soldier asleep at his post in an enemy's country. But now mine eyes are opened. We must find a way of escape, my Madelon."

There was a silence full of significance, and not until the duties of the toilette were ended did the maid remark:

"You spoke of the Abbé de Chaylus? He arrived here this very day, and seems to be looked upon by the household as a saint and a martyr after his sufferings in Siam. Rosalie met him crossing the great hall, and I saw her go down on her knees to beseech his blessing. She told me afterwards that it would save her many years of purgatory!"

If Madelon had told this story to change the subject, she was successful for the moment. She had given her mistress fresh food for thought when they parted.

The young girl had put far from her all hope of sleep, but the weariness of youth and health conquered all, and not until the early morning did she awake, refreshed. The night had brought counsel. No; she must not draw down suspicion and possible disaster on her friend Gabrielle and the Duc de Maillebois by taking advantage of their generosity. If she were missed, search would be made in their house at once, and they would lose the King's favour, as he was so bitter against the Huguenots.

She had noticed Madelon's silence at the suggestion of escape, and understood her. The time was not yet ripe. She must pay the penalty of her past frivolity—yes, and pick up the thread of her neglected duties.

As though in answer to her thought, she was scarcely dressed when there came a message:

"Mademoiselle Louise prays you to spare her a few minutes."

In eager haste Yvonne followed the maid, full of self-accusing thoughts and penitence for her careless neglect.

"Are you not so well, my dear? What can I do to serve you?" she asked, as her young cousin held out both hands in welcome.

"You can have your chocolate here and sit awhile with me," was the smiling reply. "Bichon, go and ask for another bowl."

When they were alone her tone changed. "Yvonne, dear, I have news to tell you; something has happened," she began impetuously. "Come close and listen to me. Have you heard that a guest came here yesterday?"

"Do you mean the Abbé de Chaylus?" asked the girl, with a sudden chill of unaccountable terror. "Madelon spoke of his coming."

"Ah, then, maybe you are prepared, for it is of him I would speak," was the quick rejoinder. "Yvonne, beware of that man; 'tis your most deadly foe, a fierce bigot and a persecutor. He arrived while you were all away at the fête, and came to see me, and with soft, flattering words beguiled me, until he had drawn out all I knew about my people—and you, dear."

"Then, last night—you know how hot it was?—I could not sleep, and sat for awhile at my open casement. I heard your coach rumble into the courtyard, and not long after I was startled by the sound of voices in the balcony, just there, close below. It was Adolphe and Monsieur l'Abbé, and I could hear every word they said."

"Louise! You should not have listened," was her friend's instinctive cry.

"And I tell you that I am justified a thousand times. In this house of plots and conspiracy, what can I, poor weak creature, do but fight the traitor and the coward with their own weapons?" exclaimed the strange child, looking almost beautiful in her excitement, as with flushed cheeks she fixed her dark, passionate eyes on her cousin's face.

"For I alone am on your side, Yvonne. I have loved you ever since like a sunbeam you came into my life. Oh, if you knew what happiness it has been to see you of late, so glad and joyous!"

"What have I done to earn such affection?" the listener asked herself, bewildered, as she stooped to kiss her champion's hot brow in silence.

"Even my brother seemed changed, but last night he betrayed himself," continued Louise. "L'Abbé de Chaylus declared himself amazed, indignant, that after all this time you should still be a Huguenot. 'What have they been thinking of at the convent—nay, what have you been about since the girl came to you, my friend?' he asked. 'Are there no tortures which have persuading power with such an obstinate heretic? Has her pampered body been starved? Has her delicate flesh been torn daily with the lash?'"

Yvonne could not restrain a shudder, but she found spirit to ask in a whisper:

"What did Adolphe say? Was he very angry?"

"Oh, no; he did but reply with a light laugh, 'That may come later, but we have tried softer measures first. I have reason to believe that she is deeply in love with me, and when the critical moment comes she will give up her faith without a contest. That is the first step, or I lose her fortune. All the world looks upon us as betrothed, and she cannot draw back now.'"

"Oh, hush, hush, Louise! Spare me, I can endure no more!" interrupted Yvonne, in her bitter despair. Stricken with shame, humiliated to the very dust, she buried her face in her hands.

At that moment the maid appeared with the cup of chocolate, and Louise gave a warning cough. Then, with quick presence of mind, she said aloud,

"Yes, dear; I will read you that couplet of mine. 'Tis by way of a madrigal. Bichon, give me my tablets. Ah, here it is:

> "They go, they come, the world it smiles,
> On all sides, festal joys,
> Alas! for me, sadness and care,
> I weep, I bow my head.
> Lonely in my chamber dark,
> For ever in the shade."

The girl read this aloud, slowly at first, and then, warming to her subject, with all a poet's pride in her verse. Her cousin had time to recover herself before the maid left the room, with a little meaning shrug of the shoulders, as one not lightly beguiled.

"Bichon is a good creature, and I can trust her; but we must run no risks," said her young mistress. "Tell me one thing, dear; is it true that you were learning to love my brother?" she added wistfully.

At this unlooked-for question, the girl was roused to her inmost soul, and fiery indignation recalled her wonted courage. She sprang to her feet as though it had been a call to arms.

"Can you ask me, Louise? Is it possible that even you would accuse me of playing false in the eyes of the world? I give you my solemn word that I would die sooner than marry Adolphe de Vaudreuil!"

There was a moment of troubled silence, then a low, tremulous whisper caught her ear.

"Yvonne, dear Yvonne, is there another whom you love?"

"Yes, Louise; there is one who lives ever in my thoughts, my knight without fear and without reproach," replied the girl in a steadfast tone, though the scarlet flushed over cheek and brow. "I cannot tell if we may ever meet again on earth; but I shall keep faith with him, as he with me."

"Ah! I know. It is the brother of your convent friend. It is Réné de Beaumanoir.

This is a romance indeed, such as I have dreamed," sighed Louise, and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy. "Dear Yvonne, how beautiful it is, and how good of you to tell me. Henceforth I live only to serve you.



"She sobbed out her story like a wounded child."—*p.* 563.

"Hush! Is not that a footstep on the stairs? One word more. I forgot to tell you that the Abbé de Chaylus has promised to speak with you, and never doubts that his eloquence will prevail. Hush! they come."

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was well for Mademoiselle de la Féronniere that she should have been, even in so slight a measure, prepared, for the summons to face the Abbé de Chaylus might well have made a stouter heart quail. They had thought to take her unawares, but Louise had forestalled them and given a note of warning.

In the days to come the young girl could never look back upon that interview without an inward shudder. The whole scene would rise up before her: the dim, solemn library, with its serried rows of books; the gloomy hangings of dull brocade; the massive, high-backed chairs, haunted by ghostly, unseen witnesses; but, above all, the stern, dark presence of the priest who had suffered almost to the death for his faith, and who was prepared, without a shadow of compunction, to mete out the same cruel measure to others.

A spell was upon her, and she could not turn her shuddering gaze from that death-like face, seared as it were by hot irons, and emaciated almost beyond human semblance. There was a lurid light in the deep-set eyes, and a savage clenching of the strongly-marked jaw, which revealed the man, his desperate courage, his indomitable will.

With slow, reluctant steps, as though drawn

by some compelling force, Yvonne crossed the shadowed threshold and stood within the audience chamber; but the grim Abbé took no step forward to greet her, he spoke no word of welcome. Like an image of stone, he stood unmoved, and gazed upon her in frozen silence. There was something so inhuman in such a reception that the girl needed all her courage as she waited in an agony of suspense.

The moments were leaden-footed, time almost stood still, and she seemed to live through an eternity of expectant horror; but she gave no outward sign of fear. With uplifted head she stood before him, and there was no quailing of the eye's level beam. Not until the stillness grew intolerable did she exclaim, with proud self-control:

"Monsieur, I was summoned hither to meet you; but, meseems, there hath been some error. I will no longer disturb your meditations."

Thereupon, with a formal curtsey, she turned to leave the chamber; but there was a *timbre* in her low, clear voice which warned de Chaylus that he had met a foeman worthy of his steel.

"Stay, my child!" he cried, in a tone of command. "I have much to say to you My heart yearns over a strayed lamb, and I cannot rest until it is brought back into the Church's fold. Is it possible that I have heard aright when they tell me that you were brought up in a convent, and that with the living example of the holy sisters ever before your eyes, still you remain a heretic?"

He paused for a reply, and in that moment there flashed before the memory of Yvonne those words of Monsieur de la Forêt:

"When God calleth, you will awake, strong to do His will."

The hour had struck. The clarion note of duty had sounded in her heart, and stilled all other voices. Her late pursuit of pleasure, her gay smooth life of ease, all seemed to melt away as a dream when one awakes. With clear-sighted vision of all that might hang upon the words, she bore witness to her faith.

"I am a Huguenot, Monsieur, and I glory in the name! But to denounce me as a heretic is to condemn me without a trial. How should pleading avail when you are at once accuser and judge?"

"Then you make no defence? Ah, what sinful neglect, what fatal weakness must there have been, for the long years to leave you still an outcast from our Holy Church! May the blessed privilege be mine to guide you within the sanctuary. Confide in me, my daughter. What are your difficulties?"

"I have none, Monsieur" was the ready answer; "I am content with the faith of my childhood. On such deep matters I cannot dispute with you—I, an unskilled girl, whom you would crush with your learning and eloquence. I can but cling, heart and soul, to our reformed religion, for which my fathers have fought and died.

"All these years I have cherished it, with undimmed love, when outward ordinances were denied me, and I thank my God that I can still make my confession and pray to Him with no priest to come betwixt us."

She had thrown down the gauntlet, and her opponent was not slow to pick it up.

"*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius demental*,"* muttered the Abbé de Chaylus. "Can you be so blinded with vanity as to think yourself under the special care of the Almighty?" he asked in tones of caustic satire. "Does that braided hair, that costly apparel, bespeak one who has forsworn the world, a holy maiden given up to prayer and meditation? Has your frivolous life of late, spent in the court of princes, wasted in every form of vanity and worldly pleasure, been such as to deserve God's favour? Would even your own sect look upon it with approval? Nay, my child, ask yourself if they would not disown and cast you from them? Out of your own mouth you stand condemned."

He paused, and a quiver of emotion betrayed that the shaft had gone home. Yvonne had been pierced between the joints of her armour. The lifelong experience of the priest had served him well; he had dealt with such sensitive natures before, and he was quick to follow up his advantage.

"If you persist in your obstinate rejection of our kind offices, remember that your good name, your fortune, your liberty, your life itself are at our mercy."

"Do you threaten me, Monsieur?" asked the girl, with a flash of indignation. "I have heard ere this that 'tis not well for health to oppose a Jesuit, but—my good name?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle Yvonne de la Féronniere, your good name!" interrupted a voice of frost. "All these months, whilst you have dallied with pleasures in the haunts of worldliness and sinful luxury, think you that no mocking eyes have gazed, no venomous tongues

* "Those whom God would destroy, He first makes mad."

have gossiped, when my friend Monsieur Adolphe de Vaudreuil was ever your sole companion? He cannot marry you if you remain a Huguenot. What then? If the rumour spreads that he has forsaken you, why, it takes him but a shrug of the shoulder, a meaning smile, and your reputation is thrown to the wolves!"

"Is he base enough so to trade upon my helplessness?" murmured Yvonne, white to the lips with horror. "But I have powerful friends——"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, believe me, ere long a Protestant will have no friends. Private knowledge hath reached me that our Most Christian Majesty will no more endure the plague spot of heresy in his realm. Yes, the impious Edict of Nantes will be revoked. Already it hath been three months before the Council, and by fire and sword the evil thing will be cast out from our midst.

"Save for those who shall be snatched like brands from the burning, it will be with the Huguenots as in the day of St. Bartholomew. Whoso dares to befriend you in that hour, it will be at the cost of fortune and of life. So perish all the enemies of my God!'

The abbé paused, with an upward gaze of assured faith. As he clasped his hands in silent prayer, the loose sleeves of his habit fell back, and revealed fleshless, distorted arms, with the bones all bent and knotted. It was a fearful sight, and Yvonne shuddered in a very passion of sudden pity and shrinking terror. Her heart sank with the conviction that this man, cruel fanatic as she deemed him, was yet in deadly earnest, and that his words were true.

There had been no lack of warnings to foreshadow some dire event; but this was grim certainty, and never had the future loomed so darkly before her. For a moment she stood paralysed, stunned as by a crashing thunderbolt; then, with the primitive instinct of a hunted animal, she vaguely thought of flight. Her soul seemed to be journeying to some far-away distance, yet still the sounds of words pursued her, though the dulcet tones of that voice, deep as a passing bell, were strange and unfamiliar.

"Remember, my daughter, that there is another side of the picture. In her eternal long-suffering, our Mother Church is ready to receive you with open arms. Then all will be well with you, your life will be a dream of happiness, the desert of this world shall blossom as the rose——"

Against her will she paused to listen, moved by some compelling force. Ah, but these blandishments were an insult. It was too late to conciliate when open war had been declared. Yet the astute archer trusted that the thought of "what might have been" would rankle, in the dark days to come, like a poisoned arrow.

Yvonne never knew how she gained the quiet haven of her own chamber, for when she looked back upon that dark hour only a blurred memory remained. She found Madelon sitting placidly at her distaff, in the small inner closet. Not until she reached that calm atmosphere did the girl become conscious of the terrible strain which she had endured. The floodgates were opened, and she sobbed out her story like a wounded child.

The old nurse was too wise to check that healing dew of tears. Ere now she had known it turn the scale when life or reason trembled in the balance. The mood would soon pass, and leave the girl strong as tempered steel.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.]



OUR MISSIONARY SALE OF WORK.

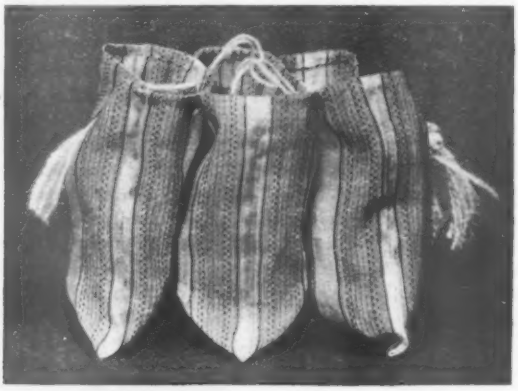
SOME USEFUL HINTS FOR WORKERS.

OUR Missionary Sale of Work, for which we have been preparing so long, is a thing of the past, and, fortunately for us all, everybody seems pleased with the results. We have been congratulated over and over again on the care that we took to provide really useful things for the visitors, and many of our wares were so much sought after that we could have sold double the number. We took many orders to be executed later on.

For the benefit of other people who have the cares of a sale of work on their mind, we may enumerate a few of the goods that found the most willing purchasers. Judging by former experience, we provided an ample quantity of bags and boxes—for there is scarcely anybody who can resist buying something in this way. For months previously we had collected all the best of the boxes that came to the house with groceries, small purchases from the draper's, stationery, millinery—indeed, every box that was in any way shapely, strong, and neat we turned to account. Among those that sold very well were some good-sized wooden boxes that would hold a fur muff and stole. These we covered with chintz, added a fastening, and arranged inside four flaps of white linen to fold over the contents. We lined both the box itself and the lid with sheets of tar-paper. The boxes sold easily for 7s. 6d. apiece, and, apart from the actual work, they did not cost us more than half that sum.

We prepared numbers of smaller boxes for holding veils, trinkets, hat-pins, handkerchiefs, gloves, ties, collars, and cuffs. The cheaper kinds we covered only with pretty, flowery cretonne, but we raised this over a layer of wadding, and laid scent sachets under the lining at the bottom of each box.

The more expensive boxes were worthy of a place in the drawing-room to hold curios, photographs, and various other odds and ends that are apt to get lost if they are laid about on a table. These we provided with covers of brocaded silk—some looked so pretty covered with scraps that were cut off great-great-aunt Rachel's ball dress when Marjorie had it adapted for her own wear. We marked these boxes at special prices, for we felt we would rather buy them in ourselves than let them go for nothing. We need not have feared; the very fact of the brocade being really old and having been used on a grand occasion—the dress was worn at the historical ball on the night before Waterloo—sold the boxes like magic, and half an hour saw the last of them. Some little matchbox cases that we covered with the brocade, hiding the raw edges beneath a band of fancy gimp, were almost fought for by folk that we should have supposed to be far above such trifles.



A TRIPLE BAG.

Next to boxes, bags of every sort, size, and

shape were the favourites. It seemed as if the inhabitants of Little Mudford had never seen a hand-bag before, so critically did they make their choice, and so proudly did they carry their purchase away. They seemed to set their affections



A BULB PINCUSHION.

upon the most gaudy they could find, and it was hard to repress a smile, even in church, on the Sunday after the sale, as we saw some of our bags performing the dignified office of carrying the family prayer-books.

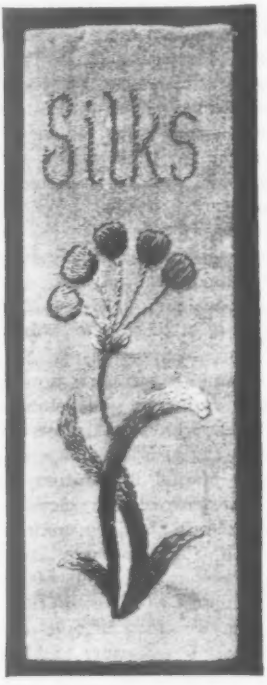
The triple bags, such as that shown on p. 564, for holding buttons, trinkets, and, indeed, almost any small things, proved perfectly irresistible. The most successful were fashioned of some rather stiff make of ribbon. We embroidered small devices on the outermost sides of the plain silk, but many of our bags were made of brocade and therefore needed no such addition. For a triple bag three pieces are required of exactly the same size—say, nine inches long and five inches wide. They are folded in half and neatly seamed up the sides on the wrong side. The upper edge is hemmed, and then the three bags are turned right side outermost. Two eyelet holes about two inches apart have next to be pierced and worked in each bag just below the hem. These holes must be in the same corresponding place in each bag—indeed, to be sure of this it is advisable to lay the bags one on top of the other, and to pierce through all six layers of silk at once. Place the first and second bag together, and very neatly oversew the two edges of the hems in the centre for a distance of an inch and a half. Lay the third bag alongside the other two, and join this also to the next by its hem. All three bags are now joined, and the only thing that remains to be done is to run a double cord, or ribbon drawstring through the holes that have been made to contain it. This string should be put in just as in any other kind of bag, so that by pulling the loop all the bags close up quite flatly. If firm ribbon has been used for them, the bags will stand up on the table with gaping mouths ready for the reception of any small things for which a safe place is needed. We took care to display all trifles of this sort well, but without worrying our visitors and touting unnecessarily. Many a shilling is lost on such occasions for want of a saleswoman who is quick to show off the good points of one of her wares that has struck the fancy of a visitor.

No sale would be complete nowadays without a goodly supply of pincushions, and undoubtedly those that found most favour were the hyacinths, crocuses and tulips. The model, shown in our second illustration, came from Montreux, and one of our cleverest helpers speedily set to work to copy, and perhaps improve upon it The crocuses and tulips she made from coloured sateen of appropriate colouring gummed to give it the necessary stiffness The hyacinth blooms were bought ready for use. The flowers and leaves were mounted upon a very stiff piece of wire which had substance enough to support the flowers and leaves that were bound to it with finer wire. This stem was afterwards hidden by strips of



A BOOK-COVER.

green tissue paper twisted round it after it had been smeared with paste. The lower end of the wire was allowed to project some two inches or so below the limit of the leaves because it was



A CASE FOR EMBROIDERY SILKS.

found necessary to build, as it were, the pincushion round it. The end of the wire was first twisted into a loop, which served to support the cotton-wool of which the pincushion was made. A wisp of the wool was pushed through the loop, then the rest was wound round and round till a bulb-shaped foundation was formed. This had, of course, to be flattened at the base to enable the whole thing to stand upright. The next part of the business required some amount of artistic taste. The outer cover consisted of ordinary tissue paper. A circle of this was cut, the bulb was stood in the centre of it, and the rest drawn up with as few wrinkles as possible to the base of the flower-stem. There it was secured with a twist, and the bulk of the paper cut away, only enough being left to give an indication of the sheath that is often found at the top of an actual bulb. The paper then had to be coloured and shaded with the brush to make it of the natural purplish tint of the skin of a hyacinth bulb, the rich brown of a tulip bulb, or the threadiness of the crocus bulb, as the case might be. Finally, a coat of gum was added, and when this was dry, the pincushion had to be subjected to very close inspection before it could be proved that it was not actually covered with some of the skin of a genuine bulb.

The next most popular of our goods were undoubtedly the book-covers—some with books inside them, others empty.

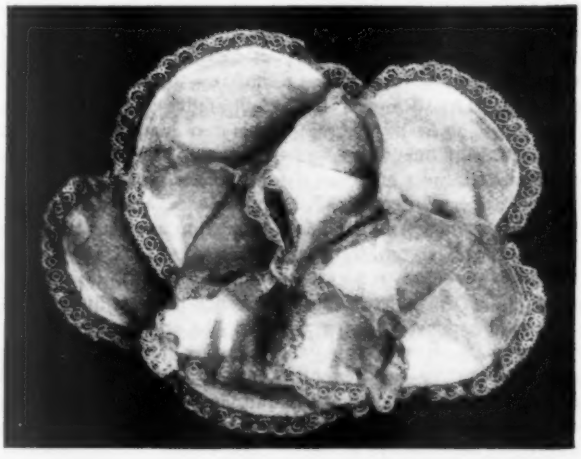
Many of these covers were bought ready traced for only a few pence apiece. They required nothing but stray needlefuls of silk, or Lustrines for the embroidery, and we gained fully three times their original cost. They were amply worth what they fetched, too, which is more than can be said for most bazaar wares. The dainty little book (illustrated on p. 565) was really a volume *de luxe*, and, as one of our visitors said, "its possession raised the keeping of accounts to a fine art." The cover itself was made of a rather coarse kind of unbleached linen. The very simple design was outlined with fine gold thread, and filled in with several shades of pinkish heliotrope, which matched the spangles that were arranged in groups at the ends of the sprays. The petals of the flower in the centre were enlivened by some smaller gilt spangles sewn on over the silken stitches. But most of our covers for photograph, postcard, note, account, and cookery books were embroidered simply with Lustrines, or flax threads, and both the gold thread and the spangles were omitted. There is something very satisfactory about the working of these book-covers, for they are all strongly made up, and the moment that the embroidery is finished and pressed, the volume can be slipped into its place, and there it is, ready for use without further trouble.

We had the usual selection of tea-cloths, tray-cloths, doyleys, nightdress cases, cushion covers, sham towels and pillow-slips of varying merit upon the tables. One of the least commonplace of the doyley patterns was that shown on p. 567. Germany provided the original design, and it was copied in many materials, sizes, and colours. It was not a very easy matter to make the first of these doyleys, which consist of three parts—a circle with five scallops and two pentagonal sections, alike in size and rather smaller than the circle. A pentagon is not an easy shape to get true, but at last we managed it, thanks to "Cassell's Popular Educator." I shall not soon forget how we cherished the final and accurate shape that we made in paper

as a guide for cutting all the rest. The circle with the scalloped edge lies at the bottom, right side uppermost, and forms the base of the doyley. Upon it are placed the two pentagons, the bottom one having the right side uppermost, the top one with the wrong side upwards. If the two sides can be made reversible, so much the better. The points of the lower pentagon should be tacked to the edge of the circle between every scallop. The points of the upper pentagon should rest against those of the lower section, and the edges should be tacked together in the middle of each side—that is, between the points. The three layers should be held together by a line of stitching, following the outline of the pentagon, and carried round it about three inches within the edges. In every point of the uppermost pentagon should be sewn one of the buttonholed rings that are so much used now in point lace-making. When the doyley is finished, a cord or ribbon has to be run through each of these rings in turn. One end of it is then passed again through the first ring, the other end through the last ring. Until this cord is pulled up tightly, and the ends tied and tucked away into the centre, there is simply a collection of three flat doyleys laid one above the other. When the draw-string is tightened, there is a series of fascinating little pockets, each ready for its share of cakes, hot chestnuts, baked potatoes, sandwiches, scones, or anything else that the owner of the doyley may elect to put into them. The most dainty of these triple doyleys were the little ones made of mull muslin, the edges frilled dressily with lace. Others were rather severely fashioned from damask, and edged with fine crochet. Some were embroidered, others left plain, and all found admirers and purchasers at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. upwards.

Cases for holding embroidery silks, like that shown on the opposite page, proved novelties to many of our customers. The cases are sent out, cover and all complete, at a very moderate price. The pockets for the threads consist merely of white paper cunningly folded, made up into book-form, with stiff outer leaves. This cardboard binding slips into pockets made in the linen cover just as the book, already described, fits into its case. It may easily be guessed of what material these covers are made, since nowadays linen is "the only wear" for such trifles. Fairly coarse in texture, and approaching to brown in colour, it forms a good background for simple embroidery in shades of green and other colours of Peri-Lusta, if silk is not available. The green was, of course, in the example illustrated, used for stems and leaves, brighter hues being employed for the fruits and lettering.

Such are a few characteristic samples of the trifles that found favour at our sale, with which we did a far better trade than do many other vendors with more ambitious wares. We have already begun to save up scraps of gay materials, boxes, and odds and ends of all sorts, with a view to next year.



A TRIPLE DOYLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN BUDGET

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A.,
Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

MOST of us have a difficulty with regard to thinking in millions, and the statistician, like his converse, the poet, is probably born rather than made. But figures, if we do not trust them too implicitly, or rely on them for verdicts too elaborate and conclusive, may have much to teach anybody whose arithmetic is equal to glancing down a column of digits, and noting the total. It is only with figures "in the rough" that our proposed estimate of some of the annual monies spent throughout the United Kingdom by Church and Chapel for religious purposes, can attempt to deal.

For all of us an admirable address, read before the British Association at Southport last autumn, on "The Wealth of the Empire, and how it should be used," ought to be of great service in clearing and codifying our ideas as to the gigantic and complicated subject of national finance. The author, Sir Robert Giffen, K.C.B., has been so courteous as to direct me to *The Times*, September 12th, 1903, as containing a correct and substantially verbatim report of his illuminating paper. Let us take the stupendous figure-facts, elucidated by his labours, as the groundwork for what we wish to say. (It may be more convenient to the general reader if we write the big amounts in words, rather than by long lines of numerals.) Sir Robert places the aggregate expenditure for one year, in the United Kingdom, at the almost inconceivable total of one thousand three hundred and eighty-six millions. A million, we recollect, is a thousand thousand; A clock which ticks seconds would require 11 days, 46 minutes, 40 seconds to mark off a million. To tick through the one thousand three hundred and eighty-six millions the long-suffering timepiece would want (without a pause) 16,081 days 16 hours—or 44 years, 21 days, 16 hours of ordinary years; but if the eleven leap years are taken into account, the cheerful little task could be ended in 44 years, 10 days, 16 hours. Supposing that he total expenditure was laid in a row in sovereigns, with the space of one-eighth of an inch between each, the golden coins would reach five and a half times round the polar diameter of the earth, with thirty-nine millions of sovereigns to spare.

Without following this vast total into all its channels of distribution, we observe that our food and drink absorb four hundred and sixty-eight millions annually, and our dress one hundred and eighty-two millions, while our houses (and this item includes rent, furniture, coal, gas, and water) cost us two hundred and twenty-three millions of pounds. On our shelter then, upon our backs, and upon the sustenance (and exhilaration) of our bodily life, we, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, spend from January to December eight hundred and seventy-three millions. Most of us, we repeat, feel like children in the contemplation of such statistics, and it would need something in the way of a tremendous contrast to force any definite impression upon our numbed minds. Such a contrast is ready to hand. Sir Robert Giffen shows that thirty millions only are annually afforded for education, and a paltry twenty-five millions for all religious purposes whatsoever.

The eminent statistician whom we are quoting remarks that, so far as his object is concerned, this "£25,000,000 for Church may be passed over with such reflections as may occur to some respecting the smallness of the amount devoted by the people generally to 'saving their souls,' compared with the vast sums for food, raiment, shelter, and other purposes."

And it is our own main desire to show how a portion of the twenty-five millions is made up, which the Christianity of the United Kingdom can muster for the greatest work in the world. It must be distinctly understood that we can only hope to present samples of religious effort. The Churches differ very much in the facilities they afford, by their year-books and other sources of discovery, for an outside survey of their annual disbursements. Let me take as an example the Congregationalists. A friend of mine, a minister of long standing in that denomination, says, "I do not think you could possibly obtain all the information you want without applying to each of our 4,847 churches and mission stations. The Congregational Year-Book gives no such particulars, except very partially and incompletely. The London Missionary Society, which is worked by Congregationalists, spent on foreign missions for the year ending March 31st, 1903, the sum of £173,437 2s. For church aid and home missionary work we spent £26,095 12s. 6d. In this item the stipend of ministers is included; but it is most important to remember that this refers only to weak churches, a small proportion of our 4,847. We have no collected accounts of stipends paid to ministers by churches which receive no aid, nor any summary of the cost of new or renovated buildings, except in cases where a grant from our Church Building Society has been made. I regret this, as the smaller sums have sometimes been mistakenly used as representing the whole amount expended. For Irish missions £1,500 was raised, and for Colonial missions £8,956."

My friend's letter is proof of how fragmentary any financial ecclesiastical estimate must be. This necessary limitation has a certain compensating advantage. It is a bar to the detestable practice of pitting denomination against denomination, and viewing the material products of a year's working with a partisan triumph, or a jealousy the reverse of godly. Authentic financial rivalry is impossible—the data for it simply do not exist. To the Congregational details given above, we should like to add that the summary cash account of the Twentieth Century Fund, from June 6th, 1899, to April 30th, 1902, was £710,724.*

By far the most extensive and elaborate of the 1902–3 year-books which I have been able to examine is that of the Established Church, and it is only fair to take this careful compilation, as well as the numerical superiority of Church people, into account, in estimating these voluntary revenues. In the summaries everything in the way of Government aid has been rigidly omitted. But the accuracy of these calculations, the most complete of all, is again, to a certain extent, vitiated by the fact that 2 per cent of the clergy, representing in some cases parishes of considerable size, vouchsafed no return. Nor is any account made of subscriptions to societies for the support of which Churchmen and Nonconformists work together, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society (which spends £700 daily), the Religious Tract Society, and various spiritual and philanthropic agencies at home and abroad.

For home missions the contribution was £613,680; for foreign missions, £821,853; for educational work, £124,411. For the education of the sons of the clergy, the relief of those who are poor, and the support of widows and orphans, £199,484. For philanthropic work, including industrial schools, preventive homes, orphanages, and cottage hospitals, £550,566. The above sums represent funds contributed to central and diocesan institutions, and their total is £2,309,994.

We now come to funds locally raised, and we find that, for the maintenance of assistant clergy, and for subsidies to clerical incomes, there was provided, within twelve months, £846,474. The sum for elementary education, which includes Sunday schools and school buildings, stands at £1,194,274. Help in the compilation of these figures is given by the returns from the Education Department. We next examine monies contributed for general parochial purposes, and we find that church services, etc., account for £1,313,639. An even larger item is that of church building, etc., which totals £1,395,513. The sum for the endowment of benefices reaches £184,015; and parsonages have cost £150,767. With other items the total for this department is £5,907,319. If we add this to our former tota'

* If we may break our rule so far as to quote from the 1904 year-book, published this January, we would mention the sum of £14,991 14s. 4d. expended in 1903 on six theological colleges; but it must be noted that there are six others, including Mansfield College, Oxford, which make no return in the year-book. Each college issues its own separate report.

of funds not locally raised, we shall find that what the editor of the year-book calls "a conscientious and careful effort" to represent the income of the Church of England for the year ending Easter, 1902, exhibits the gross total (minus, we repeat, anything in the way of Government aid) of eight million two hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and thirteen pounds (£8,217,313).

Of the work of the Baptist churches, I wish it were possible to procure an adequate conspectus. For the greater portion of the figures subjoined I am indebted to the kindness of another ministerial friend, who, however, would disclaim having access to any special means of knowledge as to the annual assets of his denomination. He prefaces his details by saying, "All the items given are for *denominational* purposes, the great bulk of the money raised yearly in our churches is for their own specific work, ministers' salaries, maintenance of chapels, Sunday schools, etc. This bulk it is quite impossible to ascertain, as no returns are presented, either to the associations or to the Baptist Union. There are 2,700 churches, and if they averaged £200 each the amount would reach £540,000. I mention this, not because I have the least ground for supposing that this average is anywhere near the mark, but only to show that the amount raised for denominational purposes is but a small part of the total contributed by the Baptist churches of this country for Christian work." With this important proviso the following statistics are instructive; they are taken for the year 1902–3:

	£	s.	d.
Home missions, including associations ... (N.B.—This does not include the home mission work done by individual churches—a large amount, but figures not obtainable)	24,067	0	0
Foreign missions	89,900	0	0
Cost of buildings erected and improved ...	130,368	0	0
Chapel debts paid off or diminished	90,787	0	0
For support of colleges	18,275	1	5
Augmentation of stipends	2,331	0	8
General expenses of Baptist Union and amounts raised for Sunday schools, say	10,000	0	0
	£365,788	2	1

My informant adds: "I am not able to state the amount raised for our Annuity Fund, which includes widows and orphans of ministers" The year-book for 1902 gives £8,205 as the annual disbursement for this object of the Yorkshire Society. On May 18th, 1902, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare announced promises for the Baptist Twentieth Century Fund amounting to £250,000. This quarter of a million is allocated as follows: For home evangelisation, £125,000; help to weaker churches and aged ministers, etc., £60,000; scholarships, £6,000; Baptist Church House, £34,000; education, etc., £25,000. It is obvious that, to make even an approximate guess at the gross annual Baptist income, we should have to take some imaginary congregational average (the £540,000 suggested above is probably far too small for the total), and to add it to the totals otherwise obtained.

With regard to Wesleyan Methodist work, I am saved a good deal of trouble and probable understatement by the complaisance of two distinguished ministers, who have been so good as to write specially in answer to my inquiries. The Rev. Marshall Hartley, President of Conference, says: "I have the pleasure to inform you that our expenditure on foreign mission work for 1902 was £152,007 0s. 8d. This sum, however, only represents the payments recorded at headquarters in London. There was a further sum raised and expended within the districts, to which the Society makes grants in aid, and this further accounts for £245,831 6s. 7d. The total expenditure was therefore £397,838 7s. 3d." The Rev. H. J. Pope, D.D., Secretary of the Wesleyan Home Mission Committee, encloses the annual report, but warns me that it deals only with the money contributed to the general fund, from which grants were made to special cases. From this report I gather that the total income of the fund for 1902 has been £36,563 16s. 3d. Dr. Pope appends some very valuable information: "I am not able to give you the cost of the great missions in our large towns; these all publish their own separate reports. As to the entire annual cost of the work of our Church, I have gone into the matter repeatedly as fully as possible, and I believe that approximately the entire sum expended by us in support of our ministers, in home and foreign missions, chapel building, day and Sunday school education, the Children's Home and other charities, is about one million six hundred thousand (or, more likely, seven hundred thousand) pounds (£1,700,000). I am sorry I am not able to give you more detailed information." *

From the annual statement of the West

* I should like also to be allowed to thank the Rev. Thomas Law, the Secretary of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, who has pointed me to several avenues in my inquiry.

London Mission, sent me by the Rev. Ensor Walters, I find that the turnover for the year ending March 31st, 1903, was (roughly added up, for no final summary is given) about £14,000. With this output it is interesting to compare the turnover, also for a year, of one of the largest and richest Anglican churches in London—St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. The Vicar, as may be seen by his last year-book, puts his total for 1902 down at £22,687.

The synopsis of the Twentieth Century Fund of the United Methodist Free Churches on June 30th, 1903, stood as follows: Total amount promised by home churches, £108,345; paid to central fund, £42,804; to local purposes, £35,933. Total, £78,737.

We might mention that the comparatively small body of the Methodist New Connexion shows, as the result of its Beneficent Fund for 1902–3, £5,669. The Chapel Fund yielded £763, while the statement of the Mission Fund stands at £8,556. It will, we hope, be understood that it is only from lack of space and opportunity for inquiry that the annual financial harvests of the numerically smaller bodies within the United Kingdom are omitted from this survey. Their product, according to their means and numbers, is quite as generous as that of the broader fields of Christian organisation.

With regard to the Presbyterian Church of England, some massive figures are obtainable. For the year ending with 1902, the sustentation fund had paid to ministers direct £46,059, and through the widows' and orphans' fund, £1,235. Congregational contributions to synodical schemes for 1902 are put down at £24,365. The balances and investments on behalf of the Church, at the close of 1902, are given as £29,277 and £248,766 respectively. The congregational income for 1902 is £241,470. The summary of the congregational and synodical finances for 1902, *i.e.* total receipts of the Church for all purposes, reaches £298,634. The receipts for synodical funds (including home, foreign, and Jewish missions, and the £24,365 given above) are stated as £58,576. I have found all these figures in the latest copy available of "Minutes of the Synod." Concerning the Churches of Scotland, a well-known year-book says the income of the Established Church is £518,590, and of the United Free Church, £1,088,236.

The Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities sets down the following among sums contributed to London benevolent agencies during the year 1903:—Bible societies, £330,755; book and tract societies, £89,027; home missions, £894,158; home and foreign missions, £445,206; foreign missions, £1,304,056. Total, three millions and sixty-three thousand two hundred and two pounds (£3,063,202).

At the close of an attempt which, by its very conditions, must be without finality or completeness, and has therefore, as we said, the negative recommendation of being useless for controversial purposes, three thoughts, two of them encouraging, seem to emerge: (1) The Christian does present his "Budget," and it is no unworthy one. He is not, as a rule, among the richest men in his community, and he often pinches his own life to give a solid and substantial reason for the faith that is in him. His devotion to the Unseen and Eternal is at least a splendid protest in an age of selfishness and materialism. Deprecating comparison and rivalry, he has yet a justifiable zeal that his own "Church," that body of Christians to which his convictions compel him to belong, should be in the van of progress.

(2) The Christian shows by his "Budget," imperfectly as, through our misfortune rather than through our fault, we have submitted it, how many tasks he undertakes which would be otherwise thrown upon the State, and would increase the burden of national taxation. Apart from educational aids, outsiders might well acknowledge the immense amount of philanthropic and social work which is accomplished, as a matter of course, by all living churches—their care of the young, the fallen, the starving, and the helpless. From the £22,000 spent yearly in honest wages at the Church Army homes, to the many mouths filled daily at C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanage, such practical enterprises are the glory of each Christian denomination.

(3) And then, at the back of all the best the "Budget" can do, there is the sad problem which Sir Robert Giffen touched but lightly, and on which we are not now disposed to dwell. Our aim has been that of the elementary arithmetician rather than of the moralist. Sir Robert's figures indicate that there is provided annually for religious work within the United Kingdom hardly one-eighteenth of the sum which is expended in these little islands on the "meat which perisheth." The twenty-five millions for Church and Chapel contrast curiously with those one hundred and seventy-nine million pounds poured, in strong drink, down the nation's throat. Last year we spent about as much on our religion as we did upon our tobacco.

XUM

AN EMERGENCY GIRL

A Complete Story by E. C. Gidley.



IGH up among the roofs of the great city, in a small, poorly furnished room, a man lay battling between life and death. He had carried on this unequal warfare now for the past six months, sometimes getting the better of his enemy, sometimes getting the worse.

He was not old as men count years—barely thirty-one, and life, instead of closing, ought to have been spreading out before him. But the seeds of consumption had been passed on from another generation, and the tale of his years was numbered by months.

He had not even been armed with the weapons wherewith to fight the deadly, insidious enemy. Nothing that wealth could buy was his; no kindly disposed friend had come forward with the money which might have alleviated his lot, even though powerless to save his life. Gerard Annesley was poor.

And because there is generally to be found in every case some compensation, however inadequate, the invalid had his, in the shape of a sister, whose heart ached over the sufferings which she could do so little to prevent or cure, though her presence cheered and comforted him when all else failed.

Muriel Annesley's time was not her own, however; she was an emergency girl. That is to say, for a slight remuneration she supplied the place of any invited guest at the houses of the wealthy who happened in cases of emergency to fail their hostess at the last moment. It was generally in the case of dinners that her presence was required; big "squashes," where one more or less did not make much difference, she rarely attended; but she found it hard enough to eat the dinners and make light, interesting conversation when her heart was far away from the chatter and dainties and gaily dressed company she was supposed to form one of. Her brother's pale, patient face would come between her and the brilliant barrister on her right, who desired her entire attention to his clever repartee, and a lump would rise in her throat as she strove to eat some morsel which would have been so welcome to the delicate palate of the invalid in the fourth-storey attic who lay awaiting her return before going to sleep.

She had been an emergency girl for two years, during which time she had earned at least sufficient to keep herself and her brother from actual want. Once, when she had been a little girl, she had lived in a pretty rose-covered parsonage, and her days had been passed as a happy butterfly's, almost without a care. But the father had been too delicate to continue his work, and by-and-by he had passed to the other land, struck down by the same fell disease which was slowly but surely killing Gerard. Fortunately they—Muriel and he—had been the only offspring; and when their mother had followed the husband she had mourned so deeply, not four years later, the brother and sister, left with very little, drifted to London, where Muriel found the employment which a friend had suggested to her. The girl was just twenty, tall and elegant of figure, with clear, limpid blue eyes and golden hair. Her charming presence certainly made her in request with the agent in whose hands she had placed herself, and for want of more lucrative employment she followed up her success.

One evening, after Gerard had had an especially trying day, she was due at a smart dinner in Park Lane, the hostess, Lady Blenner, having been disappointed quite at the last moment.

"I wish you hadn't to go, Muriel," the man said, and for the first time in his life his tone was fretful. "It does seem hard that you can't stay with me just for to-night. Couldn't you put it off?"

"Put it off, Gerard dearest? What would the agent say? It's as good as my place is worth to fail. I'm an emergency girl, you know!"

She tried to laugh, but one glance at the pain in his tired eyes froze the little attempt at cheerfulness.

"It does seem hard!" the man interrupted, almost fiercely. "I ought to be working for you, instead of you keeping me a useless log."

"Useless log? Oh, Gerard, hush! You could never be that, darling!" the girl cried agonisingly. Gerard was usually so patient and uncomplaining; he must certainly be worse to-night. "Always believe that I



"'Let me look in your eyes: I am all humility.'"—*p.* 576.

should not know how to get on without you; I should be so lonely by myself. Gerard, you *must*, you *shall* believe that you are all the world to me—all my little world, darling!"

She kissed his forehead passionately, and calmed by her evident misery, he put his hand out and stroked her bright head.

"Forgive me, little sister," he said penitently. "I believe you, I do indeed. There, there, go and dress yourself; and don't forget to come in and show me your finery before you start. Park Lane! You'll have an excellent dinner, darling, and lots to tell me about when you come back."

He smiled, and Muriel, kissing him, slipped off to the still smaller room which she called her very own.

Twenty minutes later a vision of loveliness stood by his bedside.

"That will do," he said approvingly, "though I always feel on such occasions I ought to come and look after you. No, I'm not going to grumble again it's only what I always think, though I know you have a cab, and do the thing in style—at your hostess's expense. There, I'm quite comfortable now, little woman, so you can be off. Don't forget to look in on me as you go to bed."

* * * * * *

"You don't think there is a law of compensation, Miss Annesley?"

The successful novelist, who was practically the "lion" of Lady Blenner's evening, attracted by something in his companion's face, had sought an introduction to her, and her ladyship had reluctantly effected it.

Muriel Annesley brought her thoughts together with an effort. She nodded gravely. "There is no such thing," she answered in low, rapid tones. "How could there be so much unevenness in life, so much of an unequal distribution of things, so much fighting to be done, if every human creature could say, 'I am fully compensated for all that my more fortunate brethren enjoy.' Does pain compensate for the absence of pleasure? Does an unequal fight with things temporal in itself compensate one for the inequality? Does death compensate—for life?"

"I admit some cases are singular," he said, "and I have no doubt that you are arguing from one point of view. But, believe me, Miss Annesley, there is a compensation for all pain; there is a compensation even for death itself, in the fact of the life beyond this."

"It is easy to believe in the theory," the girl answered bitterly, "but how about the people who never suffer; who dance through life with an easy conscience, happy in the secure belief that when death comes it will but be the beginning of an equally—not to say more—pleasant life in another world. There is much compensation in that thought, isn't there, for the poor and the maimed who have suffered all their lives here and hope, if they have been sufficiently patient and uncomplaining, to be admitted to the joys of heaven hereafter?"

The arrival of some fresh guests for the musical portion of the reception put an end to further conversation; but ere they parted Dermot acknowledged that she had put him a hard question.

"I shall meet you again, no doubt, Miss Annesley, when we will renew the topic of our conversation. Meanwhile, take my advice: do all you can not to deliberately get out of your depth."

It was on the tip of the girl's tongue to tell him that it was highly improbable that they would meet again, but force of circumstances tied her tongue; her hostess could not be betrayed to suit her own convenience, so without another word she slipped away, and soon afterwards left the house.

On her way home she thought about the kindly eyed, clever man who had talked to her as to a woman of understanding, and in her heart of hearts she was forced to acknowledge that she would not be sorry if his supposition were to come true and they were to meet again.

Delamere, too, could not get the wistful, bitter face out of his mind. Who she was, and what she did, he knew not; but as the days wore on, he hoped against hope that he would see her again. She had seemed so different from the general run of girls, and he would much like to study her sufficiently for the principal character in his new book.

He came across her name most unexpectedly at the Temple Rose Show. An old college friend—a clergyman in the East End of London whom he had not seen for some years—introduced the subject. It was little really that he knew about the invalid brother and his sister; but he had visited the former once or twice in the capacity of priest, and Gerard had not taken to him sufficiently to make friends with him.

So he knew little or nothing about the life-history of the two.

"Annesley!" Delamere ejaculated, reading the name on a certain exquisite rose, as he

made a tour of the tents in the company of his newly discovered college friend. "That reminds me. A girl of that name asked me a question at dinner the other night—a question which, I think, from your experience you should be in a better position than I am to answer."

"Annesley is the name of a brother and sister I know," returned the Rev. Raymond Whalley, as his little steps pattered after Dermot's. "The brother is an invalid, and the sister is very nice too, as far as I can judge; but I think she spends too much of her time in society. Only the other evening I happened to call in on the poor fellow, and he was alone. When I inquired for the sister she was dining out at ———."

"What evening was that? Dining out?" cried Dermot excitedly. "I think she must be the same Miss Annesley. I met her at dinner."

"All that I can say is, then, that I think she ought to have been at home looking after her sick brother, who is dying. The next time you meet her ask *her* a question, don't let her ask you!"

"She is tall and beautiful," began Dermot, nothing abashed.

"So much the worse," answered the vicar angrily. "Her brother is dying—anyone can see that—and yet night after night, so the landlady told me, she goes out in a cab, dressed up in all her finery, to dinners and receptions and, for all we know, to balls!"

"But she didn't look that sort, really," put in Delamere hurriedly. He was loth to believe ill of his interesting companion.

"No, they never do," responded Whalley in a dry tone; "they prefer you to believe, of course, that they are the ones to be pitied, that life owes them some compensation."

"Compensation!" The word struck curiously on Dermot's ear. Was that not the very word she had used and harped upon?

As luck would have it, he came face to face with the subject of his discussion half an hour later just outside the Temple, walking slowly down the Embankment.

Notwithstanding her callous treatment and her desertion of the invalid brother, he felt he must stop her, if only to look once more into the depths of her blue eyes.

"Miss Annesley!" he said, and there was a satisfaction in the tones of his voice which conveyed more than his mere words. "I am so glad to meet you again. I have just seen a friend of yours—Mr. Whalley. You must ask *him* the answer to your question."

"Mr. Whalley!" Muriel reiterated. "Oh no; I don't think he could answer. I don't think he quite—approves of me."

"That's just it," responded Dermot firmly. "You should not give him cause to think ill of you. You see, he has told me about your invalid brother. How can you think it worth your while to go out and enjoy yourself when he is dying? Miss Annesley, believe me, I want to be your friend, if you will let me. Take my advice. Let me come and see your brother; it would give me great pleasure. Besides, you interest me more than any woman I have ever met."

His eyes spoke eloquently. If Muriel had not been a believer in love at first sight before she had met this man, she certainly had grounds for changing her opinions now.

But—his friendship? Ah, God alone knew what a comfort and delight that would be to her had she only dared to avail herself of it. But pride—the pride of poverty, which is the strongest of all—and the knowledge that her employment would leak out when it must be kept a secret—as the agent had particularly stipulated—made yet another fight unequal.

"I am sorry, Mr. Delamere," she said at length, standing still and holding out her hand. "We—move in different spheres, you and I, and no good could come of a friendship between us. My brother is quite happy with me"—here her voice broke a little, and a sob escaped her lips which she had tried in vain to stifle—"we had better each go our own ways."

He turned on her then. She had shattered all his newly formed ideals of her sex, and it was excusable that he should feel a little hurt, and that his wounded spirit should show itself in words he hardly chose with care.

"Go your own way then," he said passionately. "I thought you all that was noble in woman, even in the short space of time I had passed in your company, but I find I was mistaken. Mr. Whalley tried to warn me; but, Heaven knows, I believed in you until your own lips condemned you. Compensation is what you cry for—well, I suppose you have it in your gaieties——"

"Stop!" cried Muriel, "That will do, Mr. Delamere; I know what you think of me now, and—I—cannot excuse myself!" She looked at him defiantly. "You have said all you wanted to say, and I—must get back to my—gaieties! I am dining out to-night!"

With a bitter little laugh she slipped past his outstretched detaining hand, and a moment later Dermot was alone.

That same evening Muriel dressed despondently. She could not disguise the fact from herself that her brother was getting past human aid; and yet she had to go out and be merry to earn the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. It was with a heavy heart that she stepped out of a cab when she returned. Delamere had formed one of the party; he was much sought after, but he had taken no notice of her beyond a curt bow, which had somehow hurt her more than all the words he had said that afternoon. No doubt he had thought she enjoyed herself — heartless creature!

She half tumbled up the narrow, creaking stairs which lay between her and rest, and ever so gently she opened the door of Gerard's little attic. Something clutched at her heart—already so overladen. That still form on the bed in the corner—surely that was not her brother!

She crept nearer, whispering his name softly, tenderly. "Gerard, are you sleeping?" she cried.

She picked up one of the shrunken white hands on the coverlet, to caress it; but dropped it with an exclamation. This Gerard? Ah, no, that cold hand, that calm, still face, that stiff form!

Gerard would never speak to her again. He was dead!

With a hysterical laugh she flung herself on the body, and an exceedingly bitter cry escaped her parched lips.

It was thus that the landlady found them the next morning—the cold, dead brother, and the satin-clad sister—and she had some difficulty in separating them.

* * * * * *

How it came to pass no one could exactly tell, but the money for poor young Annesley's funeral was forthcoming anonymously, and later on, it is to be supposed, Raymond Whalley, having gleaned the whole state of the case from Muriel's landlady, who repeated the wanderings of the girl's delirious mind, eased his own conscience in the matter by retailing the story to his friend Delamere, whom he met not long afterwards. The result was that Dermot went immediately to see the girl he had so wronged, and succeeded in his mission so well that she, under protest, allowed herself to be taken away for change of air to the house of an old friend of his—a doctor living at the seaside, whose wife took charge of the desolate girl, and soon grew to like her so much that she made her a proposal to live with her altogether as her adopted daughter.

"I shall have to begin again soon to earn my own living," Muriel made answer, "and, dear Mrs. Bennett, you know I'm only an emergency girl."

The conversation was taking place in the doctor's garden. Mrs. Bennett looked up suddenly and caught sight of Delamere. She motioned him to come and take her place, in the shade just behind Muriel's deck chair, and, nothing loth, he did so, while the worthy lady, who had long guessed his secret, retreated into the house, congratulating herself upon her astuteness.

"You are never, with my permission, going to be an emergency girl again," said a deeper voice than Mrs. Bennett had ever possessed. "Muriel," bending forward suddenly until he leant over her shoulder, "darling, I know I deserve only to be told to go away and never look upon your face again, after my doubts of you; but will you try to forget and forgive, and then some day perhaps you will let me ask you a very important question which your heart will have to answer. Darling, is it so very impossible a thing?"

The passion in his voice awoke an echo in the girl's own heart. He had doubted her, but what of that? When a woman loves deeply, there are few things she cannot forgive.

"I am afraid I have already forgotten," she said in a low voice.

Dermot slipped round in front of her chair, and imprisoned both her hands.

"You have already forgotten," he repeated joyously. "Then perhaps I may hope. Muriel, don't turn away your face, sweet; let me look in your eyes; I am all humility, and you are my judge."

He slipped his hand under her chin, and, compelled thereto, she raised her eyes. What they held for him he was well able to make out for himself—so well that Mrs. Bennett had to come right down to the bottom of the garden before she could make them hear that tea was ready.

"Congratulate me, Mrs. Bennett," he cried, as he led Muriel in triumph towards her. "I am engaged to——"

"An emergency girl!" whispered Muriel, her eyes shining.

THE NEW BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)



THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

A RIPPLE of delighted laughter ran through the great meeting hall of the Church Congress of a year or two back as the then Bishop of Coventry delivered a speech on the Education Question much to the taste of his audience — High Church, Broad Church, and Evangelical though it was. Keen, clever, caustic, full of humour, it was exactly the kind of utterance to suit the varied palates of his many hearers, and he himself—a tall, dignified, clean-shaven, fresh-coloured personality, with a vigorous emphasis, a clear, ringing voice, and a rough and ready eloquence, was just the man to appeal to a popular audience.

In a word, a strong man, and in many respects the very man required for such a diocese as that of Manchester—a diocese where common-sense, lofty uprightness, and a thorough knowledge of the world, are all essential in the character of its bishop, and yet a diocese in which spirituality and other-worldliness will be regarded with love and respect, should such qualities be forthcoming in the new bishop. But will they? Let us wait and see.

The Bishop has before him no light task, and no one is more thoroughly conscious of this than he himself. He is succeeding three remarkable men, of whom the first two—Bishop Prince Lee and Bishop Fraser—were not only remarkable, but were also really great men, men who would have distinguished themselves in any line of life. No one, of course, conscious of the meaning and value of words, would ever claim for the late Bishop of Manchester greatness in the same degree; yet he will be a difficult man to succeed, for rarely indeed has there been a more capable bishop than he who first

won his episcopal spurs in the colonies—James Moorhouse.

So Dr. Knox has a mighty task before him, but in the opinion of those who know him best it is more than possible that he will lie down at the finish the equal of his predecessors, if not perhaps—in a connection where comparisons are always odious—the greatest and the most remarkable Bishop Manchester has ever known.

But that is looking far ahead. For the present one thing is certain, and that is Manchester secures a singularly capable, hard-headed man, blessed with ideas, originality, and a certain amount of carefully restrained imagination; and a man with a strong line of his own upon certain definite questions of the day. Education, for instance; and I present the Bishop's views upon education wholly apart from any political opinions which he may hold—does, indeed, most strongly hold—upon the matter. I give but his ideas, with which all must perforce agree, for the Bishop is an educationalist who has made a scientific study of the whole question—a question which, you must remember, contains the whole future of the Empire within its ever-widening embrace. Now the Bishop as an ecclesiastic is keenly concerned that religion and education shall never be divorced, but as a man of strong common-sense and remarkable far-sightedness he sees truly enough that, if divorce is to be averted, there must be reform in many essential particulars. As he himself says, "Whilst the school is being modernised, the Church is being fossilised," and the remedy lies in a revivification of the Church, that is, the Church of Christ, for the Bishop is far too broad-minded a man to limit the sphere and influence of Christianity only to one branch of it. The child, he says, to be properly educated, must be environed from its infancy with a living Church, not a fossilised one. And he is wholly opposed to the curious idea, prevalent in a large and increasing circle of the clergy, that the modern advance in education is a thing to be dreaded, to be regarded with suspicion. On the contrary, he rejoices in it, for he is of opinion that the spread of education and the growing power of the school is not something which Churchmen are called upon to regard with suspicion or jealousy, but rather with deep thankfulness. "For," says he, "we have nothing to fear from the light. What we



THE DRAWING ROOM AT BISHOP'S COURT.



THE BISHOP'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.

have to apprehend is lest a spirit of timidity or conservatism (sometimes a convenient *alias* for indolence) should prevent us from keeping abreast with all that is best in the advance of educational method. We have no excuse for such timidity. For our Church has laid on us educational responsibilities which can only be fulfilled by close alliance with our day-school teachers, and by trying to learn all that is best in their system. We are not to regard the offices of minister and teacher as antagonistic, but as gifts of the same Spirit."

The Bishop, as I have hinted, is an enthusiast in the cause of education, and many of his theories on the subject are as delightful as they are common-sense and reasonable, for they give a charming glimpse into the character of a man who might otherwise perhaps strike people as being somewhat hard, unsympathetic, and domineering. He is, for instance, a great believer in the formation of child character, and not even "Lewis Carroll" himself in his delightful "Alice" books showed such a realisation of the infinite and myriad and singularly delicate variations in the characters of the flowers of the human garden as does Bishop Knox. And the first duty in the education of children which the new Bishop of Manchester presses upon parents and teachers is the development of the child conscience, for intelligence, as Carlyle has so well put it, is the handmaid of conscience. Ruskin, too, once wrote: "If you resolve to do right, you will soon do wisely; but resolve only to do wisely, and you will never do right." Therefore, argues the Bishop, the teacher must study the conscience of the child, for conscience is a very tender plant in children, and of all child-life it is the element which we most easily misjudge.

Bishop Knox is strong on the necessity for a thoroughly well-organised system of Sunday schools. That he considers essential, however good may be the religious education in the week-day schools. And he is vigorous in his desire that Sunday and weekday schools shall go hand in hand, working over the same ground, the Sunday school enforcing the spiritual and devotional aspects of the history taught by the day-school during the week. At the same time, he urges us to remember that the office of the Sunday school is primarily and distinctly spiritual. He was talking recently with a Nonconformist upon the position of present-day

Sunday schools, one who was an authority on the subject, and he asked him to what it was that he attributed the undoubted decline in Sunday schools. "Simply because I believe that Sunday schools have become too educational," was the rather unexpected reply. And the Bishop sympathised with what his companion told him, although himself a keen educationalist—for, as he afterwards remarked, "The Sunday school tries to do over again the work of the day school." The two have worked in utter independence for the most part—the one has not known what the other has been teaching.

And then—and this is very interesting—he would remodel the whole Sunday school system. First of all, there must be an infant Sunday school, with *proper teachers*. "Oh, anyone can take a class of a few infants." "Can they?" sarcastically smiles the Bishop. "I know they can't. Infants require the *best* teachers, not any mere casual passer-by." And then you must take care what you teach, says Dr. Knox. "How often have I heard it said, 'It does not much matter what you teach infants, just read them a story and keep them quiet." On the contrary, if the foundation is wrongly laid in the infants' school, your work with the older children will always be more difficult and more insecure. We must teach our best, and not be satisfied unless the school has a definite aim and the children make definite progress." And the third silly old axiom that the Bishop would abolish is that "infant schools need no appliances, save a few dirty hymn-books in the last stage of dissolution."

On the contrary, he points out that there is no school in which more appliances are needed—sand for writing on, clay for modelling, pictures for object lessons, sheets for reading lessons, rocking-chairs and cradles for the baby room; and, above all, a museum of stuffed birds or animals, or a collection of eggs or shells. If a teacher is going to teach children about a frog, she will first collect the spawn, and let them watch the earliest stage of its development; or if about a bird, she will hold a stuffed swallow or a robin in her hand. And all this, urges the Bishop, will tend to make things real, and not mere names and words. "Now, how better can you teach little children the simple truth 'God made me and all the world'?"



MRS. KNOX.

What the Bishop feels is so much against the spread of education in England, religious or secular, is what he very truly terms "the deep-rooted national dislike of all serious application to study." As a nation, he considers, we are amateurs with an instinctive horror of all professionals, except those, he sarcastically adds, who are athletic. Alongside of all education, secular or religious, he places the teaching of catechism. And in this connection he regards the latest of all our catechisms as being full of significance. "The catechism of the Evangelical Free Churches," he says, "is a very remarkable sign of the times. It is the evidence that the need of a catechism is felt; that there is a growing desire to insist on points of agreement rather than of difference; that the outcry against dogmatic teaching is admitted to have its drawbacks and to need some qualification." The

Bishop is strong in his plea for the right teaching of the right catechism to all classes of the community, but especially to the working classes. "For," as he well says, and he speaks from the experience harvested in the great industrial centres of the busy Midlands, "you will generally find that artisans or labourers who make any effort to learn, or to continue their education in after-life, have a strong bias either religious or anti-religious. Religion, and more than that—what you may call theology or religious philosophy in a simple form—is that which sets the working classes reading or thinking."

I have expended much of my space on the Bishop's educational themes, for, as I have pointed out, education is his hobby, and from a man's hobby, I often think we learn much concerning his life and character, and approach some sort of realisation of what the man is in himself. But, of course, scholar and educationalist though he is, I do not for a moment imply that he is that and nothing more. His work as a parish clergyman and as a "curate" bishop has been of the most valuable and self-sacrificing description, for he has given himself wholly and entirely, body, soul, and spirit, to the regeneration of the masses—a fact which in itself augurs well for his future as Bishop of Manchester, and promises great things for the spiritual welfare of that vast diocese. He is a fine preacher, quiet, vigorous, simple, eloquent,



THE BISHOP AND HIS CHAPLAIN AT WORK.

rarely, if ever, indulging in any very great flights of imagination. He is an Evangelical of the older type, tempered by a dash of modernity, for Bishop Knox has a keen appreciation of the value of this present world as a school of preparation for that which is to come. I once asked him what he thought would be the issue of the Higher Criticism generally, and how far he considered roughly it was possible to harmonise the teachings of science with the revelations of religion. His reply was much as follows: "I have never considered myself an authority on the Higher Criticism. Indeed, I do not know how anyone can be, without a rather profound knowledge of Hebrew. I have read of course, as the ordinary clergyman reads, and have drawn my own conclusions, which are mainly that the last word on the subject has

not been said, and will not be said for many years. As to the harmony between religion and science, we must remember that the isolation of religious from secular learning is only a part of the division of labour which has become a necessity with the advance of learning. Theology was once the dominant science, when the thing written occupied so small a compass that one was able to read everything, and co-ordinate and subordinate all that was unknown to the supreme science. Now, as I said in some lectures I recently delivered on education, the range of things knowable is beyond the most encyclopædic mind. Each science is obliged to pursue its own investigations independently of the rest. Hence it may be urged that the isolation of theology is not in any sense a dangerous symptom, but part of an irresistible tendency, which no skill or industry could arrest. I am quite prepared to grant that the theologian cannot master all other sciences, nor, as some seem to expect, can the ordinary clergyman keep abreast of all the current literature of the day. But there is a right and a wrong attitude of mind, as between investigators in different fields of research; there are right and wrong methods of inquiry; there is such a thing as making use of good work done by others and there is such a thing as indifference to what others are doing. And since God manifested Himself in the whole of His creation, and all real truth is in some sense a revelation of Him, those whose study is in Divine things have need of mental alertness to what is going on around them more than any other inquirers, and those who teach Divine truths should be masters of the art of teaching, lest by their unskilful setting of it they bring into contempt 'the pearl of great price.' The Bible is often misapprehended because it is wrongly taught. We cannot draw too much upon other resources to enforce and to illustrate its teachings. I will tell you what I mean.

"Take the Fatherhood of God as revealed in the Old Testament. Your starting point will be the world without the revelation of God. Very well, take representatives of objects of idol worship from the rudest African images, ascending to the various forms of animal worship of Egypt, Assyria, and India, and to the human form, as worshipped in Greece and Rome. These would supply the background of Old Testament history, for lack of which it is often unintelligible. From this basis it would be comparatively simple to teach the first three commandments. I do not see why we should not regard each new discovery in the world of science as a fresh revelation of God's love and mystery. In that sense assuredly I believe that religion and science can go hand in hand together."



BISHOP'S COURT, HIGHER BROUGHTON

THE GREEN LADY.

A Complete Story by Gertrude Herbert.

TEDDIE had lived with the trains all his life. He was the son of a station-master, whose house overlooked the platform, so, naturally, he was familiar with all the sights and sounds of station life. He had never been frightened at the huge engines when they came racing past, breathless with haste, long lines of white smoke streaming out behind them.

As a matter of fact, from babyhood he had looked upon them as his friends. Their never-ceasing industry filled him with wonder, their height and strength with awe; but he was never afraid of them after he found out that they sometimes laughed.

It was a summer night when he first made the great discovery. He was lying in his cot with the window open, listening to the roar of passing trains, when a peculiar sound struck on his ears. The little room shook as the train thundered by, and it was only when it had quite gone that Teddie realised what that sound was.

The engine had laughed!

He sat up in bed and listened carefully. Out of the darkness came screams and shrieks of—what? Why, laughter, of course. Teddie wondered why he had never noticed it before. What were they laughing at? he asked himself. A night or two afterwards the answer dawned upon him. As soon as the sun had gone down and the darkness hid them, all the trains joined in one huge game.

What fun they were having!

Teddie crept out of bed, and stood at the window in his little white night-shirt. How they raced and roared, calling to and answering one another, plunging fearlessly into the darkness, and only returning to decorous and seemly behaviour when passing under the eye of Teddie's august father!

The child's eyes shone with excitement as the wind from a passing express blew back his fair curls.

"Take me wif you!" he called, stretching out his arms.

But the train passed on unheeding. Teddie was very proud of his secret. No one else knew of the great nightly game but himself and the players.

True, the engines shrieked and whistled in the light, but to Teddie there was a difference in the sound. They never laughed in the daytime. The day after his discovery Teddie went up to the first engine which deigned to stop in the station, and said in a low, clear voice:

"I know what you were doing last night, but I won't tell."

The engine, staring at the sky in a dignified and haughty manner, pretended not to hear. Of all the engines which passed through the station, none was so full of interest or so dear to Teddie as the London express.

He called her "The Green Lady," because she was a beautiful green colour, and because when he had asked his father whether the engine was a man or a woman, he had answered:

"A woman, because it talks so much."

And, indeed, the Green Lady never passed the station without shouting out something to Teddie or his father.

"Say somefing I tan understand," pleaded the child. "Dear Gween Lady, do, please."

But the Green Lady never took any notice. One winter night Teddie had just been sent up to bed when his favourite passed. He ran to the window to watch it, and then a most marvellous thing happened. A piece of white paper fluttered out of the retreating train and lay on the platform just under his window. Teddie did not see just where it came from, but there was no doubt in his mind. A message from the Green Lady at last! It was for him, of course; but oh! what if anyone picked it up before he could reach it?

Shivering with cold and excitement, he crept out of the room and down the stairs. His mother was in the parlour with a lady to whom she had once been nurse, and who was staying with them at the time.

He passed the half-open door with bated breath, opened the front door softly a little way, and looked out. The platform was deserted; not even his father was in sight.

The letter from the Green Lady lay straight in front of him. He darted out, clasped his treasure to his breast, and hurried upstairs again.

Then he examined it.

"She tan't 'ave known I tan't wead w'iting," he murmured mournfully to himself.

Never mind, he would wait till he was old, and then he would read it. His eyes glowed with delight at the distant but glorious prospect. Meanwhile he must hide it where even his mother would never find it. He finally decided on the pillow, out of which he was wont to pull curly feathers when alone. He made the hole wider with his fingers, folded the letter tightly, and pushed it inside. Then he undressed, and, jumping into bed, laid his cheek contentedly against the Green Lady's letter.

About an hour later Geraldine Symons and Mrs. Martin were sitting comfortably in the parlour, when the station-master, red and flurried, burst in upon them.

He sat down in a chair.

"Such a bother!" he ejaculated. "There's a young gentleman outside looking for a letter 'e dropped hout of the express. Says it's mighty important, and 'e must 'ave it. We've looked for it 'igh and low, but we can't find it anywhere."

Geraldine looked interested.

"How did he lose it?" she asked. "And has he told you why it is so important?"

"'E brought it out o' his pocket with some other papers, and the wind caught it and blew it out o' the window. As for what's in it, I 'aven't the least idea. 'E's mighty excited about it anyway. 'E got out at P——, and walked back along the line. Now, what I wants to know is, was Teddie in bed when the express passed?"

"No," said Geraldine; "I saw him go upstairs a minute or two afterwards."

"I'll ask 'im if 'e's seen it," said the station-master, and went upstairs.

He came down, looking rather distressed.

Teddie, when questioned, had gone very white, but had refused to say either that he had or had not seen the letter.

Mrs. Martin and Geraldine then went to question him, but were equally unsuccessful.

Mr. Martin explained the situation to the owner of the letter, and he demanded to see the child himself. Teddie was accordingly brought down to the parlour, and the stranger followed Mr. Martin into the room.

Geraldine looked at him with interest, and as her blue eyes met his dark ones the colour left her face, and her heart seemed to stand still. For the owner of the letter was the man to whom she had been engaged a year ago, the breaking off having been the result of a quarrel.

Stuart Hargreaves started when he saw her, and opened his mouth to speak. Then he closed it again, bowed coldly, and turned his attention to the troublesome Teddie.

The child stood with his back to the fire, the light making a luminous halo of his fair curls.

"Have you got my letter?" asked Stuart sharply. "Or have you seen it anywhere?"

Teddie shrank from the face which had grown so white and fierce, but he answered nothing. It was a curious situation. In Teddie's keeping lay a letter written by the girl at his side to the man who faced him—a love letter of long ago. And the man, secure in his belief that the girl no longer cared, was fiercely eager that she should not know that that letter was still dear to him. But his secret was in Teddie's keeping, and Stuart had no power to take it from him.

"Do not be absurd," went on Stuart impatiently. "If you will not speak, we shall all think that you have the letter."

Teddie's heart grew sick with fear. Then in a moment his spirits revived. Why, of course, it was not the stranger's letter! It was his own, from the Green Lady.

"I hasn't got oor letter," he said defiantly.

"Why didn't you say so before?" said Mr. Martin vexedly. "You'd better go back to bed."

Geraldine came forward to carry the child away, and, though Stuart looked dissatisfied, he raised no objections. The blanket slipped from Teddie's shoulders as the girl lifted him, and Stuart helped her to readjust it. Their hands met, Geraldine's eyes were smarting with unshed tears, as she hurried from the room To think that she still cared so much!

Stuart was conscious of a sudden thrill at the contact, and felt annoyed with himself

"She does not care—why should I?" he thought angrily.

Then he went out to search the rails beyond the platform, where the letter might have blown. Meanwhile Geraldine put Teddie into bed, and was just about to leave him when he burst into tears and clung to her weeping.

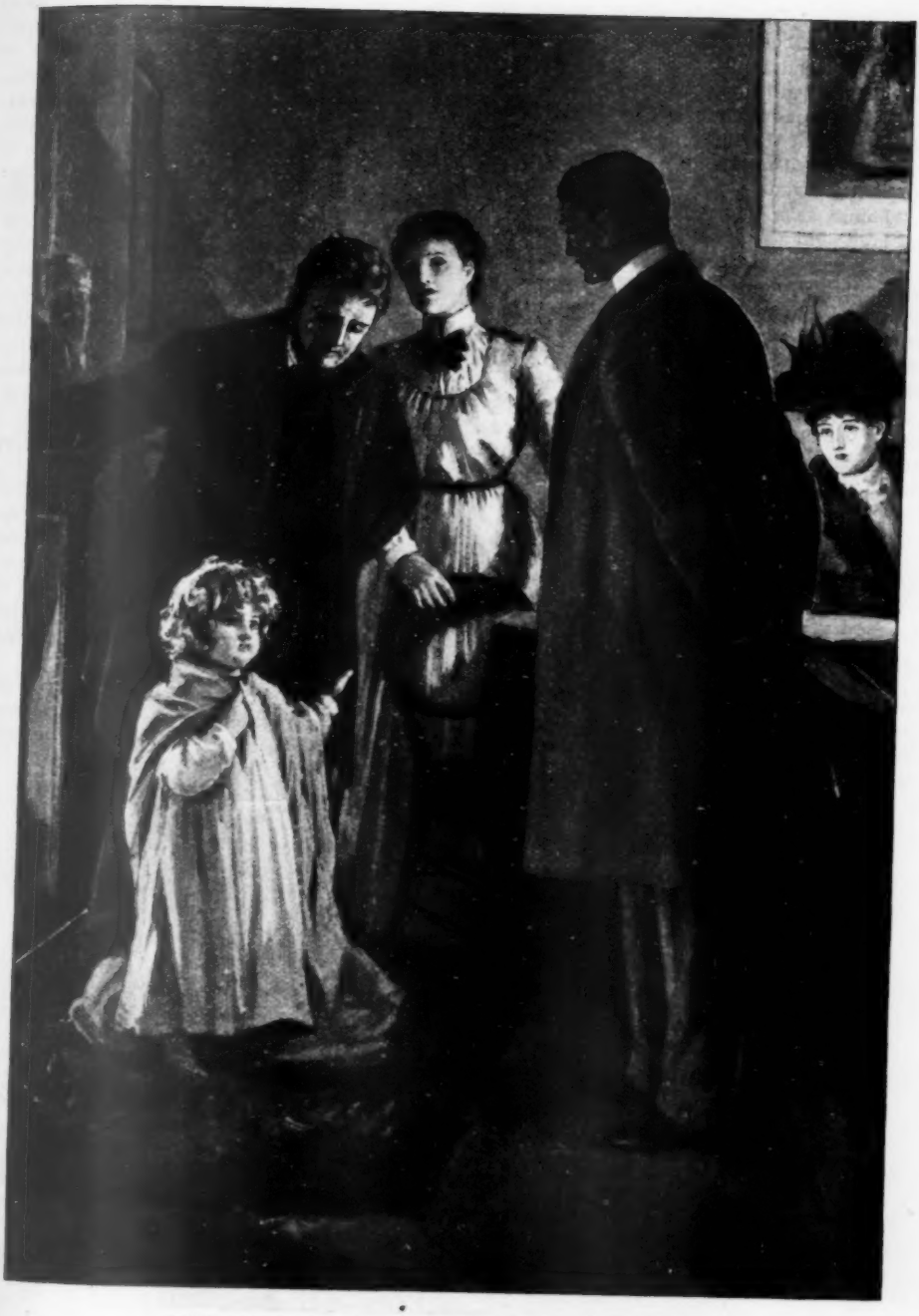
"Teddie dear, what is the matter?" she said gently.

"I—I fought it was fwom the Gween Lady," he sobbed. "And—and now I fink it must be the howwid man's. Oh, dear!"

"Hush, Teddie, and tell me all about it. Who is the Green Lady?"

Little by little she drew the story from the sobbing child, and the letter was produced.

As she took it into her hand, her eyes rested on it for a second. It was her own



"He turned his attention to the troublesome Teddie."

handwriting. The words which caught her eye made the colour surge to her forehead.

But why had he kept it? A multitude of thoughts rushed through her brain as she stood with the letter in her hand, but instinctively her soul found the right answer, and clung to it. She turned to Teddie, and the look in her face startled him.

"I must take it to him, Teddie," she said. "It is all right now. Lie down and go to sleep."

She kissed the child, and walked slowly downstairs, the letter in her hand. She paused in the passage to compose her features into their former grave expression. She meant to play with her happiness for a little time. It was too good to come all at once.

The platform was deserted, and dimly lighted by a gas-lamp. Geraldine walked to the edge and looked along the line. She saw a tall, dark figure walking towards her, and when it came closer she said:

"I have found your letter."

Stuart stood on the rails, and looked up at her, holding out his hand.

"I unavoidably saw the handwriting," she continued in her coldest tones.

"It is mine," said Stuart quickly.

"I told you to burn every one, and you did not. I will burn it myself." And she turned to go into the waiting-room. A momentary fear clutched at her heart. What if he did not follow her? Her ears were strained to catch the sound of his footsteps, and at last they came, quick and heavy, as though the man were angry.

The fire in the waiting-room was nearly out, and the room almost in darkness. As she bent over the coals, her wrists were seized by a pair of strong hands, and Stuart said:

"Give me my letter!"

The look on his face touched her. She would not vex him any more. Besides, she herself was already tired of the game.

"If you will let me go," she said, "I will give you something in exchange for your letter."

He loosened his grasp. She drew a little piece of cardboard from her pocket. It was a miniature photo of himself, which she always carried about with her, though she seldom, very seldom, dared to look at it.

Stuart took it from her hand, and carried it to the window to see what it was.

She waited, and it seemed to her that the silence had lasted for months and years. She closed her eyes and wondered when the end would come. It came suddenly, and without warning, and as Geraldine submitted herself to the clasp of those strong arms the peace which she thought had left her for ever stole back into her heart.

Upstairs in his little bed Teddie, wearied with crying, had fallen asleep, and was dreaming that he and the Green Lady were playing the great nightly game.



A BOOK IN THE EARTH.

SOME RECENT DISCOVERIES IN PALESTINE.

By F. M. Holmes.

(With Illustrations from Photographs supplied by the Palestine Exploration Fund, 38, Conduit Street, W.)

IT is an interesting story which the Palestine Exploration Fund has to tell of its recent discoveries in the Holy Land, ranking among the most remarkable the Society has ever made.

The scene of the discoveries is an extensive mound, situated about two hours' walk from Ramleh, between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and named on the map Tell Jezar, and by the people in the neighbourhood, Tel ej Jezari.

On this spot, some years ago, Professor Clermont-Ganneau, who was then in the service of the Fund, found a stone bearing certain marks, which he translated as meaning the limits of Gezer.

Now Gezer was an important Canaanitish city taken by Joshua; it afterwards became one of the Levitical cities of refuge, and it is frequently mentioned in the Biblical record and in the Apocrypha. It evidently had a long, and possibly continuous, history. Consequently, when the permits held by the Society for excavating other places had duly expired, the committee unanimously selected this mound as the scene of their next exploration, and, a permit or firman having been obtained, work was commenced by Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister in 1902.

The results have surpassed expectation. The discoveries go back even to the Neolithic age, and to a race of cave-dwellers thousands of years before the Israelite occupation.

Deep down below the surface implements and idols of stone have been discovered, and a cave containing bones, some of which have been burnt to ashes and others only blackened by the fire. Here the prehistoric people burnt their dead ages and ages ago, so that those who practise cremation to-day are only returning to a custom which was in vogue far back in remote antiquity.



TEMPLE OR HIGH PLACE BEFORE EXCAVATION

Another most interesting discovery of a later period, but still dating back thousands of years ago, has been the remains of a Canaanitish temple, or High Place, with the bones of infants enclosed in large earthenware jars buried beneath the floor. These dumb, pathetic things speak to us across the centuries in a piteous voice of abominable infant sacrifices, and we do not wonder at the denunciations of the Hebrew prophets if these were the enormities condemned.

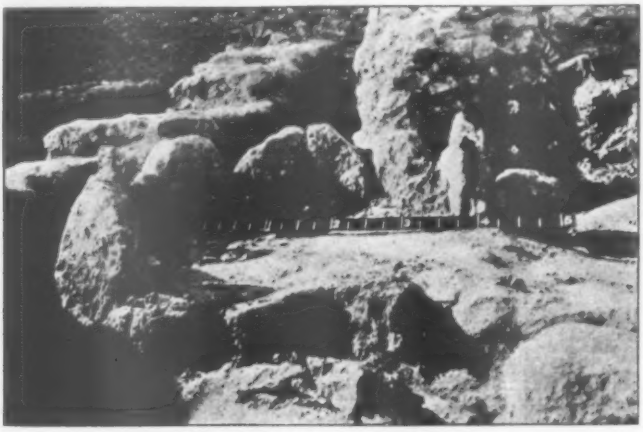
Other discoveries are of a more pleasing



TEMPLE, OR HIGH PLACE, AFTER EXCAVATION.

import. This stone quern, for example, shows how the ancient people ground their meal, and these old vats indicate the pressing of oil from the olives. Fair women wore these silver bangles thousands of years ago, and people probably played draughts on the chequered boards now found in fragments, using for draughtsmen the small worn pebbles discovered in a Jewish period of remains.

Gezer stands some 760 feet above the sea-level, and lies, not far distant, west of Jerusalem, overlooking the maritime plain. When Mr. Macalister began his work, he found a small plantation of mulberry trees flourishing on the western end of the mound, a house and farm not far distant; next, a modern cemetery, and a partly ruined shrine of a local saint. A hillock rose at either end, and in certain places thick walls appeared, just showing above the surface, something like a city wall being traceable on the south.



STONE CIRCLE IN HIGH PLACE.

The explorer hired about fifty or sixty labourers, who were armed with pick and basket. They were instructed to show everything found to him, or to someone authorised to act on his behalf. The earth which they dug up was to be sifted, or carefully examined, so that nothing of importance should be missed.

Seven strata of remains have been cut through —one resting upon the other—and revealing seven periods of human occupation. In addition, Mr. Macalister found beneath the mulberry trees a number of stones prepared as for building, and these he suspects were the relics of a fortress raised, or used, by the Crusaders. With certain interruptions, therefore, it would appear that this place has had an almost continuous history from the long-distant Neolithic age down to the times of the Crusaders.

Sir Charles Wilson has explained in a masterly manner the principle upon which the whole of scientific exploration really depends. The site upon which a town or village has stood is always covered by a bed of rubbish, containing foundations of walls and objects connected with the life of the people who dwelt there.

Should the site have been occupied by various races, one after the other, during many centuries, the rubbish will form a series of several strata, which will lie one over the other, and will contain certain characteristic objects, differentiating the strata from one another, and illustrating the life of their respective occupiers.

Sometimes, it is true, the objects in successive strata will become mixed—as, for instance, in digging for new foundations, portions of one stratum may mingle with another ; sometimes the same objects may be used in different periods of occupation ; but, as a rule, an explorer who is really skilled will be able to detect the different strata, and refer almost everything he finds to its own period.



BROKEN JAR WITH BONES.

From the articles discovered he is able to deduce certain ideas as to the people who used them. Thus in the two lowest strata at Gezer were found stone implements and stone idols, also caves, and rude dwellings made of stone and mud-brick, a cistern for water, pieces of very primitive hand-made pottery, and objects of bone. These objects naturally point to the occupation of the site during the Neolithic age, and suggest that the inhabitants dwelt in caves.

Moreover, the lowest stratum rests practically upon rock, and we may suppose that the presence of caves in the rock, or of the opportunity to hollow out caves, led to its occupation by mankind. It was in this stratum that a cave was found, evidently prepared as a crematorium, and containing, amid human ashes, bones only partially burned. These relics indicate that the people dwelling here in the remotest antiquity were small in stature, averaging five feet three or four inches in height, and none exceeding five feet seven inches.

XUM

They were not Semites, and from the fact that no metals were found with their remains, we may judge that they were unacquainted



QUERN STONES.

with the use of those valuable substances. The discoveries in these two lowest strata—representing the first and second periods of occupation—show that people dwelt here resembling in some respects the inhabitants of Europe during the same age.

A break now takes place in the story. Bronze weapons were found in the third stratum, and bones belonging to a larger-sized people of Semitic race. Traces of houses made of stone and mud were discovered, and of a stone wall enclosing the town. The problem of overcrowding may conceivably have arisen, for the buildings seem to have been thronged together during this epoch.

The inhabitants at this period buried their dead instead of cremating the bodies, and used the caves of their predecessors for this purpose, food vessels and bronze weapons being buried with them.

From the bones discovered, it would also appear that the people varied from five feet seven inches to nearly six feet in height, and their heads were well developed. Mr. Macalister's father was present when the cistern was cleared, and he was able to report on the bones discovered, and contrast the characteristics of the two races.

Coming upwards, we find the fourth stratum still giving evidence of Semitic occupation Varied objects were discovered in both strata, but the pottery in the higher part shows influence of the Ægean styles.

Ladies will be interested in learning that a little bone needle-case was found containing a needle of bronze, and suggesting the question, What work did the fair damsels of the Semites find to do 2,500 years before the birth of Christ?

Impressions of scarab-seals, and scarabs themselves, belonging to the Egyptian Middle Empire (2500–1500 B.C.) have been discovered in abundance, and also broken plaques, bearing figures of the goddess Ashtaroth, while moulds for making arrow-heads, and cylinders denoting Syrian and Babylonian origin, appeared among this marvellous rubbish of centuries. The High Place which was discovered was originally built in the earlier period of the Semitic occupation, and apparently enlarged during the later epoch —that is, during the period connected with the fourth stratum of remains.

Eight large monoliths were found in an upright position on a stone flooring of chipped limestone, and arranged in a slightly curving line running nearly north and south. The remains of a circular wall, still six feet high, were also found, on the western side. The High Place appears to have been enclosed, and—most significant of all—a number of earthenware jars were discovered beneath the floor, each jar containing the bones of a newly-born infant.

The monoliths vary from about five and a half feet to more than ten and a half feet in height, and within the precincts was found a man's skull belonging to a different race. It may have been the head of a great enemy who was killed in battle, and buried here in the temple.

After these Semites came the Jews, and the fifth and sixth strata refer to them. Private houses were found to have encroached on the



LAMP SHAPED LIKE A DUCK.

High Place ; iron was discovered, bronze was common, but infant bones were uncovered built into house-walls, or placed under house foundations, and lamps and bowls were also found similarly buried.

The reason for placing these bones and bowls under houses remains a mystery. Mr. Macalister thought the lamps and bowls were connected with some foundation rites of the Israelites, but he subsequently found beneath a pre-Israelite house a jar containing the remains of two infants, also saucers, lamps, and jars.

It is possible that some of the Ammonites—the Semitic tribe who probably dwelt in this part of Palestine at the time of the Israelitish conquest—continued to reside at Gezer with the Israelites, as, indeed, is described to be the case in the sixteenth chapter of Joshua, and it is possible that some of the Israelites may have adopted certain of their rites, even lapsing into the horrors of infant sacrifice. Just as we now place newspapers and coins in foundation stones, it would appear that these ancient peoples placed lamps, bowls, and even the bodies of babes.

The sixth stratum has been recognised with some certainty as belonging to the time of the Jewish monarchy. Jar-handles have been found bearing the words "To the King" in Hebrew, pottery of Jewish character prevailed, houses still further encroached on the High Place, and a flint axe was found with a Hebrew letter scratched upon it. Iron and bronze were common, but flint objects—though of inferior workmanship—were also discovered. A bronze statuette of Osiris, with portions of gilding still to be seen upon it, and a statuette of the goddess Astarte, also in bronze, and with horns, were also discovered.

The city during this sixth period was restricted to the western part of the mound. We know from the ninth chapter of the first book of Kings that Pharaoh, King of Egypt, had burnt Gezer, "and slain the Canaanites that dwelt in the city," and that Solomon rebuilt it. When he did so, he appears to have made of it a fortified place, and skilled investigators can trace it all out to-day, thousands of years afterwards.



MACCABEAN CISTERN OR BATH.

A complete break again occurs after the sixth stratum—the next, and last—representing a period when the site was occupied alternately by Egyptians and by Jews, the latter being under the Maccabees. A Maccabean cistern or bath was one of the discoveries, and Mr. Macalister traces the reforming zeal of Simon Maccabæus in the destruction of stones belonging to the High Place, at the north end, as recorded in Maccabees, thirteenth chapter, and forth-third to forty-eighth verses.

The remains of a wall, probably built by Bacchides, has also been found, and no doubt part of the fortification referred to in 1 Maccabees ix., and fifty-second verse. Greek bowls and Rhodian jar handles, and stones with Greek and Hebrew letters, show the influx of Grecian civilisation; but lamp and bowl deposits, and flint implements, were no longer found. Bronze was only used for ornament,

XUM

but iron was common. An Egyptian inscription some four hundred years before Christ was unearthed, also masonry and pottery, which are described as being similar to those found at the Ptolemaic town of Marisa.

After this period the remains are few and inconclusive, though it is said that a battle was fought on the site in 1177, when Baldwin IV. won a victory over Saladin; and also that a few years later Saladin conducted negotiations on this spot with Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

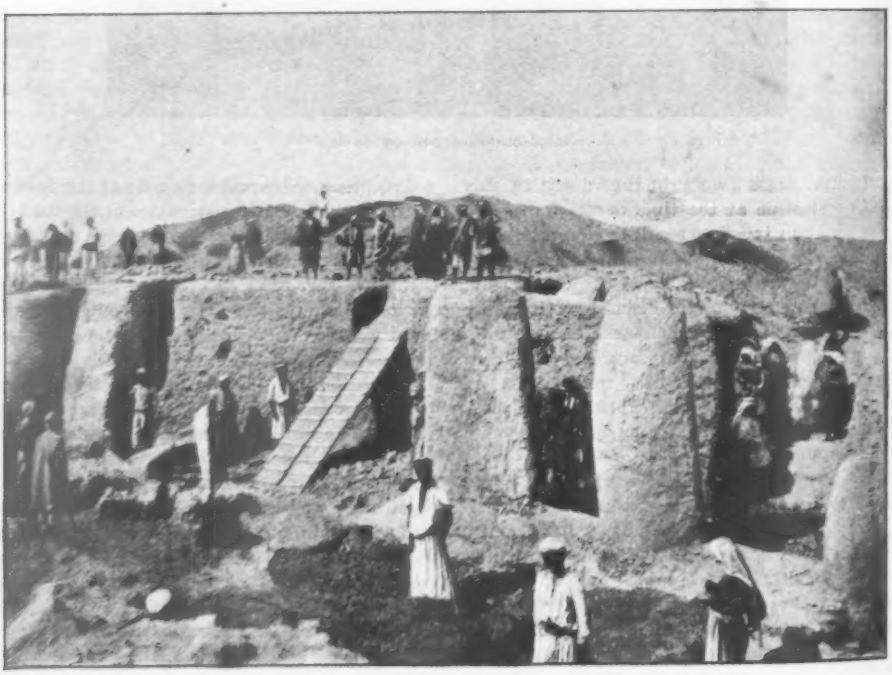
Here, then, at Gezer, we have, as it were, a book in the earth, telling us, though with torn and missing pages, something of the human history from very ancient times.

Here man dwelt in caves, and used instruments of stone; here he afterwards built huts and used implements of bronze; here he raised houses and heathen temples, and here the worship of God struggled with the worship of idols. Ancient people, whom we know not how to name, Canaanites, Egyptians, Jews, Europeans, and Arabs have all flourished on this historic spot, and left their traces behind.

The excavations have been found so valuable that much more of an interesting and informing character may be revealed. The permit will expire on June 14th, 1904, and, if not renewed, all work here must cease. It is very expensive, the committee estimating that it costs about £200 per month.

The Palestine Exploration Fund was founded in 1865 for the purpose of conducting systematic research in the Holy Land on scientific principles, and although it is not a religious society, in the ordinary sense of that term, yet it claims that its work possesses unusual interest for Bible students of all denominations, and that the results which it has obtained confirm and illustrate the historical truth of the Old and the New Testaments in a remarkable degree.

No wonder it is gratified with its work at Gezer, no wonder that it appeals confidently for the wherewithal to read still further these remarkable pages in the history of mankind.
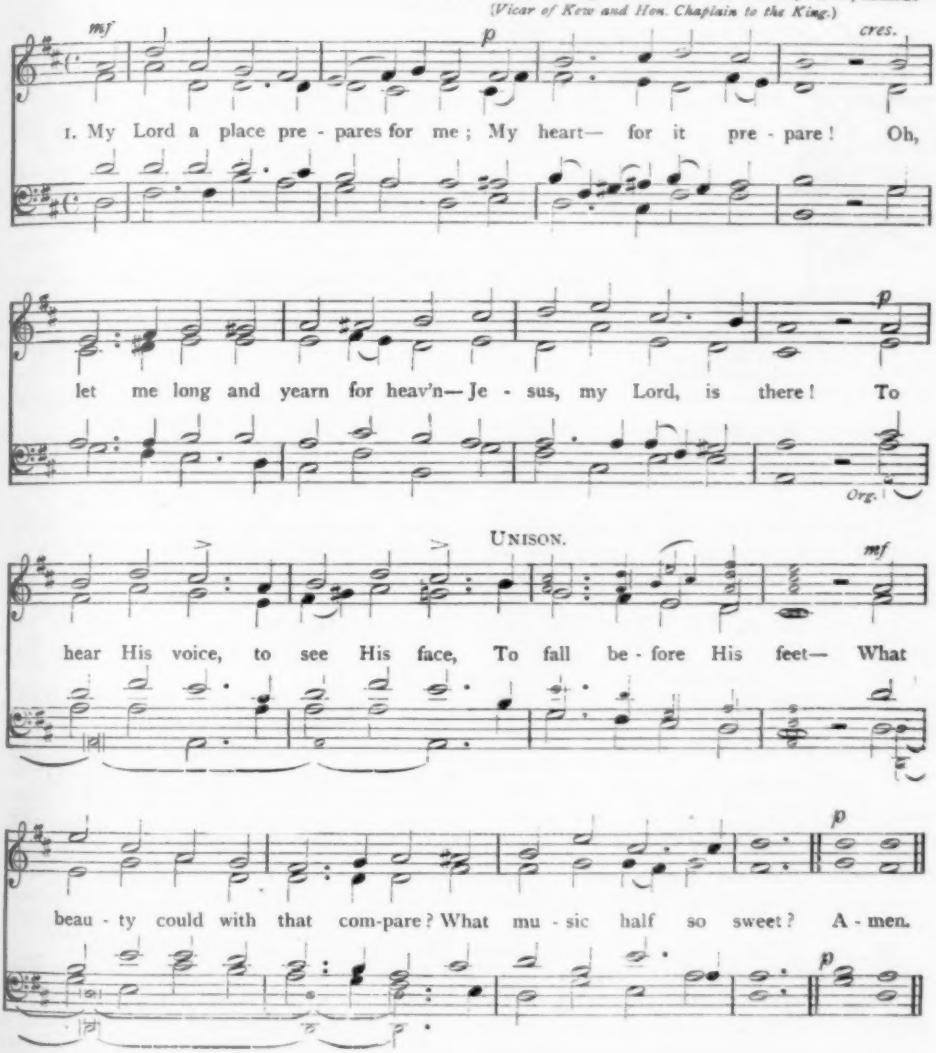


MONOLITHS OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE

Thoughts of Heaven.

(S. John xiv. 2.)

Words and Music by the Rev. W. H. Bliss, M.A., Mus.B.
(Vicar of Kew and Hon. Chaplain to the King.)



2. There, too, our Father, Whose great love
Sent down to us His Son,
Receives each loving, trusting soul,
And speaks the word "Well done!"
There dwell the hosts of loving hearts
Of every race and time—
Their brightest hopes now perfected
In that sweet, happy clime.

3. There dwell our own so fondly loved,
Parent and child and wife:
Once more with them—no more to part—
Ah! this indeed is Life.
O Holy Spirit of our God,
Inflame our souls with love!
Thine may we be while here below,
Thine in Thy Heaven above. Amen.

"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."

By the Author of "Beneath the Banner."

I.—THE TOYS THAT WERE GONE.



"WHAT does 'a rest from every turmoil' mean, Mummie?"

It was Jack's voice.

"Why, Jackie, I thought you were asleep. Father has been down a quarter of an hour since."

"No, Mummie, I'm thinking."

"What about, darling?"

"About my hymn. It says:

"'A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.'"

"It means, dear, that in Heaven there will be no tumult or commotion."

"O-h," said Jackie. "No tumult or commotion."

That was a most remarkable state of things: he could hardly imagine it. About two big tumults and several little ones was Jackie's present share daily.

"Then me and all of us will be quite, quite different from what we is now, Mummie?"

"Yes, Jackie. Everything will be changed. In that beautiful home everyone will be quite happy."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Jackie.

"'No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For everyone is happy,
Nor could be happier there.'

That means you and Daddie and Ella and Arthur and Hal and Baby Bunting and Nanna. Any more?"

"Oh, yes, Jackie. Not only your brothers and sister and friends, but everyone!"

"What! Governess and the servants and the milkman, and all the people we meet in the streets, and"—after a pause—"all them dear little cripples you was telling us about and what we are going to see some day?"

"Certainly, dear."

"And no one won't want to quarrel or to have things that don't belong to them or mind when anyone else takes his toys? That is very strange, Mummie, isn't it?"

"Yes, Jackie; we can't understand all about Heaven, but we shall all have new hearts, so that there will be peace and joy for ever."

"I suppose if I had had my new heart to-day I shouldn't have minded giving all my toys for the cripples when you asked me, Mummie?"

"No, dear; but I was very pleased you and Arthur gave so freely."

"Arthur gave up best, Mummie."

"Well, dear, Arthur is older."

"I didn't mean older—I meant better."

"How, dear?"

"Well, Arthur never wanted his back, and I've got a little spot in the heart which wants mine back," said Jackie reflectively; "so I'll be very glad to have a new heart by-and-by."

"All of us need new hearts, Jackie. But when you see the cripples I think you will be glad you've given your best for them."

Next morning the sun rose bright and red. The heavy, muggy weather, with fog and mist and dirty streets had given place to a bright, clear atmosphere, with a full breeze from the north which had brought a sprinkling of snow in the night and enough frost to cover the lakes with ice half an inch thick.

Mother's birthday was near, and all the children were elated at the prospect of the festivities.

It was such a happy time with them. Mother's birthday was kept in great state, for Father and Mother loved to see the eyes of their children sparkle with gladness and to make their lives bright. They had a half-holiday on every family birthday, and even kept Valentine's Day in the old, old style—with a real Old Valentine banging at doors back and front, while they hurried and scurried hither and thither in answer to Old Valentine's frequent rat-tat-ting on the knocker.

Each birthday was a time of numerous presents for the child, on the purchase of which a large amount of thought was bestowed.

So now as the children stepped out on the frosty road past the little pond where they sometimes skated they were in such high spirits that it needed all Governess's authority, all the persuasion of twelve-year-old Ella, to keep them in order.

Arthur and Jack, the eldest boys, went quite to the borders of the pond, and crunched their feet on the young ice, delighting to hear

it crackle. They hurled stones across the pond, listening with the joy made up of present pleasure and joyful anticipation as the stones hummed across the frozen surface.

There was enough snow to make snowballs, and they pelted one another.

One hit Jack full in the face. It had some little stones in it, for, the snow being very thin, in his excitement Arthur had gathered up some grit and stones.

In an instant Jack's ire was aroused. "Arthur, you——"

Arthur heard the warning sound and fled, with Jack close on his heels, with a face full of wrath.

Just as he overtook Arthur the line flashed across him, "A rest from every turmoil," and what Mummie had said about the new heart, and he stopped.

Arthur, surprised, looked round presently to find that the chase had stayed.

"It hurted a little," said Jack peacefully, "but I know you didn't mean it."

"No, Jack, I really didn't," said Arthur.

And there the matter ended, very much to the astonishment of Arthur.

That evening Arthur and Jack were to pay their long-promised visit to the Cripples' Parlour. They had talked a great deal about it for days past.

All the children had given up some of their toys and games, and each one was to go in turn. Jack thought a great deal about the cripples that afternoon.

"I suppose, Mummie, all the cripples will have crowns just like us?"

"Oh, yes, dear; they are Christ's own little ones."

"And they'll have robes and harps and palms and everything?"

"Yes; there will be great joy, Jackie, in Heaven, and all Christ's children will be there."

"And you are quite sure I'll have my new heart? I've only got a little bit of it at present," said Jack, remembering what took place in the morning.

"Quite sure, Jackie. I think sometimes you are getting it now."

II.—LITTLE PILGRIMS.

WHAT a sight it was! About a hundred cripples gathered in a big hall, the room well lighted, with about a dozen tables at which were from six to a dozen children seated at work of various kinds.

"Are these the cripples?" asked Arthur.

"Why, I expected to see a lot of miserable little things being amused. Why, these boys and girls are all *at work!*"

"Yes, they are getting ready for a sale of work," said Mother. "You can ask them about it."

So they sat down at the first table they came to, and Arthur said, in his politest manner:

"Will you kindly tell me what you are working for?"

"Oh, yes," said an elder boy, who was superintending; "there is to be a sale of work next week, and we're preparing for that."

"Can the cripples make fretwork things?" he asked, noticing how busy the boys were with their little saws.

"Yes, indeed; they are getting quite clever," answered the boy. "This is to be a wheelbarrow match-box," he continued, taking up some pieces of wood that were being traced for sawing; "this will be a money-box, and that a watch-stand."

"Don't they break a lot of saws?" asked Arthur, remembering the ineffectual attempts he made with his fret-saw.

"Oh, yes, they broke ever so many at first," said the boy, laughing; "but they soon got to know how to use them, and have made a rare lot of nice things since. Come to the sale next week, and you'll see."

Meantime, Jack had deserted both Father and Mother, and was in earnest converse with a little hunchback at a table where the children were drawing with chalks.

"I say," whispered Jackie. "I thought they was cripples here."

"So they are," said the boy shortly.

"I'd never have known it," said Jack. "They look just like other children. What's your name?"

"Bob," said the boy.

"Would you mind telling me why you're called a cripple?"

"Not a bit," said Bob. "You can see if you look. I've got a hump on my back."

"But isn't it very painful to—carry?"

"Oh dear, no," said the boy. "I'm accustomed to it."

"I shouldn't like it," said Jackie.

"Well, no, not just at first; but you'd soon get used to it."

"Don't the boys laugh at you and say things?"

"Why, no, not of any account; and if they do it don't break any bones," said the boy, laughing.

Jack was puzzled. It didn't come up to his idea of cripples a bit.

There were the boys and girls, all as happy as if they were having a holiday, and working as hard as if their living depended on it. Their faces were bright, and there really was nothing to show that they thought themselves badly off.

"I've learnt to make leather things," said Bob. "Will you come to the sale and buy some?"

"I'd like to very much," said Jack. "What do you make?"

"Well, just now I'm making purses."

"Oh," said Jackie, opening his eyes wide. "How did you learn to do that?"

"First of all, they showed me here, and then a saddler I know helped me as well. I've sold a lot."

"And what do you do with the money?"

"That all goes for the cripples."

"And don't you keep any for yourself?"

"Oh, no; we love to work for the cripples."

Jackie was getting more and more mystified, and he exclaimed, "Why do you like to do it?"

"I don't quite know," said the boy thoughtfully. "I've never thought much about it, but—but," he said hesitatingly, "I suppose because Jesus Christ gave us everything."

"What has He given *you?*" said Jackie.

"Why, Himself. That's best of all. He's my best Friend. That's splendid, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jackie. "He's a Friend for little children above the bright blue sky."

"Oh, you know that hymn," said Bob. "It's a lovely one. "How would I ever get along without Him? I love hymns, and 'tis so pleasant to sing 'Happy Land' and 'Rock of Ages' and 'I Love to Hear the Story' and 'How Sweet the Name.'"

"Aren't you ever miserable?" asked Jackie.

"Rather. I get the hump sometimes pretty bad."

"But you has your hump on always, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind that hump. It's the sadness hump I don't like."

"What is that?"

"Oh, you don't know," said the boy, and a spasm of pain passed over his face, "how bad things are at home. Perhaps you've got a good father what loves you."

"Yes, that I have," said Jackie; "Father loves us all ever so much."

"Well, my father," said the boy, dropping his voice to a whisper, "gets drunk and sometimes he beats me."

Jack's face puckered ready to cry.

"Oh, you needn't trouble," said Bob. "He don't mean it, and it don't hurt much afterwards; and everybody's very kind," the boy continued. "About a week ago a lady what comes here gave me a beautiful suit, blue with white cord, and a whistle. My, it was lovely!"

"That was nice."

"Yes, she has been kind to us cripples for years. But there was a sad story about this, for her little boy had died, teacher told me, and it nearly broke her heart; so you see everybody wants the Friend for little children, don't they?"

"Yes," said Jack, "they do indeed. But why haven't you got on your suit to-night?"

"Oh, that's only for Sundays. Besides, Father pawned it——"

Jack felt as if he had lost his own new suit, and said so.

"Oh," said Bob, "it can't be helped, and I've got another suit to wear; only my boots went too, and that was worse."

Jack looked down at the boy's boots. They seemed to be made mostly of holes, for he wobbled his toes through the tops quite comfortably.

"Why, Bob, your feet must be wet now."

"Aren't they just," said the boy; "but they're warm, so 'tis all right."

Jack felt as if he couldn't talk much more; there was a lump in his throat.

He had never heard of such things; they seemed too dreadful to think of.

But Bob continued cheerfully, glad to have a sympathetic listener:

"When I'm miserable I think about Jesus, the Friend for little children, and the home in Heaven."

"Does that help you?" asked Jackie, his eyes opening wide.

"Oh, yes: you see Jesus was worse off than the foxes and the birds; He hadn't anywhere to lay His head, and I have."

"Have you a nice bed?" asked Jack, glad to think that Bob had some good things.

"That I have," said Bob. "'Tisn't anything much to look at, but 'tis awf'ly comfor'ble. 'Tis a big orange box, and it fits me to a T. I mean I fit it."

"And do you have a nice little room all to yourself?"

Bob grinned from ear to ear. "What do you think?" he asked. "Why, there's Father and Mother and me and Harry—that's my younger brother—in one room, and 'tis so little that if



"'Well, my father,' said the boy, dropping his voice to a whisper, 'gets drunk, and sometimes he beats me.'"

I want to dress when Father's dressing I have to go outside."

Jack was learning a great deal. He was almost sorry he had come, and yet Bob was so cheerful.

His brain was working very fast with what he intended to do when he got home.

He had been so engrossed in talking to Bob he hadn't noticed what Father and Mother were doing.

Now, however, Mother came for him, and he went round to the other tables, seeing how the girls were sewing ever so quickly, making all kinds of garments and toys, and lots of rag dolls. How well the boys were making toys and useful things! Some, too, were drawing birds and animals, some were tracing clearly with coloured chalks, but everywhere they were as busy as bees and as happy as birds.

There were young men who were showing the boys how to work, and ladies who were teaching the girls how to sew, and others who were telling the children how to draw.

Then after they had been there about an hour, the tables were cleared, and one of the teachers said, "Charlie Grove will recite to us now."

Charlie, a tall, thin boy, with a pale face and sightless eyes, came forward and was placed on the platform and recited, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

He had a splendid voice, which filled the room. Jack, who was at the end of the hall, could hear quite distinctly.

The children were delighted. When Charlie finished they clapped their hands, and even began thumping their feet, but that made the dust rise, and a voice commanded them to stop.

Jack had returned to Bob.

"How well he recites," said Jack.

"Yes, he makes a lot of money," said Bob.

"How does he do that?"

"Why, his mother lets him recite at all kinds of places, and he gets ever so many pennies."

"But he's blind. How did he learn?"

"Oh, one of the teachers is very fond of Charlie, and taught him."

"Is Charlie very miserable because he can't see?"

"Sometimes," said Bob, nodding his head. "Sometimes he's pretty bad, but a doctor thinks he may perhaps see some day."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"Yes, the Doctor puts drops into his eyes. It hurts Charlie ever so much, but he loves to go because he thinks that some day he will be able to see just as you and me do."

"Now we're going to sing a hymn," said Bob.

"I hope it will be 'There's a Friend.'"

It was.

"It's ever so good," said Bob, "to think how some day we'll all be in Heaven, and have all we want, and always be happy and warm, and have crowns."

The cripples seemed to think so. They sang very heartily, but with no shouting; they had been very well trained.

Arthur and Jack both enjoyed it thoroughly.

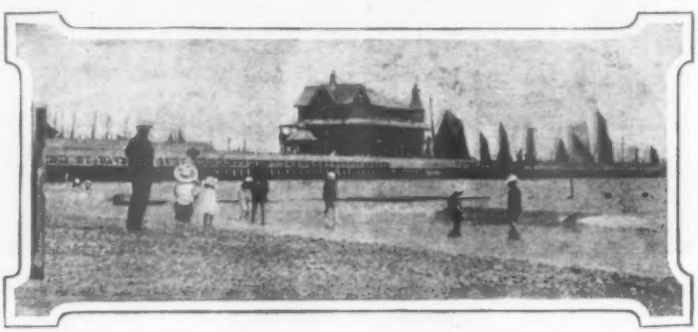
III.—GLADNESS IN GIVING.

"I'M so glad I gave my toys," murmured Jack, as he kissed Mother "last thing" that night. "Last thing" meant that after Father had heard their hymns and said good-night, Mother came round to see that they were ready for sleep.

"That's right, Jackie."

"And I'm glad the Friend for little children loves the cripples as well as us, and I shall look for Bob, Mummie. He's sure to be there."

"Yes, dear; I know Bob will. He has a very sad life, but he loves His Saviour, and will one day be in His kingdom."



THE MODERN MARTYRS OF RUSSIA.

By Edward P. Field.



A RUSSIAN VILLAGE CHURCH. (Photo: Dauiaro, St. Petersburg.)

RUSSIA appeals to the imagination. Her vast territories, varying climates, immense armies, impenetrable forests, possess characters distinct from those of every other country. Travelling eastwards from Berlin, an air of comfort and prosperity marks the small farms, homesteads, and gardens of the German peoples to the very border of Russia. The train runs into Eydtkuhnen by the side of the Custom-house. We leave the train, walk through the Customs, and after a rigid examination of both person and luggage, pass on to the Russian platform. The air of comfort and prosperity has vanished. The country around is bare, wild, untilled; the peasants crowding the platform with their shaggy hair and long smocks, present an appearance of extreme poverty. A tiring journey of eighteen hours brought the train at length to St. Petersburg. Here I had several opportunities of meeting some of the leaders of the Stundists, before proceeding southwards.

These Protestant Nonconformists are now to be found throughout Russia. They are simple evangelical believers who have been constrained to secede from the worship and ritual of the Greek Church. For the last sixty or seventy years they have borne witness to their faith through severe and persistent persecutions. They are the martyrs of the Greek Church.

It was in 1778 that the Empress Catherine of Russia, anxious to colonise her Southern provinces, invited the industrious Lutheran farmers of South Germany to leave their homes and to settle in the province of Kherson. Many came and received large grants of land. They brought with them their evangelical faith. Till this time the Russian peasants had been treated as an inferior creation by the nobles. The newly arrived German immigrants, however, regarded the poor who laboured for them in the

fields as men and as brothers, and when the day's work was done welcomed them into their houses to be present at the singing of hymns, and the reading of the Word of God. Soon the peasants learnt to read, and hours (German, *Stunden*) were appointed in which they should meet daily to read and study the Scriptures. They were nicknamed "Stundists." Day by day, as they learnt more of God's Word, it became ever more impossible for them to join in the services of the Greek Church and in the superstitious veneration of the Ikons.*

They therefore gradually abstained from their customary attendance in the Greek Church, the Church of the Russian nation, and of the Russian Government. It was not long before the village priests, whose incomes practically depend on the gifts of their congregation, began to suffer pecuniary loss through the secession of the new believers. With few exceptions, these priests were ignorant men, incapable of even understanding this fresh spiritual movement. Having failed altogether in their attempts to induce by persuasion the seceders to return to the parish church, persecution was resorted to. The Stundists were accused of political disloyalty. They were charged with desiring to overthrow the civil power. From that time until this present the contest has been between bitter bigotry on the one side and patient endurance and victorious faith on the other.

The methods of persecution have been various. At an early stage in the 'eighties the Ispravnik, or local village policeman, was authorised to inflict fines on his own motion on all such as after being warned continued to attend the Stundist meetings for worship. If the fine was not paid, the Ispravnik was permitted to seize the furniture and even the bedding and clothes, and to sell the same by public auction. Intense wretchedness and suffering during the long Russian winter was caused amongst the Stundists by these fines and forced sales.

Great, however, as the distress and suffering was, it was not sufficient to satisfy the bishops and the clergy, in answer to whose petitions recourse was now had to exile by administrative process. The Governor of each province was permitted arbitrarily and without trial to order the exile of any person in his province. Count Ignatieff, the late Governor of the province of Kieff, made himself notorious by his administrative orders. Many were exiled in this manner, many others after a form of trial. The accusation is usually laid in a double form, viz. (1) that the accused has withdrawn from the worship of the State Church, (2) that the accused has spoken against the Ikons. A faithful believer is asked whether he will worship in the Greek Church, or whether he has withdrawn from it, and on his own answer is convicted. On his conviction he suffers the same treatment as the vilest convicts and criminals. The sentence is a sentence of exile for life or for a term of years, and involves the loss of all rights, including the rupture of the marriage tie, the inability to sign legal documents, to hold property, or to give a bond. The exile must wear prison dress, and have half the head shaved. He is marched off with the ordinary criminals, wearing leg irons, crowded with others in *étapes* which are temporary night shelters swarming with vermin, and thus through weary days and nights journeys for months to his destination. The sick and infirm are carried in wagons (*telegas*).

* The Ikons are paintings on a flat surface of the Madonna, of the infant Christ, and of all the Saints. They are painted or enamelled in brilliant colours, but never engraved. In the command "Thou shalt not worship a graven image," the priest of the Greek Church lays all stress on the word "graven," and regards the Roman Catholic worship as idolatrous, while he enforces in his own church the veneration of the plane-surfaced figure.



(*Photo: Levitsky, St. Petersburg.*)

THE CZAR IN HIS ROBES AS HEAD OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

For many years exiles, political, criminal, and religious, were sent to Siberia and numbered yearly from 17,000 to 20,000, including all classes. Now Siberia is becoming too civilised, and the Government authorities therefore dispose their prisoners in small numbers in the different Tartar villages of Transcaucasia, near to the Persian border. Our Stundist brother, on arriving at his destination, is put down in some small village. He does not know the language, he has no means of subsistence,



A GROUP OF CONVICTS.

barely sufficient clothing to cover his body, no tools, no employment, no passport, no food, no friends. He is also under strict police orders not to leave the place. Thus it is that, while many lose their lives from cold and hunger on the journey, others die from the same causes when they reach the place of exile. If they were permitted to travel in search of employment, they might have hope, but, limited to the borders of a small Tartar village, no work can be obtained by the men. The women earn a scanty pittance by washing for the Tartars. Thus these Christian brethren remain in poverty, in hunger, in cold, in nakedness. The trials and sentences of the Stundists do not cease, and the needs of those sentenced are continuous and urgent.

These trials of the Stundists are kept secret. They are not usually reported, and access to a trial is a difficult matter. One trial took place in a small rural town on the Volga. The accused believers on this occasion numbered nineteen. They were accused of perverting a number of Russians from the Orthodox Church. There were no less than fifty-four witnesses called, and the accused pressed the witnesses to say what took place at their meetings. Three or four were also charged with blaspheming the Ikons, but on this charge they were acquitted. Their leader was their own minister, and the rest were his helpers and workers in the congregation. The principal witness for the prosecution was a priest of the Greek Church, who was brought forward as an expert. He said he had been a missionary in Southern Russia, and had had much to do with the Stundists. He said there were two classes of Stundists—first, the Old, who baptise and have presbyters; secondly, the New Stundists, who do not baptise and have not presbyters. Making a speech from the witness box, he proceeded to point out the danger of the sect, because they refused military service, and were opposed to the Government politically. He said they were averse even to be regarded as Russians, changing their costume for this reason. The Procureur interposed, "*Maybe they have pretensions to found their own Kingdom?*" To this



AN IKON.

the priest assented. The President then addressed the jury, composed of peasant bigots of the Greek Church. He said, "*You have now heard the words of the Procureur, and also of*

the expert witness. It has been told you that these people are exceedingly dangerous. Now take care that it does not enter into your heads to acquit any one of the accused."

The trial lasted till midnight, when all were sentenced to varying terms of exile. One especially, an old blind man named Alexis, was full of joy, and said, "I have been poor and miserable from my childhood; now I am filled with joy, and I know that '*none shall pluck me out of His hands.*'"

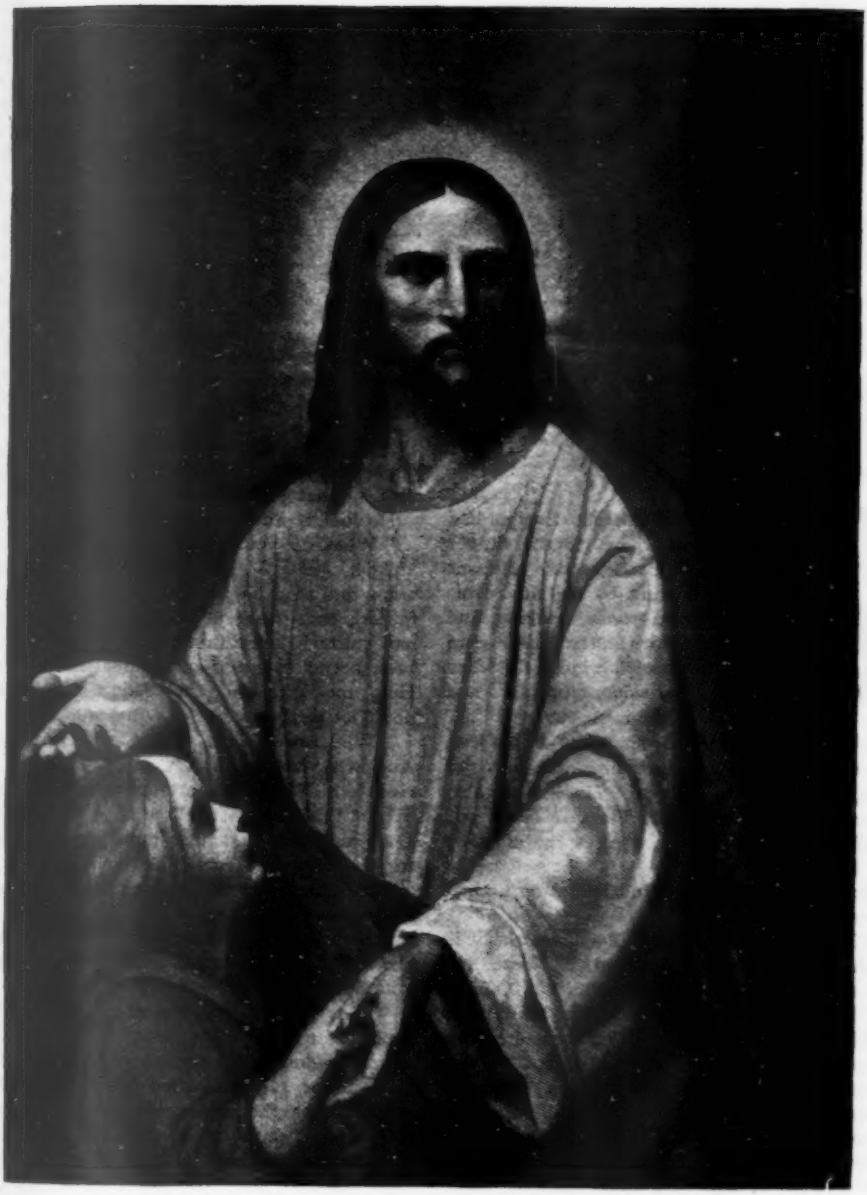
The trial is over. It is typical of all the trials. After the verdict and sentence little time is lost; the convict bread-winner is usually accompanied voluntarily by his wife and children. After weary months of marching by short stages these victims cross the mountain passes of the Caucasus, and we meet them in Elizabethpol, in Erivan, in Troitz, Saratovka, Ivanovka, distant and desolate Gerusi, and other villages. One said to me, "I saw forty-three families when on their journey they came out of the prisons in Elizabethpol. The men were in tatters, very dirty; and one woman shivering in her rags, just before her confinement. The Christians—some eighteen in number—in Elizabethpol tried to put clothes on them, but as there were ninety-four prisoners they could not get enough clothes. They were not allowed to stay in Elizabethpol, but were sent out into the villages in the mountains around. They were most joyful, singing with loud voices hymns as they came out of prison. I visited them in the villages, and found in one village eleven families. Three or four families were sheltering in one room. They had nothing to live on—no money, no food, no work, and could not speak the language. They were waiting for the Government to give them some land to work on, but could not get any. I went to another village and found a man there living in a hole in the ground with his two daughters. They had dug a large, square hole in the clay, and lived there without a roof, winter and summer. His wife had come with them, but she had died from the exposure. When he saw me coming he came out of the hole, carrying his bible, and said, "Oh! read and speak with us and pray with us; it is four years since we had any Christian fellowship." For this in his exile he hungered more than for food.

This instance is typical, and is taken from my travelling note-book, in which many similar cases are recorded. I went from place to place meeting the leaders and talking over matters in great detail, and returning to England, brought with me their requests and suggestions as to the way in which they might best be helped.

The need of continuous assistance has already been referred to, and in this connection the Baptist Union may be mentioned as an active body which is doing to-day active and strenuous work. Most of the Stundists are Baptists. But the greatest deliverance is to be expected from a gradual improvement which is working now, as yeast works, throughout Russia. The whole country is at this time going through the same spiritual and moral upheaval as that through which England passed some centuries ago.

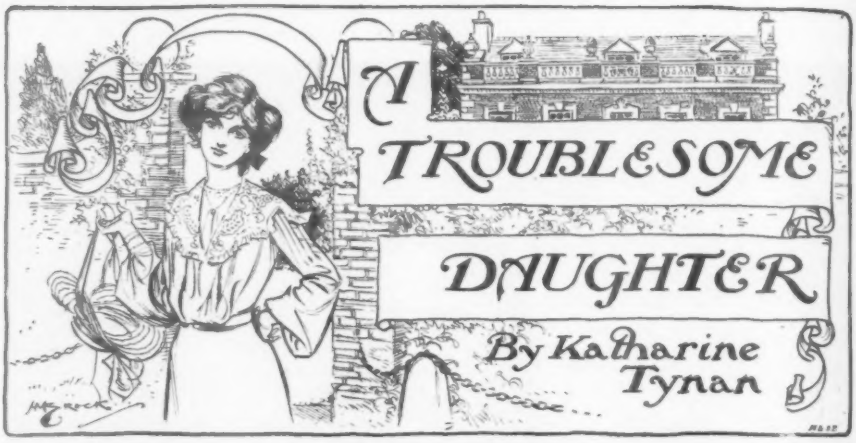
Both the decree abolishing exile by administrative process and the recent manifesto by the Czar are acknowledgments of, and in some degree concessions to, this movement. It is, in a broad sense, true that every Russian who loves his country is persistently striving by every lawful means to break down the fence which in years past was built by the Government to prevent and hinder the education of the people.

The nation, as a whole, desires to follow the English style of education for the people. The best Russian papers—the *Vedimosti* especially—advocate this advance, and it is reported that the Emperor himself to a great extent desires it. The spread of education cannot fail to bring with it greater liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. Even in the last decade a marked change has taken place in this direction. Persecution has much diminished, and spiritual liberty is increasing. A seed has been sown which is daily springing and growing up, we know not how; that seed is the Word of God.



CHRIST TEACHING HUMILITY.

(After the Painting by Ary Scheffer.)



A SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

AFTER all, Mr. Evelyn had not gone to the dinner at Battlements. He was sitting by the fire in his own room, smoking, and apparently thinking somewhat gloomily, when the door opened and Judy came in.

"Why, Ju," he cried, springing to his feet, a broad light of pleasure breaking over his face, "it's good to see you. I was just going to send over to ask Lady Flora to spare you to dine with me. Why, what is the matter? No bad news?"

Judy took off her hat and laid it on a chair before she spoke.

"Major Lindley is very ill—dangerously ill with enteric," she answered. "There has been an official telegram from the War Office."

"Dear me! dear me!" said Mr. Evelyn, his ruddy tints altering. "That's bad news, indeed; but not the worst, Ju, not by any means the worst. Lindley has a fine constitution. Please God, we are a long way, a very long way, off the worst news yet. My poor Judy!"

He came to her, and with awkward kindness laid his hand on his daughter's ruffled hair. Judy accepted the caress gratefully, as was shown by her taking her father's hand and putting her lips to it, yet with a certain air of restiveness.

"There is going to be a nine days' wonder, papa," she said. "I wish it were next Wednesday, so that it would be over."

He looked at her in amazement.

"What do you mean, Ju?"

"Oh, papa"—Judy suddenly burst into tears, and then hid her face shamefacedly on her father's coat-sleeve. "You have always helped me through everything. You have always been better to me than anyone in the world. Help me through this. Don't let mother, don't let anybody, ask me questions."

"Why, surely not. What is there to ask? And why have you left Lady Flora in her trouble? There is nothing to say, is there, except that the poor fellow is in the hands of God, and that we must hope for the best—for the very best, my little girl."

Judy raised her tear-stained face and looked at him steadily.

"Miss Rosamund Lindley is at the Cottage," she said. "Godmamma needs me no longer."

"What!"

"Yes, papa. You see there is plenty of food for a nine days' wonder. I have discovered—don't ask me anything about it—that Major Lindley asked me to marry him while under the impression that Miss Rosamund was about to marry Mr. Neville. I have reason to believe that he would never have asked me otherwise. And—papa"—Judy became red as a rose—"I have been finding out that I haven't quite the right feeling for Philip. I have suspected it for some time. And godmamma knows it now, and for the moment she cannot forgive me. She

has taken Rosamund Lindley to her heart because there is no doubt of *her* love."

Mr. Evelyn smiled whimsically.

"If it were permissible to be amused at anything while that fine fellow Philip is in danger, I could be amused at his mother's inconsistency. Here she has been keeping Philip and his cousin separated all these years when they ought to have been married, and now at last she accepts Rosamund because of her faithfulness. My poor Judy!"

He rang the bell, and as soon as a footman appeared he gave him orders that Miss Judy's trunk was to be fetched from the Cottage, and that Cook was to be informed that Miss Judy would dine to-night.

Thomas went off looking pleased. There was not one of the servants who was not the happier for Judy's presence in the house.

Mr. Evelyn kept repeating "Well, well!" and "Dear, dear!" whenever he thought of Philip Lindley's illness; yet he had a feeling of having his favourite daughter to himself once again which gave him a distinct access of pleasure. Besides—of course Philip would get well, a splendidly built fellow like Philip, and he would marry Rosamund Lindley, and everyone would be rejoiced to see the old romance end so happily. It was a great thing Lady Flora had come to her senses, even so late. Philip would not grudge the fever that brought about such a happy ending.

And so Prim was to marry the parson. Why, that was excellent. He had always said that he believed Neville was after Prim just as much as he was after Rosamund. Neville was immensely rich. Why shouldn't he give his sister-in-law a dowry? It was just the thing an open-handed, high-minded fellow like Neville would do. Then they could keep up the Manor House as it ought to be kept.

And then—he forbore to think any further. No; it would never do to think of such things while yet Philip's life was in danger. And Judy was not one to be off with the old love and on with the new in such a hurry as all that. Still, Maurice certainly had seemed taken with Judy last summer, and she with him.

He became suddenly sobered whenever he recalled Philip's illness. Still, it was uncommonly pleasant to have his little girl sitting opposite to him at dinner—his own again, even if she did once or twice dissolve in tears during the meal. That was a fact the sympathetic Thomas reported to the servants' hall, which was not at all surprised later to hear of Major Lindley's peril.

They dined at a round table set by the library fire, a thing Mr. Evelyn liked to do when he was alone, although Mrs. Evelyn always frowned on it in her gentle way, as she did on any informalities.

They had a long, quiet evening together. About nine o'clock Lady Flora's Charlotte came across the Green with something which had been forgotten, and a message:

"Her ladyship's love, and would Miss Judy step across the first thing in the morning to hear if there was news?"

After that assurance of forgiveness Judy's face was brighter. Presently Mr. Evelyn, who had been watching her wistfully, suggested that if she would like to escape from the nine days' wonder she might perhaps run up to town for a short visit to Lady Mary Winstanley.

"And you would hate me to go," said Judy, gratefully. "No, thank you, papa dear. I'll just live out those nine days, and as soon as the bulletin 'comes, 'Out of danger,' you and I perhaps might go up to town together."

It was several days before the list of sick officers, for which the newspaper was so eagerly scanned, announced, "Major Lindley, slightly better." But with what passionate gratitude even so much hope was received at the Cottage and at the Red House! Lady Flora immediately swung round from despair about Philip to the most absolute certainty of his recovery. She was almost too sure for those early days. It was wonderful how her thoughts anticipated the long, weary days before even at the happiest Philip could be with them again, how she planned every detail of his home-coming, and imagined how Philip's eyes would look when he saw her and Rosamund together, united in the heartiest bonds of love.

"It will not be his first home-coming," she said; "but it will be the first really happy one. I can never forgive myself, Rosamund my dear, for those old days and that wicked will of mine which has stood for so long between Philip and his wife."

"We were all to blame," Miss Rosamund would say, in seraphic forgiveness. "I can never forgive myself."

To other people Lady Flora remarked that once she had seen Philip and Rosamund married she would say her "Nunc Dimittis" and pass away in peace.

This remark of hers was the cause of a certain chuckling delight whenever Mr. Evelyn remembered it.

"Pooh!" he said. "Lady Flora doesn't mean to die. She'll move into the Manor House with the newly married couple, and exercise a benevolent despotism over Mrs. Philip. She's in her seventies. She'll live to her century most likely, and she'll be the real mistress of the house; and, indeed, Rosamund has been used for so long to Prim's autocracy that I don't know how she'd do if there weren't the old lady to step in and take her place. 'Nunc Dimittis' indeed!"

Prim, too, had agreed to bury the hatchet, although it is safe to say that her relations with Lady Flora were rather on the basis of an armed neutrality than anything more cordial; but since she had accepted Mr. Neville she had given his teachings more of a hearing than she had ever given them in her days of apparently hopeless spinsterhood.

"It would never do," she said, "for a clergyman's wife to be on terms of open enmity with any person, much less members of the same family. For Algernon's sake I am no longer a free agent. He has taught me that it is my duty to forgive; and I will say as much as this, Rosamund, if it will make you happier, that I believe Philip Lindley's faults towards us in the past were directly traceable to the woman whom it was his misfortune to have for a mother."

With this concession Rosamund was forced to be satisfied. Indeed, being a simple soul, she thought it was rather handsome of Prim, whose hostility in the past had been so uncompromising, even though she could not acknowledge that Philip had ever any faults towards them or anyone else.

Lady Flora was equally handsome according to her own ideas.

"I forgive Prim for your sake, dear Rosamund," she said, "and because it is my duty as a Christian woman. Of course, her hostility to Philip is something I can never altogether forget, although I can forgive it. But he will be noble-minded enough to overlook it, dear fellow. I hope there need be no more separation than is necessary between you at the Manor House and Mrs. Neville at the Vicarage. Fortunately, the Manor House is large, so that I need be no check on your happy meetings."

Slowly, slowly, and with many ups and downs, many sickening disappointments, many elusive hopes, the days went on till at last the happy day came when the announcement appeared, "Major Lindley, out of danger."

They had agreed between themselves that not until he was able to bear even the shock of joy was he to hear of the altered condition of affairs. They had sent their letters as usual, so that he would have a budget as soon as he was able to read them; and these were the hardest letters Judy had ever penned, for she had always been one to tell the truth, no matter what it cost her.

Now at last she felt she could speak.

"MY DEAR PHILIP," she wrote,—"We are wild with joy over the good news. Get well very quickly and come home—to great happiness. I have been finding out things—for instance, that we both made a mistake last April. It is Miss Prim, not Miss Rosamund, who is to marry Mr. Neville at the New Year. Miss Rosamund is with your mother in great love and peace. At that terrible time when we heard you were so ill your mother found out that she wanted the person who loved you best in all the world to be with her; and who should that be but Miss Rosamund? So forgive me for having hindered you, and believe me always your loving friend,

"JUDY."

She had seen Stocks go off with the mail-bag containing her letter, and was returning home across the Green when she caught sight of Rosamund Lindley coming towards her, peering at her with her beautiful, purblind eyes.

"It is you, Judy," she said. "I have been to the Red House looking for you, but they told me you were out. Are you writing by the afternoon post, Judy?"

She had a scared and anxious expression.

"What is the matter?" asked Judy, without answering the question.

"There is nothing the matter, only I want to talk to you. You had better come back to the Cottage with me. We may be disturbed here at any moment."

All the morning radiance which had lit her face for the good news was clouded over.

Judy turned and went with her down the path to the Cottage.

"We shall be alone," Miss Rosamund said. "Lady Flora is at the Manor House. She said I was to write and tell Philip everything. She is making arrangements for us to move in, so that Philip shall find us there when he

returns. She is in as much hurry about it as though he were coming next week; yet we shall hardly see him before the end of February at earliest."

A little smile played about her lips, yet it did not take away the perturbation of her face.

They were in the drawing-room of the Cottage before Rosamund spoke. Then she clasped Judy's two hands in hers.

"Judy! Judy!" she cried. "I am frightened about Philip. Now I know that he will get well, that he will come home to us, please God, I am terrified. Supposing, Judy, supposing it were you he wanted! I should die of the shame of it."

"You have loved Philip Lindley for years; you have known him all your life. Don't you know he isn't a person to transfer his affections like that? I'm surprised at you, Miss Rosamund."

Rosamund's eyes fluttered like moths in summer twilight.

"You think so, Judy?" she said eagerly. "You think so?"

Then she added naïvely:

"I confess that I was surprised when I thought that Philip had forgotten me even for you, little Judy. Though we were estranged so long, I no more thought of his forgetting than of my forgetting myself."

"And you were quite right," said Judy slowly. "He never did forget you, not for one minute really; although," she added, her invincible love of truth compelling her, "I think he was comforted for a few days when he thought he had made me happy."

Rosamund Lindley looked at her wistfully.

"I wonder whether it is fair to Philip," she said. "You are twenty years younger than I am, Judy."

"And he is more than twenty years older than I am," said Judy stoutly. "Besides, Miss Rosamund, listen while I tell you a secret. I know you will never tell anyone else in all the world. I don't love Philip. Indeed—I almost think—I love someone else."

Miss Rosamund started back from her.

"Is it possible, Judy? Not love Philip! Although you have been wearing his ring all these months! Then I think it is very stupid and ungrateful of you, child. Poor Philip!"

Judy laughed, but her laugh had a little forlornness in it.

"It is just as well for me, Miss Rosamund, that I didn't love him, since he didn't love me," she said.

"Still, Judy, you were engaged to him!"

Evidently Miss Rosamund was not going to be placated for some time.

"Never mind," said Judy, "I don't feel myself engaged to him any longer. I always wanted him to be happy with you from the time I was a little girl, so it was an odd thing I came near frustrating it, after all. Was there anything else, Miss Rosamund?"

"I thought perhaps it would be as well, Judy, if we said nothing to Philip yet about this change. Let him come home—but I should run away and hide myself if he were to come to-morrow. Let him choose between us. That is what I was going to say."

"He will get well quicker," said Judy, with the same somewhat melancholy humour, "if he knows he is no longer obliged to marry a stupid little girl who fell in love with him without his wanting her. Hasn't his mother told you? She thought I cared for him, and told him so; and he thought he might as well make me happy—in fact, quite erroneously, he felt himself bound to do so."

"How beautiful and unselfish of Philip!" said Miss Rosamund, with adoring eyes.

"Yes; wasn't it?" said Judy drily. "Anyhow, I've written to him, Miss Rosamund. Stocks carried off the letter on his little bicycle mail-van just before you met me on the Green. I have told him that he is free, that I have no more claim to him."

"Poor Judy!" said Miss Rosamund, kissing her. "How hard it all is on you."

"She will believe till the crack of doom," said Judy afterwards to herself, "that I never really gave up Philip willingly. All I confessed to her will slip out of her simple, beautiful head, and she will think of me all her days—even if I should happen to be the most blissful woman in the world—as the poor little girl who had to give up Philip."

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD TIDINGS.

JUDY and her father were at Claridge's. The nine days of wonder had passed by as a term of such suspense that Judy had no care as to what her little world might be thinking of her or of the topsy-turviness of affairs generally.

It wanted only a week to Christmas, and they were to return home on Christmas Eve. Judy had so much to do, such quantities of

shopping for herself and everyone else, for she had accepted enough commissions to take up nearly all the time; and then there was the Duchess to be seen, and Martha and Mary, and a few other humble friends in the East End, and of course there was Lady Mary.

Mr. Evelyn had declared himself ready to be sacrificed on the altar of paternal duty and to accompany Judy on her shopping expeditions; but luckily he was spared the severe strain that would have been—Judy declared that he'd have given up after the first half-hour—since Jack Winstanley was at home and ready to devote his days to Judy's service. So Mr. Evelyn sat in a luxurious chair at the Carlton and read his papers, and rubbed off some of the country rust, as he fondly imagined, by talking to gentlemen who were mainly visitors from the country like himself, for town was very full.

They had gone up by an early train on the Monday, so as to have as much time as possible for the multifarious things Judy had to do.

As they drove in a hansom from the station Mr. Evelyn announced, without looking at his daughter, that he had written to Maurice to join them at lunch.

Judy did not say anything for a few moments, and then she broke into somewhat inconsequent chatter, which was unlike Judy, especially in her relations with her father, with whom she could be silent for long periods in which the silence spoke more eloquently of sympathy and affection than speech could have done.

However, soon after they had arrived at the hotel and been shown to their rooms.



"'I have come to the conclusion that her case is perfectly curable.'"—*p.* 610.

Judy came to her father's door in walking costume.

"I've found a letter from Lady Mary asking me to come to lunch," she said. "She wants me particularly. I shall just have time to get there by taking a hansom to Charing Cross."

"Very well, little girl. Make that young rascal Jack see you home," Mr. Evelyn said, hardly lifting his head from his portmanteau, where he was searching for something.

"H'm!" said Judy to herself. "Glad to get rid of me!"

She came a step or two into the room. She wanted to ask him not to tell Maurice Evelyn anything of the altered condition of affairs. But a sense of the futility of it made her change her mind.

"What is it, Ju?" her father asked, lifting a very red face from the portmanteau. "D'ye want anything? Got enough change for your cab, eh?"

"Plenty. I only wanted to tell you to take care of yourself. I shall be back about six."

"Oh, I shan't get lost. Good-bye, little girl."

Judy reached River Lawns without mishap, and found Lady Mary, as usual, on the sofa in the drawing-room. All the late dowdiness was gone. She was dressed much more fashionably than Judy had ever known her to dress, and the red crape tea-gown, with its beautiful old lace, while quite suited to an invalid, was extraordinarily becoming to Lady Mary's rich, dark colouring. She had been filling out since last summer, regaining more than her old comeliness. Judy said to herself shrewdly that if that tea-gown meant anything it meant that Lady Mary was in no mind for dying.

"What has been happening to you?" Judy asked when they had exchanged greetings. "You look so—so bright—and alert, I should not be surprised if you were to get up and dance a hornpipe. You have good news, surely you have good news?"

"Sir Francis has seen me, Judy. He says that he can make me well. I was improperly treated. They know so much better now! There is only one thing—to tell Hugo, Hugo does not know. I shall have to go into plaster of Paris again. Why, I would go into my winding-sheet with joy, if it would make me walk. Sir Francis is coming at four o'clock. Hugo will be home by then. I insisted that Hugo should not be told while it was only a hope. Then, when Sir Francis came on Friday, he thought he had better see Hugo himself and tell him what had to be done. He knows nothing. I couldn't keep him on the rack of expectancy for those three days."

"The rack seems to have agreed very well with you, dear Lady Mary," said Judy, with laughing eyes.

"Yes, am I not smart? I have just been surveying myself in that glass." There was a handglass lying on the table. "I've got a new maid, Judy. Old Lovekind—she had really got quite too old-fashioned—decided at last to join her sister, who is setting up as a dressmaker at Upminster. You must give her a frock to make now and again, Judy, just one to wear on your country walks. I shall have to do the same thing myself—occasionally, because even for Lovekind's sake I can't be a dowdy, can I, Judy, as a Cabinet Minister's wife? Everyone says—which means principally Margaret; she knows, of course—that Hugo will be in the Cabinet some day. She found me my new maid, such a clever French creature. What do you think of her dressing my hair, Judy? And Margaret has found me a dressmaker, not too ruinous—Madame Colombe, of South Audley Street. Do you like her gown?"

"Dear Lady Mary, I like all," said Judy heartily. "Your gown, your hair, and yourself are all just lovely. You are really not the same person. You are—are you your own daughter, by any chance?"

Lady Mary laughed. There was brilliance in her eyes and cheeks—not the painful brilliance of feverish pain which Judy had often seen there, but the ensigns of hope and joy.

"Hugo is rather forlorn over the change in me," she said; "but, then, he is always talking of a pink frock I wore in the early 'eighties, when he saw me first, and the way I had my hair, curled down to my nose. He would like to see me in just those things again, dress improver and all, I suppose. I'm so glad you think I look well. I believe I shall really be helpful to Hugo when Sir Francis has put me straight. He says I am a woman of a splendid constitution, and built for an active life. The wife of a rising politician—rather, one who has made his mark already—ought to entertain, to make friends for him, to go about among his constituents."

"I daresay you and Mrs. Mountford will run rival *salons*," said Judy, laughing.

"Ah, here is lunch."

The footman had come in, pushing before him a wheeled luncheon table, which had been specially designed so that Lady Mary could receive her friends at lunch without being moved herself.

"Will you have lamb cutlets or fricasséed chicken, or fried soles, Judy? A little of the sole for me, please. I am always hungry now, and I am going to have something of everything. Do you remember when I used to eat no more than a bird?"

"I remember," said Judy cheerfully. "I

am so glad you are going to keep me in countenance. I have always so unrefined an appetite."

After lunch, when they were alone again together, Lady Mary turned to Judy in her quick, eager way.

"I have been abominably selfish," she said, "for when you came in I could only think of my own affairs. But all the time William has been going and coming during lunch I have been simmering to ask you about Stannington. What does it mean, Rosamund and Lady Flora being as thick as thieves, as I hear they are? It's the oddest thing. And Rosamund has not written, as she promised she would. Of course, I know that Major Lindley is out of danger; your own letter announced as much. How you must have suffered, my poor Judy!"

For a few seconds Judy's eyes were lowered. Then she raised them and met Lady Mary's gaze.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Rosamund is with Lady Flora because she has the best right to be," she said; and then proceeded to tell Lady Mary all, or nearly all, the circumstances.

"And how beautifully you take it, Judy!" said Lady Mary, when the tale was told.

"You see, it was a mistake right through," answered Judy; "it is just going back to where we started last April, only that the trouble between Lady Flora and the Lindleys is at an end."

"And so they will settle at the Manor House. Well, Judy, since you're not heart-broken, child, I confess I'm glad. It was a shock to me when I heard that Rosamund's lover had forgotten her for you. Not but what he was miraculously faithful to her, and I never had any patience with either of them for letting those other two mar their lives for them. I am glad they will be happy, after all. He was too old for you, and he had given the best years of his life to thinking of another woman. But why hasn't Rosamund written to tell me? I knew her sorrows."

"She will not write till Major Lindley comes back and takes possession of her by main force. I have no doubt that she will run away when she knows he is coming."

"Ah! I might have expected as much from Rosamund."

Sir Francis Burnett was punctual to four o'clock. In fact, he was timing himself on the doorstep with his gold watch in his hand when the church clock pealed out the four strokes.

Judy would have gone, but Lady Mary seizing her hand held her fast, so she sat down again by the sofa.

Not five minutes of the great man's time had gone by when Major Winstanley's firm, commanding step was heard in the hall outside. As always, he came first to see his wife, and he came in now with a sheaf of unopened letters in his hand.

"I have to dine in town to-night, dear," he began, "my secretary, Hildred——"

Then he came out of his preoccupation, discovering his wife had visitors.

"I am very glad to see you, Judy," he said; and then turned to the other person.

"Sir Francis Burnett—my husband, Major Winstanley," said Lady Mary.

Major Winstanley looked at the ivory face and coal-black hair of the great surgeon with wondering interest. He had not known that Sir Francis was on his wife's visiting-list.

"Hugo——"

Judy, holding Lady Mary's hand, could feel the violent trembling of her whole frame.

"My dear lady," said Sir Francis, with professional blandness, "let me speak. I think I can explain things to your husband better than you can. Major Winstanley, my charming friend, Miss Greville, told me some time ago about the injury your wife received and her consequent invalidism. It interested me profoundly. As it happened, my treatment of some cases almost identical have been brilliantly successful. It is really quite a simple matter. My dear sir, surgical knowledge is progressing by leaps and bounds. The 'eighties were the dark ages to us. The treatment of your wife was the accepted treatment then; but I assure you it was quite mistaken. I have come to the conclusion that her case is perfectly curable."

"Curable! Without danger to her?"

Major Winstanley's fine dark gray eyes sought the purposely expressionless ones of the other man, and seemed as though they would read his innermost thoughts.

"Absolutely without danger."

"If there was to be danger—I tell you I shall take no risks. I would give up everything in the world rather than put her life a hair's-breadth in danger. She is more to me than all else the world can give me."

"Yet it can give a good deal if report speak truly," said the great surgeon, bowing graciously. Then, with a sudden darkening and softening of those inscrutable eyes:

"My dear sir," he said, "I would be the last man in the world to put your felicity in danger. I myself am happily married. If the operation were to fail, which I think is practically impossible, she would be no worse than she is now. The most she will have to fear is the plaster-of-paris in which we shall have to keep her for some weeks, perhaps months. After that—she will walk."

Things were settled, and Sir Francis, having given them a quarter of an hour of his golden time, departed. Then Judy thought she would look for Jack, and report to him on Rory's progress. Jack was to be found, his father thought, in the stable yard, where he kept a good deal of live stock, tame and wild.

She had felt the agitated clasp of Lady Mary's hand when her silent, reserved husband had made that profession of love for her, had noted the wave of colour that flowed over her face.

Now, as she left the room, she heard Lady Mary's joyous cry:

"I shall walk, Hugo, I shall walk. Oh, can you believe in our happiness?"

And the man's impassioned answer:

"It has been enough happiness for me to have had you all those years, Mary."

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CONSIDERING that he was so often in attendance on Mr. Evelyn, Maurice Evelyn seemed to see little of his cousin Judy during the early part of that week.

Of course, Judy was incessantly busy; and once, when her father had suggested Maurice as an escort to her instead of Jack Winstanley, she had begged that things should be left as they were.

"You can't imagine, papa," she said, "how lovely Jack is to me, and how he takes care of me. It would break his dear little heart to have his duties usurped by any other person."

The speech indicated how far behind Judy had left the playfellow of her early days. Mr. Evelyn, who had been unselfish in his willingness to give up his dear Maurice even to Judy, was satisfied and said no more.

So Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Jack called for Judy, in the smartest hansom he could find on a West End cab rank, with a polish on his high hat you could see your face in, the most immaculate of garments, the shiniest of boots, and a flower in his coat; so palpably one of the golden youth, although a very young representative of it, that Judy found herself and her escort treated with immense respect by cabmen, porters, messengers, and all sorts of humble persons. To be sure, Jack had a lordly way of squandering coins, which, no doubt, helped them to win the ready service they found everywhere.

Never was any squire of ladies so patient as Jack while Judy made her purchases, so ready to accompany her wherever she would, even if it was into the uninviting East, although that was an expedition planned for later in the week.

It was delightful to go with Jack to a smart restaurant for the mid-day lunch, to see the way he selected his table, and ran his eye over the menu, and, at Judy's request, picked out the dishes he thought most desirable for her consumption as well as his own. Judy would not have interfered with his prerogatives for worlds; and never forgot for an instant that Jack was in charge, and that things might safely be left to so accomplished a man of the world.

If occasionally she saw a humorous glint in someone's eye as they looked at Jack, or intercepted a wink between one waiter and another while Jack ran through the wine list, confessing at last that his preference was for ginger beer, she would not for worlds that Jack had seen the same. She always treated him as the young man he considered himself, and deferred to him in all practical matters in a way which made Jack more her slave than ever.

After the first moment of her meeting again with Maurice Evelyn she had no doubt that he knew of the altered state of affairs: and her conviction that she had been the subject of conversation between her father and him brought the blood rushing to her cheeks.

Once during the week they met by accident in a Regent Street shop.

"All the world shops in Regent Street in Christmas week," he said, and seemed to be as busy about his purchases as Judy herself.

Yet when she had finished she found him at her elbow with an unobtrusive readiness to help in carrying her parcels or in any other way.

That unobtrusiveness won Jack's heart, which had already been flattered by the manner in which Maurice called him "Winstanley,"

and handed him his cigarette-case. On this occasion Maurice saw his cousin and her young escort into the cab which was to take them to Claridge's, and while he held the door of the cab half open in his hand he proffered the modest request that if Judy were meditating a visit to River Street he might be permitted to accompany her and Jack thither.

"I am going down to-morrow early," said Judy. "Jack is to escort me to St. Mary's, Whitechapel, where I am to be handed over to Martha. You don't know Martha. I must tell you all about her and Mary. I am to be there till the afternoon, when Jack is to come for me."

"May I come too?" Maurice Evelyn asked, including Jack in his air of entreaty. "After we have handed you over to Martha, Winstanley and I could amuse ourselves together for the day. I happen to be off duty with your father, who is in Major Winstanley's hands to-morrow. Then we shall come to fetch you together?"

Jack growled in a deep young voice, assumed in order to conceal his natural silver treble, that he would be very glad to have Evelyn's society for the day; and so it was settled.

Judy had a delightful day. It was a clear, soft, exhilarating winter morning, when a west wind roamed about the black streets and met one at corners with a suggestion of the country and the spring.

The journey from Charing Cross to Whitechapel is not exactly an exhilarating one; but Judy felt quite gay as she made the journey with her smartly dressed escorts, who were to bloom on the dingy Whitechapel platform like flowers in a grimy street. The morning paper had brought good news to Judy concerning Major Lindley. "Making rapid progress to complete recovery," ran the bulletin, and the words sang themselves in Judy's heart.

Martha was standing square and reliable on the platform when the train rolled in. Her blue eyes expressed a modest admiration of Judy's escorts.

Maurice Evelyn looked her over for an instant, lifting his hat as he did so with a courtesy that won him Martha's heart.

"You are quite sure," he said, pleasantly, "that you can take care of this very precious young lady?"

"I wish I was as sure of Heaven, sir," Martha responded fervently.

However, he insisted on putting them both in a hansom, in which Martha confessed that she felt like a queen.

She craned her neck to look back at the elegantly attired figures as the cab moved off.

"Beautiful they are, Miss Judy," she said. "I don't know that I've seen more beautiful young gentlemen since I last laid eyes on the MacNamara's sons at home in Kiltrasna. Not but what Master Gerald's yellow curls used to stick out through a hole in his straw hat, and Master Emon's knickerbockers had patches in the knees of them that the Madam—Lord rest her!—had put there herself. Still, they were the great ould blood, an' I fell to thinkin' o' them as soon as I saw your young gentlemen, Miss Judy."

"The elder is my cousin," Judy explained, "the younger is a great friend of mine with whom I used to play all sorts of wild pranks when I was younger. I couldn't tell you all the mischief he led me into, Martha—or perhaps it was I led him into it."

"See that now!" said Martha. "And he looks as if he stepped out of a band-box this minute! Master Gerald and Master Emon never could keep themselves that clane: sure they wor always tumbling into the water or out of it, or down in the dirty gripes otter-huntin', or sittin' wid their feet in bog-holes lookin' for shootin' wild duck. They couldn't be expected to be clane. Still, they looked the hoight o' grandeur always."

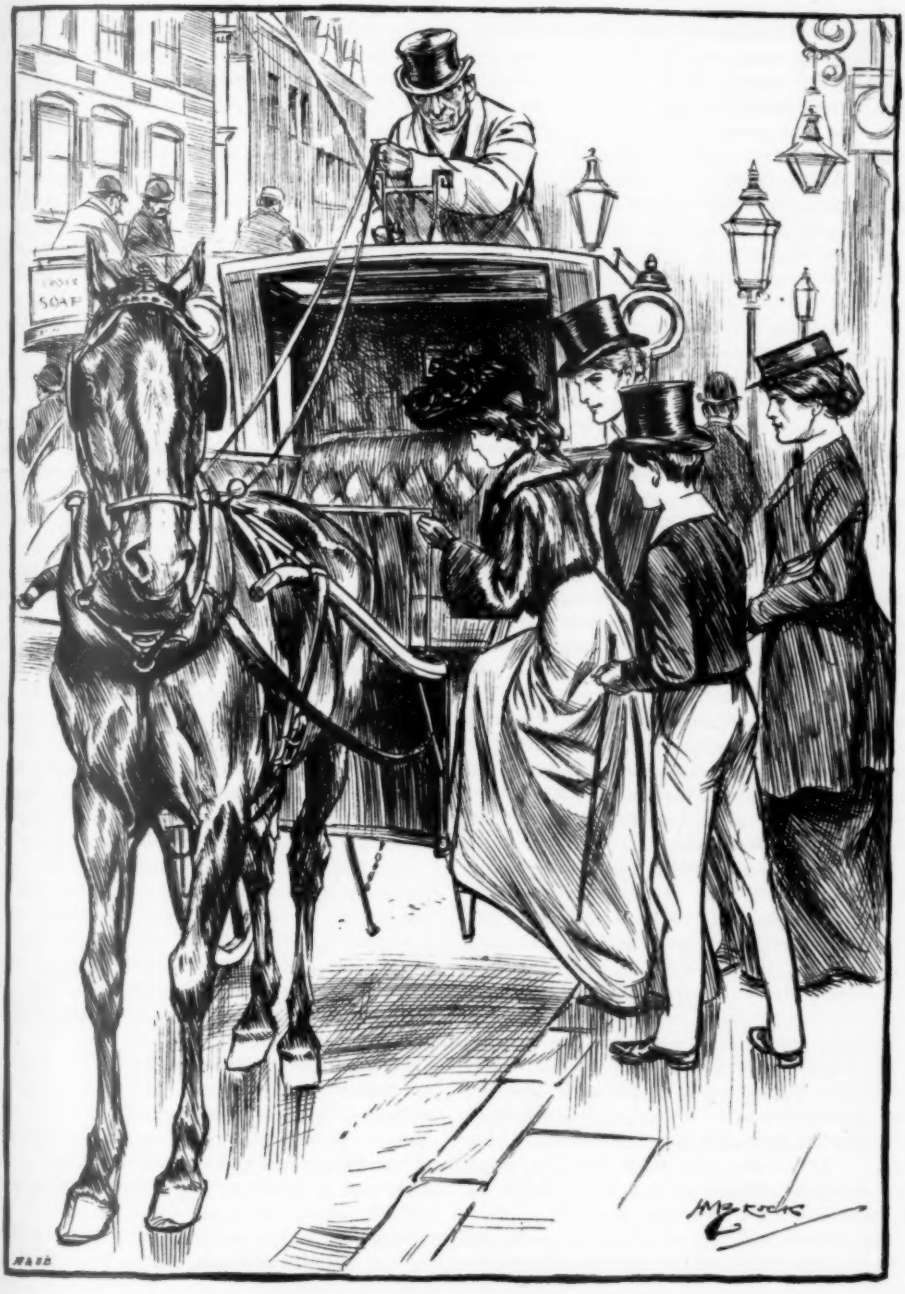
"I've seen that young gentleman quite as dirty as the MacNamara's sons could be," Judy said, laughing. "But tell me how Mary is."

"Sure she's a bit dawny, Miss Judy. I do be tellin' her 'tis a shame for her to be wantin' to go back, seeing all that's done for us. Sure she's not ungrateful, the crature, though I do be scoldin' her to put the heart in her. But sometimes when she's bad with the pain she keeps sighin' an' moanin' for the mountains an' the smell o' the say. 'Twas a poor little place enough we had there; but you'd think it was Heaven to hear her talk whin she's bad."

Judy looked thoughtful.

"You'd never think of going back, Martha?" she asked.

"Sure how would we go, Miss Judy? We've put nothing by. Anything she can spare, and that isn't much, she gives away. Even if we could manage the tickets, I'd be afeard to take her unless I'd a bit saved. I often thought I'd like to start a little bit of a shop over there; an' I could mind it, an' Mary could



"He insisted on putting them both in a hansom."

have the parlour behind, an' a bit o' garden, an' a view o' the mountains. I mind a little spot in Kiltrasna I'd like to have. It had a big window. But sure, maybe it's gone out of it now. 'Tis twenty years since we left it."

Judy had much to tell the Duchess—so much that her time for visiting her humble friends was short. She found Mary indeed looking thinner than when last she had seen her, though that would hardly have seemed possible, and with the hectic of pain brighter in her hollow cheeks.

"I'm thinking," she said, "Miss Judy, that when the Lord calls me He'll be giving me leave to pass over Kiltrasna on my way home. Did you never hear that the soul travels just before death, and goes visitin' the places it loved best in life? So they say in Ireland, anyway. I do feel that if I only smelt the heather and the say 'tis well I'd be getting. You get the hunger on you sometimes, no matter how you battle against it."

"You'll excuse my ould plain, queer ways, Miss Judy," she said again, almost in a whisper as they parted; "but Martha has been ravin' about the beautiful young gentleman that came with you. There was two of them, I believe, but only one grown up. Martha thought—you'll excuse us, Miss Judy, for making so bold as to talk about you—that the young gentleman loved the ground you walked on. I did hear, dearie, something about your being promised to a gentleman out at the war; but I suppose it was a mistake. Anyhow, may God bless the young gentleman that loves our Miss Judy!"

Judy went away with two very bright cheeks, to find the Duchess entertaining Maurice Evelyn and Jack Winstanley, and apparently greatly pleased with her visitors. She had heard from Mr. Trafford, Maurice's East End friend, about him, and had been prepared to like him cordially. Indeed, at the last she drew Judy apart, and, taking her face between her hands as she was fond of doing, she looked down into Judy's eyes, which met hers less frankly than usual.

"He is bonny and good, little Judy," she said. "And I am sure there was the finger of God in that first meeting. Don't keep him in suspense longer than you need."

Judy said nothing at all, but permitted herself to be kissed, and then went off with her escort.

On the way back in the train Judy told them all about Martha and Mary, and had hardly finished her tale when they had reached Charing Cross, for one thing led to another, and Judy was a good story teller, especially when inspired by a sympathetic audience.

On the following Monday, which was Christmas Eve, they all travelled down to Stannington together, the Winstanleys as well. As Lady Mary was lifted on her litter into the carriage she held out her hand to Judy.

"The operation is fixed for the first week in the new year," she announced joyously. "The next time I travel down I shall walk into the train and out of it, Judy, please God."

"Please God!" echoed Judy.

Mr. Maurice Evelyn had brought down a prodigious number of packages with him. The contents of some Judy knew already to be gifts for so many of her friends on the Village Green who were also his friends. Indeed, she had assisted to choose them. The postman's small boy earned a handsome sum the next morning by going round with a handcart distributing the things; and if you will call to see Mrs. Foulser, at the Green Dragon, you will still see the fine silk shawl which is so warm and so good that it seems never likely to wear out. There was a microscope for gloomy Mr. Jupp at the post-office, who had scientific tastes, and had become much less gloomy of late; and a volume of Mr. Gladstone's speeches for Stocks, the postman, that ardent Radical; and Longfellow's poems for Miss Stone, the dressmaker; and sweets for all the children; and fat hampers for some of the poorest people; and smart caps for the old women in the almshouses.

Nor had one of the servants at the Red House been forgotten, nor any of the family. The exquisite Venetian glass table decoration was just the thing Mrs. Evelyn needed, for since they had become so gay it had been borne in on her that her table was a little bit early Victorian. And the very latest make of gun for Mr. Evelyn. And the flounce of exquisite old lace for Mabel, and the little daintily jewelled watch for Bertha. Both young ladies confessed with a little sigh of pleasure that it was pleasant to have a cousin as rich and as generous as Maurice. The young man lived and breathed in an atmosphere of good will.

But what had he selected for Judy? Wrapped up in Judy's table-napkin that Christmas morning there was a thin envelope containing something that rustled within a sheet of notepaper. The enclosure was a Bank of England

note for a hundred pounds. On the sheet of paper was written, "From Papa and Cousin Maurice to Judy, the money to send Mary and Martha back to Kiltrasna."

"The fellow was right," Mr. Evelyn said afterwards to his wife, "when he said that Judy would derive more pleasure from that than from anything else we could give her. Did you see her face? My Judy has beaten your girls, after all, ma'am. She is handsomer than her sisters."

Mrs. Evelyn smiled indulgently.

"Judy has grown very pretty," she said. "The child has improved beyond my wildest hopes."

"I never thought she was in much need of improvement. There is someone who shares my fond partiality for Judy. Here is something to appeal to you, Helen, with your sense of delicacy which in my bad moments I have called fantastic. Maurice is head over ears in love with the child. He will say nothing till Lindley comes home or writes, and Judy's engagement is formally ended."

"It is what I should have expected from Maurice."

"Judy will give you your favourite son-in-law. There are few men to whom I could give Judy willingly. Perhaps no one but Maurice. I expect we shall soon be an old couple alone, Helen."

"We shall have each other," said Mrs. Evelyn, turning and kissing her husband, with the unexpected and beautiful impassionedness of a woman who has always passed for cold

CHAPTER XXII.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

MAURICE EVELYN'S Christmas gift to Miss Meredith had been a set of Tennyson, her favourite poet, in a tiny case, with lock and key of its own.

But one afternoon of mid-January Judy, paying her a visit in her room, found her weeping over a far different present. It was an ingenious little model, made up in seashells and cardboard, of Captain Kennet's house and garden, the latter made with silver-sand for the paths and fine little mosses for the grassy lawn, one of the quaint things the sailor man takes delight in fashioning.

"He says he has spent his evenings doing it for me," said Miss Meredith, wiping her wet eyes. "I've been wondering what kind of a Christmas he's had, poor Willie! He has been all alone. That ungrateful wretch Susy took her baby up to exhibit it to her husband's people in Sunderland, and never thought of her poor old father. He says he wishes he had me to"—Miss Meredith laughed a little hysterically—"to mix his glass!"

Judy looked at her very severely.

"I'm glad you're coming to your senses, Janet Meredith," she said. "Do you know I haven't been able to feel the same about you since you turned your back on Willie?"

"I know you haven't." Miss Meredith's eyes became watery again. "I haven't been able to feel the same about myself. I don't know how I was so unkind to the poor fellow. To think of him sitting by his lonely fire, and the sea-gulls crying about the house! Yet it was for love of you all, Judy, especially for love of your dear mother and of you. Who was going to look after your pretty things, I'd like to know? Of course, it's Sutton's business; but Sutton has all she can do to look after Mabel and Bertha. They are rather selfish about her, I must say."

"For the matter of that," said Judy, "I'll have Sutton entirely to myself presently; but, anyhow, those things are all unessential. Your duty is to Willie."

"It has been borne in on me," said Miss Meredith, a light breaking through the clouds of her face. "I have been thinking about it for some time, but I really didn't feel that I could write. It seemed such a forward thing to do. And I don't know what to say."

Judy laughed.

"Never mind, Merry dear," she said. "I will write the letter for you, and you shall copy it."

She found paper and pen and ink, and began to write.

"My Dear Willie,—I have changed my mind, and will come to take care of you whenever you like,—Your loving "Jeanie."

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't," cried Miss Meredith. "Think of how my whole life would be altered! And perhaps I shouldn't find I cared for him, after all."

"He may be ill, you hard-hearted woman," Judy said sternly. "He may be dying, for all you know, a lonely man with no one to call a doctor if he were suddenly taken ill in the night."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said Miss Meredith piteously. "I'll do whatever you like, but

don't bring up such dreadful pictures. I think it is you who are hard-hearted, Judy. There, I will write; and then you'd better take it away and post it, or I'll be wanting it back again."

"You shan't have it," said Judy. "I'll post it the minute it's written. There—what are you hesitating over?"

She went back into the house slowly, and laid all the other letters on the hall table. Then, with a furtive look about her to see if anyone was likely to interrupt her, she went on to her father's study.

The lamp was lit, but there was no one there. Her father and Maurice Evelyn were out shooting the very last of the pheasants.



"'I loved you from the very first,' he said."

"Over 'very loving,'" said Miss Meredith, blushing hotly. "It doesn't seem quite suitable to—Willie's age and mine, and all that."

"Put it down," said Judy remorselessly.

Miss Meredith did, and Judy pocketed the letter. Just as she reached the hall door she heard Stocks's fine rat-tat at the outer gate, and going across the courtyard received the letters herself.

There was one that made her heart leap up. The handwriting was Major Lindley's.

Standing by the table, she tore open the letter and held it in the little circle of lamplight. She took in the contents almost at a glance. There was not much of them:

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—I could never forgive myself for the blunder if it had hurt you. As it is, I set you free, Judy, and accept my own freedom at your hands. I shall be on the sea before this reaches you. God bless you, little Judy. I shall never forget your

sweetness and magnanimity.—Your devoted friend, "Philip Lindley."

So Philip was not angry, not quixotic or foolish in any way. He was coming home to Miss Rosamund, and he had given Judy her freedom. She kissed the letter in a kind of ecstasy—she was going to be awfully fond of Philip for ever and ever—thrust it into the bosom of her frock, and went out. She must not have poor Willie's fateful letter late for the post.

As she stepped through the postern on to the road the last watery gleam of sunset was dying in the west. It was very dark under the trees, so that she almost knocked up against someone.

"Maurice!"

"Judy!"

"Where is papa?"

"With Mr. Neville, discussing some question of church restoration. We met Mr. Neville, and your father turned back with him. Where are you going to in the dark like this, Judy?"

"To post a momentous letter."

"Your own?"

"Miss Meredith's. I will tell you in confidence, Maurice, that she has made up her mind to accept an old and faithful lover."

"Ah! I am glad of that. Old and faithful lovers are not to be lightly thrown over."

They went into the post-office for stamps. Jupp, who was a privileged person with Judy, came forward and hoped there was good news of the Major. He begged to be excused for noticing that Miss Judy had had a letter from him in his own handwriting.

"Yes," said Judy steadily, although her heart was thumping against her side. "He is on the sea. He will soon be at home once more."

She handed in Miss Meredith's letter, and she and Maurice turned and left the post-office, which was also one of the village's three general shops. The gleam in the west had become rose colour, and the clouds were breaking up, giving promise of a beautiful after-sunset. The January wind blew like April. In the velvety shadows of the great trees lights were coming out in cottage panes. A mystery of darkness and silence brooded under the long avenue of elms that was the high road.

"Come and sit on the Cripple's Seat," Maurice said. "I want you to tell me about that letter. Come!"

He took her hand that was cold and trembling, and did not relinquish it. The west had broken into a shower of curled rose leaves, a splendour of roses and fire, as they walked along under the trees. It was short and splendid. By the time they came to the seat known as the Cripple's Seat, built around a great tree-trunk by some kind soul for the tired traveller, the glory had turned to ashes of roses. The Green was dark at their feet. Beyond it the waters of a little pond glimmered coldly. Over against them the hill shadowed the north-western sky.

"What was in the letter?" Maurice Evelyn asked in a whisper.

"He gives me my freedom," Judy whispered back.

"Your freedom to be mine?" said the lover in an impassioned voice.

"To be yours," sighed Judy, as she felt his arm steal about her.

"I loved you from the very first," he said.

"And I you. Ah, it was wicked of me, seeing that I was an engaged girl; but I could not help it, indeed I could not help it. I went away to fight it. Then I found out that I had taken another woman's place through a mistake."

"I know, beloved, I know. Your father told me. It has cost me something to be silent all the weeks since then."

"It was like you to be silent. You could not have done anything else."

"I thought to have had a longer probation. What a fairy tale it is, in which everything ends happily!"

"They will be so glad," sighed Judy blissfully. "Papa never wanted the other engagement. I think—I believe he wanted to keep me for you. And mother will approve. It will be something altogether delightful for mother to approve."

"I thought my dear old uncle's intention would have been frustrated," Maurice said happily. "In fact, when I came down last summer I was in an odd frame of mind, for I was head over ears in love with a fair damsel to whose rescue I had come in the East End. You remember, Judy? I was determined not to marry one of my cousins before I had found out the lady. Trafford was to discover for me which of the Duchess's helpers she was."

"How surprised you must have been when you saw me!"

"I fell to blessing Cousin Peter's will. You

can imagine what a facer it was when I discovered your engagement."

"Never mind," said Judy, "it is all over."

"You will marry me, Judy—— ?"

"When Major Lindley and Miss Rosamund are married. Not till then."

* * * * * *

All this happened a long time ago, and Judy Evelyn has been a wife for five years, and is a charming young matron with a nursery of her own, from which she is not distracted even by the claims of society, fashionable and political, by which she is much sought. For Maurice Evelyn has entered Parliament, where he has made a very creditable figure. His chief, Major Winstanley, always says he would do more than creditably if he could forget that he is a country gentleman. But this is something he and Judy never forget, and it is to be feared that the green pastures call these two in a way that will not be denied, so that Maurice has but half his heart in his Parliamentary career.

However, as Judy says, you couldn't expect little Stannington to produce two statesmen; and Major Winstanley is quite sufficient cause of pride to the countryside. No one looking at his beautiful, dark-eyed wife, as she receives Cabinet Ministers and Princes of the Blood, and all manner of famous people, could believe that she had lain for years on a sofa an apparently hopeless invalid. People have been found to admire Lady Mary Winstanley as much or more than the beautiful Mrs. Mountford, who is her attached friend and rival as a great political hostess.

Jack Winstanley is at Oxford, and is going in for the Foreign Office. He is as proud of his beautiful mother as of his distinguished father; and has long forgiven Judy for throwing him over a second time. In fact, he says that he means now to marry Judy's daughter, a child like a brown pansy, who is the delight of her grandparents.

Miss Meredith's marriage turned out very happily. It is to be questioned now if she ever remembers that Willie has a bald head; she sees it with a halo of light upon it. And as for his plain manner of speaking, why, Willie's speech is golden to his wife, no matter what he says. Judy declares that Merry is spoilt, and that no husband of the younger generation ever would wait on his wife hand and foot as Captain Kennet does on his—which is, perhaps, only to provoke her own husband to defend himself. Captain Kennet's attitude to his wife is certainly one full of awe and wonder that such a delicate creature should ever have fallen into his rough hands.

The Lindleys at the Manor House are the most stay-at-home people of all. Major Lindley's health after his South African campaign was such as to induce him to give up the Army and settle down at home. The Manor House Park and its few outlying farms may not be much of a property; but Mr. Neville actually did give his sister-in-law a dowry of £10,000, which helped things considerably, and Major Lindley has the strongest interest in nursing the property for the sake of his son and heir whose advent came as a wonderful joy to both his parents. Their world revolves around that small sun of their system.

"Pooh!" says Mr. Evelyn. "Lindley needn't be planning and contriving for that boy. There'll be a pretty plum to fall into his lap when Neville drops off; or sooner, for I don't think Neville is one to keep people waiting on dead men's shoes, and he adores that child."

Judy's sisters' marriages turned out excellently, and the father and mother of such creditable daughters have cause to congratulate themselves. But, after all, though Mrs. Evelyn is on the most affectionate of terms with her two elder daughters, she has discovered that the richest and rarest nature of the three is Judy's.

"I always told you so," says her husband.

"Yet as a child she was so wild, so undisciplined."

"It is the way of some things to be wild, Helen. Your other girls are pretty, prim garden flowers. Judy is the wild rose, growing her own sweet way."

"But I pruned her," says Mrs. Evelyn, smiling faintly. "I directed her, I taught her to control herself."

"Anyhow, the result is excellent," her husband replies; "and it takes all sorts, Helen, to make a garden."

[THE END.]

THE HIGHER MOTIVES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

By the Ven. Archdeacon Wynne, D.D.

EVERY good man is glad of a new argument for the truth, a new motive for duty. We are so fashioned that we are less impressed by familiar than by unaccustomed things. The most thrilling story, when repeated for years, ceases to stir our emotions, and the familiar voice of one who has been our pastor for twenty years may affect us less than that of a strange preacher.

And hence we are grateful when, in the wise guidance of Him Who has all His children in His great school, He keeps in reserve, and brings forth in comparatively later periods of the Christian life, some of His best pleas for righteousness. It is one of the joys of advancing Christian life to have new lights flashed on truth and duty. A certain staleness may have —for we are weak—begun to attach to some of the familiar motives for obedience and activity. Our *habits*, indeed, continue to carry us along, even when our feelings have diminished in force. Habit will lead the Christian to obedience without feeling, just as it leads the careless man to sin without the presence of any direct temptation. The boat has, as it were, "got way on her," and glides on for a space under the unexhausted influence of a past breeze. But it is very helpful when a new, gentle current springs up from a fresh quarter and brings an unexpected and joyful help to progress.

You may have noticed how our Lord thus comes sometimes to the help of His faithful disciples, when they have begun to find the temptation to apathy within, and indifference to others, growing rather dangerous, or when the interest they had felt in their own spiritual progress slackens for a while because their religious life has been a little monotonous and without any excitement.

When certain great and familiar motives to do our duty to others have lost, not indeed their force, but some of their freshness—and these motives, for the very reason that all Christians know them so well, I do not here stay to recite —it may be a help to some to have their attention drawn to two thoughts not often urged on young Christian people, which St. Paul in one of the writings of his later life, pressed on his readers in a church which he had himself built up from its foundation.

It is easily seen in most of his epistles that the earlier part is doctrinal and the later part practical, and that the truths in the one are relied on as giving force to the exhortations in the other. The connection is usually made with the word "wherefore." (See Romans xii. 1; Col. ii. 6, iii. 1; 1 Thess. iv. 1.)

In the Epistle to the Ephesians the Apostle, in the wealth of his eloquence and his urgency, approaches the practical side more than once, as in chap. iii. 1; iv. 1, 17. But he is called off from his purpose as one after another fresh truths rise in his mind, fresh pleas suggest themselves. At length, however, there emerges —almost, as it would seem, incidentally and unintentionally—the truth of the unity of Christ's people as one body under one Head, Christ Himself. And this thought—already partly familiar, perhaps, to his readers, as it formed the subject of a forcible passage in his earlier letter to Corinth (1 Cor. xii.)—brings him into a new and elevated region, as there opens before him the glowing prospect of a new motive for the practice of duty towards our fellow-men—the mutual relationship among the members of the Body of Christ.

He becomes more and more absorbed as he is borne on by new waves of thought, in the boundless possibilities of holiness arising from the social relation in the Christian Church. He sees here more clearly than he ever did before the most potent motive for the relative duties of Christians. You will see how he by degrees leads his readers to the point attained in Ephesians iv. 16—a magnificent verse. And in completing that fine argument he reaches a hill-top, whence suddenly there breaks upon his view a wide prospect of the splendid fertility of the new land in which all the fruits of devotion to Christ and love to man may grow. It is a motive and guide which has been held in reserve, save so far as it is touched on in general terms in the passage I have referred to in 1 Corinthians. But now St. Paul sees that he has here before him a fresh incentive to mutual duties, which is capable of being unfolded in attractive detail, and applied to many forms of life. How far it was a new discovery on his part, or a result of an evolutionary

process, of which an earlier stage is met with in that earlier epistle, we cannot tell; but that it is likely to come as a new motive to the advancing Christian, and be superadded to the already familiar and more elementary motives by which he has long been urged, is very certain.

To what motive do I refer? You will see it clearly by reading, in the light of the sixteenth verse, verses 25 to 32 of this fourth chapter of Ephesians. The introductory "wherefore" is resumed, after several tentative beginnings of practical suggestions, and now this new motive s added, with all the force of a new and sublime truth, to the well-known simpler pleas for goodness.

"You are," he says, "all members one of another." In a society united for any purpose, loyalty and mutual help, mutual self-sacrifice, are conditions of the well-being of the society. In the human frame every member is the servant of, and is in some sense served by, every other; and not one exists or discharges its functions for itself alone. Let the thought of any human brotherhood, and, even more, the thought of the mutual relationships within the human body, give you a new clue and a new motive to social right-living and to the victory over selfishness. Of this he takes several examples in detail, and refers to lying, to anger, to stealing, to foul language, and to quarrelling, as among the great social sins from which he would deliver his readers. And his method, in the light of the doctrinal part of this chapter, is the same in all. First, the sin is discredited, as being a sin against the law of membership in one body; it is as though the eye cheated or deceived the hand or foot, or the mouth fed on that which would poison the brain, or stop the heart's beating. Loyalty to the other members of the body, loyalty in each case to that one member whom we are tempted to wrong, loyalty to the *whole*, must forbid, by a new and powerful plea, the wrong action.

You will see, more or less clearly, in St. Paul's manner of dealing with each of these sins in this place, the urging of a *motive* and the teaching of a *rule*. Neither of these has been as prominently taught before. The motive is drawn from the *realisation, as a practical thing, of the union of believers in one living body;* the rule is that *a temptation to do wrong is best resisted by the resolute doing of some definite action in the opposite direction.* Weigh these two thoughtfully, and you will see that the Apostle, in this advanced teaching, grasps great principles which are of wide application. There is no sin against others which does not look doubly evil when you see it as a sin against the unity of the Body of Christ. There is no better way to avoid going in a wrong direction than energetically to move in a right direction.

Now see how these two principles, the motive and the rule, are applied. In verse 25 observe that, to speak truth to our neighbour, to use the tongue positively to impress truth and advance the knowledge of it, is the cure for speaking falsely. It is a definite incursion into a totally different field; and our neighbour is more than a separate, isolated individual living near; so he adds, "For we are members one of another." This is the ruling thought of the whole chapter, and is to be borne in mind till its close.

Stealing, in verse 28, is discredited, and rendered impossible in the like manner. Instead of taking the property of another, diligent labour is to be undertaken to enable you to have that out of which you may supply his wants. "He who needeth" is as much to be supplied as yourself, because of this membership. In a well-ordered family, each member is really concerned that the others should be fed, clothed, and warmed; and failing these, he could not enjoy these comforts himself.

Foul language (verse 29), corrupting others, is banished, not by mere silence, but by speech directly designed to edify, purify, and strengthen the spiritual life of that other with whom you live as a fellow-member, whose holiness and purity are your concern.

And finally (verse 31), bitterness and quarrelling are to be banished by active kindness to one another. Mutual happiness and union among the members of Christ are to be aimed at by all; and as light drives darkness away by its own power and the darkness is not first removed that the light may be able to enter in, so quarrellings among friends and neighbours are to be ended, and will be ended, by a common realisation that our membership demands active service of each other, and the discharge of all kindly offices; while, if they are present, the hateful feeling of rivalry, jealousy, and the sole pursuit of individual interests will disappear.

Those Christian people who most fully enter into these two principles, will be the makers of peace and the levers by which Christian society will surely be raised to a continually higher level under the teaching of the Holy Spirit of God.

XUM

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

APRIL 17TH.—**Jesus Transfigured.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark ix.* 2—13.

POINTS. 1. Christ in communion with God.
2. Christ the beloved Son of God.
3. Christ to suffer, and die, and rise again.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Communion with God.** There was every morning during Charles George Gordon's first sojourn in the Soudan one half-hour during which there lay outside his tent a handkerchief, and the whole camp knew the full significance of that small token, and most religiously was it respected by all there, whatever was their colour, creed, or business. No foot dared to enter the tent so guarded. No message, however pressing, was carried in. Whatever it was, of life or death, it had to wait until the guardian signal was removed. Everyone knew that God and Gordon were alone in there together. (*Bishop of St. Albans.*)

Honouring Christ. Theodosius the Great, of the fourth century, at one time so far favoured the Arians, who denied the divinity of Christ, as to let them open their places of worship. Soon afterwards he made his son, a youth of sixteen, an equal partner of the throne with himself. Public notice was given of the event, and the noblemen and bishops of the Empire came on an appointed day to pay homage to the Emperor and his son. Among the number was an aged bishop who had suffered much under the Arian persecution. He made a handsome address to the Emperor, and was about to take his leave, when Theodosius exclaimed, "What! do you take no notice of my son? Do you not know that I have made him partner with myself in the Empire?" Upon this, the good old bishop went up to the young man, and putting his hand upon his head, said, "The Lord bless thee." The Emperor, roused into rage at this apparent neglect, said: "What, is this all the respect you pay to a prince whom I have made of equal dignity with myself?" Upon this the bishop, with the grandeur of an angel and the dignity of an apostle, looking the emperor in the face, indignantly said: "Sire, do you so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son because I do not give him equal honours with yourself? What must the eternal God think of you who have allowed His co-eternal and co-equal Son to be degraded from His proper divinity in every part of your empire?"

Christ Suffered for Us. A Roman servant, knowing that his master was sought for to be put to death, clothed himself in his master's garments that he might be taken for him. He was taken, and put to death in his master's stead, in memory of which his master caused a brass statue of him to be erected, as a grateful monument of his servant's fidelity and affection. What monument of loving gratitude should not Christians erect in their hearts and lives for Jesus Christ, Who, when we lay condemned to eternal death, came down from heaven and died to effect our salvation? "For a good man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth His love to us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

APRIL 24TH.—**The Mission of the Seventy.**

Passage for reading—*St. Luke x.* 1—16.

POINTS. THEIR OFFICE. 1. To be messengers of peace.
2. To proclaim pardon and the love of God.
3. To warn the unrepentant.

ILLUSTRATIONS: **How Peace is Found.** In the reign of Henry VIII. there was a young student at Cambridge named Bilney. He became deeply anxious about his soul. Fasts, penances, and other observances were prescribed for him, but with no result. He could not find peace. But he became possessed of a copy of the New Testament, and shut himself up in his room to study it. As he read the book he came to the words, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." He laid down the book to think on what he had read. He thus states the result: "This one sentence through God's inward teaching did so rejoice my heart, being before almost in despair, that I soon found peace. Jesus Christ saves! yes, Jesus Christ saves!" From that time he became a preacher of those glad tidings, and at last he suffered martyrdom.

Christ's Pardon. A man was once being tried for a crime, the punishment of which was death. The witnesses one by one testified to his guilt, but there he stood quite calm and unmoved. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty." When the judge was passing the sentence of death upon the criminal, he told him how surprised he was that he could be so unmoved in the prospect of death. When the judge had finished, the man put his hand in his bosom, and pulled out a document, and walked out of the dock a free man. For it was a free pardon from his King which he had in his pocket all the time. That was why he could be so calm. It was by the King's orders that he produced the pardon only after he was condemned. The same it is which will make us joyful in the day of judgment. We who believe we have got a pardon from the great King, and it is sealed with the blood of His Son. (*Moody.*)

Compassion for Sinners. Robert Flockhart was a street preacher in Edinburgh in the last century. Every evening, in all weathers and in spite of many persecutions, did this brave

man continue to speak in the streets for forty-seven years! Let workers for God think of that, and never be discouraged. When he was tottering to his grave the old soldier was still at his post. "Compassion for the souls of men drove me," he said, "to the streets and lanes of my native city to plead with sinners and bring them to Christ. It was the love of Christ which constrained me." Nothing could move him. He rebuked error in plain terms, and preached the Kingdom of Christ with all his might. "Well done, good and faithful servant."

MAY 1ST.—**Prayer and Promise.**

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xi.* 1—13.

POINTS. PRAYER. 1. Must be in earnest.
2. Must include God's honour and man's needs.
3. Receives abundant answer.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Spontaneous Prayer.** "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name . . . Thy will be done." What else can we say? The other night in my ceaseless tossings about, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind with an altogether new emphasis, as if *written* and shining for me in mild, pure splendour, on the black bosom of the night, when I, as it were, *read* them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that prayer; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an "After this manner pray ye." (*Thomas Carlyle.*)

Prayer and Resignation. Lord Bolingbroke once asked Lady Huntingdon how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings with absolute resignation to Divine will. "Very easily," answered her ladyship; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch of whose kindness and wisdom I had the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be, 'I wish you to bestow on me such a favour; but your Majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the granting of it entirely to you.'"

Abundant Answer to Prayer. Miss Ellice Hopkins, in her story of Miss Robinson's work among our soldiers at Portsmouth, relates that when the Institute was first projected, Miss Robinson one day went to her, almost in despair at the hopeless aspect of affairs. Opposition to the scheme was strong, and funds were sorely needed. The look-out was dark enough, but the eye of faith pierced the gloom. "We knelt down," says Miss Hopkins, "and prayed that if it was God's will, He would give us the means to stay this flood of iniquity that was sweeping away His work in the Army, and enable us to do the right thing. I fear our faith was not strong enough to ask for more than a few hundreds, but, still, it was the prayer of faith. The answer to that prayer was £15,000."

MAY 8TH.—**Watchfulness.**

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xii.* 35—48.

POINTS. 1. Watchful servants blessed.
2. Watchful servants rewarded.
3. Unfaithful servants punished.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Self-sacrificing Service.** A heathen king who was wounded in battle sent, in his dying hours, for his trusted servant, and said to him, "Go, tell the dead I come." The soldier-servant, without hesitating a moment, drew his sword and stabbed himself to the heart, that he might go to the dead before his master, and prepare them for his coming. Oh, that we had this spirit of service and of sacrifice for the Lord Jesus, the King of Kings! In his last hour on earth He said to all His servants: "Preach the Gospel to every creature"—tell the dead in sin I come to give life.

God Sees to Me. A man in the full strength of his years but most helpless, being very deaf and almost totally blind, is an occasional visitor at our house. The other day, as I talked with the poor fellow, I learned a lesson myself, for the man has wonderful faith. "Have you no fear in going about as you do," I said to him, "in omnibuses and tramcars, and in the public streets?" "I used to have," he said in the soft low voice which contrasts with the way people must shout at him to make him hear; "but I never have now, for God sees to me. I serve God, and He always puts it into somebody's heart to look after me, and I get along right well. Beside that, I can read my Bible, and I find there that hereafter God's servants shall get further blessings, for 'the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped.'"

The Direct Road. Once at a united meeting for prayer, in response to a call for five-minutes addresses, a good brother arose and began to denounce the orthodox doctrine of future punishment for the wicked. There was a future punishment, he admitted, and he would even call it by the old name—hell. But there was, he said, a door in it that could be opened; there was time and opportunity for repentance; there was a possible restoration to happiness for all its citizens. Then he wound up by a challenge to any other brother to disprove what he had said, or to prove the correctness of the ordinary teaching on the subject. Then followed a silence till an aged minister, with hair as white as snow, rose, and slowly and deliberately said: "The brother who last spoke told us of a way to heaven that leads through hell. Those who want to try the road to heaven by way of hell may take it if they choose, but, as for me, I am going to heaven by the direct road, and I strongly advise all others to take the same road too. Let us pray."

"THAT COAT SAVED ME."

By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

YES, ma'am, my story's worth telling. You can't think what a bit of sympathy means to us chaps, even when one's as far astray as I was in those days. My missis had faith that I'd not for ever go on drinking, and she'd try to encourage me when I got depressed like, as I might do when I'd be just coming out of a heavy bout; she'd say—you know there was a deal of talk in those days about the Reform Bill—'You'll be bringing in your self-reform bill, Charlie, see if you don't, as soon as you get a little more sense in your head!' And I'd vow I'd start there and then; but, ah; it was always the same. I kept straight for awhile, then off the line I went again, and for all her kind ways and cheerful manner of making the best of things, I know my wife was nigh upon broken-hearted over me. . . .

"Yes, I'm coming to it. The beginning of the end was my accident. I had a stiffish bit of chimney work at those houses over the way yonder, and somehow slipped one morning as I came down the ladder; and, I don't know, but I suppose my drinking habits had made my bones brittle—anyways, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' my leg was broken.

"They carried me home, as this happened before our hospital was built, and our bit of an infirmary had scant accommodation for accidents, and for six weeks I lay just in that corner there—they brought my bed downstairs, as they thought it a bit more cheerful for me than being in the room above—and it was here the young lady who did the district visiting found me.

"It's a bit hard to confess, but I'm as well to be out with it all. I'd said pretty rough things about this lady, and had behaved badly to her a time or two, when she chanced to call and I was at home. If it had been *me* now, I would never have come in so sweet and forgiving-like as she did the morning after my accident. But there, I should not be telling you this story now if she hadn't been just like these visiting ladies are now, patient-like and kind of overlooking rudeness—like, I take it, a naughty child gets forgiven. She just took me in hand from that first day. Talk!—ah, she could talk! And didn't she make me laugh with her stories! I mind one now she told us. How, at a cottage meeting she was talking to, she thought one woman looked very much moved by what she was saying; she came creeping up a bit nearer and nearer—it was summer-time, you see—until she actually sat with her hand stroking her white skirt. Then, when they'd sung a hymn and the little meeting was over, the woman whispered to the young lady—what do you think? Nothing at all about the serious things she'd been talking about, but just this, 'Your frock would be all the better for a wash. I'm a washer-woman, will you please give me the job?'

"Well, you see, my young lady was very human; she'd laugh over that story, just as my old missis might have done, but she was as earnest as earnest, and could turn things round all in a moment. I remember another of her tales. She had gone to a public-house over the way there, just to ask if they could give her the address of a family who had flitted—for she found the house 'to let,' and no one about—and when the publican's wife had told her what she wanted to know (they were talking in a passage, you see, by a side door), the young lady thought to do a bit of good, and, says she, by way of opening out a serious conversation, 'Where do you go on Sundays?'—meaning church or chapel. The woman answered sharp and quick-like, 'Bless your innocence, Miss, when there are lodgers in a house you can't go to no place of worship. Why, it takes all my time to make the beds and cook the dinners!' Then she added, all in a hurry, 'But if you're thinking of what's to become of me when I die, you needn't call to trouble as I've a better chance of going to Heaven than you have.'

"Then Miss says to her, 'Why, how's that?' and she answered quite complacent-like, 'Because it tells us so in the Bible. Don't it say there that publicans and sinners shall go to Heaven *before the righteous?* Now I take it you're one of the righteous ones, while I'm, you see, the publican.'

"The young lady was all in a hurry to explain that publican in the Bible stood for tax-collector, not a man who kept a public-house, and then if the woman didn't start crying, and as she threw her apron over her head and ran into the house, she said, 'I wish you hadn't told me!

I wish you hadn't told me! I was so comfortable in my mind all along of it!'

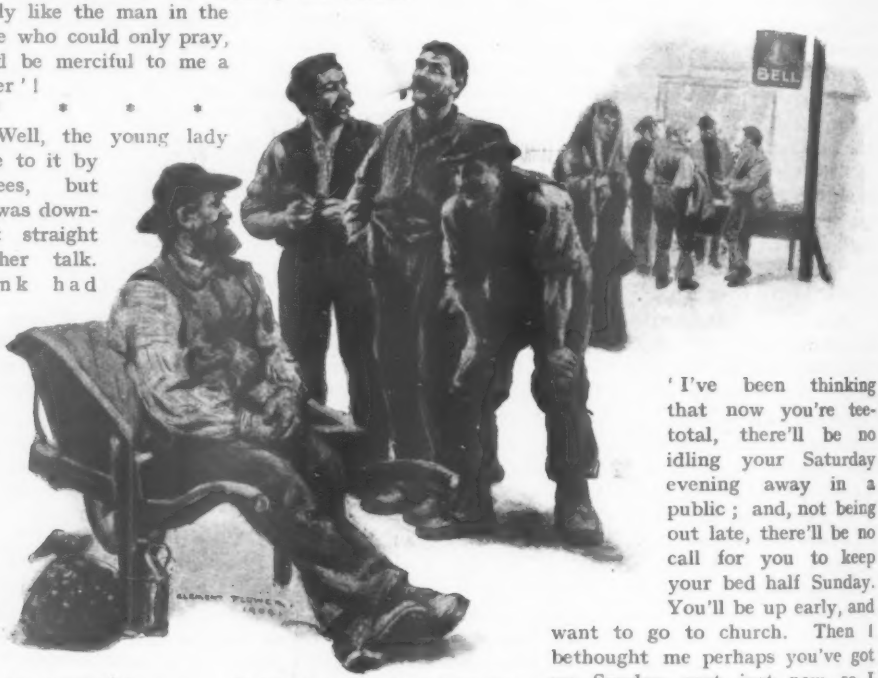
"Well, as I was saying, the lady came most days for a little Bible reading and talk, and I can't help thinking this is the real secret of getting hold of us folks—this one by one looking up. She got me anyhow. First, I was interested in her cheery talk, and her serious bits I let her throw in without objecting, but after a while I liked the earnest bits best; they suited me down to the ground. I'd a restless mind at that time, and felt dissatisfied with my life, and somehow her serious talk helped me to see what was amiss. I certainly felt uncommonly like the man in the Bible who could only pray, 'God be merciful to me a sinner'!

* * * *

"Well, the young lady came to it by degrees, but she was downright straight in her talk. Drink had been my ruin; I must sign the pledge. By this time she had made me ashamed of my past life and very anxious to do better, so I soon signed and felt I had done something to be proud of. My old missis was determined to stand by me, so she chucked her washing-day glass to the winds, and clean turned the drink out of the house. And we talked about all the good things which were going to happen when I got all right again.

"And so the time went on, and I got out a little, and by-and-by was ready to go back to work. The night before I started, me and my missis were sitting over the fire, when I says all of a sudden, 'It's one thing to be teetotal here with nothing to tempt you, but I guess I'll find it hard to say 'No' to-morrow when my workmates offer to stand treat.'

"And scarcely had I got the words out of my mouth than there was a knock at the door. I up quick to answer it, and sure, and who was it calling so late but my young lady! And she says so smart, 'It's you I've come to see, Mr. Moore' (she always called me 'Mister,' and I felt each time as if my self-respect scored one),



"'Let them chaff. . . . I'd learnt a few things from my young lady, I had."

'I've been thinking that now you're teetotal, there'll be no idling your Saturday evening away in a public; and, not being out late, there'll be no call for you to keep your bed half Sunday. You'll be up early, and want to go to church. Then I bethought me perhaps you've got no Sunday coat just now, so I begged the gift of one of my brother's. It's not old, and should fit you well. Will you give me the honour to see it's all right?' And before I knew what she was doing she helped me off with my old jacket, and started trying on the one she'd brought with her.

"'Why, if it had been made for you, it couldn't have been a better fit!' she cried, passing her hand kindly-like down the seams. 'Come, I'm that glad, I can't say all I want to do,' she went on, 'for after the long illness and all our nice reads and talks together, if you'd not made fair start with

your Sabbaths, I think I should have broke my heart.'

"Yes, ma'am, I tell you, it's the sort of sympathy that wins a rough old chap like me. Do you think I didn't remember every word she said, and the coat hanging agin the wall in our best parlour when I went to work next day and mates wanted 'to treat' me? It was nothing else that made me stick to my 'No.' Let them chaff. I'd a reason worth all the chaff in the world which kept me firm. I didn't lose my chance either of ragging them. I'd learnt a few things from my young lady, I had.

"Now what do you think of this? Perhaps you know the figures, ma'am; but my mates were fairly struck back with them. When a master makes a five-pound note out of his woollen mill, three sovereigns has been paid in wages to bring it in, do you see? For making his five pounds' worth, he's paid three pounds for labour. But when the brewer makes five pounds, all he's had to pay in wages to produce it is *five shillings*. Turn all your mills into breweries, and the work-people would die of starvation in no time; but turn all the breweries into mills, and, my! what a prosperous time me and my mates would have.

"Well, I didn't have no drink—not likely with that coat hanging up on that there nail—and when Saturday came there was no old score to be settled up at the public—a tax my week's wage had always had ground out of it before ever my wife fingered my earnings. There was no late drinking and rioting, but early going to bed, like decent folks; and when Sunday morning came, I was that wide awake, I could have laughed for the pleasure of it; and I was like a child when it came to putting on the coat, I was that proud of it.

"Well, well, one thing led to another. Me and my missis, now that we went regular to a place of worship, couldn't be mean like and accept our seats for naught. Parson had to be kept, and while pew-rents went towards the keeping, we weren't going to be out of it; so we took our sittings, and——

"Ah! it's over fifteen years come Michaelmas when we first started walking the new journey. The coat was my 'Sunday best' long after it began to look shabby, but I was loth to change it. I did change it at last, making it my everyday coat when I'd had my bit of wash after I came in from work. When I'd once started it, I liked the feel, and I believe it was along of that that I asked the district lady if she'd step down sometimes of an evening and have a bit of a homely talk with me and my mates. Bless me! why, we've got dozens to a place of worship that way. They had a taste of good things, and wanted more; and I've got half-a-dozen pledge books well-nigh filled with names. No; all didn't keep their pledge, worse luck! but many did, and I take it, all told, there are more than a score of nice, comfortable, well-cared-for, what you might call prosperous homes in this place, that could, if they only knew the beginning and end of things, thank God above for that coat hanging up on that there nail.

"My missis kept it patched as it began to wear, but everyone couldn't tell the reason of my wearing such a mended garment when I was more than well off enough to buy a new one, so I gave it up at last, and pensioned it off like, to spend the rest of its life in peace and quiet by hanging where it could be seen on that door.

"I told you you'd think it a story worth telling, ma'am, when you'd heard it through. I don't know how many dozens of times I haven't been through it all these years. I have a feeling it's got its lesson for a many, perhaps for some of the gentlefolks, who think the poor only value things that cost money. I can tell them that while we can reckon coins up, and calculate their worth, sympathy is beyond reckoning up that way. It's priceless, simply priceless!"

* * * * * *

And because I agree with Charles Moore, I have repeated his story, hoping to bring *i'* a-many" to his way of thinking.

THROUGH SORROW TO JOY

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., Minister of the City Temple, London.

"Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."—ST. JOHN xvi. 22.



THIS text is one of singular beauty and suggestiveness. It is full of sweetness and comfort to those in trouble, and has brought balm to many a wounded heart. It can hardly be necessary to remind you of the special circumstances under which our Lord came to utter these words. He is addressing His disciples at the valedictory meeting in the upper room, and the words are spoken near to the end of that wonderful address, the preparation for which was His own ministry, His own humiliation, and the announcement of His approaching departure. "Because I have said these things," He says to them, "sorrow hath filled your hearts."

There must have been a considerable contrast between the spirit of the disciples as they heard Him speak this sentence and as they entered the upper room after listening to the huzzas in the streets of Jerusalem. The last thing they expected to hear was that Jesus would say good-bye, and now that it came it is no wonder if, as He said, sorrow had filled their hearts. He announces to them, "Ye now have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." Like ourselves, for we are just the same, in every disaster and in every season of extremity, they, including the man who has written them down, forgot all about these words; when the time of danger and tumult actually came, they all forsook Him and fled; they forgot He ever said that He was coming back again, and they forgot, too, the words of comfort and healing that He had spoken before His departure. "I will see you again" meant nothing to them in their moments of terror and despair, when they saw this Jesus of theirs, hitherto regarded as almost omnipotent, taken as a common criminal, bound, scourged, and finally crucified. The sorrow that they had had in the upper room when they heard Him say good-bye was as nothing to the sorrow that came afterwards, when they saw that He meant it, and that, in a death of agony and shame, this ministry that meant so much to them had come to an end. They forgot all about the possibility of that Easter Sunday morning when from the tomb that was unable to hold Him the Christ rose again. They did see Him again; they saw Him in the flesh, the same Jesus, but to them not quite the same.

From that tomb, on the first Easter Sunday morning, there arose something that did not go into it. There arose a higher spiritual experience on the part of those who met the risen Christ; there arose a Christ "with eyes majestic after death"; there arose a Being no longer subject to the limitations of the flesh, the Christ, in all the calm of a conqueror, assured of His victory. The crisis was passed, the cross stood bare, no putrefying corpse thereon, the tomb itself empty. The risen Christ really began the Christianity which we know now as the dispensation of the Comforter, and with that risen Christ, in contact with Him, and listening to His words, but with a great change over their spirits, were these very men who had fled from Him and the men who had sorrowed to hear Him say good-bye in the upper room. Think what it must have meant to realise the fulfilment of His promise! The old joy, the joy of listening to Christ in the upper room and on the hillsides of Galilee, had been a real joy, but it was as nothing to the new. There was

an element of permanency in the new joy which the world could not take away from them. They had the Christ back ; and when, for the second time, He left them, it was with no sorrow that they viewed His departure—they "returned to Jerusalem with great joy." What a change passed over these men ! They went forth now without fear to bonds, imprisonment, to judgment, and to death. They were turned into heroes, these poor, frightened sheep of the Garden of Gethsemane ; and the experience that they had, an experience which nobody could ever rob them of, an experience which made them conquerors, an experience which, put into the words of the Apostle Paul, is that of many a man and woman at the present day as well as then—that to depart and to be with Christ is far better. Though the normal experience of the Christian does not exhaust it, we are not looking forward to a heaven all the time ; there is a life of glory here in the joy which no man can take away.

With this text in mind, I propose to address myself as far as I can to those in trouble, and I am going to attempt a big thing—namely, to leave every one of those whom my words reach, if God's power permit it, helped and comforted. I would like to be enabled to dismiss from your experience every shadow of unhappiness. "Man is born to trouble," we are told, "as the sparks fly upward." Trouble is a universal experience ; it comes to young and old alike ; there is no avoiding some acquaintance with it. Some people are running from trouble all their life, but the man who runs from it usually finds trouble as close to him as his own shadow. Religions and philosophies have come into existence because of it, and professing in some measure to deal with it. Buddhism, professed by 400,000,000 people, came into being because its founder was appalled by the mystery of human suffering, and thought he could find a way, though it was a sad way, out of it all. Stoicism was a philosophy—a philosophy of a certain type of manhood that did great things. What was Stoicism ? A perception of the pain which is latent in all life ; it is a profession of meeting hardness with hardness ; it is a recognition that life is sad, do what you will, and that the best thing you can do is to meet it with undaunted front. To-day, Dowieism, Christian Science, and all movements of that class, have come into existence because men are always looking for some way of escape from the sorrow which besets their pathway. Oh, we cannot get away from it ! It may be that the world is growing more sensitive—sometimes I think it is—but we never get away from, we never outgrow, our experience of pain. As a rule, the higher the sensibilities of a man, the greater is his susceptibility to trouble. Let me survey in demonstration of these statements some typical experiences.

It may be that some man has found his way into this church almost by accident. He hardly knows what he is doing, life has treated him so hardly, and for the time being he feels himself utterly unequal to its problems ; his manhood has deserted him. Now you probably think, sir, as you steal into a corner and try for the time being to forget your troubles in the brightness and the heartiness of this service, that you are altogether unique in what you have to suffer. Do not make any mistake about it. Perhaps next to you sits one who has been through his Garden of Gethsemane, and on the other side of you is one who has been in the valley of the shadow of death. Every man and woman, if he or she has not already come to that experience, finds it waiting for him, knows it will be waiting for her ; by-and-by you will surely come to it.

I speak, for instance, to some old man, who surely knows as much about life as—in all probability more than—the man who ventures to address him, who has found it has operated as he has grown older by a law of diminishing returns. His expectations are unfulfilled. Life came to him once with full hands, offered great things, and now he knows that the prizes were elusive. One by one his friends have passed to the other side ; he cannot adapt himself to new conditions, he lives a battered life. A very small measure of success has been his, many disappointments and defeats, and now he has come to a sad evening. All his days he has been straining after something that he has never obtained. Is it any wonder if such a man should accept the first part of my text, and say, "Yes, this is my experience, sure enough" ? "Ye now therefore have sorrow." Here, too, is a woman, one of a large class, too numerous in this overcrowded country of ours, who has to live a lonely life, to make a brave but apparently unavailing struggle, isolated, against heavy odds, to make a living. It may be that you have never known either husband or children ; perhaps husband and children are in heaven ; no one is particularly responsible for your life, and there is no friend to whom you can go with unfailing certainty of succour.

It is a miserable business to have to deal with a world that is unsympathetic simply and solely because it does not understand. "Ye now therefore have sorrow."

Watch that father or mother of a family in which something has gone wrong, or to which some great distress has come. You do not say anything about it to the world—you are loyal to your own—but the world is saying something about it; you have the miserable feeling that people are whispering about that shadow which has fallen upon your home, and the horror of it is that he who brought that sorrow down is bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. You think with bowed head that life has gone hardly with you in consequence of a wounded love, a shame that cannot be repudiated; and "ye now therefore have sorrow."

Observe that man, the man with a guilty secret that will not let him rest day or night. You would never suspect it. Close to him is another who has suffered a wrong in early life, and never has got over it, and never risen above it. There is the poor fellow who once made a slip and has never recovered from it, and the world is taking care that he never shall.

And then as to the young people, do any of you know what I am talking about when I speak to the experience of those who are of maturer years? Assuredly. In fact, I am coming to the conclusion that some of the most spend-thrift and troublous years of a man's life are those between twenty and thirty, just as often the most dangerous times, and the times when a man oftenest goes wrong, are between forty and fifty. There are young people who never dreamed that they would have to work for their living as hard as they have to do, and endure the vulgar bullying of a man who is without everything essential to the life of the spirit; but for the sake of daily bread they have to bear it. Oh, some of you men and women, for all your exuberant life and light-heartedness and joyousness of spirit, and it is right that you should have these things, sometimes have your heavy hours. Life is a hard business after all, and if it were not for the period of relaxation—in fact, if we stopped to think—we should be inclined to challenge God, and say that He has made His world wrong. "Ye now therefore have sorrow."

Think of those people who have lost friends, fortune, position, reputation. There is a great danger lest they grow hard and bitter—for if sorrow does not achieve its perfect work, it has a way of doing sad mischief in turning men into cynics. To some, it may be, sorrow came but yesterday, like a bolt from the blue. The last thing you looked for was the ruin which has shattered your prospects, blighted your home. Only yesterday, God's face was shining in the morning, but it was hidden at night, and to-day, while we are singing, you are silent. The world seems to be outside of you, and other people are but—

> "A moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round with the sun-illumined lantern held
> In midnight by the Master of the Show."

You are half wondering if you will wake to-morrow, and find that it is all a dream.

This, then, is life. God in heaven must know all about it, that we therefore now, so many of us, have sorrow, and have had it, and look to having it again. What have I to say to that enormous problem? This: Here is Somebody who apparently knew what He was talking about. I often feel, when reading the New Testament, that one great apologetic for the truth as it is in Jesus is to observe how far He was able to see right down to the root-springs of human nature. If Christ had been a sunny-hearted optimist, who could not see anything wrong at all until He came to Calvary, it would be a poor thing for our religious life to-day. But He was not that. He had His joy, and even in that hour and article of death, in the very shadow of Gethsemane, He said: "That My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." They were getting the scourge and the ropes and the nails ready at that very moment, and He knew it. If Christ had ignored the terrible problem, the ever-present tragedy of human experience, we should have said that we could not listen to Him, because He did not know life as it comes to us. But did not He? Ah, yes, He did. When Christ came into touch with pain, He tried to turn it into peace. He exacted no conditions when He did a kindness that was to restore happiness to a human heart. "Weep not," He said to the mother sobbing by the bier of the dead son. So often He bade people dry their tears, and He enforced no theological lesson when He put forth His power that it might be so. If Christ, again, had died on Calvary cursing God and saying, "I have lived a pure and a noble life, and it has failed," we could have had no message of comfort; but thousands of congregations assemble Sunday by Sunday just because Christ's last word upon the cross was not,

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" but, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." He bowed His head, and died. That is why I come with confidence to you, and take His words, and repeat them as if He were here to speak them. So He is; the voice of Christ shall speak within your hearts, so that you may appropriate His words. "Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

There is a joy of this world, remember—the mere joy of living. I like to look on trees and flowers, and they give me a happiness that I cannot analyse. Every lover of Nature will say that Nature talks to him; it has the power of imparting joy to us. We are able to take from beauty and from grace of form, from light and colour and sound, a happiness that ministers both to pleasure and to profit. But we know how the shadow can fall. Is there no higher joy than even the best that we can get from Nature? Assuredly; and I would that every man who does not now know it would partake of that joy, and do it speedily. It is a joy that the world cannot give and cannot take away. "Ye now therefore have sorrow"—that means the world's joy has failed. "I will see you again"—God's face shines radiantly upon us. When we feel ourselves taken up into fellowship with the great heart of the All-Father, when we feel the reality and the presence of the divine, and when we respond thereto with our own highest, there comes a joy which is not of earth. That is a light, it is true; but it is the light that never was on sea or land. I speak that I do know; I am not making this up because it happens to be appropriate pulpit language. It is true, and there are those, though they be only a minority in this world, who know that to be the truth.

Now, to be perfectly frank, I believe it to be God's will that you should be exposed to sorrow; everyone of us is meant to experience it, and I cannot explain—nobody can—why it should be so. All I can see is that out of sorrow comes a glad and a beautiful thing. It is God's will that through the experience of sorrow you should rise into fellowship with joy, and into an experience of calm and trust and peace and love. Not in spite of sorrow, but because of it, the best things come. Every trouble is meant to be like a billow which lifts us higher upon the shores of peace. In all holy joy there is a latent experience of pain. See, there is our little home nestling down in the valley; it is a winter's day upon the hill, and you and I go out to breast the storm. There is something of exhilaration in doing that; but we are glad when the battle is over, and we come down to that little home in the valley. Why does home seem so sweet after the mountain-side and the tempest? Because there has been a mountain-side to climb and a tempest to breast. Here are two friends—it may be husband and wife; you have known each other long years: why is your friendship so close, so sacramental that the mere presence of the one with the other is in itself a joy? Because of that stern time that lies years back now, when you two together went through a great moral tempest, when it seemed as if the whole world was against you; but you stood side by side, and proved each other. All friendship that is worthy of the name has been baptised in that experience; even if it be only a slight baptism, it must have been there. Here is a trooper looking into the face of his general. These two veterans know each other. With what pride the old commander looks upon the man who has followed him through a hundred fights! With what confident loyalty the trooper looks up into the face of his chief! Why is there such an understanding between these two? The comradeship of war accounts for it. They have been on the stricken field together; they have been the means of each other's safety; they stood shoulder to shoulder in the press of the fight. It is the fight that shows them in after years—the memory of it, the latent experience of it, though it never come again—how near they are the one to the other!

One day, you faithful one, all the suffering you have ever passed through will be swallowed up in victory not to be lost; it will go to the enriching of experience. The very smoke that is rising from London chimneys to-day will to-morrow in high heaven be purified, coming back to the earth in benediction; it is not destroyed, it is simply transformed. And so, in the case of all the best and the wisest of men and women, it is true that suffering has meant the making of character—yes, and in the noblest joy, that which is most divine, most Christlike, nearest to the nature of God, *that* has had its price. You do not want the suffering again; it is not an end in itself; it is no good when its work is done; but you want the joy that came out of the midst of it. Sorrow endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning. You ought not to be tortured and crushed by the feeling that sorrow is eternal;

it is not, and it cannot be. You will see presently what God has meant by this experience, and He means you so to see.

I watched from my window one evening a metamorphosis that took place in the western sky. While I was looking towards the western horizon, below which the sun had sunk, a heavy black bank of clouds, amorphous, shapeless, repellent, almost dense, hid the orb of day, and when the sun had gone down behind that bank one never expected to see the light of the evening again. Yet while I looked the cloud was changed from within. Where the blackness had been came a blend of crimson and purple and gold. If there had been no cloud, there would have been no splendour. God painted a picture on the canvas of the western sky vaster and more perfect than any artist of earth could paint, but He did not turn back the sun to do it. The light that came to that cloud from within was there all the time, in the midst of the blackness, though we could not see it; the blackness was turned into radiance. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." If there had been no cloud, there would have been no radiance; no sorrow, no joy; no cross, no crown. "Ye shall see Me again." Yes; but not because He comes back, He never goes.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

It is not that God has left us, but we cannot, any of us, in the time of extremity feel that He is really there. Is He there? Surely; and when the time comes that we can see Him again, see Him as He is, our hearts shall rejoice, and that joy no man taketh from us.

Do not live in the valleys; we are meant for the mountain-top. It is never God's will that man should stay in the house of mourning for ever. I plead with you to make application of this sweet truth that was taught by Jesus, and make it to your own circumstances. It is not that they shall be changed; it is that the black cloud will change from within.

Now, how to apply this. Who has not lost a friend—a dear one? Some of you are thinking,

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Bereavement has cut deep wounds, and time does not heal them all. Your nature would not be a very noble one if it could. What shall I say to you? You shall see those you have lost again when you see Him. Heaven is where Christ is. It began here, and He is the golden bridge between time and eternity, and the guarantee of the restoration of all you have lost, and something added.

"Think, when our one soul understands
The great word that makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?
Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart;
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine."

Are you mourning loss of fortune, loss of reputation, loss of opportunity? You are already rich, my friend, beyond the dreams of avarice, if you would only stop to think about it. Love is the great heritage, love divine. The higher you can carry your love, the greater and the nobler the sacrifice you are willing to undergo for it, the surer you are of knowing what is meant by that joy which can never pass away. If you build upon earthly fortune, you are sure to be disappointed. They tell me that the one form of trouble over which men seldom seem to get is loss of fortune. If riches increase, set not your heart upon them; hold all things loosely that are of the earth earthy. Opportunities are not to be despised, but a thing that you cannot take to heaven is only worth using on earth as an instrument. Some of you are worrying about present anxieties and cares; some of you about to-morrow, and some of you about the far future. What day is it that you particularly dread—to-morrow? Tuesday? Friday? God is already at Friday; there is no to-morrow with Him; it is all *now*. He cares as much for you as any earthly friend has ever done; make over the problem, dwell in the Eternal Now, and you will find that the things you most dread never come. When the things to which you have looked forward with the greatest amount of fear do come, that which you feared in them does not come. God is there; you will see Him again, and your heart rejoices when you expected to be sorrowing for ever. Give up expecting the worst, live in the best, in the quiet of God's presence. You cannot trust Him too much nor too far. He will bless you in proportion to your faith. For "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

XUM

HONOUR BRIGHT

A Complete Story by G. M. Force.

"PLEASE, can you give me free-'alfpence; but p'raps you haven't got so much?" and a pair of wistful blue eyes looked up pleadingly into the bearded face above him.

"Well now, Clara, do you hear that?" and the master of the house irritably addressed the handsome lady presiding at the table. "Where does the child pick up such talk?"

"She said it would be 'nough to buy a slicer-ram," the voice went on pitifully; "and that's what she likes best, and it costs free-'alfpence, so please, father, if you've got so much, give it to me."

But the gentleman only gasped. The lady, with a coaxing air, beckoned the child to her side, and, taking him on her knee, she smoothed away the dark curls from his hot forehead, remarking gently:

"Now, Lionel dear, tell me all about it, and I will explain it to father."

The childish lips were quivering, and his eyes grew misty with the tears gathering at his father's want of comprehension, and with almost a sob in his voice he began:

"She was all alone in auntie's room; she is only a very little one, and the door was a little weeny bit open. So we talked, and I showed her my Grenadier—only he's got his nose broke—and I asked her, 'What does you like to buy best of all?' and she said, 'Slicer-ram,' and it costs free-'alfpence; and she was crying lots 'cause she couldn't buy it, and I promised to get it, cause she was dreffal misable."

The child looked up into his mother's face, anxious to know if he had been understood. For this small mite had learned by past experience that sometimes it took a great many words, and any amount of time, before he could make the grown-ups understand his meaning.

The lady pressed a loving kiss upon the boy's eager, upturned face, and folded him tightly in her arms.

"I think it must be one of Helen's children from the Sunday school," she remarked to her husband, "and by what I can make out the height of her ambition is a slice of ham, which she thinks she can buy somewhere for three-halfpence."

"And this is what Helen's charities bring upon us! The child is brought into contact with the very scum of the town, and is actually picking up their language," and the gentleman rose angrily from the table.

"It was quite an accident that the children met," returned the wife gently, "and I will see that it does not happen again. I really think the work is a distraction to Helen."

"Humph! she would have needed no distraction, but for that foolish quarrel with Lynton, as fine a fellow as ever breathed. I've no patience with her nonsense."

The child's eyes wandered from one face to the other. He did not understand the meaning of all that was said, but he tried to read from their faces if his wish was to be granted.

"May I have the free-'alfpence?" the little voice pleaded again; and Lionel anxiously watched his father's movements.

"Look here, Lionel." And the gentleman held a new half-crown before the boy's bright eyes. "That's better than three-halfpence, and you can have it for your own if you will promise not to talk to any more dirty little girls in Aunt Helen's room. Will you promise—'Honour bright?'"

Now before Lionel could say "Honour bright" he had to consider very seriously—for he knew that, those magic words once pronounced, nothing must turn him from his given word. And how could he present his gift if he could not speak with the little girl again? Before he could solve the problem in his childish mind

his father's impatient voice asked again, "Well, Lionel, is it 'Honour bright'?"

Lionel looked up. His eyes fastened on the glittering bright half-crown poised so temptingly between his father's finger and thumb.

He felt he must possess it at all costs. In it lay his only hope of being able to gratify the little girl's desire, so he looked straight into his father's eyes, and answered firmly, "All right, father—'Honour bright.'"

"What is *scum*, mother?" he asked later, as she carried him from the room, and his eyes rested anxiously on her face.

"Oh, nothing, darling," she answered, with a light kiss.

"Yes, it *is*," he answered, "for I heard father say it to-night. What *is* scum, mother?"

"Only father's name for the little girl you talked to to-day," the lady answered, knowing the boy would not rest till he had had some sort of explanation.

"How clever of father to know her name!" he proudly returned. "I think it's a very pretty one, don't you, mother dear? It sounds much grander than Lionel."

Nothing would persuade the child to part with the half-crown for the night. He would not even consent to its resting under his pillow, but fell asleep with it clutched tightly between his plump baby fingers.

"I never knew a child say such funny things in his prayers as little Master Lionel," remarked nurse to her friends in the kitchen later in the evening. "It's always a job for me to understand what he says, but to-night I'd no more idea than the cat what he was talking about. He just puts 'is little 'ands together, and shuts 'is baby eyes tight, and says: 'God bless dear little Scum, and help her to get the slicer-ram.'"

II.

LIONEL was seated on a wheelbarrow in the toolhouse, with an anxious pucker on his baby forehead. Opposite to him on an old box sat his friend and ally, Jim, the gardener's boy, who, with pen in hand, and writing-paper placed carefully on the book on his knee, waited patiently for instructions.

There was always a perfect understanding between these two. Jim was such a clever boy, thought Lionel. He always knew at once what one meant—so different from the grown-ups, who never could understand what one was trying to say.

How cleverly he had understood about Scum and the money that was to buy the slicer-ram! He certainly was the best person to write the letter, and what a kind face he had!

"How does people begin letters?" he asked of his secretary.

"Well, it depends," Jim thoughtfully replied. "There's 'Honoured Sir' and 'Respected Madam,' but if you knows the pusson very well, you can put 'My dear Friend,' or summat of that sort."

"But I don't know her *very* well," sorrowfully replied Lionel. "You see, we only had a very little talk, and she was crying most of the time. I'm afraid I only know her well enough for 'spected," and he gave a deep sigh. "But perhaps," he added more cheerfully, "you could put 'dear' as well, to make it sound a little more loving."

Having come to this decision, the soft child voice went on dictating, and Jim's grimy hand travelled slowly and painfully over the sheet of paper as he transcribed:

"DEAR RESPECTED SCUM,—

"I karnt see you to give you the three-apunce because of Onner Brite, but I am going to put it in this honverlope, so as you can stop crying and get the slicer-ram quick. Jim says you get it prime at Smith's, in Cotton Lane. Ime so sorry, 'cos of Onner Brite, but if I see you in the street you'll know it's me, 'cos of my waving my hand, and my hat is written on—the Victory.

"From your loving

"LIONEL."

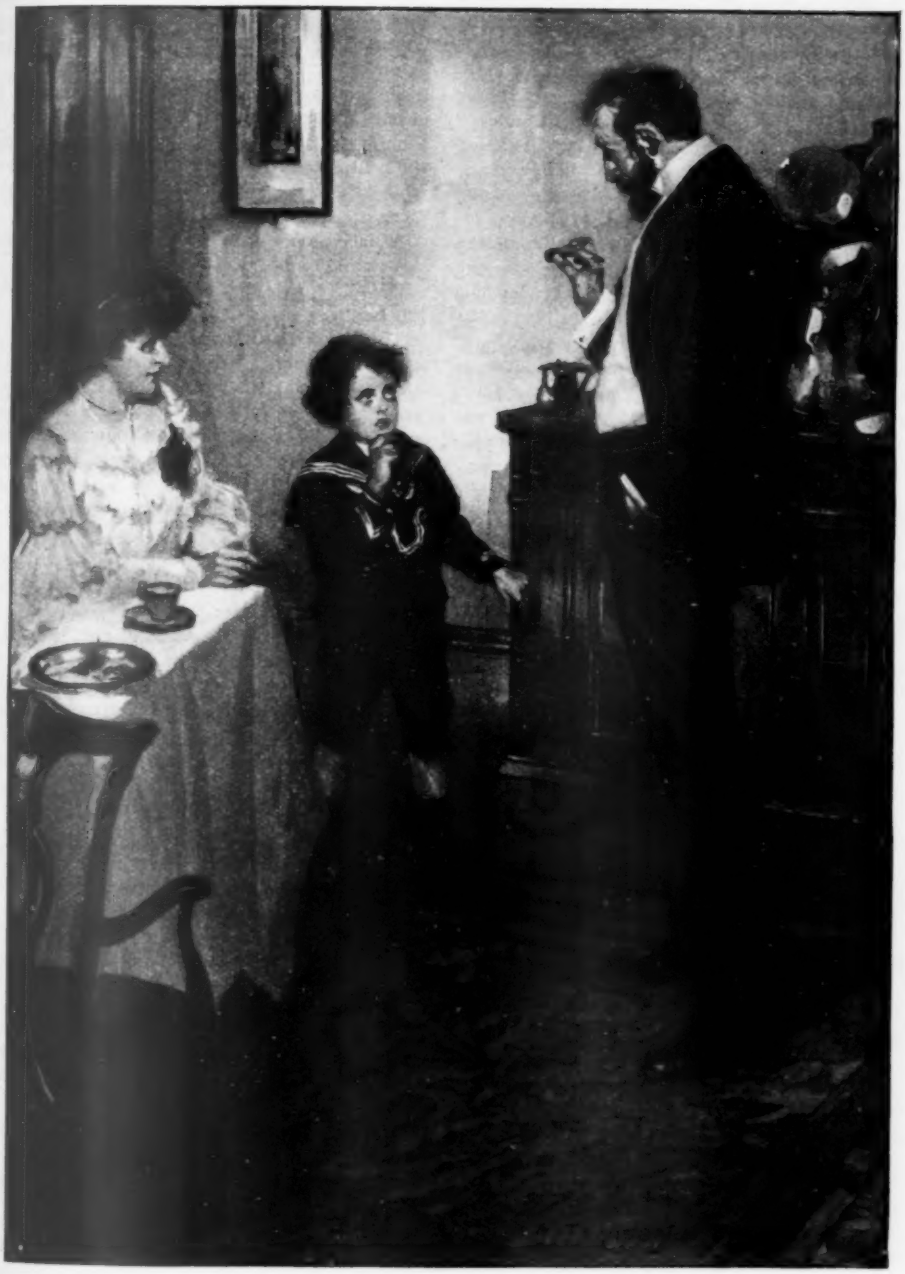
III.

A LITTLE boy in sailor suit and broad-ribboned hat, on which was stamped in bright gold letters, "The Victory," stood gazing wistfully up and down the street, as if uncertain whither to wend his steps Suddenly his face beamed with delight, and he sprang joyfully to greet a tall gentleman who was hurrying forward as if he had no time to lose.

"Mr. Lynton, where does people post letters, please? I keep walking and walking, and I can't find the place."

"Why, Lionel"—and the gentleman gazed with astonishment—"what are you doing here all alone, such a long way from home?"

"It's for one of Aunt Helen's little ones. She's called 'Scum,' and it's very 'portant, 'cause it's got money inside, and please I want to post



"'Will you promise—Honour bright?'"—*p.* 631.

it quick," and he showed a well-thumbed envelope, through which the shape of the half-crown could be clearly seen.

The gentleman examined the envelope carefully, on which was written in large, clumsy characters, "Scum, Sunday School, London," then, gazing perplexedly at the boy's excited, flushed face, he remarked encouragingly:

"All right, old fellow, you trust it to me. I'll see it put in the right letter-box."

"Oh, thanks awfully, Mr. Lynton," and the child gave a deep sigh of relief as he saw the important document stowed away in his friend's coat pocket.

"It was a good thing I saw you, wasn't it?" he cheerfully remarked a few moments later, as they were driving swiftly homewards. "It's awfully jolly meeting a friend when you're out all alone."

"Yes, indeed," returned his companion; "and so you are out all alone, posting letters for Aunt Helen?"

"Well, not 'zactly," Lionel truthfully answered. "I 'ranged about it myself, only Jim did the writing. You see you can't bozzer aunts when they're not well."

"Is Aunt Helen ill?" queried the gentleman anxiously, "and a dark flush mounted to his handsome face.

"Well, not 'zactly ill, you know, but something like a cat, because of her running so much," answered Lionel seriously.

"I don't understand," gasped the gentleman.

"It was nurse said so," explained the child quickly. "She was talking to cook, and she said, 'Miss Helen has run down fast—she's nervous, like a cat.' But I suppose that's because her heart is breaking," he remarked, with a wise little air. "You can't help feeling nervous when your heart's like that, can you?"

"Who said her heart was breaking?" And the gentleman leaned forward, with white face and anxiously strained eyes.

"It was cook told nurse. She said anyone could see her heart was breaking, and she was withering up."

"Withering up?"

"Yes, I know it was 'withering up' she said, 'cause I thought it was like the flowers I gave mother on her birthday. You know she kept them ever so long, but at last she had to throw them away, 'cause they were getting smelly; and she said they was 'withering up'—fading, you know—yes, that's the word. Cook said she was fading away. It's a pity when people begin to fade away, isn't it? Cook said *she* was the same once. Her heart was almost *quite* broke, but when Harris sent her some flowers and a 'splanation she stopped fading at once."

He had to pause for breath here, and he gazed at his companion thoughtfully, as if wishing to hear his views on the subject. But the gentleman seemed lost in his own thoughts, whilst the boy continued to study his friend's face.

At last Lionel broke the silence by remarking slowly and emphatically:

"Well, now, *I* don't think your nose is a bit too big."

The gentleman started. "Who does?" he asked hurriedly. "Aunt Helen?"

"No; it was Henry said that. He said you wouldn't be at all bad-looking if your nose wasn't so big, but he doesn't like the way you part your hair. But don't you worry, Mr. Lynton," and Lionel patted his friend's hand soothingly. "Cook likes the way you do it *very* much."

"What a comfort!" remarked Mr. Lynton, with an assumed air of relief. "That's very nice of cook."

"Yes, isn't it?" And Lionel beamed a smile of comprehensive sympathy. "Cook's a very nice person."

"You seem to have some interesting talks in the kitchen," remarked his companion, after a short pause. "Do you often pay visits there?"

"Oh, yes; nurse and I generally go in for a talk, when we come back from our afternoon walk. It's very containing sometimes, but I was rather frightened the day Henry got the shock."

"What was that?" inquired the other, with interest.

"Oh, it was when cook was telling about her 'fading away.' Henry said it gave him a shock, and cook oughtn't to have told him so suddenly. It made him quite ill. He was quite red in the face, and making such funny noises in his throat, as if he was choking. He was so bad he said he must take his medicine at once."

"And did that make him better?"

"Oh, yes; and he was very good about it too; he didn't even pinch his nose."

"Why should he?" queried his companion in perplexity.

"Why, don't you know *that?*" asked Lionel, with wide-open eyes of astonishment. "You just say, 'One, two, three,' and then you take

hold of your nose, and pinch hard ; then you swallow down quick, and that takes the nasty taste away. Only sometimes it comes back a little when you leave off pinching. It's best to put a peppermint in your mouth, and suck hard, before you leave off pinching," he remarked advisedly.

"Say, Mr. Lynton," the voice began again, after a short pause, during which Lionel's face had been set in a thoughtful pucker, whilst the gentleman had been gazing abstractedly out of the carriage window, "I wonder, if you was to give Aunt Helen some flowers—like Harris gave cook—if it would stop her fading away too ? Please, won't you try ? I don't want Aunt Helen to fade. And you might give her the other thing too, if you've got one—the 'splanation, you know."

IV.

LIONEL could not understand what all the fuss and excitement was about when the carriage drew up in front of the house. Everyone seemed to want to get hold of him at once, and "Lionel ! Lionel ! " his mother was saying, with a sob in her voice, as she clutched him tightly in her arms.

"What's the matter, mother ? " he asked in perplexity, as he surveyed the red-eyed group of servants standing round. "Has Henry had another shock ? " and he eyed that individual anxiously, who, with face approaching a beetroot in hue, was engaged in the operation of violently blowing his nose.

But Henry did not wait to give any information on the subject. He suddenly seemed to remember duties demanding his immediate attention elsewhere, and departed at once to the offices below, whereto he was at once followed by the female element of those regions.

Lionel's beautiful dark eyes were full of affectionate sympathy as they followed the man's retreating figure.

"I suppose he's gone to take his medicine," he remarked wisely to his mother. Poor Henry, he does get so many shocks ! "

With a flush of excitement on his lovely baby face he related to his mother all his adventures by the way, but before she would let him go he had to promise "Honour bright" that he would not venture into the streets alone again.

He gave the promise reluctantly, but, once given, his mother knew she could rest satisfied.

"It's a great 'sponserlibity,' he remarked gravely, "having to say so many 'Honour brights.' It was the other 'Honour bright' I gave father that made me so much trouble about the letter to Scum, and everything."

"Yes, dearest. It is a responsibility, I know ; and it gives one a great deal of trouble sometimes to keep one's word," she answered, fervently kissing his flushed cheeks, "and I am so glad my Lionel is always true to what he has promised."

"But it was 'Honour bright,' you see," he answered in a matter-of-fact way, "so I couldn't help keeping my word. . . . Why, where is Mr. Lynton, mother ? " he asked, suddenly noting his friend's absence.

"In the study, darling, talking to Aunt Helen," the lady replied, with a pleased look on her gentle face.

The next moment, and before his mother could stop him, the child had bounded across the hall, and stood confronting the two very happy-looking people, who were sitting side by side on a sofa.

"Well, old chap," said the gentleman, taking him on his knee, "I've followed your advice, and given Aunt Helen the explanation, and she has promised me faithfully to stop fading at once."

"Oh, I'm glad—glad ! " returned the boy, with eager, happy, shining eyes. And he knelt on the sofa between the two, and enclosed them together in one long loving embrace.

"Dear, dear little unconscious peacemaker," murmured Aunt Helen lovingly, as she returned his affectionate caresses with interest. "Dear little boy to care so much ! "

"You can't help caring," he returned pensively, "when you see people beginning to fade away. I'm awfully glad Mr. Lynton has stopped the fading," he went on ; "but I suppose "—and an expression of anxiety and doubt flitted over his lovely baby features, "I suppose now you'll soon begin to look like—like cook."

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE'S TESTIMONY.

IN response to very many requests, Archdeacon Wilberforce's striking paper, "Why I am an Abstainer," which recently appeared in our columns, has been republished in pamphlet form at 1d. per copy, 50 copies for 2s. 9d., and 100 copies for 5s. Orders may be given to any bookseller, or sent direct to the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Company, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C. We trust that Temperance workers will make good use of this telling testimony, which is calculated to be of great service for popular distribution.

"SPEED THE PRESS."

We have so often urged Temperance workers to give increased attention to the use of the Press in their campaign that we need make no apology for introducing a portrait of the editor of the popular *Alliance News*, the journal which has the largest circulation in Temperance circles. Mr. R. A. Jameson has been identified



(Photo: Russell and Son, Baker Street, W.)

MR. R. A. JAMESON.

with the work of the United Kingdom Alliance for the long period of thirty-one years. He was for some time sub-editor of the paper, and on the retirement of Henry Septimus Sutton succeeded to the editorial chair. While recognising that the main object of the journal is to further the special propaganda of the United Kingdom Alliance, Mr. Jameson maintains a thoroughly friendly attitude towards the work of kindred associations, and is always ready to give the hospitality of his columns to every phase of Temperance effort. The editorial chair is by no means a bed of roses, as the vanquished in electoral contests not infrequently attribute their non-success to the influence of the Alliance. It says very much for Mr. Jameson's tact and good humour that he generally manages to smooth over difficulties, and to come up smiling for the next electoral contest. The work of the Alliance owes much of its success to its official newspaper, and it is only right to acknowledge that the executive committee have always recognised this fact. Indeed, in their expenditure on the Press, they have set an example which might well be imitated by others. A glance at the annual report of most Temperance societies, be they large or small, or in town or country, reveals, as a rule, a very paltry disbursement for paper and print.

A WORD IN SEASON

"We will not have a suspensory Bill," was the effective climax to which an eloquent speaker brought his speech on the Government proposals in my hearing. The audience applauded to the echo; then the anti-climax was provided by the secretary, who announced that "after the March meeting we shall adjourn until October." This suspension of Temperance work for six months seems to be the height of folly, and a conspicuous example of "How not to do it." Open-air meetings were very largely interfered with last summer owing to the wet season. Why should not Temperance workers come to the decision to keep their meetings going regularly all the year round, making the proviso that in the summer months, weather permitting, the meetings shall be held in the open-air? There is no recorded instance of a publican closing his place of business for a six months' summer holiday.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

If this should meet the eye of any speakers whose services have been retained for platform duty, may we respectfully suggest that they should "remember not to forget" that the drink traffic has a most important bearing upon nearly every phase of religious and philanthropic effort? One of the most perplexing difficulties of the situation is the apparent indifference of Christian people to the Temperance movement. The work of the preacher, the teacher, the home missionary, the Scripture reader, the Bible woman, is all checked by the drink demon, while the expenditure on our national drink bill is a ghastly comment on the amount contributed for the evangelisation of the world. This appalling fact must be hammered into the heads of those who "profess and call them-

selves Christians," and the May meetings are an opportunity which we trust some of the speakers will thoroughly well utilise.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF ADVOCACY.

The efforts of the Temperance Collegiate Examination Board to promote and encourage the systematic study of the Temperance question in all its branches deserve every support. The board is unsectarian and non-political in character, and its examinations are open to all sections of the Temperance world. The syllabus at present in use is confined to a "General Science Course" spread over a period of three years. Every student pays an entrance fee of one shilling and sixpence for each examination. Those who obtain certificates in the three years' course, who are abstainers, and over twenty years of age, become members of the Temperance College. Prizes are also awarded, and the examination takes place on the second Monday in June.

A VENERABLE SOCIETY.

The planting of the Temperance movement in Chester is credited to John King, one of "the seven men of Preston," who lived in Chester for a short time, and founded a Temperance society there in 1834. Many well-known workers were associated with this society in its early days, notably Joseph Barker, one of the editors of the *Star of Temperance*, and a man who for some time allied himself with the Freethought movement. As a result of Barker's defection, the name of the society was altered to that of the Chester *Christian* Temperance Society, which it still retains. Among some of the leading members of the society may be mentioned Robert Roberts, David Roberts, John Jones, John Randall Williams, and William Farish, who was mayor of the city in 1877–78. Among present-day workers the first place is occupied by Mr. Beresford



(*Photo: G. Atkinson, Chester.*)

MR. BERESFORD ADAMS, PRESIDENT OF CHESTER TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Adams, the active and energetic president of the society, who has served the association in many capacities during a long series of years. He was born on September 2nd, 1850, and is practically a life abstainer. Mr. Adams is an excellent speaker, and makes a capital chairman, his fund of good stories being much appreciated by a popular audience. He wields the pen of a ready writer, and has written many Temperance hymns and songs, some of which have attained wide popularity. The society's Temperance Hall in George Street is a centre of aggressive Temperance work in the ancient city, and the various indoor meetings are well attended in the winter; while in the summer months considerable attention is given to outdoor work.



CHESTER TEMPERANCE HALL.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A Sunbeam and its Counterfeit.

IT was said of Monckton Milnes, the poet: "Whenever he comes into the room everybody is in better humour with everybody else." One like this, who comes to us as a sunbeam, is as useful as the butcher and the baker. A visit from a bright, sympathetic friend is better to a sick person than medicine. Most good things, however, have their counterfeits, and there is a cheerfulness which is desolating because the troubles of other persons do not disturb its possessor, an optimism which irritates because it refuses to acknowledge unpleasant truths.

The Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland.

IF ever a century could claim to bring forth fruit in old age, it was the eighteenth. Religious societies and charities, which have proved a blessing to the whole world, appeared in bud or blossom just as its end drew near, and it bequeathed them to the young and hopeful nineteenth century. One of the number, a hardy Caledonian, has just celebrated its 110th birthday. The Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland lives and grows. It derives its sustenance from three sources—subscriptions, profit from sale of books, and the revenue arising from the depository in Edinburgh. The depository supports itself honourably by trade; it does more: it helps to maintain the colportage—the largest part of the work of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland. A peddler with his pack is an old and picturesque institution, but a member of the fraternity who only peddles in Bibles and good books belongs to a modern and reading age. The chief scenes of the colporteurs' enterprise are remote districts where they may be the only evangelists. One climbs the hills of the Orkney Islands; another shoulders his pack and makes friends with crofters, shepherds, and ploughmen in Perthshire; a third, by means of a tricycle, manages to make on an average over 700 visits a month in Dumfriesshire. So the Word of God runs very quickly, penetrating into homes which perhaps no other agency could reach.



THE COLPORTEUR AT THE DOOR.

A Dawn before the Dawn.

TRAVELLERS who have scaled the awful heights of the Himalayas describe a spectacle which is rare and sublime. Before the real dawn, at an hour when the stars are still shining in the dim arch of heaven, and when the world beneath is wrapped in shadows, peak beyond peak along the mighty chain is lit with a faint, weird radiance—a foreglow of the Indian sun's intolerable and comprehensive glory. This Himalayan image may be applied to the progressive and ever-brightening revelations of Holy Scripture. In the Old Testament mountain peaks dimly illuminated stand out.

We may call them persons, such as Elijah, Melchizedek, David, or we may call them places, such as Bethlehem or Sion. But in the New Testament the sun of righteousness rises, and by its unclouded beams we behold Him in Whom were united the three offices of Prophet, Priest, and King. We forget that Rachel was buried near Bethlehem, whose golden destiny the later voice of Micah foretold, when we hear the song of the angels over its fields on the night that the Saviour was born. We have no eyes for the magnificence of the Solomonian or Herodian structure on Mount Sion in His presence Who said, "In this place is One greater than the Temple." Type is merged in reality, and allusion or prediction in fulfilment. The true Dawn has risen along the Himalayan peaks of prophecy.



THE COLPORTEUR AT WORK (*p.* 638).

A History for the People.

A WIDESPREAD demand deserves a ready response, and the Dean of Gloucester's popular History of the Church of England has accordingly begun to appear in fortnightly numbers at the moderate price of 6d. each. The new issue is fully—we might say lavishly—illustrated, and the engravings almost form in themselves an eloquent pictorial record. Of the letterpress there is no need for us to speak; the readers of this magazine are already familiar with the charm of the Dean's style, and the uncompromising honesty and truth which are so characteristic of his pen.

Not Divided in Death.

Two funerals, one that of a Church of England man, the other that of a Wesleyan, met lately at a cemetery. As the graves were alongside of each other, and as some of the mourners wished to go away soon, it was suggested that the two bodies should be buried with the same service, the Church of England clergyman reading the prayers out of the Prayer Book, and the Nonconformist minister the lesson. One stickler for religious conventionality suggested that there are divisions in the Church. To this it was replied that there need not be divisions in the churchyard.

Successful Failure.

AN Emperor of China, belonging to an ancient dynasty, missed a shot with his bow at some wild geese because, as a deaf and blind peasant got in the way, he could not discharge the arrow. He was very angry, and spoke of having the peasant put to death. A sporting companion said: "Don't kill a man because game is wanting. A king must not be as savage as the beasts that he hunts." His Majesty, recovering from his anger, smiled, and took the arm of his counsellor to re-enter his carriage. On returning empty-handed, he said: "I have had a very successful day, for instead of bringing home a good bag I have had a good lesson." So it is that we ought not to consider anything in life an evil if it has helped to make us wise unto

salvation. If the Lord Jesus Christ, our example of godly life, learned from the things He suffered, so should we.

"I Saves my Pint."

IT is comforting to reflect that, besides measures of direct and aggressive Temperance reform, there are subsidiary aids towards the gradual mitigation of the drink evil. Electric trams have lately been started in a Midland manufacturing town of moderate size, and a conversation in one of the luxurious cars will serve to illustrate the sort of thing we mean. "I wonder, John, how men like you, who have a wife and family to keep on a wage of twenty shillings a week, can afford to ride a couple of miles each day to and from your work?" "Well, sir, it comes out like this, do you see? When I walked it, I wanted half a pint of beer at the start, and, as often as not, another half-pint at the end, or, to buck me up a bit, when I had got half-way. *There* was threepence, and the tram is a penny; and I enjoys my ride, and I saves my pint!" Here is sound logic and finance. We happen to be acquainted with a public-house which lies upon the line of route of these particular trams, and its receipts have been £15 less weekly since the town was benefited by this cheap and rapid means of locomotion.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from January 29th, 1904, up to and including March 1st, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* "Enoch" (Glasgow), 10s.; "A Friend" (Kilburn), 10s.; R. S. (Crouch End), 5s.; Mrs. L., 5s.; A. B., 5s.; Anonymous, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £5, £1 10s., £1, 12s., 10s.; J. S. (Hampstead), £2; "Enoch" (Glasgow), 10s.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct:—K. M. C., 10s.; L. P., 5s.; A. B., 4s. 6d.; N. W. N., 4s.; A. W., 2s. 6d.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* M. T. F., 10s.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

61. In what way did Jesus prepare Himself for the Transfiguration?

62. What appears to have been the object of the Transfiguration?

63. What was one of the difficulties, as we learn from St. Peter, which the apostles had in accepting Jesus as the Messiah?

64. Our blessed Lord bade the seventy disciples, when on their missionary journey, to "salute no man by the way." Where in the Old Testament do we find a similar injunction?

65. How does the journey of the seventy disciples show us the large amount of visiting and preaching carried out by our blessed Lord?

66. What power was given to the seventy disciples by which to show forth the importance of their mission?

67. By what illustration does Jesus teach us the readiness of God to answer real, earnest prayer?

68. Quote passage in which Jesus teaches us how to pray.

69. What must be the character of our prayer in order that we may obtain God's blessing?

70. In what way does Jesus teach us the necessity of being prepared for His second coming?

71. What reply did Jesus give to St. Peter as to the duty of watchfulness?

72. What lesson do we learn from our Lord's instruction concerning His second coming?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 544.

49. To a desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida, which was the birthplace of three apostles—SS. Philip, Andrew, and Peter. (St. Luke ix. 10; St. John i. 44.)

50. The feeding of the five thousand men, besides women and children, with five loaves and two fishes. (St. Matt. xiv. 19–23.)

51. He retired to a mountain apart to pray, and thus sets us an example of the need of private communion with God. (St. Matt. xiv. 23.)

52. Our Lord walked on the sea to His disciples, and gave power also to St. Peter to walk on the water. (St. Matt. xiv. 25–30.)

53. Bethphage means "house of green figs," and it was there that Jesus told His disciples how and where they would find the ass upon which He desired to ride into Jerusalem. (St. Matt. xxi. 1, 2.)

54. They spread their garments in the way and saluted Him with "Hosanna to the Son of David." (St. Matt. xxi. 8, 9; 2 Kings ix. 13; 2 Sam. xiv. 4.)

55. Jesus healed the blind and lame who had come into the Temple. (St. Matt. xxi. 14.)

56. "My house shall be called the house of prayer." (St. Matt. xxi. 13.)

57. Because the body of Jesus was buried hurriedly, it being the Jews' preparation day, and also because Mary Magdalene wished to know whither they had carried it. (St. John xx. 13–15, xix. 42; and St. Matt. xxvii. 59–60.)

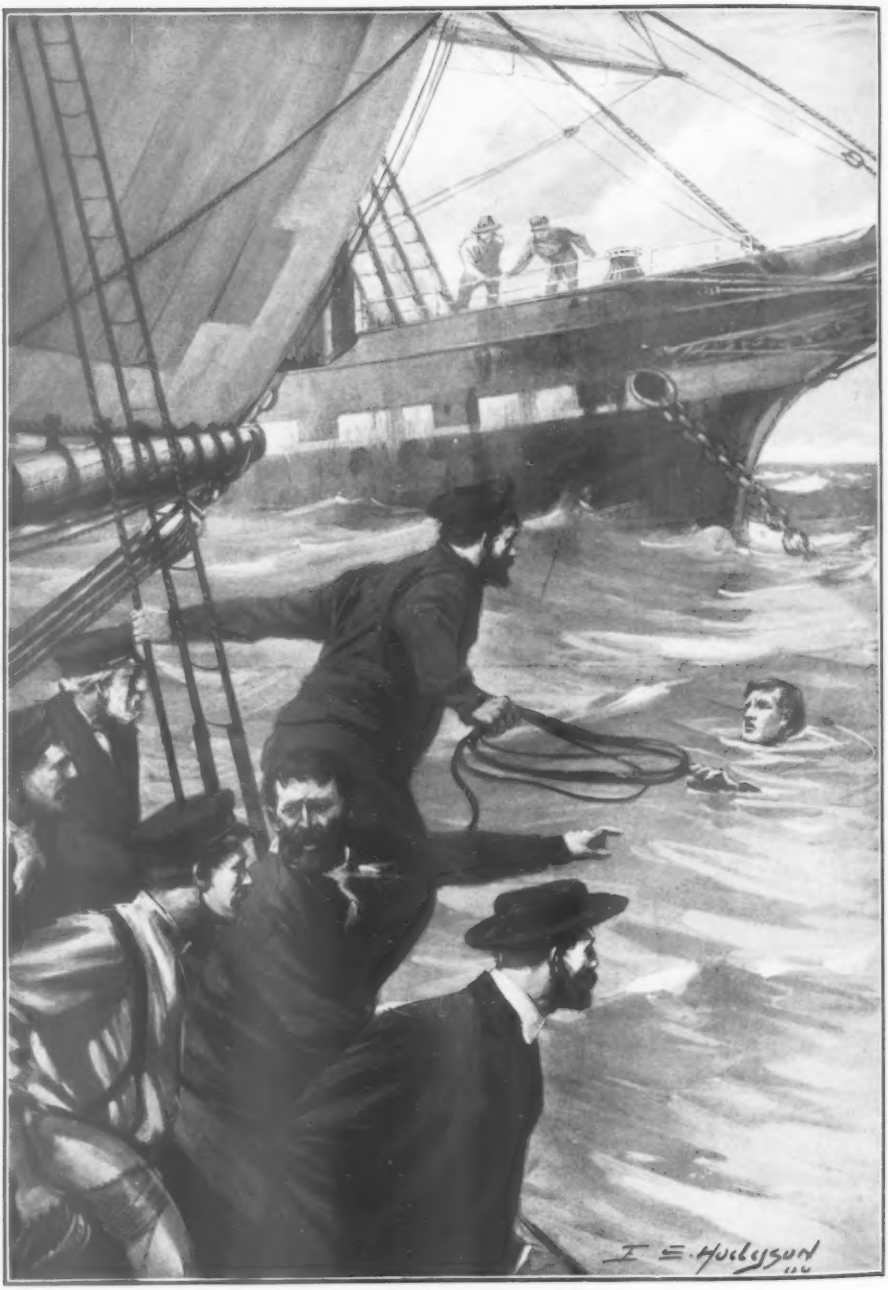
58. "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God." (St. John xx. 17.)

59. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (St. Mark viii. 29; St. Matt. xvi. 16.)

60. By a sincere desire to follow Christ; by self-denial and by a readiness to suffer for Christ's sake. (St. Mark viii. 34.)

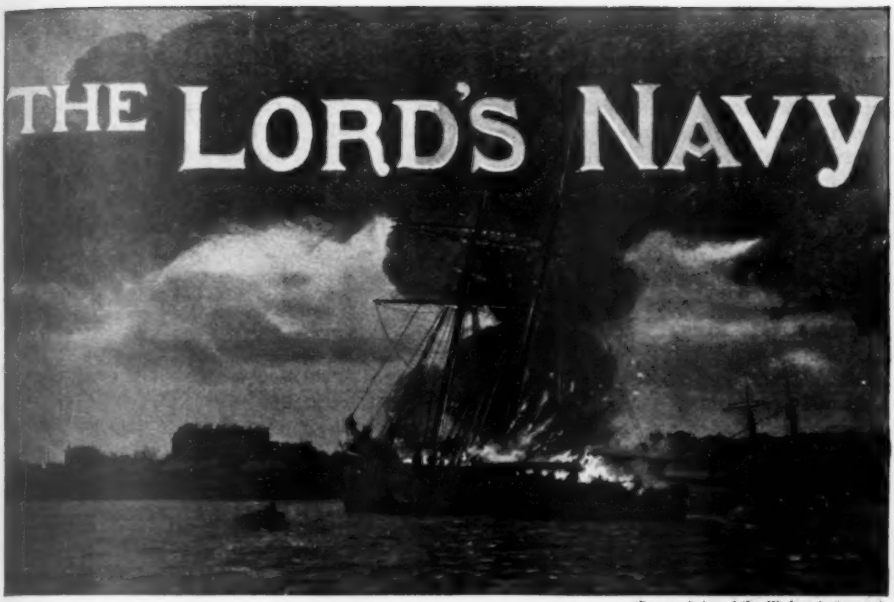
XUM

UNIV. OF MICH.



HOW THOMAS HARLEY DIED.

("The Lord's Navy," p. 643.)



(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

VESSEL ON FIRE IN FALMOUTH HARBOUR, WITH MISSIONS TO SEAMEN DINGHEY ALONGSIDE

OUR NEW MISSIONARY VENTURE.

To all Readers of "The Quiver."



HAT terrible gale! For three days it raged. The wind screamed in chimneys, it howled through passages, it shook giant trees until their branches snapped and chattered, and their trunks fell broken and uprooted. The great North Sea roared like an army of hungry lions. The waves sprang upon the Northumbrian shore all brown and yellow with the sand and pebbles which they tossed into their foam.

The short November day closes. But one little company of men in South Shields have no thought of sleep. Members of the Volunteer Life-Saving Brigade go to the watch-house and prepare for a busy night. Some are on the look-out, whilst others take care that a fire, hot tea, coffee, and everything needful shall be ready in case injured or half-drowned seamen are brought in from wrecks. It is pitch dark; snow, sleet, sand, all seem to blow at once.

A cry of alarm arises; three vessels are driving helplessly ashore. Off start the brigade to the rescue. Young lads, quite new to the work; experienced men, quite alive to the danger; all, without one exception, turn out of their warm homes, although there is no thought or chance of pay or reward.

Foremost amongst them are two chaplains of the Mission to Seamen on the Tyne. Lanterns and rockets show three companies, one at each wreck, standing for more than an hour together up to their waists in water. They shoot a line over the helpless vessel. The sailors catch it, fasten the end to the mast, and haul in a hawser, or stout rope attached to it, which is passed through the ring of a breeches life-buoy. One by one the shipwrecked men get into the canvas bag or breeches fastened to the life-buoy, slipping their legs through the two holes for security. Then comes a giddy voyage through air, and perhaps through crested waves, as strong arms on shore pull in the life-line.

Can the brigade hold out and stand their

ground? The question arises from anxious watchers, who know well that not long ago the waves dragged away stalwart men from the very place where those dark figures are stationed. For two nights they fight a good fight with the storm; they never give in until no more remains to be done.

By ten o'clock the first night thirty-one rescued seamen sit round the fire in the watch-house. How happy and thankful the poor fellows look—safe, warm, cared-for, and with friends at hand, though some are strangers to the coast, and some can only speak a foreign tongue! Hearts and voices sing for gladness in seamen's homes and fishermen's cottages when at last the gale is over; for about 133 men have been rescued on the North-East coast alone. But bitter tears are shed as well, because as many are missing. And who can tell how many more have been swept away around the shores of Great Britain? Life afloat is full of danger. On an average, forty seamen of the Merchant Service and ten fishermen meet with sudden death in every week.

Yet, with all its perils, it is the chosen calling of thousands of British boys. Many a lad would rather wear a blue jersey than a purple velvet coat. "He little knows what lies before him," says an old salt with a grim smile. "Not every young sailor can serve on a fine liner. What about a tramp steamer as a cradle of the deep? Will he like being rocked to sleep, eating and living in the forecastle with eleven others in a space hardly large enough for four? Will he find the company cheerful when bad food, bad tobacco mixed with the smell of the engine, make summer seem harder to bear than the biting winter?" The chance of seeing the wonders of the great world nerves an enterprising spirit to brave hardships. Glowing visions of coral islands and icy mountains are not to be obliterated by grey pictures. Life on deck when the blue sea catches sparks from the sun, or gleams silvery beneath moon and stars, will make up for hardships below, which, after all, the old salt has been able to outlive. As for bad weather, it will give him his chance of showing his mettle. This, at least, is true. Every storm discovers deeds of British pluck. Both England and Ireland had their tales to tell after that terrible gale of November, 1901. The hero of one was a fine young boatman on the staff of the Missions to Seamen in Cork Harbour.

A Humble Hero.

Thomas Harley chose to be a sailor. He was man enough to endure discomforts and to gain promotion. He obtained a berth on the *Messenger*, where he had no fear of living in miserable conditions under a hard captain.



(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

THE OLD MISSION BOAT ON THE TYNE.

(To be replaced by the first QUIVER *row-boat.)*

Never had the *Messenger* lost a man by any accident, though for more than thirty-six years she had braved wind and weather in the roadstead of Queenstown and in Cork Harbour. Her blue flag, with a flying angel holding the Everlasting Gospel, proclaimed her the friend of all whose business was upon the great waters.

But the men to whom she brought welcome visitors and comforts missed her for two days. Her chief boatman ran her into shelter, for he knew that she was not so fit as in days gone by to bear the battering of the gale. When it fell slightly, she spread her wings and flew on an errand of mercy.



(*By permission of the Missions to Seamen.*)

THE OLD MISSIONS TO SEAMEN BOAT FOR THE RIVER ORWELL AND HARWICH HARBOUR.

The magnet which drew her from her moorings was a ship at anchor. Some of the crew had asked to buy Bibles. Their captain had gone ashore when the chaplain had boarded her before the gale, and they had been obliged to wait for permission to spend their wages. They might weigh anchor at any moment. Rough or smooth, merchant ships come and go; if for only a few months they should cease to bring supplies of food, our islands would be in a condition of starvation. The Mission schooner seized the opportunity of taking the men their Bibles, and they made their purchases. Last thanks were given, last good-byes were bidden; and Thomas Harley's last service on earth for God and man was done.

The *Messenger* returned in safety, but heavily laden with sad tidings. She had lost her active and willing young boatman. In the moment when the two vessels had parted he had been jerked overboard, and efforts to save him had failed. Thomas Harley had been called aloft in the midst of duty; he had died a sailor's death. But could the accident have been prevented? Inquiries brought out the fact that the schooner was old and weather-beaten, and no longer so safe and fit for service as she had been.

The *Messenger* has since then held on bravely for more than two years. She has been battered and patched by turns; but a time comes for the most gallant vessel to furl her sails and rest, and this one has earned repose. During thirty-six years, in connection with the Seamen's Institute at Cork, she has been the means of selling to seamen 28,999 Bibles in thirty-one different languages, besides 5,775 Prayer Books in sixteen languages. Is this work to cease? Queenstown Harbour and Falmouth are the two principal ports of call. This means that there is no other place where so many cargo boats anchor and wait for orders. One, laden with tea, for instance, shelters in the roadstead or outer harbour, and her owner telegraphs to Mark Lane, London, to inquire where to find the best market. A reply may arrive from Hull, Liverpool, or some other port within a few hours or after a few weeks. The time of waiting gives workers for the Missions to Seamen their opportunity.

Wet days are fine days for a call. In pouring rain the vessel with the blue flag draws up alongside and the chaplain asks the chief officer's leave to step aboard and see the men. By all means, is the general reply. The men have nothing to do, the weather forbids their painting the ship, and the mate will be only too glad to find them some occupation. Many

of them are ready to give a cheer of recognition. An absolute repulse is rare, though every variety of creed, race, and character prevails in the ships. Here is one under the command of a Missions to Seamen helper—a member of a volunteer band of at least 700 seamen who have pledged themselves to promote godly living on the high seas according to the doctrines of Holy Scripture. Peace and good feeling reign here from stem to stern. Throughout the long voyage not one case of desertion has been reported. At a signal from the captain, all hands assemble for a service of thanksgiving. To those who go down to the sea in ships, see God's wonders in the deep, and learn to cry unto Him in their trouble, religion is a great reality. They raise their voices in hymns of praise with a fervour and reverence which leave little doubt that they readily confess that the Ruler of the Sea has piloted them to their desired haven.

Here is another merchantman, which for eighteen months has known no mention of God's Name except when taken in vain. And a round-faced, smiling Eskimo from Labrador. If he wears a tricoloured ribbon, he will point to the stripes, and explain that they are the sign of his triple pledge: "No drink; no smoke; no swear." Mohammedans, faithful to their worship of the One God and careful to kneel regularly on their prayer carpets; Hindus wearing the precious scarlet thread which distinguishes them as the twice-born Brahmans, and therefore to be reverenced by their brethren of lower caste; Lascars and various Pagans openly confess their faith; the God of the Christians alone seems to be forgotten. These sailors of different creeds, races, and tongues, are united under the British flag, and own one common brotherhood, as sinners needing the same Saviour; and they depend on voluntary effort to bring them near to Him. No chaplains are provided for the Mercantile Marine, and harbours are outside any parishes. Waterside churches and districts have usually more than they can do to shepherd the landsmen without taking up extra burdens, for the wreckage of humanity drifts down to dock labour. The



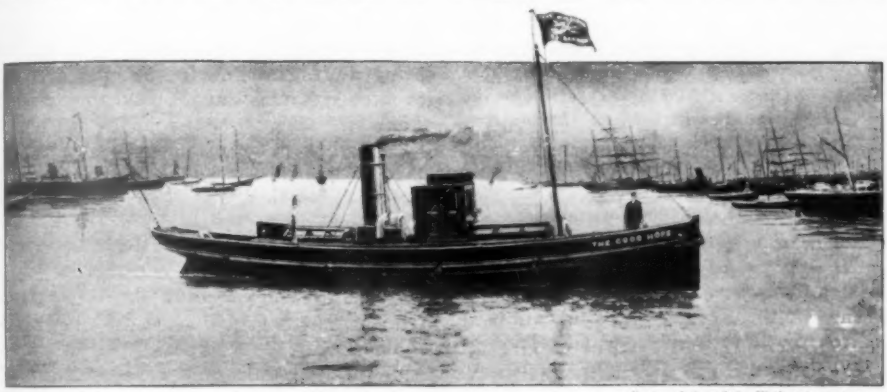
(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN SCHOONER "MESSENGER," FOR QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR SHIPPING.

all this while some hearts have been longing to know how they might find Him. The next call is on a ship with a crew consisting largely of foreigners. Amongst the most consistent Christians are hardy Norsemen, who buy more Bibles than any other seamen, and now and then best will and the best organisation on shore could not cope with overpowering numbers. Between 2,000 and 3,000 vessels enter Falmouth in a year. About one-third of these are long-voyage ships, and wait in the roadstead until they receive orders to proceed to a

port of discharge. The Missions at Falmouth and Queenstown, though each possesses distinctive characteristics, bear a close resemblance to one another. Both can call ancient history to witness to their importance.

How long Queenstown Harbour has been a haven for ships hailing from the uttermost parts of the known earth it is impossible to say—perhaps since four centuries before Christ. Tacitus wrote in A.D. 97 that the approaches to Ireland were better known in his days through the far greater safety to all concerned. He need not wait for wind, tide, or swelling seas. He escapes the vexatious delay of being shut up in a becalmed cutter, perhaps for weeks, whilst he is wanted here, there, and everywhere. Meanwhile, little tugs puff past him with an air of insolent conceit, and mighty steamers leave the port bearing away thousands of souls, some on their last voyage. The marvellous power of machinery enables a mission vessel to run alongside the ships in both fair and foul



(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

"THE GOOD HOPE."

(The Tees Mission steamer, which cost £1,500 in 1903. A similar vessel, but with motor or oil power, and not steam, to cost £1,500, is what is required for Cork Harbour.)

merchantmen than those of England. If Roman slaves brought tidings to Ireland of the Prophet of Galilee Who ruled even the winds and waves, their toil at the weary oar was glorified into labour for God. The winds and the waves now spread England's influence for good or evil throughout the world, for there is no port where her ships do not touch and trade. Sailors who profess and call themselves Christians, if true to their profession, are involuntary missionaries; if unworthy of the Name they bear, their example makes the Cross of Christ of none effect, and drags the honour of the British flag in the dust.

It is good to sing—

> "Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
> And you, ye waters, roll,"

it is well to press all the powers of Nature into their Creator's service. The stormy wind fulfils His word; but so do fire and water, and the two combined as steam cause it to run very swiftly. A chaplain with a steam launch at his command can visit three times as many vessels as one who depends on a sailing yacht, and with weather. Boilers are good servants to sailors, but modern science can dispense with them whilst bringing fire and oil together into subjection in the form of a motor. A boat supplied with one is ready for action whilst her fire-and-water sister requires an hour to get up steam before starting, and must be allowed time to let it off when her work is done. A motor has not the same hunger for coal, nor constant thirst for water, nor heavy machinery with an insatiable appetite for grease. She costs, indeed, far less to feed, and is as swift on water as a motor carriage is on land.

A Ringing Appeal.

A cry resounds over the waters: "Save us, we perish!" Not only an agonised cry of short-lived seamen who pass away daily beyond the reach of human help, but from men whose souls are drifting away to certain destruction for want of a hand stretched out to save them. The call for a boat rings with such loud insistence from Cork Harbour that it reaches through THE QUIVER to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Proposed "Quiver" Mission Vessel.

£350 would suffice to supply a sailing vessel like the worn-out *Messenger*, but a motor launch would be more effective, and better worth while from every point of view. It would cost from £1,000 to £1,500. When readers of this Magazine heard of a plea for a lifeboat, they raised at once enough to buy, not one, but five, lifeboats, which together cost five times the amount wanted for a motor launch. There is every reason to believe that they will prove as worthy as ever of confidence in their will and power to meet the present necessity. It will be to their honour, as well as to the glory of God, that a vessel bearing the name of *The Quiver* should be fleet, strong, safe, and suitable. Collecting cards accompany each Number of this Magazine. Need any of them be lost?

The Children's Mission Row-boats.

Young hearts are open, and young ears keen, to catch a cry for help. Children are asked to make a gift of their own to the Missions to Seamen. On the occasion when our Lord used a boat on the Lake of Galilee, and replied to the cry, "Save us, we perish!" there were "other little ships" in the wake of His. Small as well as great vessels are required for His service. At the present time there is work under the blue flag which only row-boats can do. The Mission steamer *Eirene* can accomplish feats beyond the power of any other vessel. She is a church for seamen who can reach no other, and a home for chaplains and readers where they learn by experience the needs of sailors. But only "little ships" can come close to the smaller craft without causing them danger.

The children's gift will be, if possible, ten Mission row-boats. The cost of each one, as good and complete of its kind as may be, will be £25. The Editor is happy to say that THE QUIVER will launch this enterprise by contributing the first of these row-boats. It will be put in hand at once, and given to the Mission on the Tyne. That place of strong tides and risks to life, of strong courage to do and dare when there is a shout, "To the rescue!" is to have the one known as *Quiver No. 1*.

This boat and any that follow will be launched with the confident hope that they may be used to God's glory for years to come. Boys daily enter the Mercantile Marine. It is not the will of God that one of them should perish, but rather that they should "follow the Light, and do the Right." God alone knows how far their failures may lie to the charge of His favoured servants, who are blind to the signal of distress. He also knows the joy and reward that lies before the rescued and the rescuers when at last the storms of life are over and they meet together, safe Home in Port.

[*The Mission Fleet which it is thus proposed to repair and reinforce is ably worked by the Missions to Seamen, of which the King is Patron, and Vice-Admiral H.R.H. the Prince of Wales Vice-Patron. By this Fleet, which may well be designated "The Lord's Navy," the Gospel in all its simplicity and fulness is brought to millions of sea-faring men of all races, nations, and tongues. This beautiful and necessary work speaks for itself so eloquently that we are confident our readers will heartily co-operate in the enterprise which is here ready to their hand.*

The publishers of THE QUIVER, *in order to assist this Fund, have generously offered to present to every reader who gives or collects the sum of half-a-guinea, a beautiful copy of Mr. Holman Hunt's celebrated picture, "The Light of the World." A further reference to this valuable gift will appear in our next issue.*—ED. QUIVER.]



(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN BOAT, "HENRY H. PARKER," FOR THE SHIPPING IN QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR.

THE KINDLY CAPTAIN COURIER.

By the Rev. Frederick Hastings.

"Julius treated Paul kindly, and gave him leave to go unto his friends and refresh himself [*or*, to receive attention]."—Acts xxvii. 3 (R.V.).

JULIUS was probably a "legionary" centurion on detached service, between the Emperor and his armies in the provinces. He was an officer courier, one of the well-known "troop of the Emperor," and may have ranked with an officer of a crack regiment, one which answered to the "King's Own" of this day, the Imperial Augustan cohort. He was, anyhow, also a gentleman in feeling; he was like several other centurions who are mentioned in the New Testament as being devout and considerate men—the one who built a synagogue, and was so humble that he said he was not worthy to receive Christ under his roof; or another who said, as he stood by the cross when Christ was dying, "Truly this was the Son of God"; or Cornelius, whose "alms came up before God." Julius had the same courteous manner of another, who, through the revelation by a youth of a plot of the Jews to kill Paul, acted rapidly to secure the safety of the apostle. This Julius had to take Paul to Rome as a prisoner, and was answerable for him with his life, yet he gave the apostle leave, when the ship stopped at Sidon, to go to his friends and get whatever of cheer he could, by association and interchange of thought with them. He might stand to us for an example of that thoughtfulness for others which should characterise every man. Julius had had a pagan training, but he acted in a most Christian manner.

All Christians are not thoughtful for others. They do not provide that which is necessary for the refreshing of others. Some are careless, and wound their associates. They forget that "evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart." This neglect in the Church often leads to rancorous bitterness and divisions. In the family, alas! it often leads to most terrible mischief, to chronic unrest, and to constant recriminations. Thoughtlessness will lead to a tornado that will seem to shake the whole house. The thoughtless seem at times to have their tongues dipped in adder's poison. They speak carelessly and harshly, remark on every movement of others, exposing anything they consider wrong. They are often indifferent to the shame or pain they may cause. Gangrene grows, passion rises which none can quell; meal-times sometimes become seasons of inquisitorial torture; while night, through thoughtlessness, sees pillows often soaked with tears of vengeful annoyance. The imperious and tyrannous tone intensely irritates. By reproaches and reprimands discontent and fretfulness are fostered. Young people, too, can unceasingly plague each other. Threats, insinuations, names, and abuse fly to and fro like a shuttlecock. Grudges gather. Keen watches are kept for chances of reprisal. Fiery words are often belched forth that scarify and rankle. Family love changes to family feud, hearts are broken, and home life is darkened, all by thoughtlessness.

To live together thoughtfully in the home needs more care than many imagine, especially when the members cease to be children. Near relationship is often the excuse for careless selfishness, for jibes at well-known weaknesses, for taunts at some slip, or for inflicting a deeper stab to some heart-sore member of the family. There is then anything but "rest" and "refreshment" in the family.

Those who can be very considerate for people outside the family circle are often cruel to members within, showing the worst side of their characters to those who hold to them the closest relationship. If such chance to be accounted Christians, they do endless damage to the cause of Christ. And some sections of the Church show their worst side to those who are nearest to them in creed and church government. Little points of difference are built up into walls of severest isolation. The good work done by one is minimised or misrepresented by another. Hindrances are put in the way of advance. Overlapping takes place, godly efforts are ignored, and the Great Master pained.

Thank God, a better and broader spirit has been manifest of late! Men are seeing that religion is deeper than verbal creeds, and that loyalty to Christ may consist with observances apparently most diverse. All this is hopeful for the future. Not only so, but in the present

it brings a great sense of rest and refreshment. We go on over the ocean of life, and the very fact that, although we may be as "ships that pass in the night," we can show a flag or a flare of recognition is a source of strength. How refreshing it must have been to Paul to have met with one like Julius! How unexpected such kindness!

Kindliness seems to have become a habit of this Roman officer. We see that he found Paul had not abused the liberty granted, and so he was led to be more considerate still. Circumstances later on led to a still greater test of this habitual thoughtfulness. See how he acted when great peril threatened all. Read the record in Acts xxvii. 43.

Paul wanted to see Rome, but he little thought how he would have to approach it. His life was arranged in a fashion most startling to himself. The proud and zealous Pharisee was now going to Rome a prisoner! Nor was his voyage smooth. It was no mere yachting sail round an island. The ship in which he had to voyage was a corn-laden galley, and was caught in a terrible Levanter. Wearisome days and nights were passed, until at length the anchors were cast out of the stern, pulling up the ship close to breakers and rocks. Here they waited, wishing for daylight. With the dawn the land appeared. The crew and passengers try to secure their escape, but the prisoners, what of them? The soldiers say, "We must kill them, for we shall be answerable for them with our lives if any escape."

But the commanding officer, who wants to save Paul, is heard to say, "Think of what we owe to one of the prisoners, Paul. How he helped to save our lives, helped to inspire us with hope when despair was seizing us in the boat. Common gratitude demands the sparing of such a man." And the voice of the centurion prevailed. Hear him, "Now men, save yourselves who can. Swim, if you are able. If you cannot swim, seize something that will float you to land."

Listen to the rapid unshackling of fetters instead of the slaying of the defenceless. Oh, what a clattering there must have been suddenly of chains falling on that deck! Paul is free to swim or clutch some spar that may bear him to land. Directly the ship was beached he doubtless flung himself over the bulwark and seized something that swept him on shore. How he must have thanked God for a kindly official in power, as well as for his wonderful deliverance from the waves!

Not always is such thoughtfulness backed by will-power as it was in Julius. Fortunately, he had determination as well as gentleness. He little knew what good he was doing; how future ages would be grateful to him for helping, under God, to preserve the life of a man invaluable to the world.

It was after this that Paul wrote some epistles that have been treasures of untold wealth to the Church. We owe this in part to Julius. He thus helped the Christian faith. He helped Christ. Glorious privilege to be permitted to help Christ in the work He is carrying on in the world! Paul may have helped to develop this thoughtfulness in Julius. The centurion had evidently come under the influence of Paul even before they left Adramyttium, and formed a very high estimate of him. Paul at that time would appear as an insignificant man in stature, a very ordinary sort of man, even as one who was merely an unaccountable fanatic; but Julius saw there was something more than usual in that Jew. In talking with him, he would be struck by his balanced brain, by his fearless and yet modest demeanour, and above all by his attachment to One he called "Lord," One Whom he asserted had risen from the dead, and Who was the secret of his life's power. The gospel lived by the apostle produced the fruit of considerateness in the pagan. What a joy to Paul it must have been to have been a spiritual help to such a man! If the rest of his companions were rather uncongenial, here was one who answered to his craving for fellowship, and was willing to receive his teachings. They would have talks together and strengthen each other in all good things, in resolve to do the right and to keep faith in Him Who quickens and saves. Probably Julius came to believe in Jesus. He was certainly included in the promise of the angelic messenger, "Lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee." The centurion vanishes from our sight, but his influence remains. Possibly the Julia mentioned in the Epistle to the Romans was his wife, and yet we may not build too much on the similarity of names.

Remember that Julius by his thoughtfulness saved Paul, and he was himself saved from wreckage. There was One Who saved him and saved others, One Who would not save Himself. Christ went to death that we might have life. His love was unbounded. It was as if Julius had said to the harassed, frenzied soldiery in the ship, "Kill me, but let Paul go; let all these go."

XUM

DICK BRIMACOMBE'S WEDDING.

A Complete Story by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.



"Dick had to hang on with all his might to keep from being flung off."—*p.* 650.

I.

UNCLE ABE.

IT was Uncle Abe who married them. You see, there was nobody else to do it; and, if there had been, the young folks would just have stuck to Uncle Abe. Whether you wanted to be christened, or married, or buried, you always sent for Uncle Abe; and when folks were sick or in trouble, you would be sure to see Uncle Abe's buggy standing outside the door—and a rough kind of thing it was, for Uncle Abe had to be his own carriage repairer, if not carriage builder, and there was very little of the original left. He made his own harness, cut from a cow hide. Everybody did that much—felled the timber, and built the house, and roofed it with shingles; but it was Uncle Abe who could mend your furniture, and set your plough right, and cure your aches, and cobble your shoes, and held that nothing was worn out so long as it could be kept together by a bit of leather or a strip of bark.

He lived in what was then counted the backwoods of Canada, a place now as civilised as any old-fashioned town at home, where the

latest advertisements cover the walls, and the latest fashions fill the drapery stores, and three daily papers record the latest news or invent it, as the case may be, availing themselves of the opportunity of contradicting it all in to-morrow's issue. But in the 'forties of the last century it was a wild spot, where there were so many wolves that nobody could keep a sheep. The old folks still tell how that, looking out of a window on a frosty night, they often saw a pack of wolves leaping over the logs and sniffing about the place. Here it was that a few hardy settlers had made a clearing and built each his wooden shanty. And here they lived their lives, rough and hard, but healthy and happy; and, however little they owned, it was all their own, which made it so much.

Uncle Abe was not exactly a minister. He never gave up business, and no man amongst them worked harder. His enterprise undertook much more than the care of his farm. He put his yoke of oxen to the waggon and drove ninety miles to Hamilton, carrying the skins that he had purchased from the trappers, and bringing home such things as tinware and earthenware, shoes and saddlery, stoves and drapery goods, which were collected in a lean-to at the side of his house, where the customers might call and get what they wanted.

A busy man indeed was Uncle Abe. In the springtime every maple tree was tapped for sugar, and everybody in the family went hurrying to and fro with pails, and poured the luscious liquid into the boiler that stood in the clearing, or stayed a moment to thrust a log into the fire to keep the pot boiling. In a good season he made as much as a thousand pounds of sugar, and sold it in exchange for wool, which the women of those days could card and spin and weave into blankets and shawls and dresses.

Now it was partly, perhaps, because he was so busy a man, always about hither and thither, that they gave him so much more to do. Partly because of that, but mostly because everybody knew him to be a good man. He was big and strong and utterly fearless, fearing God and then fearing nothing and nobody. Hard and narrow, it may be, in the view of some, when he found the evil doer, but all kindness and goodness when he came to deal with the sick and suffering. So it was that he was ordained a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He gathered the scattered population together in house or barn for preaching services. He baptised the babies, and married the couples, and buried the dead, and preached the funeral sermons, and did as much good as any Right Reverend Father in God. Payment for his services was mostly in kind. The sweet sentiment of lovers whose bliss was consummated by marriage found a grateful acknowledgment in the gift of a bear skin, and the peaceful burial of some old saint was requited by the skin of a wild wolf.

This was Uncle Abe, who married Dick Brimacombe to Jessie MacDonald, and, although they have all passed away, there stands to this day the maple tree under whose branches the bride and bridegroom stood on that memorable day.

II.

WHAT CAME OF A PARING-BEE.

DICK BRIMACOMBE, they said, would never marry; he was not a marrying man. That he was thirty-five years old, and had not sought a wife, was quite enough to settle the matter in the minds of the maidens who met at church or on the few and simple occasions when the settlers gathered at some festivity. He had come, a little lad, with his father and mother from the West country at home before he could remember. Indeed, there was but one memory that filled his boyhood's days; beside that all else was lost, behind that nothing seemed to lie.

It was one day in winter, when he was some twelve or thirteen years of age, that he had gone with his father into the woods to fetch the logs for fuel, a thing sorely needed where the cold often sank below zero. Dick's work was to drive the horses home with the load on the sleigh, and merrily rang his voice and the crack of his whip in the still and frosty air. On one of these journeys, as he drove along the rough track, a wolf ran from the bush and galloped snarling at his side. The horses, terrified, rushed madly away, and Dick had to hang on with all his might to keep from being flung off. The beast kept trying to leap upon him, and sprang, hideous with bloodshot eyes and open mouth from which the specks of foam flew as it ran, every now and then snapping its cruel teeth madly. Then suddenly an arrow from an unseen hand fled straight at the beast and killed it instantly. An Indian to whom they had shown some kindness had caught sight of it, and thus saved the lad. It was a mad wolf that had broken away from the rest of the pack and roamed by itself—a creature far more fierce than any other, since the venom of its

madness meant that the least touch of its teeth—and some said even the scratch of its claw—meant certain death, and that perhaps the most terrible death that a man can die.

The Indian hastened to tell the father of the son's peril and escape, and as they returned together to the place where the dead wolf lay Dick joined them.

"Well," said the old man, when he had heard the story from both of them, and given the Indian all the tobacco he had, "we will have his skin, anyhow. He shall do some good now he is dead, which is more than he did when alive. The boy shall have that for his own."

Taking out the knife that hung from his belt, he proceeded to skin the beast. But he was all unmindful that his hands were chapped with the cold. It cost him his life. A fortnight later he died of hydrophobia.

From that hour the boy became a man. His was all the hard work of the place; his the burden of anxiety in the struggle to live. And bravely he carried his load. Utterly absorbed in his work, he grew old before his time, and as he passed through the years of his early manhood life had no room for sentiment, no leisure for love, except in the tender care and unceasing devotion which he showed to his mother.

The life of those days in those parts was by no means lacking in opportunity for courtship. No hired help could be had then, and the neighbours gathered at each other's houses in turn to lend a hand at all that required any extra help. And on such occasions Dick Brimacombe came gladly enough to do his share of work. There was a Raising-bee, when a man wanted to put up a barn, and every neighbour brought a horse or a yoke of oxen to drag the timber and then help to put it in its place. There was a Logging-bee, when they gathered to bring the logs to the fire, and made ready the potash, the only thing for which they got paid in cash; all else was a matter of barter. There was the Paring-bee, when they made ready the apples and pumpkins for winter use.

Such occasions were always finished by a great supper, at which as many as fifty or sixty guests would gather, and this was followed by all kinds of merry games. Then they drove home in waggons or sleighs. But Dick Brimacombe seldom stayed to supper, and never to the merry-making afterwards. There was nobody else to see to the cows and to set things right for the night, and his mother sat by the lonely fireside; so before anybody knew it he was gone. Little wonder the maidens had come to think of him as not a marrying man.

But old Mrs. Brimacombe had died, and there had come changes that quickly told on Dick. The evenings were long and lonely as he sat now after supper when the day's work was done, and there was nobody to cook his victuals and to see to his buttons. A hundred discomforts began to meet him which only a woman's hand could set right, if he could but find the one that suited him, one who could do all these matters as his mother had done.

The chance soon came, and Dick took it eagerly. It was at a Paring-bee, where the neighbours for half a dozen miles around had come together to pare and prepare the apples for the winter. It was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see—the men busy picking the ruddy apples from the trees and filling the baskets, then emptying them in piles where the groups of maidens sat laughing and chatting merrily, one skilfully peeling the apples, another quartering them, whilst yet another threaded the pieces with a needle on a fine string some yard or two long, these later to festoon the kitchen and thus be dried for winter use. The fallen leaves of the trees already littered the orchard, whilst the maple stood ablaze with gold and deepest crimson hues.

Amongst the girls was one more quiet than the rest, to whom Dick Brimacombe brought his basket more than once, and then lingered watching her hands as skilfully and swiftly she pared the apples. If it had been any other of the men, there would certainly have been some laughing pleasantry about it, but it was only Dick, and nobody took any notice of him—nobody, that is, except Jessie MacDonald herself. She, seated on the ground, her lap full of apples, turned her head and met the eager look of Dick, and at once had read the secret. With a blush on her cheek, she bent her face low down, and went on more busily with her work.

Then Dick flung himself down at her side. "Let me help you," he laughed, and, taking an apple out of her lap, he began to eat it. The others looked; but there, it was only Dick Brimacombe, and he did not count from a girl's standpoint.

The early supper was over, and all were taking part in the games. Dick, unused to games and awkward at merry-making had strolled away into the orchard again. The great harvest moon was rising over the distant woods. Presently he caught sight of Jessie

leaning against a fence watching the moon rise. He little guessed how hardly she was trying not to think of what filled all her thoughts. His coming startled her. He was at her side before she had caught sight of him. For a few moments they stood in silence.

"I want to have a Paring-bee," said Dick.

Jessie said nothing, only turned her head towards him, hoping that he had not seen the blush that filled her face, and glad to notice that he was looking at the moon.

"I guess it would be a new kind of Paring-bee, too."

Jessie looked up with a questioning wonder.

"I am only going to ask one—a sort of Queen Bee," Dick went on.

Jessie's eyes fell, and she grasped the fence nervously.

"And when she comes I want her to stay and see the apples dried, and then to cook them, and help to eat them too."

Jessie beat the fence timidly with her foot. Then Dick slipped his arm in hers. "Jessie, will you be my Queen Bee?" The little hand slipped into Dick's big ones. For a minute there was silence, except as the crickets chirped in noisy chorus; but Dick heard the words, almost whispered, "Do you mean it, Dick?" Then he sealed the bargain with a kiss, and it was settled.

"We shall have to be quick about it," said Dick, as they came to the house again. "Apples won't keep long this season, I'm afraid."

So Dick Brimacombe was going to be married.

III.

THE WEDDING.

IT was within a very few weeks of the Paring-bee that there came the wedding. There was no need for delay, and Dick thought there was much need for haste; so they had seen Uncle Abe and fixed it all with him. They had got the licence, and the day was fixed when at the nearest little church the friends were to gather and the marriage was to take place. The autumn had passed into the early winter, and there had come a great storm of wind and rain. All night the wind blew, and all night the rain pelted. Dick slept soundly as only a tired man can; but Jessie lay awake half the night listening to the roar of the blast in the woods, moaning and howling, and to the beat of the rain. How could she get to church in the simple finery in which she was to be decked? And then a new horror seized her. What if the river were swollen, and Uncle Abe could not cross to marry them! She slept, but it was only to dream that she was being swept away in some fierce torrent in which Dick struggled vainly to save her. The day broke with dull, heavy clouds on every side; no sign of any clearing was there, and the rain came down with a steady and persistent beat as if it would never cease. Later, they met at the church, the bride and bridegroom, with a few of her friends. Dick had no relatives that he knew of in the world, and was his own best man.

But there was no Uncle Abe. The wind roared about the little church, then went howling into the woods like a thing in pain. In gusts the rain beat on the window panes. The little company sat waiting in silence, when one came into the church with the news that Uncle Abe was the other side of the river and could not come across. The stepping-stones were buried several feet below the raging flood. There was no chance of any wedding to-day. They must go home again and wait until the flood was over.

"Never," said Dick; "we'll manage it somehow."

Forth went the bride and bridegroom to the bank of the river, where Dick set Jessie in the shelter of the big maple tree and then called across to Uncle Abe.

The rush and roar of the torrent was the deep bass to the howl of the wind, and it was difficult for him to hear his own voice as he shouted, "What's to be done, Uncle Abe?"

"Nothing, I guess, my son," said Uncle Abe. "I'm just awful sorry. I should have to go miles up the river before I could cross it, and it would take me all day."

"Dick," whispered Jessie, close at his side, "ask him if he can't manage it standing over there."

"Say, Uncle Abe," bawled Dick with all his might, "can't you do it over there?"

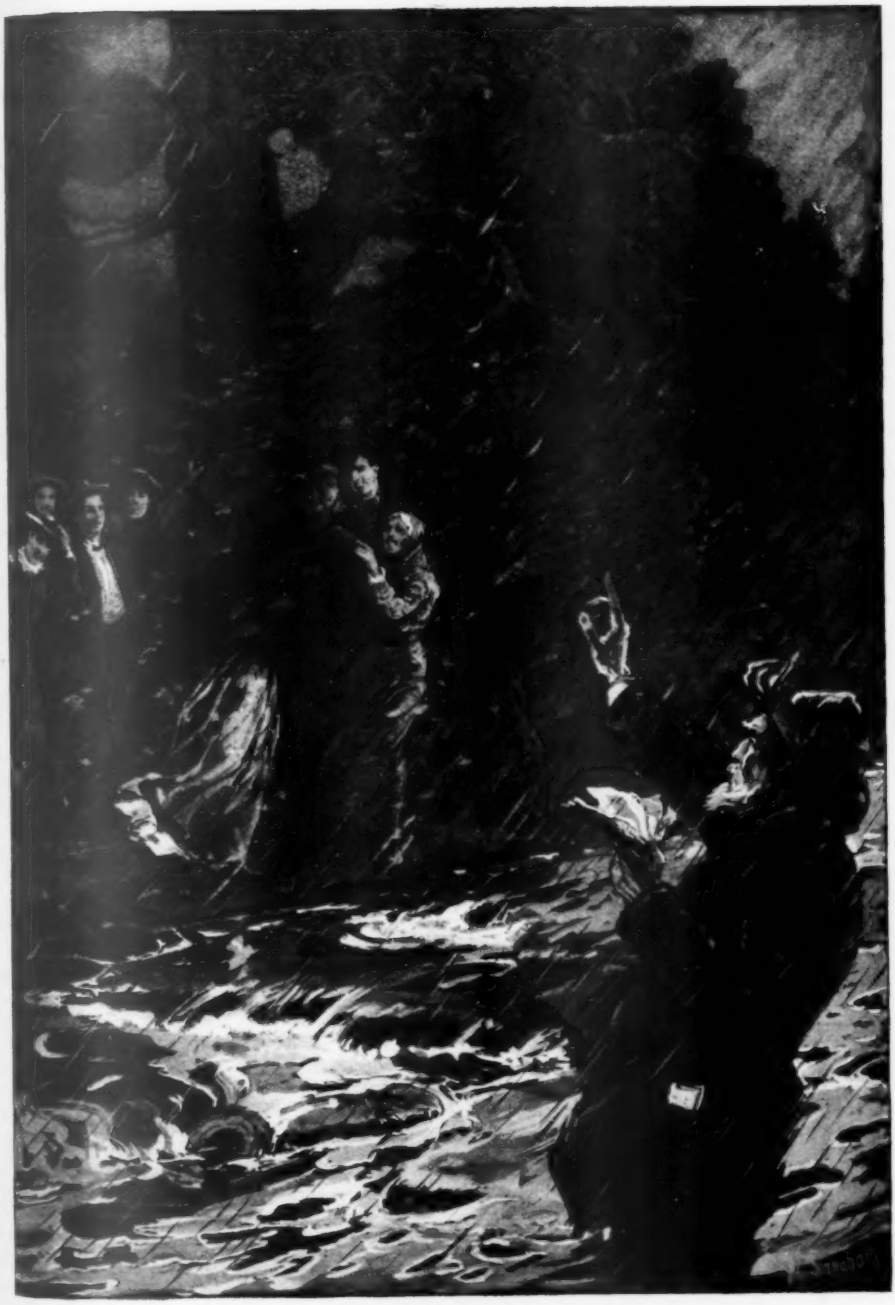
"What?" shouted Uncle Abe, and Dick had to say it again before it was heard.

"I don't see how I can," and Uncle Abe scratched his head. "I can't marry you without the licence."

"Dear, dear!" said Dick helplessly.

"We can manage the licence all right," said Jessie. "Take your handkerchief and put a big stone in it, and the licence, and you can fling it across."

"That's just grand," said Dick. "I should



"'All right,' roared Uncle Abe. 'That will do.'"—*p.* 654.

never have thought of that," and a minute later the thing went flying across the river to Uncle Abe.

"Well, we can try it, anyhow," roared the Deacon, as he came to the brink of the river and stood in the pelting rain. "Come as near as you can."

So the service began. Now the words rang out clear and distinct as in a church, then again nothing could be heard. But Uncle Abe struggled on with his part, and Dick was not to be beaten.

"Say after me, Dick," roared Uncle Abe, "*I know not*——" For a moment it was useless to struggle with the roar of the storm. Then he began again, "I know not any just cause——"

Dick got safely through this part, but it was in vain that Jessie tried to make her voice heard across the river.

"I can't hear," roared Uncle Abe, leaning across the surging flood, and holding his hand at his ear.

"She said it right enough," yelled Dick.

"We heard her," said the little group about the maple tree; "we can swear to that."

There was a pause, and the whole matter seemed in peril. Then Uncle Abe roared across to them, "Hold up a hand, my dear. I guess that will do under the circumstances."

And up went Jessie's hand.

"Dick Brimacombe, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" cried Uncle Abe, and then stood listening, his hand against his ear. But there was no need for that. Dick put both his hands to his mouth, and in a tone that might have defied Niagara's thunder, roared, "*I will!*"

"Guess Uncle Abe heard that right enough," said the group to each other with a smile. Then Uncle Abe began again.

"Jessie, my dear, it's your turn now. Can you hear?" Jessie nodded her head.

"Jessie MacDonald, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" But it was in vain that poor Jessie tried to get her words across.

"She says she will, right enough," said Dick impatiently.

"But I've got for to hear it," cried Uncle Abe.

"Let her hold up her hand," pleaded Dick.

"Well, then, Jessie, my dear, hold up a hand if you mean it."

"Hold up both," whispered Dick.

"You've got hold of one," said Jessie.

"Well, I'll hold up this one, and you hold up the other," laughed Dick; and up went both Jessie's hands high in the air.

"Have you got the ring?" cried Uncle Abe.

"Here it is, Uncle," Dick roared, holding it up.

"Well, put it on. Jessie will show you the finger."

"All right, Uncle Abe. What next?"

"Hold it there, and say after me——"

Now it was whilst Dick's hands were busy in this part of the ceremony that there came a violent blast, which sent Dick's hat flying before it and dropped it into the surging stream. It was Jessie's old aunt who flung a big black shawl over Dick's head and accidentally covered them both.

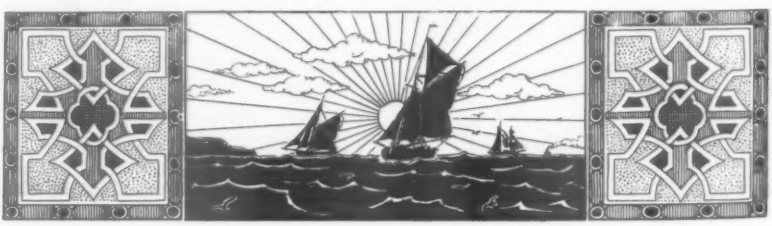
"All right," roared Uncle Abe. "That will do."

And Dick took the opportunity, whilst hidden in the shawl, to give his wife a kiss that sealed the wedding as a kiss had sealed the engagement.

"God bless you, my children," said Uncle Abe, as he crawled into his buggy. "I guess you're tied up all right."

"Thank 'ee, Uncle Abe; I'll owe you a bear skin," roared Dick.

"Come and see us soon," said Jessie, but the words failed to get across the river. They were lost in the roar of the flood and the howl of the storm.



THE REV. F. B. MEYER AND HIS WORK.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THERE are few religious teachers whose writings are more widely read or whose opinions carry so much weight as those of the much-loved pastor of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. Mr. F. B. Meyer, who in the early years of his ministerial life acted as assistant to the Rev. C. M. Birrell of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool—a man whom he has described as "one of the sweetest, holiest, most catholic, and most cultured men of his time"—exercises his singular influence over the hearts of men mainly by a remarkable optimism of character, which enables him to discern good in all humanity and a silver lining to the darkest cloud; and the average person is more swayed by optimism than by almost any other characteristic in human character. Why it should be so I know not, for it is not a quality for which, personally, I have any very great admiration, or in which I am inclined, as a rule, to put my trust. It never appears to me as though it could possibly and invariably be a quality of sincerity; but none who know Mr. Meyer can for a moment doubt the sincerity of life and thought which controls his whole existence.

He is optimistic simply because his faith is so joyous a one, so vivid and strenuous and inspiring that his life is one long pæan of praise and thanksgiving. And it has been in many respects a remarkable life—a life of which I will endeavour to give a fleeting glimpse mainly by a series of striking pictures, which, like a kodak snap, shall display the man in his happiest and most characteristic moments. To begin with, then, he has travelled far and wide, and as he makes a point of ascending the pulpit whenever he gets the chance, his voice and features are known, literally, to millions.

His presence is a singularly winning one.



THE REV. F. B. MEYER.

With a handsome, clean-shaven face, and clear-cut features surmounted by a white halo of hair, he attracts attention as soon as he enters a pulpit. His diction is clear and expressive, his action restrained, his style quiet, picturesque, convincing, his countenance is in itself an inspiration to the higher life; and you feel as you listen to him—those, I mean, who, unlike myself, are subject to such influences—that he is a man of sympathy, understanding, and of remarkable power and capacity for uplifting and encouraging the weary and the broken-hearted. You instinctively realise to yourself that he is a man who would never break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, which is, perhaps, the highest qualification, as it is one of the rarest, that a minister of God can possess.

It is wonderful to reflect on the variety of audiences that Mr. Meyer has addressed, and the widely differing circumstances under which he has delivered his inspiring and Divine message. He has been singularly effective in his ministrations to his own brethren, and hundreds of them throughout the whole of Christendom are indebted to him for help and counsel and invigoration such as they had never experienced before, will never experience again.

On one picturesque occasion, during a tour in 1901 through the Southern States, Mr. Meyer was conducting a conference with about 150 Presbyterian ministers. The weather was fearfully hot, and so the good men betook themselves in all their lightheartedness—and Dissenting ministers in a holiday mass are as innocent and light-hearted as kittens, I am told—to an ancient forest hard by the town of their assemblage. Here, beneath the time-worn foliage, with the sunlight glinting through the scarce-fluttering leaves, Mr. Meyer took his stand, and exhorted his brethren on the subject of the day. After an hour or so of uplifting conversation, he turned to a friend, a well-known American preacher, Dr. Wilbur Chapman by name, and said to him: "My friend, one ounce of testimony is worth pounds of argument. Will you tell these men how God has dealt with you?"

To his astonishment, Dr. Chapman rose, and, with the bluntness and affectionateness of the American religionist, pointing to Mr. Meyer himself as he spoke, he said: "I owe more to



MR. MEYER'S DRAWING-ROOM.

this man than to anyone in the world." And then he proceeded to tell them how one wearied and desponding morning, when, as with Elijah, the iron of care and worry and disappointment had entered his soul, his eyes happened to fall upon these words which Mr. Meyer had chanced to preach at Northfield a day or two before, "Everything depends upon whether a man works for God or allows God to work through him."

"I realised then," continued the minister, "the mistake I had been making, although I was fully conscious that I had worked for God to the utmost of my power, in endeavouring to be an agent rather than an instrument. I determined then and there that for the future I should be the humble instrument, and that God's mighty power should flow through my life to men." His listeners were electrified into new life; new hope, new energy, took possession of their souls, and in a moment they realised the Divine nature of the message Mr. Meyer had been sent to deliver to them.

Now that was a really wonderful incident, for it displayed the subtle, all-persuasive influence of the spiritual life at its highest; and it further instanced the remarkable prevalence of that spirit in the religious life of America. Nowhere else is it so vivid, so absolutely a matter of course, so entirely invigorating. To me, personally, and to all in whom the spiritual side of their nature has not been very fully developed, such an incident comes in the nature of a great revelation, but it also comes as a great explanation of the life and influence of such a man as Mr. Meyer.



MR. MEYER IN HIS VESTRY AT CHRIST CHURCH.

On another occasion he held a great conference—what Anglicans would call a retreat—in the picturesque mountain village of Brummana, which hangs over Beyrout in Syria. Here he gathered together some two hundred missionaries—men from all parts of the Near East—and these he encouraged and exhorted to greater effort than ever they had even dreamed possible before. All this wonderful success in the farthest corner of the earth, coupled with a love of travel and a great appreciation of the beautiful, very nearly tempted him to quit for ever his now firmly established work in Lambeth, where he had won the love and devotion of thousands of artisans and labourers, whom he had grappled

to his soul with bands of steel, and the undying hatred and fear of hundreds of evil-doers, into whose wheels of wickedness and vice he had inserted many a hindering spoke. But eventually other counsels prevailed, and now I believe the much-loved pastor remains faithful to the work which no other man could carry on quite so well, though, personally, I do not believe that any man can ever be considered altogether indispensable. Mr. Meyer, like many a High Church parson, has a great gift with poor people. He always attracts them, and they in turn will do anything for him. He is also possessed to a remarkable degree of the saving grace of humour, and I have often watched with pleasure the quaint twisting of his very flexible and clever mouth when he has been telling me some quaint anecdote of his past experience. Once he induced a man to sign the pledge under the following, to most men, adverse and discouraging circumstances. It occurred whilst he was carrying on his gaol rescue work in Leicester. A certain man came out of prison one morning, and was met by his wife and two daughters. Mr. Meyer offered the whole party breakfast at a neighbouring coffee-house, where the following colloquy took place :

"Sign the pledge," said Mr. Meyer. "You know it is drink that has been your bane. Now give it up, and begin a new life from to-day."

"Yes," said the man, "I will, but I *must* have a pint of porter first. I vowed I would have one the very first morning I came out of prison, and I must keep my vow."

"You ought to break a bad vow, my friend," said Mr. Meyer.

"I *will* have that pint," said the man.

"Very well," replied the good and sensible pastor. "If I let you have it, will you sign the pledge immediately after, and will you give me your hand upon it ?"

The man at once stretched out his hand, and the compact was entered upon. "But who was to get the beer ?" continues Mr. Meyer, as he tells the story. "I habitually used the coffee-house for these gaol-release breakfasts, and I could not possibly send one of the servants. That would have been simply out of the question. There was no one, I realised with a thrill of horror, to go and fetch that beer but myself. There was no help for it, so I snatched down the handiest jug, and then sallied forth—I, the champion of teetotalism in Leicester—to procure this wretched man his pint of porter.



MR. MEYER IN HIS LIBRARY.

Well, to make a long story short, having horrified the barmaid out of her wits, I returned with the beer, poured it out as slowly and quietly as possible, so as to avoid the tempting "head," and then gave it to the poor wretch to drink. At each gulp his wife, the two daughters, and I gave such a despairing groan that after two or three efforts he put the glass down, saying :

"'That is the miserablest pint of porter I ever drank. Where's your card, sir ? I may as well sign it as drink any more.'"

And the man signed then and there. Mr. Meyer procured him a new situation, and very shortly afterwards he became one of the most devoted and enthusiastic members of his congregation.

The anecdote does honour both to Mr. Meyer and to his *protégé*. It is such actions—actions which form the daily life of a Father Stanton or a Father Dolling, or a Wilson Carlile — that bind Mr. Meyer so closely to his people in Lambeth. It was he who first started that wonderful P.S.A. Brotherhood of his from out of the purlieus of Westminster. "I was told it couldn't be done. Christ Church was too imposing, too ecclesiastical ; the church of the better classes. Fancy talking like that to an optimist like me!

"And yet at the very first P.S.A. meeting I had no less than 200 men present. Dr. Newman Hall gave the address. We abolished the word 'Brethren' as being specially associated with the unreality of the pulpit and the pew, and called each other 'Brother,' reaching out our hands towards the Brother Who is at the right hand of God, through Whose sacrifice and eternal life we are linked to God Himself."

The cruel exigencies of space forbid my entering into further details concerning this most fascinating part of Mr. Meyer's strenuous life, but I suppose the Lambeth P.S.A. is known to the majority of my readers, and, therefore, I can well hurry on to glance at his work for and among young people. With all young people, boys and girls alike, Mr. Meyer is a veritable hero. In his own words, he has always tried to be a big brother to the girls of his charge, and he has never found the least tendency on their side to abuse the relationship. And he gives them work to do. Like the Roman Church and the Salvation Army, he believes in the power and influence of lofty womanhood. The young girls of Christ Church are banded together on the basis of devotion to our Saviour, total abstinence, modesty, self-sacrifice, and sisterliness. And it is much the same with his Lads' Institute. Thus on his Pleasant Thursday Evenings you will find gathered together week by week a body of young men, many of them rescued from horror and degradation unspeakable, who are now in their turn engaged heart and soul in the Christian endeavour to bring light and healing to their less fortunate fellows. Nay, he even sends certain of the young girls and boys whom he



MR. MEYER AT WORK.

has thus enrolled in a life of service, to distribute tracts and to speak encouraging words in the dreariest and vilest of the slums.

But he does not confine his ministrations to youth only to those of his own special district. A notable feature of this class of work is his correspondence with the young people of both sexes.

It is notorious that young people rarely and, as I think, very naturally, confide their greatest difficulties, spiritual or mental, to their parents, their own pastors, or their teachers. Some delicate reticence, some tender reserve holds them back, and they keep silence within themselves, and very often that silence is as a consuming fire. But now and again comes along a man of whom they hear, or whom possibly they encounter in a casual manner, and the floodgates of emotion are opened, and they find a relief of which they had otherwise not dreamed either the joy or the necessity. And such a saviour to thousands of young men and women of to-day is Mr. Meyer. His study table is crammed, it is piled up, and even the floor is hampered with the correspondence that these dear young people pour in upon him hour after hour.

And what revelations, what histories, what sorrows, what joys, what castings down, what upliftings, what sins and frailties and unimagined temptations, what depths of the soul unmasked these little letters reveal! What veritable human documents they are! What glimpses they afford into the mysteries and the sorrow and the suffering, the stress and turmoil, and the variableness of twentieth-century life! And each letter is answered, and in time each writer is sympathised with or tenderly reproved or wisely advised, and mayhap a soul is saved alive.

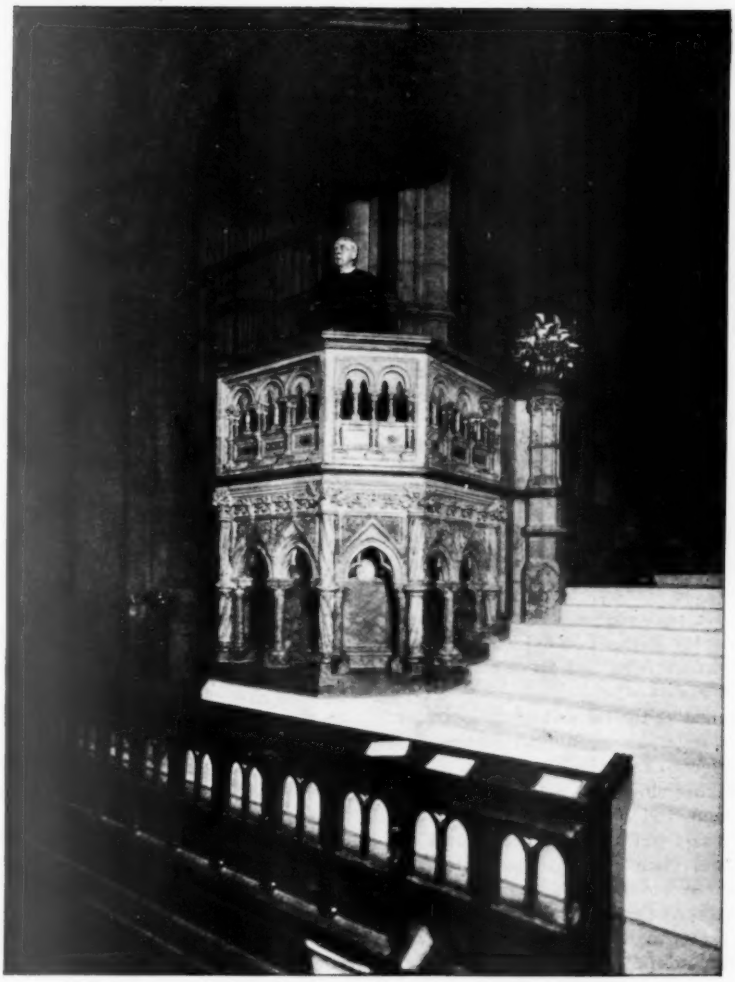
It is a great work, and in certain respects it is one of the most superb means to a life of real help and of lasting good that a minister of Christ could possibly desire. With a variation, with a difference, it is, after all, but the Confessional of the Catholic, but with the element of sympathy thrown in and of perfect understanding.

I have depicted Mr. Meyer as the strenuous worker, the cheery optimist, the universal sympathiser; but he has, of course, another side to his character: he would not be worth much if he had not. I should do him gross injustice if I depicted a persistently amiable, sugary, light-hearted, unthinking optimist, who could not discern the inevitable and the frequently hopeless tragedy of life. Mr. Meyer is far too deep-thinking a man, far too keen-sighted a character, not to realise to the full the waves of pathos and emotion and overwhelming force which roll tempestuously over the human soul from time to time. His life's work, indeed, is conducted in the very midst of the most horrible surroundings, the most despairing and the most awe-inspiring that this world has to show. And the wonder of it all is that he is never beaten or cast down by it. He sees it all, and he sets himself—face Zionwards—to put it right so far as in him lies the power of doing so. But to assert that he does not realise the horror and the magnitude of his task would be to write him down a fool; to imply that he is unthinkingly and unreflectingly optimistic at every turn of life's kaleidoscope would be to present an absolutely false picture of the man and his outlook upon life. Now and again, despite his pure, whole-souled, beautiful and inspiringly optimistic nature, he has lucid lapses into a certain form of sane, carefully considered, well-thought-out, scientific pessimism, out of the depths of which he will arise a stronger, a more hopeful and a wiser man than ever he was before.

In order that you may understand the nature of the man and what I am now saying, I will give you a remarkable instance of what I mean, for on a quite recent occasion his pessimism revealed itself to me in a dramatic and an unexpected manner. We were discussing the varied problems that are ever being thrown up for solution by the surging sea of humanity; and he set to work to regard them, and to express his outlook upon the whole of life, from as straight and steady a point of view as was possible.

With a vivid realism which was Zolaesque in its intensity, but with a sanity and truthfulness which the great French writer rarely, if ever, achieved, he depicted the human race—and that from his own lurid experience—as doomed to a hideous and inevitable catastrophe. He spoke with the pessimism of despair, and yet with the sureness and the certainty of a divinely inspired prophet, and he foreshadowed with brilliant colouring and an outline in which there was no variableness nor shadow of turning, the human race sinking into its grave, overborne by the weight of its own sin and of avoidable disease and horror.

I had alluded to the curious statement that had recently appeared, that the human race, according to scientific research, had already existed for 250,000, and was bound to continue



MR. MEYER IN HIS PULPIT AT CHRIST CHURCH.

on the earth for three million years yet to come.

"But they will never live to see it," cried my companion, with despair in his countenance and real anguish in his tones. "Long before that they will have decayed into nothingness, rotten with their own hideous vices and excesses!" And nothing I could plead for the moment would turn him from the tragedy of this view. But I realised as I listened how really deep and understanding, how fine natured, how far different from the smug, somewhat shallow, sugary individual he is sometimes represented to be, was Mr. Meyer's character as it revealed itself to me in letters of gold during our long and searching conversations. Mr. Meyer's wonderful success as a preacher and a pastor to-day is due mainly to his curious power of sympathy; his gentleness of nature; his capacity for seizing hold upon and grappling to himself the wastrels and the outcasts of this vast body politic; his keen sense of humour, which prevents him from ever making himself ridiculous, and his level-headed, common-sense outlook upon life, which acts with wise restraint upon a naturally emotional and hopeful nature. So that he is withal one of the best-balanced men I have ever met.

THE LITTLE NIPPER.

A Complete Story by Helen Boddington.

THE long corridor was deserted except for one solitary little figure. In the evenings a crowd of well-dressed men and women strolled up and down, or lounged on the velvet settees which were placed at intervals on either side. Now it was afternoon, and the idlers of the evenings were seeking their pleasure or pursuing their business elsewhere. The solitary figure was seated on one of the velvet settees, kicking his heels against its padded front.

There was something disconsolate in that regular "thud, thud," and something more disconsolate still in the poise of the golden head against the dark background.

"Presently the "thud, thud," was accompanied by soft mutterings. "I wis' I'd got somebody to play with—I wis' I could go out—I wis' it was to-night and Daddy was here. Oh, I wis'—I wis'——"

A door opened at the far end of the corridor, and Bobby forgot his unfulfilled wishes, and fixed his eyes with languid interest on a man who was walking slowly in his direction. He was a tall man, and his figure was erect and youthful-looking, but his hair was powdered with grey, and time and care had ploughed deep furrows in his face. The restless little feet still continued to play their "thud, thud," and but for the sound the man might have passed on, unmindful of the eyes which were fixed upon him. The sound, however, having attracted his attention, he came to a sudden standstill almost opposite the boy.

"Halloo! little nipper, what are you doing here all alone?"

The little nipper regarded his questioner somewhat curiously. "I'm not doing nothing," he said.

The plaintive sound in the childish voice perhaps touched a soft spot in the man's heart, for he moved nearer and laid a hand on the golden head. Keen grey eyes looked into innocent blue ones, the blue ones awakened some half-dead memories, while the boy in child-fashion took the measure of the man.

"Are you too old to play?" he demanded. The man laughed.

"Will you play with me? Do, do!" and the little face was full of eagerness.

"Haven't you got any playfellows? Or where is your nurse or your mother?"

"Oh! nurse is gossiping, I 'spects, that's what mother says; and mother—oh! she doesn't count."

"Oh! she doesn't count, doesn't she?"

"Daddy's coming to-night."

Bobby was standing now, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his face glowing with joyful anticipation.

"And Daddy *does* count?"

"Daddy! Oh, yes, o' course."

The man smiled and drew his own conclusions. Innocent, childish words—how much they tell!

"Does Daddy play with you?"

"Yes, horses and bears, and all sorts of things. Will you play with me? I'll choose a quiet game if you will. You see, you're not so young as Daddy," he added.

Major Bingham laughed again. "You're a complimentary little nipper," he said.

Bobby was still looking thoughtfully into the furrowed face.

"What are you sorry about?" he asked. "You laugh, but your eyes look sorry all the time."

The eyes shifted themselves, but the hand strayed again to the curly head.

"My lad, thou art clear-sighted for thy years!"

The words puzzled the boy, so he ignored them. "Will you play?" he demanded again.

"I've got to go out now, but I'll hurry up and get back," and he moved forward, the child walking beside him.

"You won't forget? You will make haste, and I'll think about some games while you're away."

"And choose a quiet one; remember, I'm an old man."

"Yes, I'll 'member."

The hall porter opened the great swing door. It was snowing hard, and a cold blast swept in. The Major shivered and turned up his fur collar.

"Beastly day," he muttered.

"Yes, sir, beastly day," echoed the porter.

On the step the Major turned and glanced at the sturdy little figure just within.

"Fearless blue eyes, rosy cheeks, golden hair! He was like that once."

"Good-bye, come back soon," the boy called out.

"Good-bye, little nipper," said the man, and there was a caressing sound in the gruff voice as it lingered on that "little nipper."

The great door closed with a bang. "He's gone," said Bobby, "and p'raps he'll forget," and he sighed unconsciously. Then in the next breath he added, "But he promised," and, with the remembrance of this, confidence in his new friend returned.

"Well, youngster, why don't you come and warm yourself?" said the porter, as he piled some logs on the hall fire.

The youngster held a pair of chubby hands near to the blaze.

"I wis' you'd play with me till *he* comes back."

"Can't, got too much to do," and the porter thought of a certain pretty chambermaid to whom he was paying his addresses.

"Why don't yer go and ask yer nurse to play wi' yer?" he said

"She won't play, she's got a bone in her leg."

The porter disappeared chuckling, and Bobby, after staring thoughtfully for a few minutes into the fire, walked slowly up the wide staircase and approached a door on the opposite side of the landing Softly turning the knob, he peeped in. The golden head attracted the attention of the occupant of the room.

"What do you want, Bobby?" asked a querulous voice.

"Will you play 'Happy Family,' Mummy?"

"No, I can't; go away and don't worry; I've got a headache."

A graceful body arranged itself a trifle more gracefully among a multitude of cushions, while a slender hand took up the novel it had for the moment laid aside. The little golden head and the pleading voice were forgotten. Bobby closed the door and went downstairs again.

"Some people's too busy," he said to himself, "some people's got headaches, and some people's got bones in their legs."

If he had been a few years older he would probably have marvelled at the number of white lies which were told him during one day.

The time hung heavily, but it passed as it invariably has a way of doing, and at the end of an hour Bobby stood on tiptoe peering expectantly through the glass-panel of the front door.

The snow was still falling heavily, and the people who passed the hotel were few and far between. Whenever a tall figure came in sight his heart rose within him, only to sink again as the figure drew nearer.

"Oh, dear, what a long time he is!" he said to himself.

Bobby was the proud possessor of a watch, and now he drew it out and looked at it lovingly.

"Half-past three!"

There was a sound of wheels, and the watch slipped back again into its owner's pocket. A hansom drew up at the door. He had driven, perhaps, to get back earlier.

Somebody jumped out with a light, springing step, and Bobby dragged at the heavy door.

"Where's the hall porter?" inquired a hurried voice, and again the boy's heart sank, for this was not his new friend.

The new-comer rang the bell.

"Come and help me," he said as the porter appeared, and the man followed him out to the hansom.

What were they going to do? Bobby wondered. And as he watched his eyes opened widely, and a strange look came into them.

"Ah! he's come!" he exclaimed, but he did not finish the sentence, for somebody called out to him to open the door He struggled with it manfully, and the two men entered, supporting Bobby's new friend between them. His face was white and drawn-looking.

The boy gazed at it speechlessly.

"My room——" muttered the man, and as he tried to move forward a moan escaped him.

"Yes, yes; but take it gently," said the other soothingly.

Bobby drew nearer.

"What's—what's the matter?" he asked timidly.

"Keep out of the way," said the porter.

The man turned his pallid face towards Bobby, and a strange look passed over it.

"Ah!" he said, "it's the little nipper. I hadn't forgotten, old chap. I was coming back for that game, but—now it's all up, I'm afraid."

"Neber mind," said the little nipper, and the man smiled grimly, wondering if he were being consoled for the loss of the game, or sympathised with in his misfortune.

XUM

But the little face was growing indistinct, and the wondering was not more than of a second's duration. Further assistance was called, and Bobby's friend was carried away to his bedroom.

The boy followed with an unpleasant feeling in his throat, and then stood outside the door listening to the sounds within. Somebody brushed past him hurriedly. "What's the matter?" asked Bobby, but he got no answer. Presently others came, and he got the desired information. "Broken leg—slipped on the ice—naughty boys making slides"; and later he learned from the hall-porter that the doctor was setting the broken bone. Bobby thought a leg must be very hard to break in two, and harder still to stick together again, and he passed his hands thoughtfully over his own plump calves.

After a while the truant nurse came in search of her charge, and with great reluctance he left the doorway which held such a fascination for him.

"Come and 'ave tea, Master Bobby; you shall play about in the corridor afterwards," added the generous-minded person.

And so after a short interval the little boy once again might have been seen lingering near the closed door.

Presently it opened.

"The nurse will be here in about half an hour," said a man's voice; "until then you won't mind being alone?"

There was some response from the patient, and the doctor, with a cheery "Good-night," closed the door after him and hurried away, without so much as glancing at that waiting figure.

"He's all by hisself," murmured Bobby.

A minute passed, and Bobby drew a few inches nearer to the door.

"Rather lonesome all by hisself!"

Another minute! There was evidently something magnetic about that door, for the little feet moved again unconsciously to their owner.

"Wonder if it hurts—broken leg!"

Another minute, a few more steps, and two small hands were clasping the door-knob.

"P'raps he's asleep—peep in and see."

The knob turned as softly as a knob can be turned by a boy, the knees of whose first knickerbockers are only just beginning to show signs of wear.

The room was dimly lighted by a shaded lamp which stood near the bed. Bobby's quick eyes travelled to the mound of bed-clothes.

"Are you better?" piped the small voice.

A hand moved the curtain aside, and Bobby saw the face of his friend—the kind eyes and the stern mouth.

"Halloo! little nipper, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me; I came to see you."

"Come in and close the door, then."

He obeyed.

"Is it mended?" he asked in an awed tone, as he approached the bed.

The man laughed.

"Yes, they've made a good job of it."

"Ah! Did it hurt?"

"I've known a worse pain."

"What sort of pain? Like toothache or chilblains?"

"No, the sort of pain that has never touched you, little nipper."

"Nurse says her young man fighted, and got a bullet wound. That's bad pain!"

"Yes, I know that pain too."

"Are you a soldier? Have you got a bullet wound? Weally? Let me see!"

The firm-set mouth relaxed into a smile. "It's in my shoulder," he said.

"Can I go round to the other side and climb up on the bed? Then I can see it."

The pattering of little feet, a tug at the bed-clothes, and a sudden twitching of the invalid's lips as Bobby landed beside him.

The boy uncovered the shoulder and peered at it curiously.

"There isn't much to see, little nipper," said the owner of the wound.

Tiny fingers touched the dark mark caressingly.

"I 'spects you are a brave man. My daddy's brave, and he's a soldier."

A large hand closed over the little one.

"And you'll be a soldier too, some day, I suppose?"

"Yes, I shall fight like daddy, o' course."

The Major smiled. It was evident that "daddy" stood on a high pinnacle. But what of the boy's mother?

"Look here, old chap, won't your mother be wondering where you are?"

"No."

"Don't you think you ought to go and see if she wants you?"

"She'd only say, 'Don't worry.' She doesn't want me," and Bobby settled himself among the pillows with his golden head very near to that wounded shoulder.

"D'you know any tales?" he asked presently.

"I'm afraid my tale-telling days are over."

"Daddy tells me tales."

"Realiy!"

"Yes, 'bout Sylvie and Bruno, and lots of things."

"Sylvie and Bruno?"

"Yes, you know, the fairy children. Sometimes they were so tiny they could go in tea-cups, and sometimes they were big, just like common children. Haven't you never heard 'bout Bruno making a garden for Sylvie? And 'bout the dead mouse? Oh! and 'bout the dog what was inwisible all but his tail? It must be funny to see a dog's tail going 'long with nothing else to it."

Ah! yes, now he remembered. "Alice in Wonderland," "Sylvie and Bruno"—stories that had been told in a soft, sweet voice to a little nipper long ago.

"Have you got a boy same as me?" asked Bobby, as though divining his thoughts.

"Once I had," said the man, and the past ploughed its way through space and stood side by side with the present.



"The clasp of their hands tightened."—*p.* 666.

"I'll be a soldier like you, dad," said another voice.

"Is he dead?" came the query, and a tremor of emotion passed through him as he felt the little head nestle closer. So had another little head nestled.

"No, he went away."

"Did you send him away?"

"I was angry with him; he did something to displease me."

"Were you sorry when he went away?"

The small questioner was probing deep.

"I don't think I was then."

"Are you sorry now?"

"Life is lonely—and I loved the boy," he muttered to himself, as though in excuse for those softened feelings which had been aroused by the look in a child's eyes, the touch of a child's hand.

The quick ears of the little nipper caught the words.

"P'raps he'll come back again."

"I don't think so," he said aloud, and to himself. "Too proud, and there's the woman. But for his sake and my own I would tolerate her—now. God knows, I was a fool not to have done it then. I was hard, too hard; perhaps there has been regret since."

The head that rested against his shoulder reminded him of other things.

"It's time you went, little nipper, quite time."

"I'll see what time! I forgot to show you my watch."

A small hand went fumbling into a capacious pocket, and a good old English lever was brought forth, big, and thick, and heavy.

Bobby peered at the hands, holding the face towards the lamp-light.

"Six o'clock! I can tell the time; daddy taught me. See! isn't it a beauty? Daddy gived it to me on my birthday," and he put his treasure into the Major's hand.

His fingers closed over it. Ah! surely there was something familiar about the feel of that old battered case. That indentation right in the centre of the back, that bent ring, those deep scratches!

"Daddy's father gived it to him when he was a little boy," the soft, cooing voice was saying, "and he gived it to me. He told me to take care of it 'cause it's such a good watch."

The last words sounded far away, another voice was speaking:—

"I say, dad, the chaps at school call it a turnip, but I don't care; it's a rattling good watch, and keeps jolly good time."

"Yes, yes, little nipper, it's a good watch, though it's an old one."

"Yes, it's a good watch, a werry good watch," echoed the little nipper in sleepy tones, and he nestled his head still closer.

After a while the breathing became soft and regular.

"He's asleep," said the man. He turned his face, and his lips brushed against the glossy curls.

"Little nipper!" he murmured, and the words sounded like a benediction breathed over the sleeping child.

Exhaustion, the follower of physical pain, came presently, and the soft light, the strange hush in the room, the soothing presence of that small silent figure beside him, began to make themselves felt. Memories were blotted out, voices from the past grew fainter, and faces ceased to haunt.

Somebody opened the door and came softly towards the bed.

It was the nurse. An exclamation left her lips, and she smiled amusedly. Then she went back again to the door, and somebody else came towards the bed—somebody who looked long and earnestly at the two faces so near together, the old and the young: one with the flush of youth and health on it, the other deep furrowed by pain and time.

"Dad, dear old dad," he murmured.

The shadows of sleep had barely closed round him. Do voices speak so plain in dreams?

The heavy eyelids raised themselves. Are faces so distinct?

"Eric!"

Hands were stretched forth.

"Forgive!"

"Aye, surely! And you?"

"Life has been full of regret, but," and he glanced at the face of the sleeping child, "*he* compensated for much."

"Eric, I was hard, too hard. Let me try to make amends. My boy, I want you," the voice broke; "I have wanted you always, but I did not know how much till—till I saw the little chap."

"It's a good watch, a werry good watch," murmured a drowsy voice.

The two men smiled, and the clasp of their hands tightened.

"I'm glad you gave the old watch to the little nipper," said the one, and the other bent down until his lips touched the furrowed cheek.

WATER GIPSIES.

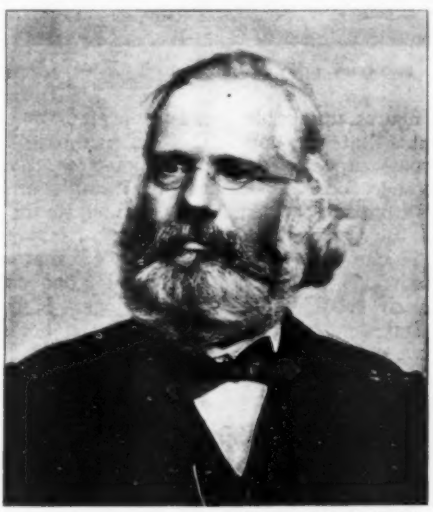
SOME PARTICULARS OF THE STRANGE LIVES OF THOSE WHO DWELL IN CANAL BOATS.

By Hugh B. Philpott.



A SADLY neglected people are the men, women, and children who make their homes on our inland waterways. The duties and the privileges of citizenship are associated with fixity of dwelling, and to be a nomad is to separate oneself from the common life of one's fellows. The bargee pays neither rent nor rates nor taxes; no one solicits his vote or summons him on a jury; the Churches have hardly touched his life, and School Boards—for all the use they have been to him—might as well have been non-existent. Like the gipsy, he belongs to a race apart; born on a canal boat, he has lived on a boat all his life and will probably die there; he rarely reads a newspaper (more often than not he cannot read); his little world is bounded by the canal banks, and he takes little interest in what goes on beyond.

Thirty years ago the isolation of the canal boat-dwellers was even more complete than it is to-day, and their condition, material and moral, was far more lamentable. It was the late George Smith, of Coalville—that indefatigable worker on behalf of oppressed and neglected children—who first directed public attention to the hard lot of the women and children in canal boats. Writing in 1873, Mr. Smith expressed the opinion that not more than 2 per cent. of the canal population could either read or write, and that not more than 5 per cent. of the children attended either day school or Sunday school. He drew lurid pictures of the moral degradation of the canal people's lives, of the terrible overcrowding of their little cabins, and of the cruelties inflicted on the children. Although some who have a right to speak on such a subject hold that Mr. Smith's pictures



(Photo: E. H. Speight, Rugby.)

GEORGE SMITH, OF COALVILLE.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

CANAL BOATMEN'S MISSION, BRENTFORD: CHILDREN IN SCHOOL

were overdrawn and his figures unreliable, yet there can be no doubt that the conditions of life in canal boats urgently demanded legislative interference.

The story of Mr. Smith's campaign, which resulted in the passing of the Canal Boats Acts of 1877 and 1884, is one of a long struggle against difficulties which to a less earnest and persistent spirit would have proved insurmountable. But victory came at last, and enactments were made which would, it was hoped, secure the education of the children and a cleanly, sanitary home for all dwellers on canal boats.

There is no doubt that the Acts have beneficially affected the lives of the canal population, though perhaps they have been less far-reaching than might have been hoped. Every canal boat must now be registered, and is subject to inspection—an inspection which varies in effectiveness according to the zeal and industry of the local authorities through whose districts the boats pass. It is the duty of the inspectors to see that the boats are properly registered, that the cabins are clean and not overcrowded, that offensive cargoes are separated by double bulkheads from the living room, and that various minor regulations for the health and comfort of the inhabitants are observed.

According to the report of his Majesty's Inspector of Canal Boats for 1901–2, it is estimated that there are now between 7,000 and 8,000 canal boats in actual use as dwellings. During the year about one-fourth of the boats were found to be infringing the regulations in one way or another. But many of these infringements were merely technical offences against the regulations regarding registration, and no doubt the same fault was often discovered by more than one inspector, and so would appear in the returns twice over. Altogether 1,101 cases had reference to the sanitary state of the cabins, but of these 231 related only to the temporarily dirty condition of the interiors, very often due to the nature of the cargo or the weather at the time; and the inspector reports that as a rule the boat people took a pleasure in remedying the fault as soon as possible. It would seem, therefore, that as regards the sanitary conditions of the canal boat-

man's life a great improvement has been made; and my own restricted observations would lead me to suppose that a canal boat is a far healthier dwelling-place than a city slum.

In order to get a fair impression of the life of our canal population, and to gain information on many matters which cannot be recorded in official reports, I recently spent some time among the canal folk at Brentford. It is at Brentford that the Grand Junction Canal joins the Thames, and large numbers of barges bound to and from all parts of the Midland waterways make this place a port of call. To very many of these wandering canal folk Brentford is a sacred place. In the parish church they were married and their children were christened, and in the churchyard some of their friends and relations, their last voyage made, are sleeping their long sleep; here is the school where many of their children receive, during the occasional days spent in the town, all the schooling they will ever get, and here is the only place where very many of them ever hear the Good Tidings of Great Joy, or receive any impulse towards the higher life.

The centre of the good work among the canal folk at Brentford is the Canal Boatmen's Mission, which is under the care of a City missionary, Mr. R. Bamber, who may well be called "the bargees' parson." For twenty-three years Mr. Bamber has worked amongst canal dwellers, and no man in England understands them better or is more generally loved and respected by them. It was under his kindly guidance that I had an opportunity of visiting some of the boat folk in their curious little homes.

It is evident that the women for the most part take a commendable pride in keeping their tiny homes as clean and cheerful as possible. Some are models of neatness and cleanliness: the stove is black-leaded and polished, the household utensils are of brass and copper, and they shine like mirrors, the walls are adorned with pictures, and a little of the precious shelf room is spared for a few china ornaments. Even if we find a cabin which is untidy, and where the children are dirty, the mother



A WATER GIPSIES' SERVICE.

will apologise and explain that we have caught her at an unfortunate time. Nevertheless, Mr. Bamber and anyone introduced by him are sure to be welcome. You cannot stand upright in these cabins, and the captain, if he is a very tall man, may touch one wall with his head and the other with his feet as he lies in bed. Many of the fixtures "contrive a double debt to pay": the seat is a locker for household goods and also the children's bed; one cupboard door is a dining table and another is the bed for the captain and his wife; there is thus more accommodation than one might at first suppose.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

LOVE ON A BARGE.

The bargee has a terrible reputation; but it would be a mistake to suppose that he spends his whole time in drinking, swearing, and kicking his wife. There are rough characters on canal boats, but the typical bargee, though he has a rough tongue, has a kind heart; he is an honest, manly fellow, and if he can keep away from drink—the besetting weakness of his class—is a good husband and father. The canal boatwomen are a hardworking, industrious race; not only have they to see to the cleaning and cooking and to look after the children, but they have to take their turn at the rudder and on the towing-path, and not infrequently they are charged with such duties as seeing the owners and buying forage for horses, for it frequently happens that the wife is the best business man on the boat. To see the women in their picturesque print bonnets bustling about the boats on a bright summer day, or taking tea on the cabin top, is a pleasant sight enough; but to see them in winter time trudging along the towpath, ankle deep in mud, is to realise something of the hardships of the bargewoman's life; and in time of sickness it is easy to believe that her condition is pitiable in the extreme.

The children are generally healthy, bright little people, well cared for so far as their bodily needs are concerned, but sadly ignorant as regards the orthodox lore of childhood. In many cases they are past masters in the care of a horse and the art and mystery of barge steering, long before they can read words of one syllable or write their own names. The way in which the children are allowed to grow up almost entirely without education is one of the most unsatisfactory features of canal boat life. They are supposed to attend school wherever their boats happen to be making a stay. But it is impossible to enforce such a regulation; if the school attendance officer visits a canal boat in search of children he will be told—often truly enough—that the boat is leaving that day or the next. And even when the parents themselves would like their children to attend school, the difficulties are almost insuperable so long as they live on the canal boat. Teachers do not welcome these little birds of passage, who, of course, are dunces when compared with children in regular attendance, and for the little "boaties" themselves school must be far from attractive when they can only attend for a day or two at a time and are placed amongst children much younger than themselves, the object of remark, and perhaps of ridicule, by their schoolfellows.

For the past seven years a praiseworthy

attempt has been made at Brentford to remedy this condition of educational darkness by holding a special day school for boatmen's children. It is a queer little school, meeting in the rather inconvenient premises of the Canal Boatmen's Mission. Judged by every educational standard it is, of course, sadly inefficient; in respect to irregularity of attendance it can surely have no equal in the kingdom. Imagine a school with about 500 children on the roll, and a daily attendance varying from none at all to fifty; a school at which three days' teaching, followed by three weeks'—or, it may be, three months'—holiday is quite the normal state of affairs. The wonder is not that results are poor, but that there are any results at all.

On the occasion of my recent visit there were about twenty children present. Their neat, clean appearance spoke well for the care of their parents, though I understand there are occasions when defects in the matter of personal cleanliness have to be remedied at the school. The ages of the children ranged from about two-and-a-half to fourteen or fifteen years; all seemed very quiet and attentive, which is the more noteworthy as the teacher had to attend simultaneously to pupils in several different stages of educational development. The teaching is necessarily very elementary. An exceptionally advanced scholar was writing from dictation a passage from a reading book; but even he had to be reminded that a new sentence begins with a capital letter. Most of the other children were still struggling with the alphabet. The equipment of the school is by no means up to date; but it is quite as good as one might expect, for with such irregular attendance it is, of course, impossible to qualify for Government grants.

Yet this little Voluntary school at Brentford represents the high-water mark of educational provision for canal boat children, so far as it has yet gone. The various school authorities seem to have given up in despair the attempt to educate these children, and the Education Department's report for 1901–2 dismisses the matter with a simple *non possumus*: "So long as children of school age are permitted to live upon the boats, no effective means can be devised for securing their regular attendance at school." The only way in which boat people can give their children a satisfactory education is by leaving them on shore in charge of friends when they go on canal journeys, and it is encouraging to know that many are sufficiently alive to the best interests of their children to make arrangements of this sort.

Whether the best remedy for the present state of things lies in the extension and regulation by local educational authorities of the system of boarding out children with foster parents, allowing them to return to the boats in holiday time, or whether women and children should be entirely prohibited from living on canal boats, and the men thus compelled to set up homes on shore, is a question on which there may well be differences of opinion. But that some reform of the present system is urgently needed is a proposition that hardly admits of discussion. Already, since the passing of compulsory education laws, one generation has grown up on our canals in almost total ignorance, and it will be a lasting disgrace



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

A WATER GIPSY'S HOME.

to the new educational authorities and to Parliament if another generation of English children should be deprived of their birthright—the right of receiving an efficient



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MR. R. BAMBER.

elementary education. It is painful to hear—as I have heard—a young man decline the gift of a book on the ground that he "ain't no scholard"; and when one learns that he is fighting a grim fight against habits of intemperance, one feels that the lack of intellectual resources must make the struggle doubly hard.

But until the State takes in hand this much-needed reform, we may hope that the little private school at Brentford will continue its beneficent work. In spite of the adverse circumstances attending its work, the influence of the day school, and perhaps still more of the Sunday school, has already been widely felt. Mr. Owen J. Llewellyn, his Majesty's Inspector of Canal Boats, stated at a meeting not long since that he had frequently heard children in the Midlands singing hymns which they told him they had learned at the Brentford Mission School. And one may hope that the good influence is not confined to the children; a child's hymn or a child's prayer may sometimes come as an evangel of hope to men and women whose lives have all too little of the influences which purify and uplift.

On Sunday evenings in the winter the schoolroom becomes a chapel, and a little service is held, which the boat people can feel is entirely their own. The same people are never seen on two consecutive Sundays, and though each gathering is necessarily small, the total number of canal people who attend the service whenever they get a chance would make up a very good congregation. When Mr. Bamber came to Brentford seven years ago there were only two of the men who ever attended a place of worship; and as these continue their association with their own churches, it cannot be said that Mr. Bamber's work is carried on at the expense of any other religious community, and the friendliness of all the local religious leaders is a testimony to the absence of anything like proselytising. In the summer-time an open-air service is held on the canal bank, where a large shed is available in case the weather should prove unfavourable.

But to understand the real influence which Mr. Bamber undoubtedly has over these people one must see him in his daily work of cabin to cabin visitation. I was privileged to accompany him on some of these visits, and shall not soon forget the kindly tact and the gentle, affectionate earnestness of his words and manner. About three hundred families form Mr. Bamber's "parish," though of course only a few are at Brentford at any one time. He seems to know most of the people quite intimately, addressing them by their Christian names and asking after friends and relatives. It was pleasant to see how warmly the missionary was welcomed by men, women, and children alike. After inquiries about business and family affairs, he would read a few verses of Scripture, adding a few earnest words of appeal and admonition, and perhaps offering a brief prayer. The words spoken are always of the simplest. It is not theological subtleties that these people want; they have no concern with Darwinism or the Higher Criticism. They are only to be reached by "the old, old story," told as simply as to a child. For they are a simple folk, and sometimes astonishingly ignorant. Mr. Bamber has met men and women who could not tell how Christ died and who did not know the Lord's Prayer, and others who, remembering some few words of prayer or Scripture learned in childhood, would say, in

answer to his inquiry, "Oh, I don't know nothing about the meaning." Many of them can have had scarcely any religious instruction in their lives until they came under Mr. Bamber's influence at Brentford. "It is only here," said a boatman to Mr. Bamber one day, "where we get cheered and lifted up in our struggles."

On the top floor of the mission house is a maternity room, which has proved a great boon to some of the women. Last year four babies were born in the room, and the work is likely to be further developed if better accommodation can be obtained. This work is not a charity in the ordinary sense of the word; the women pay 2s. 6d. a week for the use of the room, and make their own arrangements for the services of a nurse. The canal folk are not, as a rule, desperately poor; their great need is not alms, but sympathy and brotherliness. And that is one of the chief reasons of Mr. Bamber's success amongst them. Never did pastor or missionary give himself to his work with more whole-hearted devotion. His great hope is that he may be able to work for the rest of his life among the canal folk whom he loves, his one ambition being to serve their highest interests.

An important development of the work at Brentford is likely to take place in the near future. A site has been acquired and plans have been prepared for a new Canal Boatmen's Institute, which will replace the present inadequate mission premises. The new building, for which more than half the cost has already been subscribed, will not only provide improved accommodation for the day school and the maternity room, but will also contain reading and recreation rooms for the men and women. At present these people have no meeting place except the public house. The provision of warm and well lighted rooms, where they can gather on winter evenings to improve their education or indulge in innocent recreations and pleasant social intercourse, should prove an effective way of counteracting the evil influence of the drink shops.
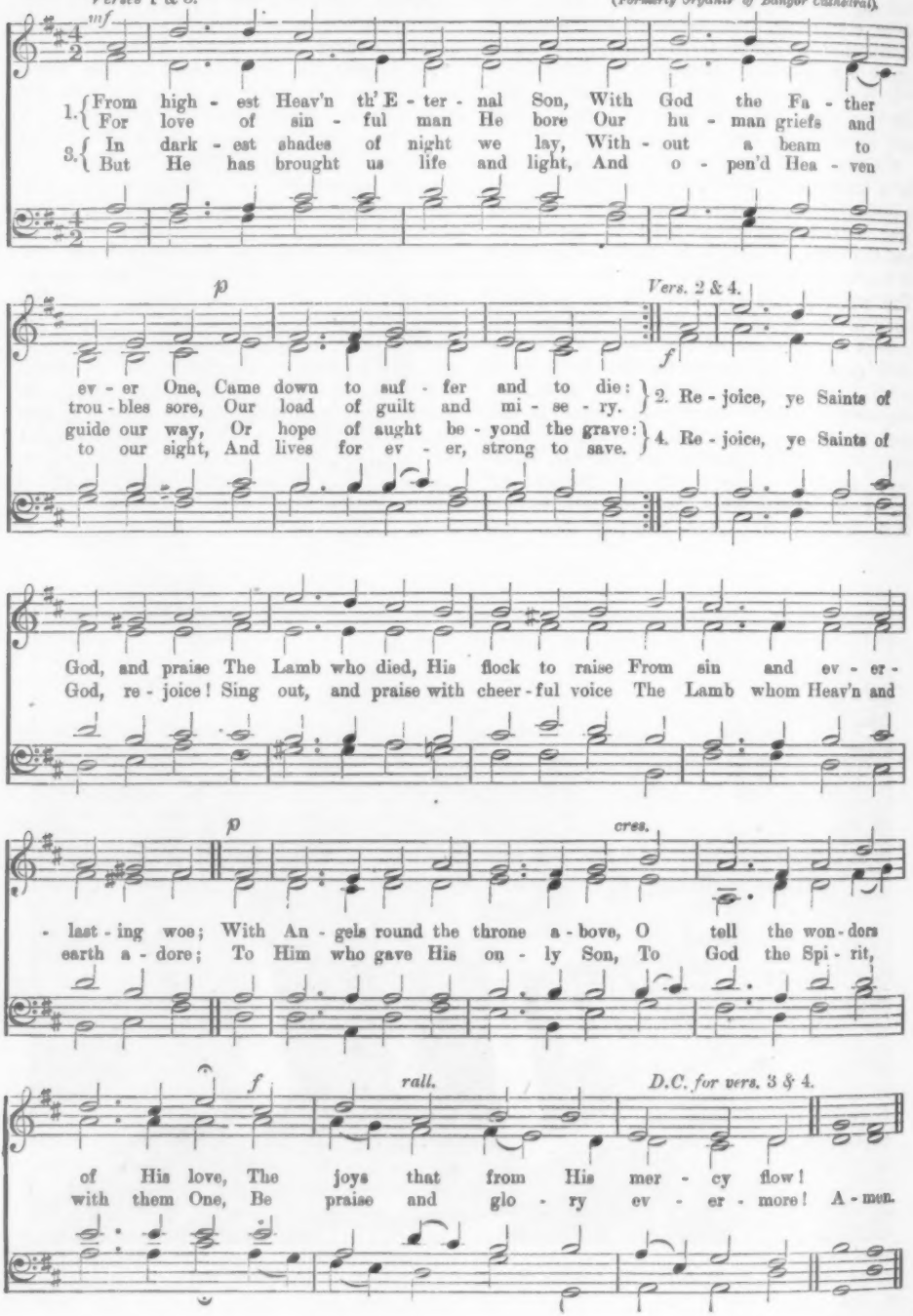


(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

CANAL BOATMEN'S MISSION, BRENTFORD: GROUP OF THREE GENERATIONS.

From highest Heav'n th' Eternal Son.

Words by the Rev. Sir Henry Baker, Bart.
Verses 1 & 3.

Music by Roland Rogers, Mus.D.
(Formerly Organist of Bangor Cathedral).





The Pride o' the Morning

By Agnes Giberne

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER I.

OF COLIN'S RETURN.

A BROAD beam of sunshine, travelling from the far west, came slanting in at the end oriel window of Castle Hill library. As its name might imply, Castle Hill stood somewhat high—high, at least, for the English Midlands. The house, an old one, often added to in the course of centuries, was more than a hundred feet above the village of Castlemere, half a mile distant.

It had, therefore, full benefits of breeze and light; and this lengthy, irregular room, with its four windows, its black carved oak, its hangings of dull green and old gold, enjoyed the latest kisses of the monarch of day. The hour for those kisses was not yet come. Wavelets of ether, shimmering billions of them to each beat of the venerable corner clock, pouring across the vast expanse of ninety-three millions of miles, landed on wall and carpet abundantly.

Mrs. Keith's mind was fully occupied with other matters than scientific causes for everyday phenomena as she paced the room with impatient steps, glancing in turn out of each front window, in quest of the expected dog-cart conveying Colin from the station. He was returning from three years on the Continent.

She was a handsome woman, tall and slender, with good features, and dark eyes of unusual size and beauty. The rich brown hair, which held many silver threads, was perfectly dressed, and was all her own. She carried herself with a touch of conscious stateliness, which, however, failed to hide her present restless mood. A fixed red spot in either cheek made the rest of her pale face paler; her lips worked nervously, and she continuously clenched and unclenched her right hand.

Giles Randolph had risen when she rose, and he now stood in the oriel window reading—a man of large build, over six feet in height, and robust in make, with massive shoulders. The face was strongly outlined, with a straight, solid nose, a good mouth under the heavy brown moustache, calm, sombre blue eyes dragged downward at their outer corners, and a complexion of deep red-brown hue. In the features was a trait not easy to decipher. There was fibre of character, and of a will to meet and crush difficulty; yet that dim inscription seemed to speak of something in the past that had mastered him, something that had given a bias to his life, leaving him under a shadow.

"Half-past six! He ought to be here. I can't think why he is not," Mrs. Keith was saying. "The train was due more than half an hour ago."

She took another turn.

XUM

"He must certainly have missed it. How vexatious! When does the next come in?"

"Twenty minutes past seven."

"But I mean the next train from Dover. He would not be able to catch our 7.20 at the junction, I'm sure. I do wish you would look it out for me."

Giles put down his book, and walked to a side-table, where a little fumbling resulted in the remark, "I don't see Bradshaw."

"It's there somewhere. I know—I put it on the top shelf of that bookcase."

He took down the dingy paper-covered volume, remarking in his deep voice, which contrasted with her somewhat querulous tones, "This train is often late."

"Oh, don't be sensible, pray! I'm not in the mood for it."

Possibly her companion was at a loss how to be the reverse. He turned over the pages, and presently remarked, "In case Colin should have missed——"

"Yes, yes. I understand all that. The time of the train is what I want."

Then came an apology. "I really don't mean to be cross, Giles. Somehow I can't help it."

He looked at her with sympathy. "Of course I understand. One knows what this must be to you—your own boy coming home."

"Yes. That is—he may be different."

"No fear. Colin will be Colin still. Ah! here is the page."

She had moved restlessly again, and now stood behind him. A curious breeze of feeling swept over her face; something of protestation, of resistance, for which nothing present seemed to account. Tears filled her eyes, and were with difficulty blinked away. But she replied in a tone of forced gaiety:

"You have no business to talk like that. To speak as if Colin were more to me than yourself. You know perfectly well that you both are my boys—always have been and always will be."

He spoke soothingly. "At all events, if there has been any difference, it has lain the other way—more indulgence for me, more strictness for him."

"Oh, surely not!" That which he meant for comfort proved rather to be exciting. "Don't say so, Giles! So hard as I have striven to make absolutely no difference—even in my love!"

"You have made none, beyond what was inevitable. Colin has the right to your greater love, and he is infinitely more lovable than I am. Venetian glass can't be handled like a bit of granite. Come, you are not going to worry yourself," he added. "Things are all right."

"I hope so. I shouldn't like to think——" She left the sentence unfinished, and began anew: "I often wonder, *can* one hold oneself even? I know what you mean by 'greater strictness' and 'Venetian glass.' Just because—because he is my own—I have tried to be sterner with him, and his sweetness has made it impossible. He is so lovable, as you say. And yet, dear as Colin is, there is something about you, Giles——"

"Of course, your own boy is and must be more to you than all the world beside."

"Yes, true—that is true!" she murmured.

"I should be the last ever to wish Colin to come second." Giles spoke with meaning, glad of the opportunity to say so much. In point of fact, Colin always had come second. "But here is the dog-cart."

Mrs. Keith's attempts at self-analysing were brushed aside. Colin was through the front door before they could leave the library, moving with an absence of hurry, yet somehow forestalling them. He kissed his mother quietly, shook hands with Giles, patted the old hound who followed him with sniffs and whines, exchanged some chaff with the stout butler which set that excellent retainer grinning with delight, and finally took possession of an armchair, asking and answering questions in a soft, deliberate undertone, which was the precise antithesis of his mother's variable voice.

He and Giles were made after different models. A stranger might easily have set down the latter as a man of four-and-thirty, while few guessed Colin to have passed his twenty-third year. Yet less than six weeks had divided the birth of the one from the birth of the other, and each now had got beyond his twenty-eighth birthday.

Colin was distinctly the shorter, though he gained in apparent height from his slightness. His fair, pale complexion and chiselled delicacy of feature contrasted with the powerful outlines of Giles; but the finely-developed forehead spoke of intellect. The blue eyes were singular, not unlike those of Giles in colour, intensely observant, yet full of dreamy abstraction.

He had suffered severely in health from an accident in boyhood. A heavy blow on the head had resulted in disabling headaches, which for years had prevented study. His pluck and high spirit had made him less of an invalid than might have been the case; still, education had

been with him a negligible quantity, so far as any regular "curriculum" was concerned. He had read much by fits and starts, and had picked up any amount of general information; but steady work had been impossible. Foreign travel had at last been recommended, and much was hoped for from the three years of absence now ended.

Glad to be back? Yes, certainly. Though he had enjoyed himself no end—thanks to Giles—with a glance at the latter.

Then presently, "Giles, I've been thinking—it is cool of me to talk of this as 'home.' As if I had a shadow of right!"

"You have every right."

"Not a particle. I have been realising that lately. Now that I am stronger, I don't mean to be dependent upon you."

"Nonsense!" came emphatically, at the same moment that Mrs. Keith stood up.

"Going to dress for dinner," she murmured, in a constrained voice, and Colin showed surprise, since it was still early. He did not protest, but when she had disappeared his glance went enquiringly to Giles.

"Nervous," came in reply.

"What about?"

"I don't know."

Colin dropped the subject, and reverted to what he had been saying. "It is all very well, you know; but I happen to have a trifle of self-respect. Call it pride, if you like."

"Between you and me, pride is impossible."

"The future Mrs. Randolph——"

"Will feel as I feel, or she won't exist. What is mine is yours. And not a man in the Empire is less likely to marry."

"Anyhow, I intend to work."

"You shall do what you can, without suffering for it. But for pleasure, not necessity."

"It is a moral necessity that I should be independent."

"And deprive me of the one possibility of——" A word of strong protest cut into the utterance. "Yes, I know!" Giles spoke calmly and solidly. "I promised not to say it again. No need that I should. You understand. I wish you also to understand that in no conceivable circumstances while I live will Castle Hill cease to be your home."

"So be it, then. Meanwhile, I intend to work."

"At what?"

"Modelling, of course. Will the mater be much exercised?"

He dropped the words slowly.

"I don't see why she should."

"She always hated to see me fingering clay. I never could conceive why. It is the one thing I can do."

"Better for you, at any rate, than headwork."



"'Yes. That is—he may be different.'"

"My dear fellow! Do you suppose sculpture is not head-work?"

"Better than books, I should have said. We must fit up a studio for you."

Colin murmured a soft "Thanks." He added, "I've done a lot of modelling lately—in Paris first, of course."

"Ah! that was what kept you there so long."

"I went through a regular course. This winter I've had a splendid time in Italy, studying the great masters. Plaster casts want a lot of practice. I've not made much way with them yet."

"Don't try for the present. Modelling in clay will give full scope for your powers, and a practised moulder will do the casting far better. For a wonder, I know the man for you in Market Oakley—a young fellow with talent. I shall like to encourage him."

"I dare say. But the cost——"

"Will be my concern. When you are receiving hundreds for a bust, you shall pay for your own casting."

"Ah! when! But I mean to stand alone."

"What are a few pounds more or less between you and me?"

"Well, perhaps for a time!" reluctantly. "I had no end of encouragement abroad. Some of my attempts won really good opinions."

"Delighted to hear it," said Giles cordially. "What do you think of the schoolroom for your studio? It is out of the way, and has no room over. You will want a skylight window, I fancy, and a tap of water, and a modelling stool, and instruments. Then there is a small inner room, which will be useful. We will have it all put in order at once. You must be properly equipped at the outset."

"Giles, you *are* a good fellow!" murmured Colin.

CHAPTER II.

OF MIDNIGHT MOVEMENTS.

"HOW do you do?" a precise voice said. It was not needful to announce Mr. Thomas Dugdale. He was almost as much at home in the house as its proper inmates, or he counted himself so. If a door were open, he walked in; if not, the butler opened it, but did not venture to treat him like a caller.

The greeting was meant for Colin. He never said "How do you do?" to the others, since they met so often.

He was elderly, composed, critical, daintily neat every inch of him, from the smooth, well-cut hair and the smooth-shaven face to the immaculate shoes, which never, on the muddiest day, managed to become soiled. Extreme exactitude, inside and out, was his prevailing characteristic. He lived alone in a small house on the estate, originally built by a former owner for an undesirable mother-in-law. Mr. Dugdale might have found a home with his widowed daughter on a neighbouring small property, but he preferred "freedom."

Dinner over, Colin, in a cosy chair, usurped most of the talk, till Mr. Dugdale's appearance.

Mrs. Keith looked often from one to the other of "her boys," as she called them, trying to impress upon both that neither was more to her than the other. They, manlike, would have taken the fact for granted. She could not let it alone. If she said "Dear Colin," she dragged in a "Dear Giles" within two minutes. If she laid an affectionate hand on Giles' shoulder, she carefully gave a like caress to Colin. The balancing of affection became a degree irksome. Mr. Dugdale's entrance made a not unwelcome diversion.

"Tired of travelling at last?" he suggested. "Three years of it—enough for the most voracious appetite. What is to be the next step?"

"Settle down at home," Giles replied for Colin.

"Well, perhaps—for a while. Give folks time to turn round."

Mr. Dugdale took off his far-sighted glasses with which he had surveyed Colin, put them away, and with dainty finger-tips adjusted his near-sighted pince-nez, pulling forth a letter.

"Something to interest you here. A response to my letter. Signs of yielding too. It takes the old lady six weeks to evolve an answer."

Mrs. Keith saw the writing. "Mrs. Wyverne!" she exclaimed.

Colin showed interest. "How about Phyllys?" he asked. "Something was said lately about getting her to visit us."

"Mrs. Wyverne ought to consent," stated Mrs. Keith. "Giles will be in that neighbourhood, and he means to try persuasion—not asking leave beforehand."

"Going to storm the fortress," suggested Colin, with one of his noiseless laughs. "Mind you don't capture by mistake the unspeakable Barbara."

"Not likely! Barbara must be a person to whom distance lends enchantment," remarked Giles.

"We have nothing to do with Miss Pringle. It is Phyllys whom we want. Certainly not Barbara." Mrs. Keith knitted her brows over the notion.

Mr. Dugdale began to fold up his letter in disgust.

"Barbara Pringle is an excellent person of her kind," he said stiffly. "Well-meaning and conscientious. Most people are well-meaning. But the bane of womanhood is to be always in the right. Barbara Pringle is always in the right. She never makes a mistake. Therefore she is monotonous and uninteresting."

"Let us hope devoutly that Phyllys sometimes blunders," laughed Colin. He saw the vanishing letter, and added: "But you were going to read something."

"Nothing, nothing." Mr. Dugdale waved the subject aside with his hand. "Merely a passing idea. Barbara Pringle has usurped its place. Inadvertently I interrupted somebody, or somebody interrupted me. In either case I apologise."

Glances were exchanged by the others. Mr. Dugdale crossed his legs, and contemplated the empty fireplace.

"The Infinitely Little!" he mused. "It may be masculine, but it is more commonly feminine. Woman, when she *is* small, is very small indeed. When last I had the pleasure of seeing Barbara Pringle, I should have described her as an excellent example of the Infinitely Little. Good, no doubt; ineffably good. But narrow—narrow—painfully narrow in her conceptions of life. A woman whose whole universe might be packed into an eggshell."

"Think what her life has been," suggested Colin. "Forty years in a Yorkshire rut."

"Narrowness is a matter of mental make. Not of circumstances."

"No doubt; but circumstances tell upon one's mental make. A plant, whatever its make, can't develop without light and air. Miss Pringle has had neither."

"If she had, she could not have made use of them."

"And the family aim is to rescue Phyllys from a like fate. Well, Giles should be equal to the old lady, even backed up by the redoubtable Barbara."

"Barbara Pringle is a woman not easily managed."

"Ten years since you saw her," asserted Mrs. Keith.

Mr. Dugdale put his finger-tips together, and entered on an elaborate discussion of dates. He proved to his own satisfaction that not ten years, but precisely nine and a half, had elapsed since the date of his visit to the Yorkshire village, where lived old Mrs. Wyverne and her pair of granddaughters. Then he stood up, his eyes bent upon Colin.

"Sorry; no. Can't stay longer. Busy; and so are you." He was still chafing under his supposed slight. "Ta-ta, all of you. Whom on earth has Colin grown like?"

The question was shot forth as he was in the act of turning away. He stood still frowning.

"It is generally decided that I am like nobody," remarked the object of his scrutiny. "Not the mater, in any case."

"You are as much like the Lama of Thibet as like your mother. But there is a look—for the life of me I can't locate the original."

"*I* should have said Colin was like everybody in turn," Mrs. Keith observed carelessly.

Mr. Dugdale, with wrinkled brows, pursued his quest.

"Can't imagine," he repeated. "It is a definite resemblance." He frowned anew, standing deep in thought. "I have it! That old portrait in oils, which used to hang here—I never could understand why it should have been banished to the gallery; it's one of the best things in the house. Of course, Colin has no right to any resemblance, but certainly a moment ago I caught a look extraordinarily like."

Mrs. Keith went off into peals of laughter. She held her handkerchief to her lips, overpowered with merriment. Colin laughed sympathetically in his silent fashion, though there seemed to be no adequate cause; while the set gravity of Giles's features deepened.

"My *dear* Mr. Dugdale! You really are *too* comical! The idea of likening Colin to that ancient fogey! Young, was he? Yes, I daresay he was—two hundred years ago! But it's really too rich—too funny!" Her laughter filled the room. She was not often noisy, but for once she let herself go.

"Oh, very well. Good-night! In future I shall keep my opinions to myself!" Mr. Dugdale walked off, affronted. He could stand anything better than ridicule. Giles went with him to the door, and on his return Mrs. Keith's merriment had subsided. Colin was saying:

"I have reverted lately to my old love—sculpture."

There was a moment of protest.

"I hope you are not going to be so absurd as to take up that fad again."



"She went lightly up the bank."—*p.* 682.

"If I have the gift, why not use it?" asked Colin in a level tone.

"You have not. It is a mere fancy."

"A fancy that has lived twenty years."

"You will never succeed." Her manner showed annoyance.

"But at least he can try," put in Giles.

"It will be an utter waste of time."

"That was not the opinion of an expert. He said there was no doubt about my having the gift, if I could work hard enough to cultivate it."

"You won't. You will never keep up anything long."

The words brought a shadow to both faces, more especially to that of Giles.

"If you wish to find work, pray take up something worth doing." She was greatly in earnest, and the red spot in either cheek began to burn.

"This is worth doing, if Colin wishes it," said Giles gravely. He counted her opposition unkind.

The subject was dropped, but Mrs. Keith looked far from happy, and her face fell into a haggard set. She went to bed early, Colin soon retiring also; and Giles then retreated to his private den near the billiard-room, where he could be secure against interruptions. Since he managed his own estate, without an agent, he was sufficiently busy. Papers had to be examined, letters had to be written, and this was his time of quiet.

More than two hours had gone by, when a consciousness came over him of something or somebody moving in the house.

The servants he knew would be all gone to bed. It was past midnight. He opened his door and listened, standing out in the long narrow passage. Opposite was the door into the billiard-room, and at some distance to the left this passage joined the central hall.

The whole house seemed to lie in darkness, in absolute repose. But, as he listened, he heard again that suggestion of a sound—hardly a footstep, hardly a creak, yet a token of somebody stirring. Then he caught sight of a needle of light falling athwart a corner of the hall, as if cast from above.

He took an unlighted candle and a box of matches, and groped his way along the passage into the hall. Long before he got there the needle of light had disappeared.

Again he listened, but could detect no sound. Mrs. Keith, or one of the maids, might have had occasion to get something from another room; but what puzzled him was that the ray had seemed to travel from the long corridor on the first floor, usually known as the gallery. Its position and slant were explainable in no other way.

Not wishing to disturb sleepers by stumbling about in the dark, he lighted his candle, and went quietly upstairs. Mrs. Keith's door was fast shut, so was Colin's. He merely glanced in that direction, and then turned to the gallery,

pacing it deliberately. The gleam of his candle fell on a double row of old pictures, both portraits and landscapes, adorning the right-hand wall, the left being broken by many windows.

Another glimmer ahead. The gallery ran partly round two sides of the house, and this ray came from beyond the corner turn. He went faster, and probably the light of his own candle foretold his approach. There was a hurried sound, almost a scramble, then he heard rapid footsteps and the shutting of a door. When he rounded the corner, of course he saw nothing. Whoever it might have been, plainly that person did not wish to be seen, and had evaded him by going through a door which led to the back staircase.

Thither also went Giles, no longer troubling himself to disguise the fact of being in pursuit. He dashed full pelt down the back-stairs, which ended on a part of the ground-floor divided by a swing-door from the main hall. Still, no one was visible. He pushed the door open and passed through. The house lay in silence and darkness.

Giles walked on and turned back, searching round and about for a clue, and failing to find one. He could discover no signs of any presence except his own. Presently, in his peregrinations, coming again near Mrs. Keith's door, he saw a light below it, and wondered that he had not earlier noted the same. He tapped lightly.

Mrs. Keith opened the door, and faced him, with widely-opened eyes, her hair streaming loose, and a dressing-gown on. She breathed quickly.

"What—what is the matter? Anything wrong? Thieves—is it thieves? I thought I heard thieves."

She clutched his arm as for protection.

"I heard someone moving, and I wished to ask if you had left your room?"

"I? No. I shouldn't have dared. I heard sounds, and I was terrified—terrified! I locked my door, and didn't know what to do," she panted. "Steps coming and going! So strange, isn't it? Such a relief to see you! But what can it mean? If they are in the house still——"

"I don't think it could be a thief."

"No. But who could it have been? You don't—you don't believe in ghosts!" hysterically.

"Ghosts don't carry candles and scuttle down back staircases. What about the maids?"

"All in bed long ago. I'll speak to them to-morrow, but I know beforehand. It *must* have been a thief." She broke into a laugh, her eyes unnaturally large and staring; and her hand went to her side. "The fright has made me feel so ill."

"I think your best plan is to go quietly to bed. There is nothing to be alarmed about. If it was a thief, he has taken himself off, and I shall go round to look at all the fastenings."

"Do, please. I was so terrified. I shall not get to sleep for hours after this."

"No need to feel anxious. I do not mean to go to bed at present," he said reassuringly.

"I am so glad. I shall feel safe while *you* are about," she murmured.

He went round thoroughly, but found no door or window unbolted. If a thief had entered, it was difficult to imagine how he could have escaped.

CHAPTER III.

OF MRS. WYVERNE'S GRANDDAUGHTERS.

"PHYLLYS BELINDA WYVERNE." She wrote the words in large capitals with the point of a decrepit sunshade upon a patch of smooth sand by the wayside, and read them aloud.

"And that is Me," she murmured. "That always was Me. That always will be Me. Yet, when one comes to think of it, such a different Me now from what I used to be in the old, old days."

So far as looks went, she might have been between seventeen and twenty-one.

"And such a different Me from what I might have been, if *they* had lived!" she added.

She allowed a handful of dry sand to stream between her fingers, and Wiggles, the rough Skye terrier, with bright eyes under a shaggy penthouse of hair, had the benefit of it. She broke into laughter at his indignant bark.

"Your temper is too easily upset, Wiggles. You should wait till you really have something to bark at. There are worse things in life than a sprinkle of sand. O, infinitely worse, dear Wiggles!"

Above the written words rose a steep bank, clothed with trees and underwood. She stood, her head thrown back, as if meditating an assault. She dearly loved climbing, and nobody was at hand to protest, except one who owned no right of protestation. She believed herself to be alone. Wiggles knew better, and for a second time he ran to inspect the intruder.

XUM

A second time, however, he decided that it was no case for a rousing alarum. He was a dog of discrimination.

Phyllys pursued her soliloquy in a voice which, though subdued, was full, bell-toned and clear in accentuation :

"On the whole I don't wish to be anybody else. But that is not to say that I would not rather be somewhere else. O, Wiggles——" And she broke into vehement energy—"How I long—long to get away! Right away, absolutely away—away from everything and everybody! I'm tired, tired of it all. I feel as if I were shut up in a prison for evermore, never to get out, never to see, never to know, never to reach beyond this little cramped round. I want things different, things new, and people to understand."

The features of her unknown spectator relaxed with a touch of amusement. He was about to make a forward move, when checked by a spring on her part. She went lightly up the bank, as a sailor might have done, and proceeded to swing herself into the branches of a medium-sized tree. Evidently tree-climbing was one of her accomplishments. He drew back, fearing to startle her if she should glance round in the midst of her acrobatic feat.

She settled herself on the fork of a bough, leant against the trunk, and sighed with content.

The bough on which she rested gave a creak. "I say, I must not stay here too long ; but it is delicious. Why does one grow too old to enjoy things that one likes?"

Silence was broken by the trills of an enthusiastic wren, pouring forth its little heart in song. Then a cricket chirped ; and a large bumble-bee swung heavily by ; and a dragon-fly with iridescent wings swept to and fro in fierce dashes after his prey.

"Wough!" objected Wiggles, feeling himself left in the lurch.

"Hold your tongue, Wiggles. I'm coming soon."

Her gaze wandered over the wide expanse beyond the opposite wall—a wall of loose stones piled scientifically together, without aid from mortar. Grass fields, divided by similar walls, sloped downward into a hollow, where lay the clustering stone houses of a village, well-named "Midfell," since all around, at distances varying from two to four miles, broad moor-fells reared their summits. Their clear wide lines stood against a sky of pure blue ; and on their sides the bright green of grass-land contrasted with the richer green of July bracken, while other parts had begun to blush with the glow of opening heather. All was grazing land, varied only by uncultivated moor. No trace of corn could be seen.

It was a fair and calm look-out ; so still that the whisper of a brooklet near might be heard, on its way to join the main stream which cut the village in half. Phyllys could see that stream from where she sat, and a stout bridge over it, beside which was her own home. Now and again a low "moo" floated up from one of the meadows ; then the sharp bark of a dog, and, again, a shrill child's voice faintly wafted.

"Wough!" protested Wiggles anew.

He went on a third survey of the stranger, feeling himself responsible for his mistress's safety. There was a slight "Sh-sh!" and the stranger's eyes gazed straight into his. Wiggles knew that no harm lay behind those sombre blue orbs, and he wagged his tail.

"Good dog!" the stranger said aloud.

Phyllys overheard, and uttered an "Oh!" to herself. She had been well lectured on the fact that at twenty-three she was years too old for tree-climbing, and she never now ventured on the amusement, except in strictest privacy. There was nothing for it but to wait till the other should have gone on. Owing to the nature of the ground, a dignified descent was impossible. She would have to come down with a drop, a run, and a leap—enjoyable enough, but not to be permitted before spectators.

"Pardon me," the intruder said, advancing to the foot of the bank, and lifting his straw hat. "I could not help hearing your name. As it happens that I am on my way to your house, perhaps I may venture to introduce myself. If we are not acquainted, we ought to be."

Phyllys paid but divided attention. She had discovered that the bough which supported her was unequal to its task, and was fast giving way. If only the tiresome interloper would hurry on and leave her to scramble down in comfort, all would be right. Unfortunately he showed no such intention.

"My name is Giles Randolph," he was remarking.

"Oh, *I say!*" whispered Phyllys, as her support yielded more pronouncedly. She clutched the trunk.

"I hardly think you are comfortable up there," the deep voice said with exasperating deliberation, while its owner steadied himself for instant action.

"It is most delightful," hardily asserted Phyllys. "But if you will please go on, round the corner, I will come after you."

She was chafing with impatience, for each moment was of importance, and he stood as if an earthquake would fail to dislodge him.

'I think you had better let me help you down."

"Help *me!*" with a laugh, and an involuntary movement.

The slight jerk was fatal, and the bough snapped clean off, leaving her in a position of peril. She strove to cling to a stem too large for her grasp, and hung over the road which lay far enough beneath to mean, if she fell, at the least broken bones.

Three bounds carried Giles up the bank, and as she dropped he caught her with outstretched arms. She was instantly conscious of his rock-like strength and firmness. Then he set her on the bank, and holding her hand, leaped down with her to the road.

"You manage splendidly," was her first remark. "But I *could* have got down alone."

"I hope you might have been able, if I had not been there."

They stood face to face, each trying to make out the other. She noted with a sense of pleasure his powerful make, the strongly-knit frame, the well-set solid head, the sunburnt face and calm grave eyes. "I like him," she said to herself.

And he liked her, though he did not definitely say so, even to himself. Despite the second cousinship, he had never seen Phyllys since her early childhood, and he had never been to Midfell. Intercourse between the Castle Hill folks and the two granddaughters had been steadily discouraged by the kind but strict old grandmother; and during late years Barbara had used her influence to stiffen the family separation.

Phyllys was not what Giles had expected to find. Whether pretty or not was a matter of opinion; but certainly he thought her engaging. She was slight and active, with slim brown hands, perfect in shape, and high-instepped feet. Her complexion was a clear pale brown; the eyes were rich violet in hue, not large, but with long and thick black lashes, while the eyebrows were of a warm chestnut, matching the soft loosely-knotted hair. She had a trick of half-closing her eyes, so that the upper and nether fringes all but met, and only a glimmer of violet light crept through.

"We want you to pay us a visit at Castle Hill."

She flushed up.

"Do you really? That is what I have longed to do. But Mrs. Keith——"

"Mrs. Keith is as anxious as anybody to have you."

"Really!" in surprise. "How kind of her! But why? We are strangers."

Giles had long felt the puzzle insoluble.

"It isn't as if she and I were related," the girl added.

"No; she is merely a connection even of mine. But she has acted the part of a mother for years, and Colin and I are brothers."

"I should like to know Colin. Ought I to call him 'Mr. Keith'? Everybody says 'Colin.' How odd it was that Wiggles did not bark at you! He must have taken an extraordinary fancy. I always say Wiggles is a reader of character."

Her face broke into a smile, the eyelashes curling with mischief. Giles's smile was different. It could not be said to "break," but rather to dawn reluctantly, as if under protest. It was rare, but when it did appear it transformed the grave face. Phyllys was conscious of its pleasantness, and she murmured: "I almost think you and I are going to be friends."

CHAPTER IV.

OF THINGS PAST AND PRESENT.

MRS. WYVERNE waited in the front sitting-room of Burn Cottage, close to the window, looking out upon the stone bridge and running stream, the perpetual murmur of which came pleasantly to her ears. She always took care to be ready some time before she had to start on any expedition, having reached an age when haste and flurry are undesirable.

She was stout and heavy in figure, but she held herself with dignity, and there was a Quaker-like sincerity about her handsome old face. Her dress was of black silk, good as to material, studiously plain in make, and her large bonnet was a semi-copy of the olden Quaker type. In earlier years she had been drawn to join for a while the Quaker community, and she still greatly admired many of their methods.

By her side stood a small table, on which lay her spectacle-case, her large-print Bible, her knitting basket, and her writing-case. The

XUM

centre of the room was overfilled by a round table, remnant of a bygone age. The walls were adorned with texts, some printed and framed in wood, some worked elaborately in silks on perforated cardboard, with fancy edgings of home manufacture. A row of devotional books, most of them printed fifty years earlier, with faded bindings, stood upon the elderly chiffoniere.

Grace and charm had evidently not been the aim of those who had arranged the interior of Burn Cottage.

The elder granddaughter, Barbara Pringle, only child of Mrs. Wyverne's only daughter—between whom and the father of Phyllys a wide gap in age had existed—had inherited nothing of the old lady's good looks. She was clumsily made, bony, and uncouth, with limp, lustreless hair, dressed in a flat and unbecoming style, features of an exaggerated type, and an expression habitually uncomfortable. Her dress seemed to have been put together anyhow, with no effort after what might suit the individual, and with total disregard to congruity in colours. Altogether, the effect made an unhappy exchange for the dignified simplicity of the elder lady.

Barbara Pringle was a good woman, but not so good as she counted herself, which augured a lack of humility. One marked virtue she had: a supreme and engrossing devotion to her grandmother, for whom she would have done or borne almost anything without a complaint. But out of this sprang something which was not a virtue—an intense jealousy of anybody who should interfere with her monopoly of the grandmother's affection. Since Phyllys naturally came in for a share, and a goodly share, of the latter, it followed that Barbara could see no good in Phyllys.

She did not know herself to be unfair. Few people discover that defect in themselves, and she was great at self-deception. Never for a moment did she admit, even in her innermost consciousness, that rank jealousy underlay her persistent condemnation of the younger, more attractive, more lovable cousin.

Things were doubtless hard for her. During more than thirty years she had all her own way, had been the only granddaughter in the house, had known herself to be exclusively necessary to the old lady, who to her had been mother, father, all in combination.

Then Phyllys, the only child of Mrs. Wyverne's beloved son, was also left an orphan, and she, too, was adopted by the large-hearted, though not wide-minded, old lady. At first Barbara had not realised what this would mean.

Not till the charming, wilful child of thirteen arrived; not till her winsomeness had been exerted over house and village; not till the newcomer had begun to reign supreme in the little world around, did jealousy spring in Barbara's heart. She failed to recognise the poisonous weed.

So, being what she was, a good woman, but not in character noble or generous, she took twisted views of Phyllys, and saw her actions from unjust points of view.

For instance, that Phyllys should not, at the present moment, have returned in time for the weekly meeting, got up by herself and Miss Robins, and good-humouredly tolerated by the Vicar, was a case of rank perversity.

"You told her to be back, grandmother."

"I really do not feel sure. Phyllys is aware of my wishes. I shall have to reprimand her."

Mrs. Wyverne drew out a huge old pinchbeck watch, then hunted in her pocket for a letter. *Her* receptacles for floating goods did not lie out of reach.

"We shall be in time if we start in a few minutes." Being a trifle hard of hearing, she preferred the front row. "I had another letter from Mr. Dugdale this morning. He writes strongly on the duty of letting Phyllys become acquainted with Giles and his people."

Barbara spoke tartly. "I suppose by 'his people' you mean the Keiths. If Phyllys gets among them she will be utterly spoilt."

Barbara, accustomed to have the upper hand in these questions, saw with amazement a look of indecision.

"It is out of the question," she added roughly. "There is no knowing what might come of it."

"I must do what is for the child's best interests. Perhaps I have realised too strongly the other side of the question. She is twenty-three. I cannot always refuse to allow her other relatives to see her. Giles Randolph has no one in the world nearer to him than Phyllys."

"Than us, you mean."

"Yes; but the circumstances are different. If Giles should die unmarried, Phyllys would inherit the property."

"Grannie," a musical voice broke in, "here is Giles Randolph. He has come to see us."

Nothing could have been more apposite to the run of Mrs. Wyverne's thoughts at the moment, and she took the intrusion more philo-



"He forgot river and fell in their contemplation."—*p.* 687.

sophically than might have been expected. Two minutes sufficed for Giles's explanation. Being in the neighbourhood, he had promised to bring a message from Mrs. Keith, and had granted himself the pleasure of seeing again his great-aunt. He had walked across the moors from the station, and had overtaken Phyllys. Mrs. Wyverne, he heard, had an engagement; but he purposed staying a night at the inn, hoping that she would spare him an hour next morning.

Giles used so few words that it was remarkable how much he conveyed. Mrs. Wyverne was not glad to see him, and she refrained from saying that she was; but her charming smile served in place of that which she would have condemned as an untruth. Barbara, declining to smile, waited in glum silence.

"I am sorry that we cannot offer to take you in here," observed Mrs. Wyverne; and the involuntary word "sorry" caused her some after-twinges. "The cottage is small, and we have no spare room. But you will be comfortable at the inn." Then she weighed carefully her conflicting duties, and decided to remain at home. Barbara and Phyllys would go without her to the meeting.

There was no escape for Phyllys. Her face fell; but it was evident that the old lady wished for a *tête-à-tête* with Giles. Barbara, curtly nodding her good-bye, marched off, and Phyllys reluctantly followed. She had learnt obedience in a strict school, and, though inwardly rebellious, she made no outward sign.

Then Giles bent his faculties to the task of winning over the old lady. Now that he had seen Phyllys, he was anxious for his own sake, at least, as much as for the sake of gratifying Mrs. Keith, to bring about the proposed visit. He did not know that the path to success had been made smoother by Mr. Dugdale; but he did realise that it might be a difficult path.

However, when Giles chose to be liked, he did not often fail in his aim.

CHAPTER V.

OF A BURNISHED STREAM

PHYLLYS stood, lost in a dream, beside the stream as it flowed through a field some three hundred yards distant from the house.

It swept here round a curve, its course being partly arrested by a bank of shingle; and beyond the shingle, in its wandering, it poured in a quick, rustling flow, bubbling out soft whispers and singing to itself.

This hour after breakfast was commonly Phyllys's most free time. At eleven o'clock, if not sooner, Barbara would remorselessly summon her in to practise and read and darn. Time spent in the open-air was wasted in the elder cousin's estimation. Barbara believed in a rapid constitutional, to and from a given point within a given time, for health; but she never lounged under a tree, never dallied by a stream, in dreamy thought. That with her meant "idleness."

With Phyllys it neither meant nor was idleness. She was not idle, standing on the grass bank, motionless, her hands clasped behind her back. She wore no hat, and a slight breeze stirred her hair, bringing forth reddish gleams in the sunlight.

Her mind was hard at work. She loved Nature, loved the beauty of flower and fell, and read meanings in the voices of running water, rustling leaves, singing birds. These things appealed to her impressionable nature, and drew her on to deeper thought. But this particular morning her mind was bent in a new direction, being chiefly occupied with Giles.

Once before, in childhood, she had seen him, and often since she had heard of "Giles and Colin," though not in terms of approbation. Mrs. Wyverne had rather implied than asserted disapproval; but according to Barbara, Giles and his friends were one and all to be avoided as objectionable people, from whose influence to withhold Phyllys was a matter of plain duty; which opinion naturally made her want to know them; and for years her dream of delights had been a visit to Castle Hill.

Now she might be again invited; probably would be. And—"Oh, if only she might go!"

The tinkle of a bell aroused her. She was often thus recalled. But already! She did not realise how long she had stood there. Was the whole of this lovely day to be wasted indoors? She walked back with a lagging step.

Within doors the cloud on her face vanished. Barbara was not visible, the grandmother was smiling, and Giles stood in an attitude of expectation.

"Put on your stout boots, child, and take a wrap. Giles wishes for a walk with you."

The black fringes widened with a start of delight.

"He does not know his way about, and Barbara is too busy," explained Mrs. Wyverne, apologising to herself. She felt uneasy; but

the managing granddaughter being out of reach, her resolution had not been proof against Giles' determination. After all, the two were cousins, and since she had just granted her consent to three weeks at Castle Hill for Phyllys, a walk now could make little difference. The decision seemed to have been lifted out of her hands, and, despite her bewilderment, she looked with gratified eyes upon the great-nephew whom she had so long refused to see.

"Must I be back at eleven, grannie?"

"Not to-day, for once. Giles wishes to go to the head of the dale if you can walk so far."

"Oh, of course I can. That will be splendid. I have not been there for ages upon ages."

"My dear, you should not make use of such exaggerated expressions."

Phyllys tried to wear a penitent face as she fled. "If Barbara should come in!" was the fear. Barbara might upset all.

"Phyllys is a dear child, but far too impulsive," the old lady remarked. "It is desirable that she should be trained in habits of self-restraint."

Giles refrained from saying what he thought.

Fortunately, Barbara failed to appear, and the two set off at a brisk pace.

Phyllys was a quick walker, and she easily kept up with the pace adopted by Giles. She was in a state of jubilant exultation, but this was veiled. While lacing her boots she had resolved to behave with dignity, and not to allow her friendship to be regarded by him as a thing to be lightly won.

But miles and miles of happiness lay before her—miles and miles of fresh air, of freedom, exercise, pleasant companionship. There was no need to dwell on what might lie beyond. There was no need to anticipate Barbara's comments. When the time should come to listen to them in all their acidity, she would have had her day of delights, and no one would be able to rob her of the memory.

"Is this what you call the dale-head?" asked Giles.

"Perhaps more properly higher up. But I think we mean the whole of the valley as far as you can see, and beginning here. Isn't it pretty?"

It was much more than pretty. She used a word inadequate.

They were seated close to the river, on its grass-bank. Not the little Midfell stream, but a more important water-course; a river to which the Midfell stream was a tributary.

It flowed between tolerably steep banks, and the colour of the water was that of a burnished red-brown chestnut, almost mahogany. Hundreds of stones, large enough to act as small breakwaters, lay scattered on the river-bed, and around each separate stone curled a perpetual wave, foam-white, with a gleam of golden light shining as from a fairy-lamp at its centre. This was repeated times without number.

Behind them and in front were rounded fells, like a series of land waves, struck into immobility, forming the sides of the valley; and every fell differed from its neighbour. Here was one shaded in purple and brown, there another all bright grassy green; yet another, dark from summit to base with waist-high masses of bracken; and a fourth clothed in rich patches of dull red, purple rather than crimson, from heather bloom. A little way further a round-topped hill had donned a veil of blue gauze. Away to the left, much higher, might be seen a solitary farmhouse; a rough pathway, deluged with stones, winding steeply thither.

"They would give us milk at the farm," Phyllys remarked. But Giles, with a smile, produced sandwiches and a cup.

"I don't know any place like this," she murmured after their simple luncheon. She was in a state of measureless content, not only enjoying the beauty herself, but sure that Giles enjoyed it no less. He said "[illegible]," and she hardly looked at him; yet she knew. That was the one thing she had lacked and longed for in such scenes as the present—somebody who could feel with her. It made all the difference.

"Nor I." He had been thinking how like her hair was in tint to the burnished chestnut of the water, and it was true that he thoroughly enjoyed the scene. "One hardly expects such a spot in England. Few of us know our own country."

Phyllys lay back on the sloping bank, resting her head on folded arms, and looking at the sky. That gave Giles a fuller view than he had yet gained of her blue, wistful eyes. He forgot river and fell in their contemplation.

"I wonder," she murmured, "whether other worlds are half as lovely as this." She sat up suddenly. "Tell me about your home."

"You would find it flat." He refrained from letting her know that she would soon see for herself. "No fells, no mountain torrents."

"And the house——"

"Is respectably old. There was a castle—once. Only a wall of it remains now."

"And Mrs. Keith and 'Colin' live there with you. He isn't really your cousin, is he?"

XUM

Giles explained the connection. Thomas Randolph, his grandfather, had one son and one daughter. The son, James, married; and his wife died soon after the birth of their only child —"Myself," interjected Giles—the widow dying a little later, thus leaving an infant possessor of the Castle Hill property. The daughter, Annie Randolph, married Geoffrey Keith, and she too died early; after which her husband married again, his second wife being a Miss Cecil Reeves. They had one little boy, named Colin.

"So at best, he can only be called my step-cousin; hardly even that. But when my mother died, Mrs. Keith undertook the care of me, and on the death of my father that arrangement became permanent. Colin and I have been brothers from babyhood."

"I understand now. It always rather puzzled me. And was he not ill for a long time? Somebody said he had an accident when he was a boy, and didn't get over it for years."

"Yes." A stern set came to Giles's face, darkening it as a landscape is darkened by a cloud passing over the sun. Phyllys was perplexed.

"Barbara is as much your cousin as I am," she remarked, saying the first thing that came into her head. "I suppose you should have asked her first to visit Castle Hill." ("Heaven forbid!" was on Giles's lips, though no sound issued.) "But she never goes anywhere, so I come next."

"I think you come first," he replied drily, and she laughed.

"If only I had the least hope of going!"

"I don't think it will be long before we meet again—one way or another." His manner said that he intended it should not be. "Till then I hope you will remember that you offered me your friendship."

Her colour went up.

"That was silly. We did not know one another. I spoke without thinking."

"It would disappoint me if you took your words back."

"But it was too soon. I am always saying things in a hurry, and then wishing I had not." She twisted a grass blade round her fingers. "Does one ever quite conquer that habit?"

He ignored the question.

"Do you not think we know one another well enough now?"

She lifted her eyelashes gradually.

"Of course, I've rather wanted a friend—sometimes," she admitted. "The only one I had went away. There are Mr. and Mrs. Hazel, but Barbara is always trying to keep me away from them. And besides, they are older—so much older. But people ought to wait till they are perfectly sure."

"You do not feel sure yet?"

The steady purposefulness of his gaze held her spellbound. It was not that he saw deeply, but that he stirred deep feeling in her. For a moment he had a curious sense that he might do what he willed with Phyllys.

It did not last. She dropped her eyes and held up her head, and the spell was broken. Moreover, he did not yet will anything further. Their mutual knowledge, each of the other, was small, and he only felt certain that he wished to know her better. Besides, he was a man of punctilious honour, and she had been confided to his care.

So they reverted to surface topics, and no more was said about friendship. The word to Giles meant little. If he wanted anything, he wanted much more; but it served as a stepping-stone to intimacy. To Phyllys it meant a good deal; more than would have been guessed from her next careless remark: "I was afraid it meant to be a wet day. That would have been provoking."

"There was an early shower, I believe."

"Just the Pride o' the Morning."

He looked inquiringly.

"It's a saying about here. When a little early shower comes, that does not mean rain later, they say, 'Oh, it's juist the pride o' the morning.' Mr. Hazel sometimes calls *me* that"—laughingly.

The name sounded far from inappropriate, but it was with a sense of inward revolt that he asked, "Who is Mr. Hazel?"

"Our Vicar. Such a kind man! But I know why he calls me so. It was one day——"

"Yes. These local sayings are interesting."

"I don't often give in, but things *were* rather worrying that day, and I had a silly little cry by myself in the meadow. He came upon me in the middle of it, and he said it was just an early shower—'just the Pride o' the Morning.' He told me one must not expect to have everything always smooth, but he hoped mine was going to be a happy life. And since then, when we meet, he often says, 'Well, little Pride o' the Morning, how goes the world with you now?'"

"I should like to know your Vicar."

"Would you? Barbara doesn't approve of him."

"Barbara and I might not agree."

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE.]

HOW TO READ PICTURES.

By C. E. Skinner.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

GREAT numbers of picture galleries have been opened to the general public of late years by considerable effort and at considerable expense. Some disappointment has been felt by those who have made the effort, and some disappointment has also been felt by those who have availed themselves of the opportunity. You have only to watch the countenances of a great part of the visitors on a free day to trace this feeling on the part of the sightseers. They wander listlessly through these homes of art; they see many pictures they can—to use their own expressive words—"make nothing of," because they do not know what to expect from a picture. They do not know what it has got to *say* to them.

"Painting has a language of its own," and they have never learnt it. They feel stupid over it, it vexes them to *be* stupid; they make silly comments, out of sheer shyness, because they do not know what to say, and they do not like to say nothing. They have gained nothing from looking; they are no richer than they were before, and they go out no wiser than they came in.

I am afraid this is only too accurate a description of the feelings of a considerable number of those for whose especial benefit many of the picture galleries have been opened free.

Perhaps some of us who have encountered difficulties in the study of art may be able to put before others a few leading points which may serve, at any rate, as some help in the difficult art of looking at a picture.

In the first place, let us go to a picture gallery to learn. The artist is a teacher; he speaks to us in a picture (painting is his language), and he tells out in it what he has seen, just as an author tells it out in words. He has trained his eyes, and he sees beauties

you and I do not see, and reveals them to us in his work.

Art is a revelation—a revelation means bringing out what is hidden—and artists are first seers, then revealers. Remember, "seeing is a distinct art," an art which requires cultivation, like every other art. Artists have trained themselves to *see*. There are "secrets in nature." Much in nature is locked up which art sets free. Art has the key, and the artist puts the key into the lock and discloses secret chambers full of the treasures of beauty. Let us take our stand before a picture by one of the great artists, either in the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, or the Wallace Collection, and ask the artist what he has got to show us.

What are we to look for? Composition, colour, atmosphere, expression; four leading, definite things.

COMPOSITION.

What are we to understand by this? It means the putting together of the different parts of which a picture is made up—the relation of one part to another, placing them in their different positions, so that you may know what the picture means to say. Each separate part should combine into a whole. However good each part may be, unless it fits into the whole the composition is faulty. A work should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end. There should be a leading idea all through it—a distinct intention. That is what composition does in painting—gives a whole. You should be able to say what that whole is in any individual picture.

Think of this the next time you look at a painting. Notice, in a common way, as if you were looking at a living group (if it is a figure picture), how many figures there are, what these figures have to do with each other—whether they are father and mother, brother and sister, or husband and wife. Get a grasp of the story first—the outline of what the picture has to tell you—as if you were reading it in a book.

DRAWING.

This means the proportion of the limbs—the legs, the arms, the shoulders; whether the body is light and graceful, or powerful and massive; how a limb should look when it is stretched to the full, or when it is throwing anything; when it is in repose, or when it is in action; which part should come forward and which should be backward; where the muscles should be, how much they should show under the skin; the wrinkles, or the hollows in the face; the proportion of one feature to another.

Action in a picture depends on drawing. Some of Poynter's pictures (for instance, such as "Atalanta's Race") require some knowledge of drawing to appreciate them fully. Good drawing is required to produce the effect of life. It sounds a simple thing to say that if a man is throwing a quoit, or a woman a ball, you should be able to realise that he or she *is* throwing it; but it requires good drawing on the part of the artist to enable you to see the action.

In art, the Florentine school is noted for drawing; it says what it has got to say by *line*, as the Venetian school does by colour. It is what is called "significant," to use the phrase of a recent art critic, Bernard Berenson.

Michael Angelo (born 1475) is the greatest master of drawing in the world. There are two of his pictures in the National Gallery, No. 790 and No. 809.

Leonardo da Vinci, that marvellous, all-round artist (born 1452), is specially noted for drawing and design. We are fortunate in possessing in the National Gallery a finer specimen of his art (No. 1093) than we have of Michael Angelo ("The Virgin of the Rocks"), which is remarkable, besides other great beauties, for drawing and balance.

Ghirlandaio (born 1449) is the best draughtsman up to that period; his "Procession to Calvary" (No. 1143) is in the National Gallery.

PERSPECTIVE

is to many a great perplexity, and it is very difficult to explain it in writing without using technical terms, which are only a puzzle to the general reader. It means "showing different distances on a flat surface." The object of perspective is to obtain the effect of distance within a limited space—to represent a mass of things within a small compass. A glance down a long street reveals this effect to us. It is perspective in nature when you see the figures in a street diminish in size the further they recede in distance from you. A person at the entrance of a long street looks quite tall; another, actually of the same height, at the end of it looks quite small.

Consider the task an artist has before him to represent on a small piece of canvas a number of different objects. For instance, in the painting of a landscape, dis-

tant hills, trees, a river, a road, cottages, cows, men and women; and his work consists in bringing all these objects within the limited compass of two or three feet, and in making them all look natural. It is only by means of perspective that he can represent all these objects in his picture. To form a picture, composition, colour, atmosphere, expression, are necessary. It is no easy task. I think the sense of a difficulty surmounted adds a human interest to the artistic one.

Again, in composition there must be an intention, or centre of interest—a leading idea—and every part must be subordinate to that interest. Try to get at it. There is a favourite picture of mine in the National Gallery which we may use as an illustration of this point, "St. Jerome in his Study" (No. 694). The saint is seated on a bench reading; in the background are two cupboards, a flask, and a candlestick. In the foreground, a sleeping lion, a partridge, and a cardinal's hat. The saint himself is the centre of interest, and the intention is the idea of quietness, indicated by the calm sea and the convent in the distance.

A picture should always produce unity of effect. After you have come away from looking at one, you ought always to be able to say what general impression it has made upon you; what you have gained from it.

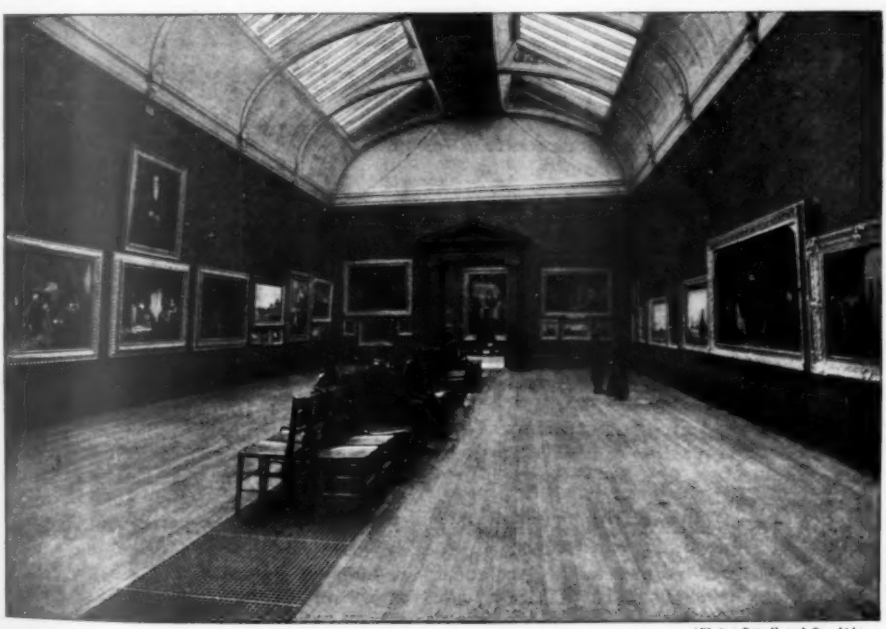
Never mind people saying, "Did you see this picture?" or "Didn't you see that?" Be content to have wrenched the heart out of one.

Art is not meant to be like the shops in Regent Street—to glance at and pass by. When one goes to the Royal Academy, one often feels as if people were looking at shop windows instead of studying art!

COLOUR.

"Colour gives the glow and brilliancy of nature, as line its grace and grandeur; richness and transparency, lustre and depth of hue belong to painting, just as the placing of the muscles and the rounding of the limbs belong to drawing."

Ruskin says, "Of all God's gifts to man, colour is the most divine, the most solemn." There is a glory, a joy, in colour, a fulness of delight, which—to me, at any rate—nothing else in art gives. To fill your eye with colour is to fill your heart with joy and to flood your mind with brightness. "All men," it is truly said, "enjoy colour; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

ONE OF THE GALLERIES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, MILLBANK (THE TATE GALLERY).

of the human heart; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and is the eminent sign and seal of perfection."

"Colour is the test of a painter." There are many great artists, but few great colourists.

In a simple way, in beginning the study of colour, notice whether the colours contrast or blend, whether they are strong or delicate. Look at the force of some colours, the transparency of others, the gradation of tints in a third.

Some of the great revealers of colour are Titian, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Palma Vecchio, and John Bellini. There are specimens of most of these in our National Gallery. Titian, Nos. 34 and 35; Correggio, "The Holy Family" (No. 23), the "master of colour," as he has been called; John Bellini, "The Madonna and Child" (No. 280); but for the full charm of colour you must go to Venice. Venice is the best school of colour. Light, air, space, colour, are the marks of Venetian art. We have few representations of the great masters of colour in our National Gallery, though of Titian, the greatest of all, we have the "Bacchus and Ariadne" (No. 35) and "The Venus and Adonis" (No. 34).

For colour in English art we may name Rossetti, whose work you can study in the Tate Gallery, "Beata Beatrix" (No. 1279), the subject from the "Vita Nuova" by Dante, and "The Annunciation" (No. 1210).

Frederick Walker is another good English colourist, also to be studied in the Tate Gallery. His picture, "The Harbour of Refuge" (No. 1391), with the reds contrasted with the white flags in the sunshine of an afternoon in spring, is a delicious bit of colour; and "The Vagrants" (No. 1209), the shades of brown rising into reds, with the light fading into evening, is another fine modern example of colour.

The value of colour in life is hardly estimated at its full value. The study of it in art may help people to bring it more strongly into ordinary surroundings. The presence of colour, brightens life, and makes people better tempered and more cheerful. Thus it helps goodness and promotes harmony in households.

ATMOSPHERE

is the third point which you have to study in looking at a picture. The technical description of atmosphere is "an ocean, not of water, but of air, for use in breathing, for beauty in softening and harmonising natural objects"; but, when you speak of the atmosphere of a picture, you mean the *sort* of air there is in it. You can never have a real picture without air being, somehow, represented. Some pictures look as if they had no air at all—as if you could not breathe if you were in them. They have no atmosphere.

You ought to be able to perceive whether the atmosphere is misty or clear, sunny or cloudy; whether it is morning or evening, twilight or dawn. Turner's pictures are the finest examples of atmosphere we have in England, the marvellous golden haze in some, the seas of mist in others. Study "The Fighting Téméraire" (No. 524), "The Sun Rising in a Mist" (No. 479), "Moonlight" (No. 459), in the National Gallery.

Peter Graham's pictures are delightful studies of atmosphere. His "Rainy Day" in the Tate Gallery (No. 1524) is a striking instance of this. Only an ordinary village, a boy, and two horses; but seen through a mist which gives poetry to the simple subject. "The Valley of the Llugwy" (No. 1540), by Leader—misty hills, silver birch trees casting a shade, in the same gallery—is another illustration of the value of atmospheric effects. John Linnell's "Windmill" (No. 439), with its heavy clouds prognosticating a thunderstorm, is a remarkable study of a coming storm.

EXPRESSION.

Hitherto we have been dealing with outward life, as depicted in art. Now we come, in considering our fourth head, to the revelation of inward life—joy or sorrow, pathos or hardness, vigour or weakness, expectation or satisfaction, and, still more difficult, the mingling of emotion. A man may be a great painter if he shows us beauty—that alone is a great, a glorious gift—but he is a great artist only if he reveals the inward through the medium of the outward. In illustration of this we may mention one picture in particular, "The Virgin and Child Enthroned, St. John Baptist, and the Magdalen," by Mantegna (No. 274), in the National Gallery. This is said by a great authority (Richter) to be one "of the choicest pictures in the National Gallery."

Watts is the great modern master of expression. "I paint ideas, not objects," is his own description of his pictures. He, above all others, paints because he has got something to say. He is a teacher and prophet as well as a painter. Study his

"Love and Life," "Love and Death," "Love Triumphant," for the expression of great ideas. The painter's gift of these noble pictures to the Tate Gallery opens a great book of thought as well as of art to the whole nation, like God's gift of beauty, without money and without price.

Portraits come under the head of expression, and in our National Portrait Gallery—far too little used—there is a collection of remarkable portraits. If you step in for half an hour's interview with great men and women, with whose names you are familiar in history or art, you will understand their characters better than you could by even personal knowledge of a casual kind.

Note what characteristic predominates in each: strength, thought, refinement, beauty. Notice which prevails, or, whether, if two or three appear on the surface, which gains the day. It adds to the interest of the study to consider whether the characteristics which appear in the portrait are borne out by the history of the man himself. Portraits are, or ought to be, a sort of painted biography.

"You ought to get the character and heart of a man from a portrait." "Not one particular, temporary expression—joy, sorrow, anger—one which may have passed any moment and left his face quite different; but if the picture is one of the noblest kind, we shall read the man's whole character there, written for ever and ever."

One of the finest portraits in the National Gallery carries out these requirements—"The Doge" (Leonardo Loredano), by John Bellini (No. 189).



THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.

In modern portraits, I think George Frederick Watts carries out most fully the ideal of a portrait painter, and in the portraits of the great men he has given us you can trace the characters of the men, and gain, besides, a wonderful insight into their natural powers and inherent possibilities—the ideal, not only the actual, of the men. This is art, not merely painting.

"Great art is the type of strong and noble life." If we take this fine saying with us into a picture gallery, and search for the pictures which illustrate it, our visits will not only increase our knowledge, but expand our lives.

THE BROWN BUREAU.

A Story in a Single Chapter.



SHE had passed the shop where it stood temptingly displayed to its best advantage for years. She had often looked enviously at its dark smooth surface, its inlaid drawers, and longed to possess them for her own.

But Ruth Cochrane was as poor as the proverbial church mouse. She eked out a precarious living by acting as typist and amanuensis to an old gentleman who was writing a book to startle the century. She had, moreover, a young brother to maintain at school, which further hampered her in the race for life, though she never even acknowledged it to herself.

Some years ago—five at least—she had met her fate in the person of a tall, dark, blue-eyed Irishman, who had stolen her heart almost unawares, and lost his own in the process. He had nothing beyond his pay in a merchant's office, with a very distant hope of being a partner some day; and, as Ruth had nothing too, the young people had decided to wait till time and fate should prove kinder.

So that the brown bureau was outside the limits of possibility, although the girl often let her imagination play with it, after the manner of such temperaments as hers.

But after months of careful saving, of denial with respect to her daily meals, eked out with a chance stray article written at a venture and accepted in a daily paper, much to the girl's surprise, she found she had scraped together just enough to buy the coveted bureau, and, full of hope, she sallied forth one Saturday morning after office hours to make the necessary negotiations.

The shopman smiled behind his hand as he extracted from her more than the intrinsic value of the second-hand piece of furniture upon which she had set her heart; and, as a compromise, he sent the bureau round to the address she had given him quite early in the afternoon.

Ruth clapped her hands together as she gazed at it, looking for all the world as though it had always occupied the corner by the fireplace in Mrs. Smithson's topmost-storey attic. What a treasure she had now! She must write a letter on it immediately. Derrick should be the first to receive one written just from that very spot.

But the temptation was too great to begin the letter immediately. The drawers all looked as if they wanted opening; the little pigeonholes in their neat rows invited her to inspect their shadowy depths.

There must be a secret drawer, too, if she could only find it; and in it she would place her money week by week, until the drawer should be so crowded there would be enough to —marry on.

She flushed as she passed her hand gently over the smooth polished surface, pressing in all directions anything that looked at all suspicious, and eagerly searching every crack and cranny.

Ah! if she could ever earn enough money for such a thing to happen! If life's plums were equally divided, instead of being so inclined to go all in the same direction!

Suddenly, with a click, something flew back. There was quite a cloud of dust, and Ruth rubbed her pretty eyes.

A secret little drawer lay exposed to sight, and in it, yellow with age, lay a paper—a big, thick paper packet.

With trembling fingers the girl picked it up and opened it. Whose hand had written those upright letters? What was this paper which had lain buried for so long, and had at last found its way into a stranger's hands?

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF LESLIE GODWIN.

Who was Leslie Godwin?

She opened the paper still further, and to her amazement out fell a hundred or more bank-notes, all and each for a hundred pounds.

What a find! Now she was rich—quite rich—and her dreams of marriage with Derrick could be realised. She counted out the crisp papers with shaking hands, her eyes glittering as they had never glittered before. There were a hundred banknotes in all, making ten thousand pounds. Quite a large fortune!

Was it hers—her *very own*, to do as she liked with?

XUM

Ruth paused. Her heart beat tumultuously. Why should her conscience awake just at the wrong moment, and make her hesitate about taking it all at once for herself? She had purchased the brown bureau. It was her very own. Why should she not have all that appertained to it? There was no one to know about her find. She could keep it to herself, and no one would be any the wiser. Then she could marry Derrick, and they would go away, somewhere in the country, and live a new life, putting the old one in the background. She would do a lot of good with her new fortune; she would subscribe to charities, help the poor, visit the sick. The money would do much more good in her hands in a few months than it had done sealed up in the secret drawer all these past years.

And to do good could not be wrong.

Then a voice within her spoke again. Her good angel was not going to let her slip out of his hands without a struggle. The money was *not* her own. It had belonged most probably to Leslie Godwin, and the will would have something to do with it.

Better take it all to a lawyer, and have the matter settled, and return the money to those to whom it had really been left.

But then she would be as poor as when she had first found it. There would be no marrying Derrick for many a long year to come, if at all. The outlook was black enough; just now it had been tinged with a roseate hue of hope and wealth and happiness.

Evil that good might come of it—that was what she had suggested to herself that she should do. And the Bible distinctly said that such was not to be done. And as for the morrow, was it not to take care of itself? Had not God promised to look after and provide for those who trusted in Him?

Ruth Cochrane had never been ultra-religious. She had attended church when she could, sometimes going out in the wet to do so; but she had never taken upon herself to speak to others on the subject; she had never fought strong battles for right against wrong when it had come her way; she had merely taken a passive part, and let others do the work.

But now it came upon her with a shock. Her conscience was awakened by the fire of temptation she had passed through, and she knew that at last her feet must be firmly planted either on one side or on the other; she must side with God, or with His adversary, the devil.

A stifled prayer rose to her lips; she crushed the papers in her hot hands, and, fetching her hat and coat from the peg behind the door of the little room where she slept, she went out into the short winter afternoon, and, taking a 'bus, she was soon deposited by it in a road off Camberwell where Derrick Desmond had a lodging.

It was a white-faced girl who confronted that same young man at the door.

"Ruth!" he exclaimed, drawing her towards him, "are you ill, dearest? Speak. I was just coming over to see you——"

"No, I'm not ill, Derrick," she stammered, flushing; "but I bought that bureau this morning in the Edgware Road—the one I have always longed for, you know—and in it I found all this money—ten thousand pounds—and a will!"

She sank on to a chair, and held out the parcel which she had brought.

"Ten thousand pounds!" repeated Desmond hurriedly. "What a find, Ruthie! I wonder whose it really is?"

He was carefully counting out the bank-notes.

"Some Leslie Godwin, I should think," returned his *fiancée*, a little sadly. "Derrick—do you know?—for a little while I thought I would keep it and say nothing about it; the temptation was *so* great, and we could have married on ten thousand pounds——"

"We could have," he answered quietly; "but it would not have been right. Poor little woman! it must have been a sore temptation to you. And I suppose you have brought the money to me in case you should not be strong enough to resist it any longer. We will take it to Mr. Geeley, the lawyer, on Monday, dear, and hear what he has to say about it. We may be able to find the real relations, and they may be in want all this time. We shall have the joy of returning them what is really their own—and it is better to give than to receive, Ruthie."

He bent down, and his clean-shaven lips pressed her forehead ever so gently. Derrick Desmond was strong to do the right—a man of sterling virtues, and yet no prig.

After a moment's silence, during which he locked the bank-notes away in his desk, he put on his hat.

"Come out for a turn," he said cheerfully. "Where shall it be? Do you know, I think I have time for Hampton Court, if you like. It doesn't matter about it being dark before we get home."

And to Hampton Court they went.

The following Monday Mr. Geeley looked askance at the two young people through his big gold-rimmed spectacles, as they sat down before him in his office.

"This is most certainly a will," he said, "and it is all signed and witnessed properly. It was a lucky thing for some person or persons unknown that you found it, Miss Cochrane. Let me see—yes, a Miss Leslie Godwin, who died at Bath in the year 1812, is the testator, and she leaves all her money, which is wrapped up in this packet in bank-notes, to a Mr. Henry Desmond, of Bedminster——"

"Henry Desmond, of Bedminster? That was my grandfather!" put in Derrick hurriedly. "There could not have been *two* Henry Desmonds at that time in Bedminster——"

The lawyer looked at him keenly.

"If you can prove it," he said, "go down to Bedminster and search for information, and then come and let me know. After all, this legacy may have fallen into the right hands. If so, it will be another instance of truth being stranger than fiction"—for Desmond had explained how they had come by the will and the money.

Derrick did go down to Bedminster only a week later, and was able to prove the identity of his grandfather with the Henry Desmond mentioned in Miss Leslie Godwin's will, and in a short space of time the inheritance was all his own.

Six months later Ruth Cochrane and Derrick Desmond were made man and wife, and the dream about the country life came true.



"'This is most certainly a will,' he said."

The brown bureau has an honoured place in Mrs. Desmond's own little sitting-room, for she declares she owes her husband to that brown bureau.

And she is quite right—in one sense, she does.

MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY



GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS
THE THEOLOGIAN

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

PART I.—THE UNWEARIED STUDENT.

IN our story of the lives and work of the two friends we come now to Gregory of Nazianzus, of whom hitherto we have spoken but little. Indeed, all through the life of Basil, Gregory, although the elder of the two, was completely overshadowed by the more masterful and popular personality of Basil, who, however, passionately admired the great genius and profound scholarship of his quiet, retiring friend. After Basil's first withdrawal to his monastic home in Pontus, he begged Gregory to come to him and to take up his abode in his community of solitaries on the River Liris. Then, for a time, the two friends were together, and years after Gregory speaks with longing regret of those quiet, happy days spent in prayer and study together. Later, after Basil's elevation to the arch-see of Cæsarea, failing to secure Gregory's consent to live with him in Cæsarea, as a kind of coadjutor, after a time he literally forced upon him the Bishopric of Sasima, an obscure and noisy Cappadocian town where several important roads crossed. Gregory looked with dread on such an unquiet sphere of labour, and warmly remonstrated. Basil insisted on his accepting the irksome post,* and in an apologetic letter thus expresses his opinion of Gregory: "I would, indeed, that my friend Gregory had the government of a church, the importance of which was commensurate with his abilities, but these abilities are so transcendent that no group of churches would suffice here. As this, then, is impossible, let him consent to be a Bishop, not that he will receive any honour from the dignity, but, on the contrary, will confer honour on the See he occupies by the mere fact of his accepting it." Were his strange words here prophetic? When he wrote them Constantinople, the future See of Gregory, the first Archbishopric in the East, scarcely second to that of Rome, was completely in the power of an Arian Emperor. What seemed more unlikely, then, than Gregory, the unassuming, quiet friend of Basil, whom the Emperor and his Arian Government intensely disliked; Gregory, the learned champion of orthodoxy, would ever be summoned to preside over the Arianised capital of the East?

We have seen in our study in the life of Basil how Gregory during his long ten years'

* Although Gregory of Nazianzus most reluctantly consented to be consecrated, it is doubtful if he ever took up his residence at Sasima.

residence at Athens, the University of the Empire, had laid the foundations of that profound learning which afterwards characterised his writings and utterances. He left Athens *circa* A.D. 356 with a far-reaching reputation for scholarship and ability. For many years he assisted his father, the Bishop of Nazianzus in Cappadocia, in the administration of his diocese. From his long residence there came the name by which he is generally known in the annals of the Catholic Church, "Gregory of Nazianzus." His life—a student's life—at Nazianzus was often interrupted by protracted visits to Basil before and after Basil's elevation to the Archbishopric of Cæsarea. This long period of comparative stillness lasted nearly a quarter of a century. In these quiet years he studied deeply, preaching, however, not unfrequently, now and again putting out writings which have since passed into the treasure-house of Catholic letters. He was well known in Asia and the Eastern provinces of the Empire as a profound scholar and theologian, a preacher at once eloquent and inspiring, an ardent and enthusiastic champion of the Catholic cause, for many years well-nigh everywhere more or less depressed by the Arian policy of the Court and Government.

Utterly devoid of all ambition, studious and retiring, he preferred to lead the life of a tireless ascetic student far removed from the busy haunts of men, quite content to live under the shadow of his father, the aged Bishop of his native Nazianzus, rejoicing in the lifelong friendship of Basil, for whose sake he ever and anon for a brief while came out of his loved solitary retirement. But the opportunity came at last when, in good truth, his light shone before men; when his splendid gifts, matured by the study of a lifetime, were used to deal the final blow to the deadly Arian heresy which for some forty years had deluded and deceived the Christian world. It came about in this wise.

In the year before Basil of Cæsarea's death (A.D. 378) an event happened which completely changed the aspect of religious affairs in the Eastern Empire. As the result of a vacillating and unwise policy, war between the Roman Empire of the East and the Gothic peoples broke out. The military chiefs of the Emperor Valens displayed in the campaign which ensued a want of capacity similar to that which his civil ministers had shown in their dealings with the Gothic nation. In a pitched battle fought near Adrianople the Roman army was defeated with enormous loss, and the hapless Valens himself perished in the *mêlée* which followed the rout of his army.

His nephew Gratian, the Western Emperor, who was marching to the assistance of his uncle Valens, without opposition succeeded to the imperial power and title in the East. Gratian was an earnest and devout Catholic, and his first act of power was to recall the Catholic Bishops in the East who had been banished by the Arian policy of Valens. Other provisions in favour of the long harassed Oriental Catholics were embodied in this edict.

Then feeling incapable of supporting the burden of the double empire, he associated with himself, on equal terms, Theodosius, the distinguished son of a famous Spanish general of the Empire, leaving to Theodosius the care and responsibilities of the East, while he returned to Gaul and his Western dominions. The energetic and wise military measures of Theodosius after some months scattered the Gothic invaders, and once more restored security and a measure of peace to the panic-stricken Eastern provinces. Theodosius, like his colleague and patron, Gratian, was an earnest Catholic, and bitterly opposed to any form of the Arian heresy. Early in the year 380 the new Emperor of the East published an edict in favour of the Catholic faith, referring to Damasus, Bishop of Rome, and to Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, as examples of the Catholic belief, which he insisted upon being received by his subjects as the only true form of doctrine, and branding all sects, including the long dominant Arians, as heretics deserving of punishment.

This pronouncement on the part of a strong and able Emperor was a complete reversal of that Arian policy which had for so many weary years been dominant in the Eastern Empire.

Catholic writers, not without reason, have regarded as a Divine judgment the sudden and unexpected defeat and death of the two Emperors, Julian and Valens, who, while pursuing different methods, had determined upon the extirpation of orthodox or Catholic Christianity, as expounded by Athanasius, Basil, and Gregory, and other great Christian teachers of the fourth century. Julian's project was generally to restore Paganism, Valens' to establish Arianism. Both these Emperors, when at the height of their power, were suddenly smitten down—Julian by the Persians in A.D. 369, and Valens by the Goths in A.D. 378. With the defeat and death of Julian the Pagan cause was

irretrievably ruined; with the rout and fall of Valens the Arian party, which so long had triumphed, completely and for ever collapsed.

We return to Gregory of Nazianzus, who played the foremost part in the rehabilitation of the orthodox or Catholic Christianity in the Eastern Empire. For well-nigh forty years the new and magnificent city of Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern Empire, had been the great seat of Arianism. During most of this time the position of the Catholic party in Constantinople had been sad and depressed, and in late years the sufferings of the adherents of the orthodox faith had been extreme. Under Valens they possessed no church in the imperial city, and they worshipped in silence, almost in secret, as the votaries of a persecuted and defamed religion. The news of the death of the Arian Emperor Valens, and the accession of a powerful Catholic sovereign, came upon the depressed and sorrowful remnant of orthodox Christians in Constantinople as a startling and joyful surprise. Their first thought was to call for one of the great Catholic teachers of the East to assume the guidance and to reorganise this remnant of true believers in Constantinople.

None in the length and breadth of the East occupied in the ranks of the Catholic party a reputation for learning and eloquence like Basil and his friend and lifelong associate, Gregory of Nazianzus. Basil, alas! was dying.* but Gregory was still in the vigour of his vast powers. He possessed also the rank and status of a Bishop, having been some time before consecrated to the desolate little See of Sasima, Cappadocia. However, he never appears to have seriously administered this See, and when the summons from the Catholic party of Constantinople came the famous theologian was living in strict retirement in a monastery in the suburbs of Seleucia.

To the quiet-loving, retiring scholar the call to take up the supervision of the Catholic Church in the greatest and richest city of the East was, indeed, an unwelcome surprise, for it carried with it the certainty of the succession in the immediate future to the Archbishopric † of the capital of the East, and from such a task the spirit of Gregory shrank. Some of the leading Bishops and chiefs of the orthodox party in Asia, however, added the weight of their urgent persuasions to the arguments of the representatives of the Constantinople Catholics, and Gregory at length, with unfeigned reluctance, accepted the invitation. In his own moving words, he painted the charge he had undertaken as that of a church without a shepherd, and his work as a voyage across a lightless sea on a ship when Christ was sleeping; and in a sublime prayer he called on the "Divine Word," to Whom he had consecrated the labours of a life, and on Whose business he was undertaking the present difficult and painful task, to send him one of His angels, who should guide his steps with a pillar of fire and cloud.

The capital of the East was the favourite home of the various heresies which distracted men's thoughts in that age of struggle and curious inquiry. There were to be found congregations made up of disciples of Manes and Novatius, of Sabellius and Apollinaris, who all flourished under the protection of the ruling sect of Arians. The eager pursuit of religious controversy afforded a new occupation to the busy idleness of the metropolis, the city being full of mechanics and slaves, all of them, in their own estimation, profound theologians, and who loved to preach in the shops and in the streets.*

It was the curious custom in those days to discuss questions of abstract theology in the public squares, in the baths, in the antechambers of fashionable ladies, in the quiet privacy of family gatherings; here the orthodoxy of some well-known teacher was discussed, there the history of some disputed doctrinal question was the subject of debate. Crowds would assemble round the pulpit of a favourite preacher, would loudly applaud his words, or with equal readiness signify their dissent.

The appearance in such a feverish, excitable society of an orator like Gregory of Nazianzus, whose reputation for learning and eloquence was well known in Constantinople, would at once attract general attention, and, had he pleased, a huge following would rapidly have gathered round him. But he shunned all publicity, and studiously avoided any courting of popularity, refusing all invitations, and never appearing in public. He lived a solitary, austere life in the house of a devout and pious relative, only consenting after a time to address a little company gathered out of the persecuted remnant of Catholics. The large room in which he taught, however, soon was too small

* The exact date of the death of the famous theologian and Bishop is uncertain; some scholars think Basil had already passed away before the call of Gregory to Constantinople, but at all events, if not dead, the great Bishop was dying when the summons came to Gregory.

† The reigning Archbishop of Constantinople was Demophilus, an uncompromising Arian.

* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," chap. xxvii.



"Happy days, spent in prayer and study together."—*p.* 697.

for the congregation who loved to listen to the words of the grave and simple teacher. The enlarged private hall, for it was at first nothing more, where he taught, Gregory named "The Anastasia," or "The Resurrection"—"the resurrection of the faith"—for in it, he said, he proposed to kindle anew the torch of the faith, which, as far as Constantinople was concerned, was burning very dimly.

His early sermons in the little "Anastasia" were generally simple and practical, and touched none of the burning questions in theology which had so long agitated men's minds. Especially and repeatedly he inveighed against the fashion of the day, which invited public discussion at all times and in all places on questions bearing on the sacred mysteries of the faith; and this too often undertaken by persons utterly unfitted by their life and training to speak on such subjects. Then, after a time, when he had more or less prepared his auditory, he announced his intention to give a general exposition of the great Christian doctrines as they were understood by such famous Catholic teachers as Athanasius and Basil, Epiphanius, and Ephrem in the East, and by Hilary in the West. No one could do this like Gregory of Nazianzus; no one living knew the mind of these famous Catholic doctors like the friend and more than brother of the great Basil. His knowledge was built up by years of intimacy with that profound theologian, the intimate friend of those great ones; years of patient study of their writings, and the works of yet earlier teachers. Gifted, too, with unrivalled powers of eloquence, trained, too, in all the learning and dialectic skill of the old Pagan writers of Greece and Rome, Gregory of Nazianzus was able in the five famous doctrinal sermons preached in the "Anastasia" to give such an exposition of the Catholic faith as never had been heard before, has never been listened to since.

The first two of these sermons were mainly introductory, and may be summed up in the words "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." The third and fourth dealt with the grand subject of all the burning controversies of the fourth century—"the blessed Son of God." The fifth treated of the "Holy Spirit, the third Person of the Trinity," round whose Divine personality the later Arian questions had been raised. Other very celebrated sermons were delivered in the historical "Anastasia," notably two which were devoted to the life-work and teaching of Athanasius of Alexandria and Cyprian of Carthage—magnificent and soul-stirring orations which will ever be reckoned among the masterpieces of Christian oratory. But it is on the "five" above referred to that the world-wide reputation of Gregory is mainly based; it is because of *these* that the Churches of the East and West have with one voice bestowed on him that high title of honour only given to one other—John, the friend of Christ—"*the theologian*," "John the Divine," as our English version renders the title. In these five, as it has been well said, "the preacher summed up and closed the controversy of a whole century." They dealt, did these masterpieces of theology, the final deathblow to the most dangerous heresy the Church has ever had to combat in its long and storied course. They were listened to with rapt attention by the Catholic party in Constantinople, who thronged the now enlarged "Anastasia"; but they rapidly reached a far larger auditory. Taken down as he spoke the thrilling and weighty discourses, all Constantinople was at once able to read them, and it was with mingled feelings of pride and thankfulness that they recognised how great an orator and theologian had come amongst them. The weighty and eloquent expositions of doctrine soon penetrated far beyond the capital of the East, and were received with wonder and delight wherever the Greek language was understood. They have never lost their interest, though fifteen centuries have passed since Gregory spoke his burning words in his hall of the "Anastasia," though the great controversy which called them forth and which they virtually closed, has long ceased to be a danger to the communities of Christians.



THE SURRENDER OF NANCY.

A Short Story by Elsie M. Eames.



THERE was no sound in the little kitchen save the gentle rustle of the white curtains at the lattice window as they flapped lightly to and fro in the fresh breeze, and away in the corner the heavy ticking of an old grandfather's clock. It was a glorious June morning, and the sunbeams flashed radiantly over the shabby furniture and faded carpet which had done duty for so many years in the little cottage which John and Nancy called "home."

On this particular morning Nancy had the kitchen to herself, as her husband was busy elsewhere. Now that John was too old and frail for regular work, he found employment in his garden and helping Nancy about the house. Although a very handy man in his own department, he failed lamentably in the household duties assigned to him by his wife, who was often heard to exclaim with terrible emphasis :

"Well, ov all the simpletons, that man's the biggest!"

But in spite of John's foolishness and Nancy's "bit o' temper," which had a habit of breaking out when least expected, the old couple lived very happily together. They had weathered many a storm side by side during the fifty years of their married life, and had toiled honestly and laboriously to make that provision for their old age on which they were now dependent.

The sunlight played tenderly on Nancy's face as she sat in her wooden rocking chair by the open window darning socks. The years of hard work and constant struggle had not quite withered the rosy bloom of her cheeks, or taken the sparkle from her keen blue eyes. She wore a cap as white as her own smooth hair, a grey gown which had been cleaned, turned, and patched more times than Nancy cared to remember, and a small shawl fastened across her bent shoulders with a massive silver brooch —John's gift to her on their wedding day.

Nancy was not so busy darning but that she could keep an eye on that foolish husband of hers as he stood leaning over the green-painted garden gate talking to a neighbour. Their conversation appeared to be very absorbing, Nancy noticed, and her curiosity was aroused. John looked flushed and excited, and was emphasising his remarks with a good many nods of the head. Old Peter Wade, too, seemed in high spirits ; and when he at last hobbled away from the green gate he shook John's great work-worn hand with more than his usual vigour.

John turned eagerly towards the cottage, and marched straight up to the lattice window where Nancy sat at work. When he had any news to impart he was as excited as a schoolboy, and never stood upon ceremony. Poor man, his few possessions did not include discretion, and many were the scoldings he received from his wife in consequence.

"Oh, Nancy," he quavered excitedly, "what do 'ee think ? I've promised——"

"P'raps you won't mind steppin' inside the house 'fore you tell yer news, unless o' course you want all the neighbourhood to hear," responded Mistress Nancy drily.

John turned hastily, saw a group of urchins at the gate watching his antics with considerable interest, and made for the cottage door with all speed. Once inside the kitchen, he sat down heavily in his armchair and began to pour out his story.

"Nancy, I've bin and promised Peter Wade to gi'e a donation t'wards the Chapel Organ Fund. Peter's goin' to do the same, an' all the others. 'Twill be fine to ha' the organ paid for 'fore it be played on."

"John Upton ! You never mean to tell me you've bin took in like that, surely ?" cried Nancy shrilly, letting her work slip from her trembling fingers upon the floor. Then, reading John's answer in his face, her hot temper rose instantly, and she turned upon the unhappy man a perfect torrent of wrath.

"Well, you're a reg'lar soft, an' no mistake ! I declare, 'tisn't safe for you to go nowhere without me at yer heels, to tell 'ee what to do. Donation indeed ! I wonder what 'twill be next ? 'Twas only a week ago since you went and gave away yer second pair o' boots to some crafty old beggar—just 'cause my back was turned a minute !"

XUM

"He hadn't a bit o' leather to his foot, Nancy. I'm sure he was thankful fur 'em," interposed John with his usual meekness.

"Don't interrupt me!" said Nancy sharply. "You know as well as me that you're as soft as a baby over some things. Why, you'd have gave away yer head long ago if only 'twould ha' come off! I only wish Peter Wade had asked *me* for a donation, now; but there, he don't dare!" And Nancy gave the sock she was supposed to be darning a spiteful dig with her needle, as though to relieve her feelings and intimate the kind of treatment Peter Wade might have expected to receive had he dared to call.

"Why, Nancy, you gave a shillin' fur the Missionary meetin' when the minister was here last time," remarked John in tones of mild surprise.

Nancy flushed guiltily. She was a really good woman at heart, and took as great an interest in the chapel affairs as her husband. But she lacked his generous spirit where organs were concerned. Nancy never could understand why the worshippers at the little Methodist Chapel wanted an organ for their services. She had not hesitated to express her strong disapproval of the "new fad," as she called it, and when her words had no weight with the rest of the congregation, had declared with bitter emphasis that they need not come to her to help pay for it: "they could pay their own debt theirselves."

Now John loved music, and organs in particular; and when it was proposed that a second-hand instrument be bought for the chapel he went into raptures of delight. He found it impossible to conceal his pleasure from Nancy, and naturally this state of affairs aggravated her still more.

There was silence for a few minutes in the lattice-windowed kitchen, during which John sat nervously clasping and unclasping his big hands, glancing now and again at Nancy, who maintained a most uncompromising attitude in the rocking chair.

Then, as the grandfather's clock in the corner solemnly struck the hour of twelve, and the old couple recollected that it was dinner-time, Nancy rose suddenly and crossed the room. With trembling fingers she reached down a small box from the shelf, and, opening it, poured the whole contents into her purse, which she then returned to her pocket. Placing the empty money-box back on the shelf, the old woman turned defiantly towards John.

"There!" said she, "I'll take good care those chapel folk don't get no donation from *this* house!"

John's ruddy face turned pale. "Oh, Nancy!" he said in a broken voice, "how can you?"

Nancy did not answer, but her conscience was not quite at rest. Already she half repented her hasty action, but the deed was done, and there "was an end on't," she reflected. Still, John's face at the dinner table troubled her; it wore such a grieved, weary look, so unlike its usual jovial expression. He would never have thwarted *her* in anything, she told herself reproachfully, and what if he chose to give his little donation? Surely he had a right to do as he liked with his own! It would mean a little sacrifice, for money was none too plentiful at the cottage, but still——

The day wore away, but Nancy took no heed of time. Her mind was full of the donation. How foolish her poor John would look at the service that evening, when the organ was to be used for the first time, and the donations handed in to the minister! Already she pictured the shamed, sorrowful face of the old man as he sat in his pew, unable to share in the rejoicings.

The hour for the service drew near, and John put on his best clothes with a heavy heart, for, instead of the donation he had meant to carry with him, he had only a small coin in his pocket. But somehow he never thought of arguing with Nancy; his great sorrow was that he could not help pay for the organ.

Nancy refused to accompany John to the service, partly because her pride and "bit o' temper" urged her to stay at home, and partly because she was too ashamed to put in an appearance. But when John started, and she was left alone in the silent cottage, such a great longing came over her to go and make her peace with him that she could not resist putting on her lilac bonnet and following him. All the way there pride and love struggled hard for mastery in her heart, but even yet she was not quite ready to surrender.

"I'll just listen outside for a while," she said to herself, as she reached the little grey chapel on the hill. "I won't go in and be seen."

But at that moment the full, sweet notes of the new organ rang out upon the evening air—now in rich, triumphant chords, then



"John and Nancy joined hands."

changing to soft, minor tones which stirred the very depth of Nancy's heart. She stood as though rooted to the spot. Music had found a way to her heart at last!

Then suddenly the whole congregation burst into song, and Nancy's heart gave a leap as she caught the words of the hymn:

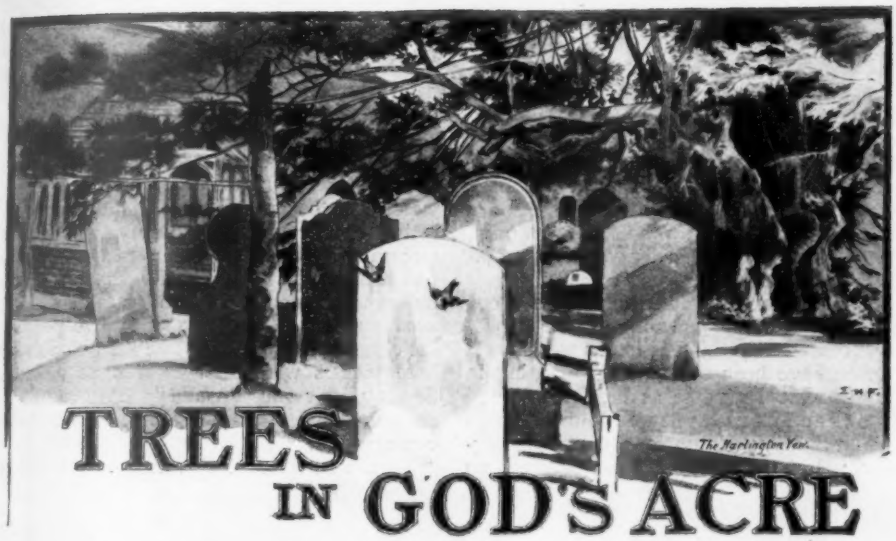
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Years ago it had been her favourite hymn, but now she could scarcely bear to hear it sung. Ah, what memories it awoke, what joy, what sorrow! It had been her boy's favourite hymn, too, and many a time they had sung it side by side in the little chapel. But now he was lying far away, out in his lonely sailor's grave, and the mother's heart bled afresh at the thought of him, for

"The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest."

Hastily drying her tears as the last notes of the hymn died away, Nancy peeped in at the open door and saw John sitting forlornly in his corner of the pew, the tears coursing down his cheeks. With quick, noiseless steps she reached his side, and, sitting down, stole her trembling hand in his. The old man started, then turned to Nancy a face beaming through his tears.

And when Peter Wade brought round the collection plate John and Nancy joined hands as they offered a donation for the Organ Fund.



TREES IN GOD'S ACRE

SINCE the day when the body of our Lord was laid in a newly hewn rock-tomb within the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa, how many of His followers have desired to be buried, like Him, amidst the beauty and the fragrance, the peace and the order, of a well-kept garden! And since it is natural that men should wish to lie near the hallowed place where God is worshipped, there would seem to be a special appropriateness in the custom which is now happily prevalent of keeping the churchyard as both burial-ground and garden. The cemetery is the outcome of the necessities of our modern civilisation, certainly not of the national sentiment; and, since it misses something of the sacredness of the churchyard, it is well that in it the idea of the garden should be even more carefully conserved.

In lands where churches do not abound, where the dead must be buried on the farm or the ranch, in the backwoods or the bush, a tree, which shall serve at once to mark the grave and to protect it, is selected, and the grave dug within its shadow. So was David Livingstone laid to rest for a time beneath a great tree on which his name was rudely carved, in the centre of that great continent which he explored. It would seem that a primitive instinct, or a tradition so old as to have become an instinct, leads men to associate a grave with a garden and a tree. Hence it would be much easier to compile a list of those graveyards which are treeless and flowerless than of those which abound in both flowers and trees.

The present article therefore makes no pretence to do more than draw attention to a few of those instances of "trees in God's acre" which have come under the writer's notice.

First of all graveyard trees we must certainly place the yew. The use of this particular tree in connection with the rites of burial can be traced far back into the dim past. Ossian tells us it was "a funereal tree, the companion of the grave among the Celtic tribes," and if one could credit the ages assigned to some of the individual trees still existing—such, for example, as the grand old wreck in the churchyard of Crowhurst, in Sussex, which Lower, the Sussex archæologist, tells us "is said to be 3,000 years old"—Julius Cæsar himself would be quite a modern in comparison. In point of fact, however, nothing very definite can be told about the ages of any of these trees, partly because of the lack of documentary evidence, and partly because the growth is very unequal in different seasons and in different soils, so that hitherto no reliable method of estimating their age has been discovered. Some of the oldest trees can scarcely be less

XUM

than twelve or thirteen hundred years old, but even this computation would make them older than the churches beside which they grow. It has been suggested that, as the Druids worshipped in groves of yews, it is likely that some of the earliest churches were built within these groves, supplanting the heathen rites with the Christian worship on the same spots; but, as none of the existing trees can with any certainty be said to date from pre-Christian times, the theory is perhaps hardly worth examination for our present purpose.

If opinions are divided as to the age of our oldest yew trees, they are no less so in respect of the reason why this particular tree should so often have been selected for planting in churchyards. Its value as furnishing wood for bows and its use in lieu of palm branches in Palm Sunday celebrations have been suggested; but perhaps one need scarcely go beyond the primitive instincts to which reference has already been made—remembering its longevity, its evergreen character, its hardihood which enables it to withstand cold which would shrivel even the holly, and its sombre aspect—to find reasons sufficient to account for the choice.

The Crowhurst yew which we have already mentioned is certainly a very ancient one; it still, though hollow and split, shows considerable vigour. It must almost certainly have stood there when the Conqueror landed in Pevensey Bay near by, and when Harold fought his last battle at Senlac, within sight from the church tower. The churchyard boasts three other yew trees of less interest, and some grand old Sussex oaks.

Some thirty miles away is another Crowhurst, just within the boundary of Surrey, which also boasts a very ancient and interesting yew, now about thirty-two feet in circumference. This tree measured thirty feet in the reign of Charles I. In 1820 it was hollowed out and fitted with seats capable of accommodating some ten or twelve persons (at close quarters, it must be admitted), and here picnics were held as well as a Palm Sunday fair or "wake" until a more reverent age forbade them, some half-century ago.

In the interior of this tree was found a cannon-ball, doubtless a relic of the great Civil War, which is preserved in the adjoining farmhouse. Curiously enough, the church, which is well worth examining, is, like that of Crowhurst in Sussex, dedicated to St. George, so that confusion has sometimes arisen between them. Not far off, at Tandridge, is an exceedingly fine tree, one of the largest existing, in a churchyard which in the spring time is sweet with the smell of



OAKS AND YEW AT CROWHURST, SUSSEX.

violets, and in the summer glorious with azaleas.

Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire are all rich in churchyard yews. There is a very ancient tree at Buckland, by Dover, which has undergone the unique experience of removal in a ripe old age. The tree had already stood in the way of the enlargement of the church in 1851, and the architect of that day was compelled to add seats by widening the narrow Norman aisles. Unfortunately, this destroyed the symmetry of the church, for it left the nave wider than its length. When a further enlargement became necessary, in 1880, the only way in which it could well be carried out involved the destruction or removal of the yew. The latter course was decided on, and was at length successfully carried out. A trench was dug on all four sides of the tree, leaving a great block of earth, eighteen feet long, sixteen feet broad, and five feet deep, about the roots. The earth was bound together with timber and chains, and beneath the roots great baulks of timber were introduced by tunnelling; rollers were then placed beneath these timbers, and battens for the rollers to run on, and a trench was dug as far as the new site for the tree. By means of capstans and chains the great tree, roots, earth and all, weighing over fifty tons, was gradually moved to its new position, not without sundry mishaps in the way of broken chains and ropes. The tree had previously suffered considerable damage from lightning, probably in the same storms which bent the steeple in 1774; new wood has, however, grown over and completely encased the old dead wood of the trunk.



BEDFONT.

There is an exceedingly old yew tree, still showing a vigorous growth of young shoots, in the churchyard of Leeds, near Maidstone. Much of the trunk has decayed away, leaving a gap some four feet wide between the remaining portions, which have been secured by iron bands and wooden props by the present vicar. At Ulcombe, not far away, are four yews, one of them thirty-five feet in girth; at Bromley several fine yews line the pathway from the gate to the church door; at Brenchley is to be found an avenue of ten trees, clipped.

For clipped yews, however, Bedfont, in Middlesex, probably stands alone. There are two trees near the porch which have for at least two centuries been kept trimmed into the form of a pair of peacocks. It is perhaps as well to know what they are, for the

peacock of the early eighteenth century must have been a very different bird from that we are familiar with if these grotesque creatures ever resembled him. The trees still bear, in figures which are kept carefully clipped, the date of 1704, and some initials, said to be those of the churchwardens of that period. Thomas Hood, in his poem on "The Two Peacocks of Bedfont," gives the legend connected with these trees, to the effect that they perpetuate the memory of two proud and haughty ladies who stood Sunday by Sunday, one on either side the church path, to receive the homage of their poorer fellow parishioners.

"And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;—
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre peacocks.—Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there."

Many old prints exist which go to show that the trees are scarcely altered in appearance since they were first clipped into shape. There is another and far older yew in the churchyard—to the right in our illustration—which is not clipped; all these are surrounded by circular banks of earth forming a sort of rough seat. The churchyard also boasts a weeping willow of goodly size. A pardonable but surely mistaken loyalty has recently added a very modern-looking clock and case to the quaint old wooden steeple, by way of commemorating the coronation of King Edward VII.

At Harlington, four or five miles away, is a very fine tree, nineteen feet six inches in circumference, and the height of which is given in Dr. Lowe's list of yew trees as having been eighty feet in 1895, though it can scarcely be as great now. This tree in 1729 was "upwards of fifty feet high," was surrounded by a circular seat, and was

"So thick, so fine, so full, so wide,
A troop of Guards might under it ride."

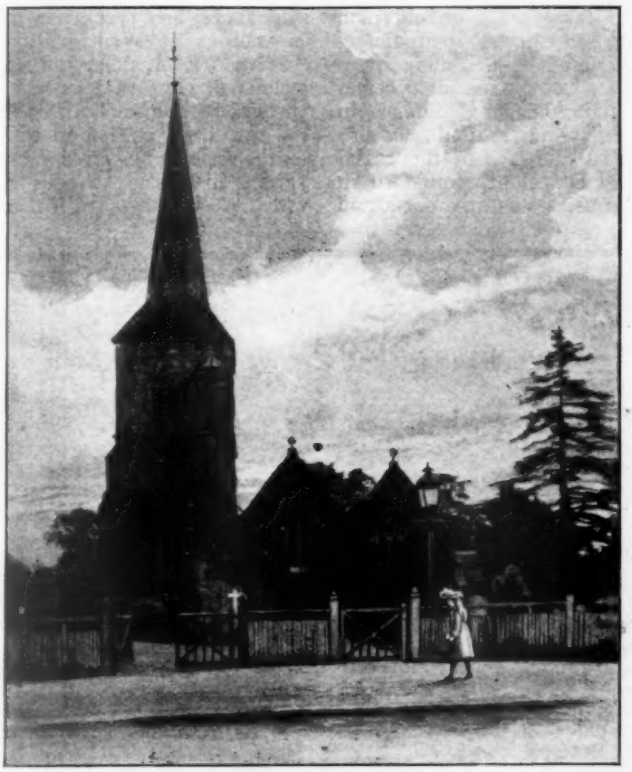


THE DARLEY DALE YEW.

Prints issued in the early part of the nineteenth century show it clipped into the shape of a huge vase surmounted by a hen sitting. The clipping was a yearly holiday; but since 1825 it has been discontinued and the tree allowed to grow naturally. Its branches once again reach to the porch of the church, as they did in the days before the clipping. The door within this porch, by the way, is a very fine example of late and ornate Norman work. There is a fine avenue of Irish yews behind this church. Another, of smaller trees, is to be found at Chislehurst, as well as an avenue of cypresses.

Mamhilad, near Pontypool, boasts eight very fine old yews, of which one is thirty-two feet nine inches in girth, and has a young tree growing within it. This is not the only instance by a good many of yew trees

"renewing their youth" in this way. On the other hand, the celebrated Darley Dale churchyard yew is an example of young wood growing up around the old, as its trunk encloses two dead ones. This giant tree is certainly one of the finest in the land: it is still in good health, although seventeen feet of its summit was twisted off in a gale in December, 1894, and it has lost two considerable branches within the last twelve years.



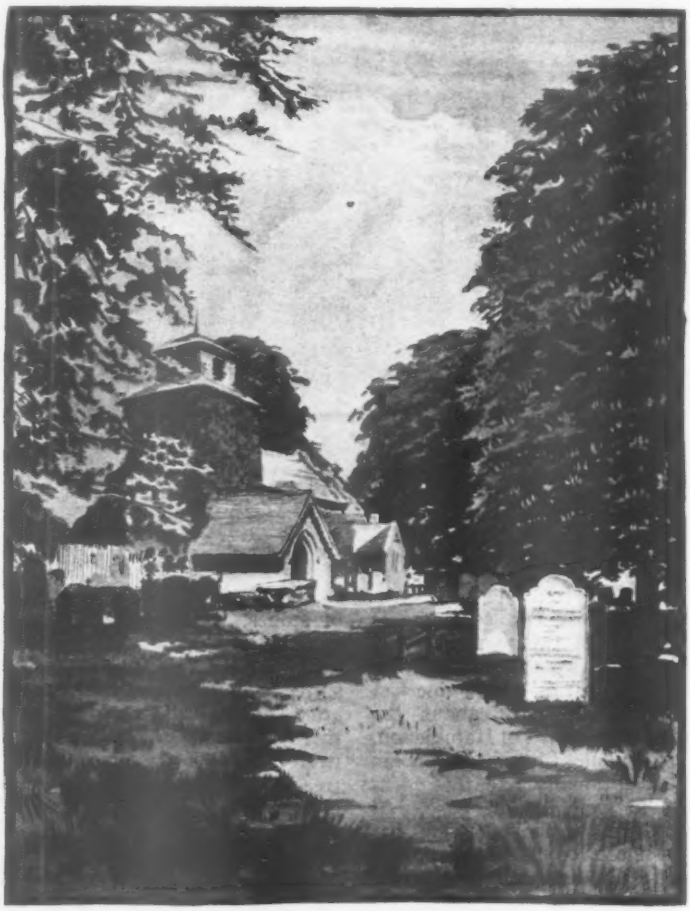
IRISH YEW, CHISLEHURST CHURCH.

One of the largest yews is that in Llantewy Vach churchyard, measuring thirty-nine feet in circumference. Another of about the same size is in the churchyard of Hambledon, near Godalming; while Church Prean, in Salop, has an exceptionally fine tree, forty feet five inches in girth at the base. At Llangeitho, Cardigan, a hollow yew has served as a coal-house for church purposes; it accommodates a ton of coals. Llanbedrog Church, near Pwllheli, has three rather remarkable trees, each old trunk being surrounded by a number of young ones forming a cluster. Strata Florida, Cardigan, had thirty-nine yews when visited by Leland in the sixteenth century; of these only two now remain. Guildsfield, in Montgomery, has twelve yew trees planted in the reign of William III. At Llanfoist, Abergavenny, the ancient tree is surrounded by a circle of stones, which some poetic imaginations have believed to be of Druidic origin. Painswick, Gloucestershire, has a hundred and sixteen clipped yews, not, however, of any great age. Tisbury, Wilts, owns an old tree, now hollow, in which a tea party of twelve persons was once held. From this tree seeds have recently been sent to Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, U.S.A., where the fame of the original Tisbury yew will thus be perpetuated. It has a neighbour, quite young in comparison, whose age is estimated at six hundred years.

Much more might be said about church-

yard yews, but space must be spared for the mention of some other trees. The weeping willow would seem to be a specially appropriate and beautiful tree for churchyards. Yet, curiously enough, it is not very often found there—perhaps because it loves water, and the soil of a burying ground should by preference be dry. Pines are often found; a noticeable instance is that at Bournemouth, where the graveyard is an old pine wood, and the graves are dotted about among the trees. The cypress is becoming quite common both in churchyards and in cemeteries. Planes are found in abundance in London churchyards, and mention may also be made of a very fine tree in the burial ground of the old chapel at Knutsford, in Cheshire; their cousins the sycamores and maples are not infrequently met with. The maple in Boldre Churchyard, beneath which Gilpin, the naturalist, lies, will be familiar to many of our readers, and there are several very fine sycamores over 150 years old, and sixty to seventy feet high, in the Friends' Burial Ground at Lancaster.

The horse-chestnut is less often seen as a decoration for churchyards, but there are some very fine specimens at Beaconsfield, as well as at Wootton, in Surrey, where "Sylva" Evelyn lies buried. There is an avenue of elms at Lichfield, in the churchyard of St. Michael's, which one passes on the way from station to town; and an ash on the western border of Winchelsea Churchyard is historically famous as the tree under which Wesley preached his last sermon.



HORSE-CHESTNUT, WOOTTON, SURREY.



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–XVII.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, a Huguenot girl, is being educated at the famous Abbaye aux-Bois. Her school friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, is married to the Duc de Maillebois, and at the wedding Yvonne meets the young Chevalier Réné de Beaumanoir, and they are mutually attracted to each other. After the wedding, the girl-bride Gabrielle returns to the convent school with Yvonne, and the Duke, her husband, goes on an embassy to Rome, and takes Réné with him. Yvonne meets Réné again at the Palace of Versailles, when King Louis receives the Doge of Genoa. There she also meets her guardian, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who abruptly removes her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to his house, where she is plunged in a new life amid the gay, frivolous society of Versailles. She awakens to the fact that her guardian is intriguing to win her hand for his son, and that an assault is being made on her creed. In this a chief instrument is the cruel bigot, the Abbé de Chaylus, but with splendid courage the girl makes a noble confession of her faith.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THREE months had passed away, laden with sinister threats and dark forebodings to the persecuted Huguenots. At length, on a certain Monday, the 25th day of October, in the year 1685, the thunderbolt fell. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, long planned and decided upon by the King and his councillors, was made public, and the Protestants throughout the land were filled with dismay and consternation.

No longer protected by the laws of their country, they were at the mercy of every envious neighbour, of every secret enemy. From that dark hour the fate of peaceful thousands was sealed; henceforth they were outcasts from their homes, fugitives on the face of the earth.

Late on the evening of the 26th, a muffled figure might have been seen hurrying through the dark, narrow streets of the Quartier St. Germain, carefully shunning the flare of a passing torch or the glimmering rays of the horn lanterns hung here and there over a belated stall. It was Madelon Despard who crept so stealthily along under the wall, as though bound on some urgent secret mission, and who never rested until she found herself outside the great bronze gates of the Hôtel Maillebois.

The old woman raised her eyes in keen anxiety towards the sculptured façade of the old palace, which stood out, stately and massive, under the silvery rays of the moon.

"Heaven be praised! They have come back to Paris!" she gasped, half under her breath, for she could see thin shafts of light piercing through some of the mullioned windows.

Thereupon she took courage to ring the great bell in the gateway, which pealed out and woke the echoes, and then swung backwards and forwards, as though it would never rest again. Madelon had not long to wait. Presently she heard heavy steps approaching,

XUM

a bolt was drawn back, the door creaked on its hinges, and the concierge stood dangling his keys on the other side of the grating.

"Can I have a word with Madame la Duchesse?" was the trembling, eager question.

"It is late to disturb Madame!" grumbled the old man. But he had grown grey in his master's service, and well knew that it was not the custom of the house to turn away any suppliant. Even as he spoke he had unlocked, with fumbling hands, the outer gate.

"Ah, believe me, I have not come without urgent need!" exclaimed Madelon, as she followed her guide to the entrance hall, scarcely daring to believe in her good fortune.

Coming out of the darkness, the light dazzled her, and she shrank back from the group of liveried servants, one of whom asked her name, and then went to inquire if the Duchesse de Maillebois would receive her. She had not long to wait, and was dimly conscious of being led up broad staircases and through great hushed chambers until she stood on the threshold of a lighted *salon* and heard herself announced. Another moment and a familiar voice sounded in her ear:

"Why, Madelon, dear old Madelon! This is a glad surprise. Do you bring me a message from Mademoiselle de la Féronniere?"

She would have known that clear, ringing voice anywhere, and she looked up, to see the Mademoiselle Gabrielle of bygone convent days, standing before her, a vision of radiant beauty, in a flowing gown of some delicate sheeny silk.

"Ah, Mamselle," she began, "pardon me—Madame la Duchesse, I would say. Truly I have come on behalf of my dear lady, for she is in sore and desperate straits, and cannot even cry to her friends for help."

"Tell me quickly, Madelon!" cried the young hostess, as with a pretty girlish impulse she caught the old woman by the hand and led her to a low couch near the open hearth.

"Come, sit by my side and tell me all. We shall not be disturbed, for by good fortune we are alone to-night; only my husband and Hélène my sister are yonder, playing draughts." And she waved her hand towards the far side of the sumptuously decorated chamber.

But old Madelon only saw through a mist of tears, for in that moment of success, when she had attained the longed-for interview, she must needs find some outlet for her feelings.

"Madame, she is gone. My sweet mistress! They have taken her away—to prison or death! Never shall I see her again!" The words were sobbed out, and Gabrielle caught them up with a cry of despair.



"'They have taken her away—to prison or death!'"

"Gone! Is Yvonne gone? But no, it is impossible! What could they have done with her? Why have I had no news of her all this while, ever since the *fête de Sceaux?*"

"You have been away from Paris so long, Madame. You do not know how Mademoiselle has suffered, how cruelly she has been treated? And to-day the end has come," was the sad reply.

"Madelon, I must know all," persisted the young duchess. "We will save her, if wealth and influence are of any avail. Ah, Henri, you will help me?" she added, turning to her husband, who had left his game and crossed the room at the sound of her troubled voice, and now stood by her side.

Madame de Chamans' curiosity was also roused, and there was a rustling of satin as she drew near and sank into a deep, carved chair on the other side of the fire.

"Hélène!" cried her sister. "You remember my dearest friend, Yvonne de la Féronniere? Listen to the terrible thing which has happened to her;"

Then Madelon told her tale, too deeply in earnest to be disturbed by any listeners, however illustrious.

"For weeks past Mamselle has been kept a close prisoner in her chamber; but each morning her uncle, M. de Vaudreuil, has paid her a visit, and used the utmost persuasion—aye, and when that failed the most fearful threats—to make her give up her faith. But she has a fine courage, Mamselle Yvonne, and she will never yield. What she has suffered in this latter time, my poor lady! You would grieve to see her, so pale, and thin, and worn, but ever the same bright smile when she speaks. My heart aches for her, far from every friend in her great need, for now she is suffered to see no one."

"Then Mademoiselle de la Féronniere is still a Huguenot?" asked Madame de Chamans in a tone of concern. "Ah, that is a thousand pities, and above all at this present, when the King has declared open war against them."

"But surely, Hélène, you would not have a girl so base as to give up her religion in time of danger and persecution!" cried Gabrielle. "Only a coward would do that. But go on, Madelon; tell us all."

"The worst has happened! This morning, at daybreak, I was restless and wakeful, and heard the sound of wheels in the back street below. Looking out from my barred window, I saw my dear mistress hurried into a coach, and M. de Vaudreuil went with her. I was kept under close watch all day; but I managed to slip away in the dusk, and came here, for I know not where else to turn for help. Mademoiselle Louise believes that her father has a *lettre de cachet.*"

Those words of terror, spoken with bated breath, seemed to paralyse all life and hope, like some deadly miasma. If this should prove true, then, indeed, the victim was doomed beyond all hope of rescue. Gabrielle was the first to break the deadly silence which hung over them like a pall.

"A *lettre de cachet!*" she exclaimed in defiance. "But it is impossible. It is unheard of that even a de Vaudreuil should make use of such a weapon against an innocent girl! The King must be appealed to at once!" and she looked up eagerly at her husband.

"Ah, my Gabrielle, this is no light matter. You know what it means?" said de Maillebois in a low, troubled voice. "A *lettre de cachet* is a definite expression of his Majesty's will, and must be at once executed on the person whose name appears within. Disobedience becomes the crime of treason, whereof the punishment is death."

"Gabrielle, my dear; be advised. You must not persuade your husband to be entangled in this. On such a subject the King will stand no trifling!" cried her sister, pale with alarm. "You see that all has changed since yesterday; for now the Huguenots are declared to be outside the pale, enemies of the State!"

"Ah, Hélène, you are ever on the side of worldly prudence, and your cruel wisdom would leave a friend to die uncared for, lest you too might catch the plague!" was the bitter rejoinder. "But that is not the way we understand friendship!"

She paused, overcome by her own feelings, and at this critical moment old Madelon suddenly intervened.

"Pardon me, Madame; I had forgotten. See, this is what Mamselle Yvonne gave into my care when she had cause to fear the worst. She bid me take it straight to you, if the hour of her extremity should come, that you might deal with it as your heart should guide."

There was an instant of breathless expectation as the girl's slim fingers opened the sealed packet; then, with a cry of triumph, she held up an antique Etruscan ring.

"Ah, yes, she trusted me, did Yvonne; she knew that I would never fail her! This ring

was given to her by Réné, and was to be sent to him as a token of urgent need. I promised her that it should reach him, and now will I gladly redeem my word. My friend shall have her rightful champion! Henri, we are united in this venture. I know that you will help me?" she added, with joyful assurance, as she bent towards him with outstretched hands.

"Assuredly, my little wife," he replied with a smile; "but remember that I am not behind the scenes, as you seem to be. Tell me the story of this ring."

With a delicate touch, full of lightness and sympathy, she told of the love which had grown up between her brother and Yvonne ever since their first meeting at the Château de Beaumanoir. Then she could not resist one final shaft at Madame de Chamans.

"And Hélène here was quite willing to encourage the match, for she knew that my convent friend had a great fortune in those days, though alas, I fear me, as a Huguenot, she will now be robbed of everything!"

"My dear Gabrielle, it is indeed time that I should bring these heroics to an end, and make you listen to a little common-sense," said her sister, in a tone of cold assurance, as she rose to her feet. "For some time past I have felt that a marriage with Mademoiselle de la Féronniere would be impossible, and would ruin Réné's career. Looking round my circle of friends, I have been able to pave the way for a brilliant match which would secure the future of our dear brother. Madame de Seignelay has a young niece, a charming girl who has not yet left her convent school, and who would be a most suitable wife in fortune and position. It so happens that Antoinette's brother is a friend of Réné, and is about to join him in his expedition to Barbary. Think of it! If he is once connected by marriage with the Minister of State, he will be assured of the highest promotion, and retrieve the ruined fortunes of our family!"

"Oh, Hélène!" sobbed the girl. "This is worse than I ever dreamed of. Would you have Réné such a craven as to forsake his love when trouble comes to her?"

"Be reasonable, dear; it was but a boyish fancy on his part. And surely you must remember that a demoiselle of our class could not so far forget herself as to give her heart before her hand was linked by the marriage bond. I am sure that Monsieur de Maillebois will uphold me?"

"No, no, Henri; you have more romance, you believe in love and honour?" cried Gabrielle, turning impetuously towards her husband. "After all I have told you, can you doubt my brother's devotion? Will you not help him to do his duty?"

"You are right, *ma chérie*," said the Duke, touched beyond measure by his young wife's appeal. "As a man of honour and chivalry, Beaumanoir is bound to serve Mademoiselle de la Féronniere—aye, even before his King and his country. I will seek a trusty messenger and send the ring at once to Toulon, where it is reported that his ship, *La Topaze*, is still waiting in port."

"You will send no letter; you will not compromise yourself in any way, Monsieur?" urged Hélène, adding below her breath, "it may never reach him; but, if it does, it will ruin all my plans."

"I am well content if Réné does but receive the ring before he sets sail for the Corsairs' land," said Gabrielle. "It will need no words of ours to hasten his coming home. Meantime, Madelon, you will abide with me, and we will leave no stone unturned to find your mistress. After all, the *lettre de cachet* may have been but an idle threat, and we may find her hidden in some convent near Paris. Ah, my poor Yvonne," she sighed; "I shall know no peace until we have set you free."

CHAPTER XIX.

"YOU tell me that *La Topaze* is fully equipped, and that we set sail to-morrow at daybreak, Beaumanoir?"

"Yes, at last, my friend. Jules vows to me that all shall be ready. You cannot be more weary of these tedious delays than I am, but there is no hurrying these port officials. You see, their object is to be rid of all the worst among the Turkish galley slaves, the ruffians who corrupt the others. Now I have ever been of opinion that men of substance and good repute in their own land would serve us better for a change. What say you, Gaspar?"

"They are a cut-throat gang, the lot of them; and, for my part, I see not much to choose amongst these dogs of infidels. Mark my word, you may have to keep them in irons most of the voyage!" said the young Count Gaspar de Seignelay, and as he spoke he lightly flicked some grains of snuff from the embroidered sleeve of his uniform.

The two young men, apparently in the very heyday of health and prosperity, were taking their ease in the guest chamber of the "Lion d'Or" at Toulon, an upper room with dark, wainscoted walls, somewhat mouldy and discoloured, and a low, smoky ceiling. Tall candles, in battered silver stands were flaring and guttering on the table in the fresh evening breeze from the open casement, which looked out towards the harbour.

Mine host knew that these spendthrift young officers were his best customers; for, if somewhat hard to please, they were not wont to stint their gold pieces. They might have been expected to take a rose-coloured view of life, as they sat over their wine and biscuits, these favourites of fortune, for they had supped well on the best which the famous old tavern could supply—sea-bream stewed in Burgundy, fowls stuffed with sweetmeats, and such like delicacies of the period. But youth is ever full of restless desires, and rarely given to peaceful content with the things that be.

"We have no choice, and must obey orders; yet I own that a petty mission, such as this, for the redemption of captives, is but little to my mind," exclaimed Réné de Beaumanoir. "As you know, Gaspar, my former experience of the Barbary corsairs was one of blood and fire, in those good days before France could demean herself to sign a truce for twenty years."

"Ah, yes; we have fallen on evil days," was the languid reply. "But I have the advantage of you in a way, for diplomacy is my *forte* and not war. You see, I had an old slave woman for my nurse, and she gave me a liking for these outlandish tongues. Then, as I was merely a younger son, my father was quick to see how it might serve me in an embassy to foreign parts. So, thanks to his foresight, here I am with a well-lined pouch and a commission in the King's service as herald and interpreter."

"The good fortune was mine, to have you chosen as my companion," said Réné warmly. "Yet I warrant that you will have no easy task when we find ourselves face to face with that wily old Pasha of Algiers. He will understand nothing which is not to his own interest, and a little timely persuasion from my men-at-arms will be needed to make your honied words quite clear and settle our bargain."

"You are quite right there, my friend. If I am not much mistaken, this business will by no means be the plain sailing which the good people at home expect. You cannot trust those infidel dogs, and the point of the sword is the only logic which will move them."

"So much the better; but we must bear in mind that this time our errand is a peaceful one, simply of barter and exchange; and that, while we are but a handful of Frenchmen in the midst of a horde of barbarians, we have no ships of war with an armed force to back us up."

"Come, Beaumanoir, you may count it good luck to have this spice of adventure, when you remember that deplorable truce signed last August," was the jesting rejoinder.

"I have no quarrel with fortune; the jade has ever treated me well," laughed his friend. "Let us drink to the success of *La Topaze*."

"This flask of Beaujolais seems scarcely equal to the last," remarked Gaspar de Seignelay, as he raised his glass to the light. "Surely our good host should know our taste and serve us well by this time. Still, on the whole, we might have worse quarters."

At that moment there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, and the heavy door swung open. The landlord himself, of the "Lion d'Or," stood on the threshold, cap in hand.

"Pardon, gentlemen, that I disturb you; but there is one below who would speak with the commander of *La Topaze*. I turned him away a while ago, and bid him return later, but this time he will take no denial."

"I will see him at once. It may be some message of importance," said the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, instantly on the alert with regard to anything which might concern his duty.

"At least we might have been suffered to finish our wine in peace," grumbled his companion, as he filled his glass again.

Before he had recovered his composure the visitor was ushered in, and the door closed behind him. The two young officers looked up in startled surprise at the figure before them—an old man, thin and fragile-looking, clad in a suit of rusty black, which evidently belonged to some world unfamiliar to the aristocratic mind. His hair of silvery white formed a kind of halo round the noble head, and the dark eyes, under massive eyebrows, had a glance of calm assurance as of one who knew not doubt or fear. With a courteous salute, he came forward, and addressed himself to the elder of the two young men.

"Have I the honour of speaking to the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, in command of *La Topaze*?"

"No, I am only the interpreter. Behold his excellency!" and Gaspar turned towards his companion, with a careless shrug of his shoulder, and then returned to his wine with an air of contemptuous indifference. What had he, the Sieur de Seignelay, to do with such beings of another social order?

"How can I serve you, Monsieur?" asked Réné, with grave attention. He was inwardly chafing at this untimely interruption—no doubt one of the constant appeals which were made to him for contracts, or the sale of ship stores, or other petty matters of self-interest.

"I have ventured to apply to you, Monsieur le Chevalier, on the strength of your reputation"—("Ah! that is how they all begin," was the unspoken comment of his listeners)—"and also in the name of a lady who is known to us both. I speak of Mademoiselle de la Féronniere."

The words acted like magic. Scarcely were they spoken when the young man sprang to his feet, all eagerness and excitement.

"Do you know her? When did you last see Mademoiselle? Have you any news, any message? What is your name, Monsieur?" he added, as a sudden light dawned on him.

"You may have heard Mademoiselle mention it. Pasteur de la Forêt, in happier days of the parish of Croisette in La Vendée. I have known Mademoiselle Yvonne from her childhood, but I regret to say that I have no recent news of her since she has dwelt in the house of her uncle; and I am the bearer of no message. My errand concerns myself alone. Have I your permission to explain it?"

As he spoke, his glance turned with momentary hesitation towards Monsieur de Seignelay.

"I have no secrets from my friend, Monsieur de la Forêt. I await your pleasure," said Réné, in a tone of expectation.

"Gentlemen, I throw myself on your generosity, for as a Huguenot minister I am proscribed and condemned, since this last act of the Government—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Within a week from to-day, if I am found within the realm of France, my life is forfeit."

"Surely this cannot be true!" exclaimed the young commander impulsively. "Our laws condemn no man unheard!"

"You know not what you speak of, Beaumanoir. The King has long been a stern foe to all heretics, but the statute of last Monday proclaims war to the knife against them," said Gaspar abruptly. Then he added, in a lower tone:

"Send the man away, Réné. For Heaven's sake, do not get mixed up with these religious troubles; there is no surer way of losing the King's favour."

"What do you ask of us, Monsieur de la Forêt?" asked the young officer, paying no heed to his friend's warning.

"I am told that you set sail to-morrow for the port of Algiers with a cargo of Moors to exchange for Christian captives. A young sailor of Croisette, Jean Hue by name, was in a fishing vessel carried off from our coast, two months ago, by Barbary corsairs. I pray you to take me with you and leave me there in exchange for the lad."

This astounding request was made in the calmest tone, as if it were the most usual thing in the world, and the two young men looked at each other in blank dismay. Was this some lunatic they had to deal with? But there was nothing to suggest madness in that quiet, thoughtful face. Then surely the old man must be ignorant and a fool, thought de Seignelay, who turned upon him with scathing vehemence.

"Do you know what you are asking for, Monsieur? Have you any conception of what it is to be a slave to those corsairs, those heathen savages? They are faithless and cruel; they have no respect for age or infirmity. Why, I who speak to you, I have seen a man old and feeble set to sell water; laden with chains, he led a donkey about the streets and doled out water from the skin on its back. No labour is too hard, no blows too heavy, for the wretched captives. Some of them have the sore labour of quarrying stone for building, and bearing it down on their heads from the mountains to the shore, in the broiling heat. I have known them goaded and beaten till they sank from exhaustion.

"I have seen a pale stripling sharing the yoke of the plough with a beast of burden! Better, a thousand times, death than such a fate, with all the carking ache of proud hearts and despair of release!"

"I thank you for your warning, Monsieur le Comte, but this is no news to me," was the quiet reply. "Rumour speaks of far worse torture than all this, deeds of darkness and cruelty which the tongue dare not utter. Believe me, I have counted the cost. Once more I pray the Chevalier de Beaumanoir to offer me in the place of Jean Hue. And, as he



"The young man sprang to his feet, all eagerness and excitement."

would be a more profitable slave than an old man like myself, I have here gold pieces to complete his ransom."

"I do not understand you, Monsieur le Pasteur!" cried Réné, in amazement at such a sacrifice. "Surely, with that money you might escape to some place of safety? What can be your reason for courting suffering and death?"

"Ah, Monsieur, can you ask me? You who, I doubt not, would gladly give your life for honour, for a friend, for your country?" remarked the old man with a little smile. "And where there is so much suffering, do not men need to be told of the way of peace, of comfort, of heavenly rest? Moreover, as you well know, priests of your own faith have not been wanting in such labours. It is nigh on five hundred years since the order for the redemption of captives was founded, and many have crossed the seas for that noble work."

"True. I have seen some of the Redemptionist fathers at the Convent of St. Mathurin in Paris, clad in their white robes, with blue and red on the breast," said Réné. "But when they go on a mission, they go as a company, ambassadors of our Church, with all her prestige and power to uphold them. You, Monsieur, would go forth alone and friendless, in the lowly position of a slave!"

"Does not that somewhat represent our reformed faith?" asked the pastor, in a low voice. "We have no stately ritual, no great hierarchy to support us, but each soul must stand alone before his God." Then he added aloud, "I pray you, Monsieur, to take me with you on my own terms."

After this there was no more to be said. His request was granted and he was dismissed, to meet the young men on board *La Topaze* on the morrow.

There was a moment's silence when the door had closed behind him, then Réné turned to his friend.

"Well, Gaspar, what do you make of such noble madness as that?"

"The man is a fanatic, and of all madmen they are the most dangerous. There have ever been such, in every age of the world's history!" rejoined his companion, with a careless shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes, you are right. There have been saints and heroes before, but I count myself fortunate that one such has crossed my path; and I hold that you and I make a poor show by his side."

CHAPTER XX.

IN the fresh dawn of a late October day the good ship *La Topaze* seemed to awake suddenly from her peaceful slumber in the harbour of Toulon. It was the hour when night and morning meet, and the stars slowly fade at the luminous approach of day, until sea and sky are bathed in a flood of rosy light.

Not alone on board the vessel was there a busy scene of life, but the awakening had spread to the shore. The measured cadence of the oars as boats crowded round on belated errands from the town, the sound of eager voices, the rattling of chains, the ceaseless movement of coming and going, all betrayed the stir and excitement of immediate departure.

The sun had risen when at length the anchor was upheaved, the final orders were given, and the white sails filled out with the freshening autumnal breeze, as *La Topaze* set forth, in stately beauty, on her voyage.

Then at the last moment she was hailed of a sudden from the shore. All eyes were turned towards the corner of the harbour from whence the signal came. A messenger on horseback had just ridden up in desperate haste, had sprung to the ground, and aiming at the nearest craft was making frantic efforts to urge the sailors that they might row him to the ship. Then came loud parleying through a speaking trumpet.

"What orders, Monsieur le Commandant?" asked the chief officer. "It seems that this man has an urgent message for us. Shall we put back?"

"Yes, Jules, we have no choice," was the reluctant assent. "It might be a command from the King himself."

Nearer and nearer came the rowers, straining every nerve; while all on board waited with unconcealed impatience. They could see that the messenger looked white and haggard, as though utterly exhausted with his long ride, and his news was looked for with breathless anxiety. At length, when the boat was within a few yards, a rope was thrown down from the deck above, and the man, half mad with eagerness, made a wild spring towards it, as one who would clutch his last chance. With one hand he almost grasped the knotted end, but it slipped through his fingers, and he fell back with a heavy thud against the iron head of the rudder.

There was a cry of dismay from the sailors as the unlucky fellow rolled limply into the bottom of the boat.

"Cracked his skull, I'll warrant!" cried one. "He'll be dead as a door-nail!" shouted another.

But above all the hubbub the commander's orders rang out sharp and clear.

"Bring the man on board! We shall learn his errand from the despatches, in any case," he added in a lower voice to his friend Gaspar.

He was quickly obeyed, and by the skilful use of ropes and sail-cloth, the helpless form was carefully hoisted up to the lower deck. There was a gaping wound at the back of the man's head; he was quite unconscious, and to all appearance lifeless.

"Give him room to breathe. Loosen the doublet round his neck!" cried some officer in authority from the poop above.

One of the Moorish captives, who had shown himself very officious in the work of rescue, sprang forward and bent over the prostrate figure. None of the bystanders noticed that, with deft sleight of hand, the young corsair had possessed himself of some small article which hung by a thin cord round the neck of the patient. His slim, brown hands had closed upon it with a scarcely perceptible movement, and the incident attracted no attention.

There was no regular leech on board *La Topaze*, but Jules, the quarter-master, was looked up to as an adept at surgery. He bound up the deep cut and shook his head gravely, as all his efforts failed to restore any sign of animation. Meantime, all the man's garments were thoroughly examined, but no trace was found of any letter or despatches. There were a few pieces of gold in his pouch, a safe-conduct made out in the name of "François Dangeau," a pistol ready primed, a knife, and a few small articles, but nothing to explain the urgent mission on which he had been sent.

"Will the man recover?" asked Réné anxiously.

"I fear not, Monsieur le Commandant," was the cautious reply; "but we will do our best. He must be watched night and day, and raw spirit forced through his clenched teeth from time to time. Who will take the post of sick nurse?"

There was a pause, for no one seemed very eager to undertake so hopeless a task, when a low, musical voice replied:

"I will attend to the sick man, with your leave, Monsieur. It is in my way, for I have had some experience of illness."

All eyes were turned towards the speaker, and the Chevalier de Beaumanoir exclaimed in surprise:

"How do I find you here, on the lower deck, Monsieur de la Forêt? This must be set right at once. Your place is in the upper cabin, where we may have the honour of your company."

"Permit me to remain with my good friends below, Monsieur?" said the old man, with a smile. "We travel to the same port; and meanwhile I may be of use to this poor fellow, for I by no means despair of his recovery."

"Then you may indeed render me good service, for fortune has played us a shrewd turn in giving us the messenger without his message. It is possible that it may have been of too serious import to be trusted on paper, and that we must wait to hear it by word of mouth."

So the episode was closed for the present, and soon almost forgotten in the excitement and adventure of the voyage; but the good pastor was justified in his hopeful expectation. At the end of the third day, when he was still keeping his patient, weary vigil, there was a slight movement on the low pallet by his side. He turned eagerly, to find the eyes of the sick man fixed on him with full consciousness, while a hoarse cry came from his throat:

"Hola! hola! Stop the ship at any cost! A boat! a boat!"

"Yes, yes, my friend," was the soothing reply. "The ship was stayed, and you are on board. Now tell me the message you bring."

Monsieur de la Forêt was quick to seize the present mood of the awakening mind, which had taken up the thread of sensation from the moment when the accident had abruptly suspended consciousness. But here he was destined to meet with disappointment, for François only stared at him in troubled surprise.

"What ship? I have no message," he blundered out, with gasping breath. "Where am I? What has happened?" he asked presently, as his feeble gaze wandered round the damp, dark hole, only lighted by a cracked earthenware lamp, which stood smoking on a stool.

"You have had a fall," was the quiet answer; "but be at rest, my friend, for now all will be well. You boarded *La Topaze* in

time, and will shortly see the Chevalier Réné de Beaumanoir."

He watched the effect of his words with intense anxiety, but they met with no response. The man looked at him stupidly, understanding nothing; and it soon became clear that the blow had destroyed his memory of all events which had happened before, and had completely blotted out his past. His words, on awakening to consciousness, had been started by the brain before his accident, and were spoken unwittingly.

After that night, François Dangeau began to recover his strength, and made steady progress. He was docile and intelligent, taking interest in all that went on around him, but his previous life and history remained an absolute blank.

It was a very curious and striking case; but Réné could never see those wi tful eyes turned towards him, full of the yearning look of some dumb animal, without a haunting sense of loss and anxiety. What was the message which he was never to receive?

Meanwhile, *La Topaze* had a prosperous voyage to start with. On she sailed, with a good head wind behind her, across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, sighting the coast of Spain, with its fertile pastures and little vil lages nestling on the sheltered shore. Then came a calm with its encompassing cloud of pearl-grey mist, which shrouded heaven and earth. Through gaps in the fog the sea close beneath was of a milky blue; the sails which hao billowed out with a rustle now hung like dead things; there was no breath of wind, and the



"He fell back with a heavy thud."—*p.* 718.

stillness was deathlike. Man was powerless, and there was nothing for it but patience.

In those hours of idleness the young commander would send for Monsieur de la Forêt, and have long talks with him as they paced the deck together. There was a wonderful fascination in the society of one who had known Yvonne so intimately from her early years, and whose warm and delicate praise of her was music in the ears of a lover.

He was never weary of hearing about that bygone simple life in Poitou, where château and cottage were linked together by one faith, where joys and griefs were shared alike by all, and the child of the great house was the hope and delight of every soul in the encircling village.

Réné felt strongly drawn towards this man of wide experience and fathomless sympathy, to whom the human soul seemed as an open book. Little by little he told the story of his love, and as for the first time he broke that sacred silence life rose before him as a mystery, only to be solved by deeds of devotion.

For a perfect confidence the listener must be attuned to the melody, and meet the speaker halfway. So it was in this case.

"Mademoiselle Yvonne will prove worthy of her race," said the pastor one day in a tone of conviction. "All the courage and loyalty of the Féronnieres is centred in that frail girl."

"Alas! she will have need of it, with alarm and danger on every side," exclaimed Réné despondently. "She is in the midst of enemies. Her uncle, Monsieur de Vaudreuil, would have her wed his son Adolphe, for the sake of her great estates; but in order to make sure of these they must first compel her to become a Catholic."

"I fear they will be tenfold more urgent now, since the Edict of Protestant liberty, granted to us by Henri Quatre, is revoked. All our property is now at the mercy of the Crown, and Mademoiselle de la Féronnière may be deprived of her fortune at any moment."

"Adolphe de Vaudreuil will never take to himself a portionless bride," said the young man, in a tone of conviction; "yet I shudder at the cruel persecution which may await her. She may be driven to despair."

"Trust me, she will never yield. No temptation or cruelty will shake her faith, or make her a renegade from the religion of her fathers. By the grace of God, Yvonne will fight a good fight, and be faithful unto the end!" cried the old pastor, with strong emotion, and on his upturned face was a look of rapt enthusiasm.

But that cry of religious fervour awoke no responsive echo in the lover's heart. It was not Yvonne, the saint and martyr, who appealed to him at that moment, but Yvonne, the sweet maiden whom he loved so dearly and in whom all his hopes of earthly happiness were centred. No distant worship of ideal perfection would satisfy him. Poor Réné had a very human craving for the real, living, loving woman, a dear comrade in this world, not merely a radiant vision for the hereafter.

"Is all chivalry dead, that Mademoiselle should be left friendless and forsaken?" he cried, with a ring of battle in his voice. "She has but to send me a certain gem, a token that she needs my help, and I vow by the heaven above that I will speed to her rescue, even from the ends of the earth.

"Ah, Monsieur le Pasteur, there comes over me at times a terrible misgiving that I should have remained in Paris to guard her. Last night, in my dreams, I seemed to hear her calling me." He was silent, with thoughts too deep for spoken words.

In the stillness which followed the distant voices of the sailors rose through the mist, and he could distinguish the plaintive refrain of an old song:

> "When we were on the trembling bridge,
> Alas, my God!
> When we were in Saintonge,
> Alas, my God!"

After the pilgrim song of the road, again the deep voices rose in unison, as they chanted the familiar strain of the seafarer's hymn:

> "Our Lady of the Harbour bar,
> Now bring us succour from afar."

As Réné de Beaumanoir listened he asked himself why was there always a note of sadness and longing, even in the passing melody of an idle hour? Was it that the most careless life had ever an undertone of deeper feeling?

The days of his youth had been full of joyful daring, which seemed to crowd out all thought of the unseen; but in this, his first sorrow, etched with such a keen point upon his soul, he dimly realised that he was not alone, but one of a great brotherhood, who should only attain Paradise through the valley of swords.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY.]

PERPETUAL DELIGHT.

By the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A., Rector of All Souls', Langham Place, W.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—PSALM xxxvii, 4.

HERE is the secret of perpetual delight. The whole psalm bespeaks the wisdom and calm of an experienced believer. David has not been soured, but rather quieted and steadied, by his eventful life. The cheerful confidence of his youthful days has deepened. God has become to him a tried Friend, an absolutely reliable and all-sufficient Defender. He is perfectly satisfied with God's management of things. "I have been young," he says, "and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand."

Very different was the view of life that forced itself upon Solomon, David's brilliant but undisciplined son. In spite of good training and an excellent start, Solomon soon gave the reins to his appetites and passions. Unwilling to deny himself any delight on which the vagrant desire of the moment was set, he turned aside from God to eat of every forbidden fruit, and before long, though neither checked by poverty nor blighted by disease, he became the wretched victim of weariness and disgust. Having tried all this world could offer of wealth and wisdom and success and sin, his verdict was, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

These are the two programmes that lie before you. You may walk in the steps of David, and delight yourself in the Lord; or you may walk in the steps of King Solomon, and, by trying to delight yourself in the world, find perpetual vanity and vexation of spirit. God help you to choose aright.

This verse contains both precept and promise, and it is difficult to say which of the two is the more attractive—the pathway or the prize, the exercise enjoined of delighting in the Lord or the reward guaranteed of receiving from Him the desires of our hearts. At any rate, we find three things brought before us—a reasonable command, a delightful exercise, and a blessed experience.

1. It is a reasonable command, because it recognises delight or enjoyment as essential to right conduct. God has made us with a strong craving for enjoyment. No course of religion is satisfactory which ignores this, and offers no certainty of present delight. Of course, duty comes before pleasure, but, human nature being what it is, we can never give ourselves with enthusiasm to any duty from which all prospect of delight is banished. Some measure of delight is generally found in doing anything really well, and we seldom attain to excellence in any pursuit unless we enjoy it. So we never serve God with the highest service until we enjoy serving Him. Our duty to God will be only tamely and lamely performed if it stops short at believing in Him and obeying Him, and does not go on to loving Him and delighting in Him. And yet let no one give up trying to serve God because they have no joy as yet in that service. The early stages of every accomplishment are generally tedious, but those who persevere soon reach the stage of unfeigned pleasure and delight in that which once was so difficult and discouraging. But be sure of this: your service is not what it should be until it becomes a service of delight.

This verse, then, effectually shatters those twin pillars of prejudice on which Satan's power over men chiefly rests, the prejudice in favour of sin as affording wider liberty and more joy, and the prejudice against godliness as depriving men of all gladness or mirth. The people of God are not the sour and unsociable creatures that the world pictures them. How can they be, when the *principal* of their life is to delight in the Lord, and the *interest* it yields them is the fulfilment of all their desires?

But this craving for delight, which is an instinct in every heart, can only find full and abiding satisfaction when we delight ourselves in the Lord. There are, I admit, many other natural and innocent delights—our delight in home and wife and children, our delight in the successful following of our daily calling, our delight in music and literature and art, or in any innocent recreation. But all these fail

at a certain point. They fail as soon as we give exclusive or exaggerated devotion to any one of them. Moreover, they are all insufficient at those times when we most need help. When overcome with depression or anxiety or ill-health; when smarting under sore defeat, either in the conflict with sin or in the ordinary battle of life; when tortured by a guilty conscience, when weary of the slavery of sin and burdened with the pressure of sorrow or pain, then all earthly delights prove disappointing, their comfort is too cold to cheer our souls or put new life into our fainting hearts

And surely all these natural delights lead us to delight ourselves in God, the Author and Giver of every good gift. Does Nature in her calm, sweet moods exercise a soothing and elevating influence? Do we delight in the heather-clad moor, the vocal seashore, the silent mountain-top, and the peaceful woodland glen? How much more should we delight in the God of Nature, and open our hearts to the peace which passeth all understanding! Do we delight in human friendship, in the innocence and clinging trustfulness of little children, in the devoted love of husband or wife, or in the loyal service of some faithful retainer? How much more should we delight in the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, in our loving Father in heaven! Do we find satisfaction in duty well performed, in resolutely resisting temptation, in overcoming indolence and selfishness and ill-will? What is this satisfaction but the reflection of God's approval? How much deeper, then, will be our joy and contentment when we learn to obey, not as a matter of duty only, but as a matter of love and delight!

Truly this world is a vast market, and it abounds in many wares. We pass from stall to stall, and possess ourselves of its various commodities. Some are cheap, taxing but little our resources; others are costly, and demand our best energies of mind and body. Some are sweet in the mouth and bitter afterwards; others are bitter in the mouth, but strangely strengthening and comforting afterwards. From some we turn away, soon tired and disgusted; others exercise such a fatal fascination over us that, though we know they are soiling and marring all that is noblest in us, we cannot drag ourselves away from them. But there is one stall, thank God, where the goods, though costly, are so abundant and so divinely satisfying that all who win them are filled with inexhaustible delight, so that never again can they know either anxiety or discontent. It is the Cross of Jesus Christ where we lose our sinful selves (for the goods are costly), and gain, in exchange, the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Remember this, ye who walk through Vanity Fair, you were created in God's own image, and ten thousand worlds cannot fill your heart, though ten thousand hearts cannot exhaust the riches of His love. It is a reasonable command which bids us stay evermore by this stall, glorying in the sacred Cross by which we become crucified unto the world and the world unto us. It is reasonable that we should delight ourselves in Him Who alone can give us the desires of our hearts.

2. And it is an easy, not an impossible, exercise. All who set themselves to delight in God may learn to do so. Two things are needed. A knowledge of the glory and excellency of God, and the assurance that He is ours. Both these the Holy Spirit will give us. So the art of delighting in the Lord is Spirit-taught. Our sinful nature teaches us to delight in sin, and only through painful experience do we learn the bitterness of the forbidden fruit; the Holy Spirit must teach us to delight in God. He brings us to Calvary, and there implants within our hearts an indelible conviction of the love of God. He reminds us of our sin, and teaches us to delight in the preaching of Christ crucified. He points us to the seals of the covenant, and enables us to draw solid comfort and refreshment from the Lord's Supper. He restrains our wandering thoughts, and teaches us to meditate much upon the beauty of the Saviour. He quickens our sluggish hearts, and causes us to give ourselves continually to prayer. He reproves our sleeping conscience, and drives out of our hearts all that is displeasing to God.

For to delight in the Lord means that we love to be with Him, and to be alone with Him. That is a very poor friendship that cannot bear to be alone with the loved one. So the art of delighting in the Lord is best learnt within the shut door. It is a personal and individual matter, and it includes the whole man. It means such a seeking and finding of God as brings delight to your entire spiritual nature. The eyes of your heart are enchanted with a vision fairer than all the visions of earth. Your ears are filled with a heavenly music which surpasses all the harmonies of earth, silencing the discord within. The sweet fragrance of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley refreshes you, and, sitting with great delight beneath the shade of the Apple-Tree, you will find

His fruit to be sweet to your taste. Like the beloved John, you lean your head upon the Saviour's breast, and gain the confidence and strength which enable you to be under all circumstances steadfastly loyal to Him. A deep calm and a divine content pervade your soul; you begin to learn the length and breadth and depth and height of the love which passeth knowledge, and realise that, while your Lord is left to you, you are rich beyond degree and nothing can really hurt you.

Such is the easy exercise, the heavenly art, of delighting oneself in the Lord. Of course, there are hindrances to be overcome. The world will seek to divert your thoughts. You cannot delight in the Lord if you continually forget Him. If you make your Sunday like any weekday, save for an hour and a half at church, the pressure of other interests will drive out all thoughts of God, and it will be impossible for you to really delight in Him. All making provision for the lusts of the flesh is another fatal hindrance.

A third hindrance is the superstition and unbelief that Satan stirs up in our hearts. All dread of God's will, all doubting of God's love, the false humility which refuses to accept the offers of His grace, the unbelief which dares not rest upon the promises, the false faith that is ready to fly to any human mediator or trust any visible help, but will not rely upon the sure Word of God—these are serious hindrances. But the Holy Ghost will help you in the conflict. True piety, steadfast and intense, is largely the result of patient continuance and long habit. As you fight the good fight of faith, Christ will so draw near to you through His Word and through His sacraments that your heart will naturally and instinctively, under the pressure of the Holy Spirit, be drawn out to delight in Him.

3. And who shall measure the blessedness of the experience which follows? "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." This is, as one of the old Fathers explains, out of the error of love. Your delighting yourself in God is no reason why God should give you anything at all. Yea, having found the living God to delight yourself in, you might reasonably be required to surrender all other delights. But it is the blessed error of love that "to him that hath shall be given." When you begin to really enjoy God, He gives you the desires of your heart, and you begin to enjoy every part of your life in Him.

Certainly this promise is no exaggeration. God wants to give you, God can give you, God will give you, the desires of your heart when you delight yourself in Him.

It is, indeed, most wonderful. Look back and consider. Has not unsatisfied desire been the chief cause of unrest in your past life? Vagrant longings, eager, undisciplined desires, these far more than the changing circumstances of life rob us of our peace. But these cease when you learn to delight yourself in the Lord.

Those who have visited Niagara will remember how calm and smooth the water is immediately above the Horseshoe Fall. A few hundred yards above there are numerous eddies and back currents breaking up the surface; but, as the tremendous suction caused by that gigantic leap over the cliffs begins to tell, all these disturbing influences are swallowed up by the overmastering current, and the troubled surface becomes quite smooth. So it is when we learn to delight ourselves in the Lord. Other desires are swallowed up, subordinated to the one desire of knowing and glorifying Him. It thus becomes safe for God to grant us our heart's desires. There will be no unsatisfied desires in our hearts when we delight ourselves in the Lord. Perhaps, as your hearts now are, it would be a curse, rather than a blessing, if God were to give you all your desires. The fever-stricken patient must have his thirst satisfied, not by draughts which would only intensify thirst, but by the removal of the disease. So the Lord first quells the fever of our hearts, and then satisfies our desires.

Let no one think it wrong to desire some particular earthly happiness, but let no Christian seek to satisfy his own longings. Only God knows whether the earthly delight you crave would really be for your good. This is certain: God's love is so real, so tender, so sweet, that even without any earthly delight you can delight yourself perfectly in Him. If the boon desired comes to you in the will of God, rejoice before the Lord because of it; if it is withheld, God still remains, and God is all you need.

Here, then, is a plain precept from God's Word. The command is a reasonable one, the exercise to which it calls you is a delightful one, the experience which it promises you is one blessed beyond all degree. Will you obey or disobey? Will you still try and satisfy your immortal soul with the pleasures of sin, or will you give yourself up to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and learn to delight yourself in the Lord, that so He may give you the desires of your heart?

XUM

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.



MAY 15TH.—**The Prodigal Son.**

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xv.* 11—24.

POINTS. 1. The sinner's downward course.
2. The sinner turning back to God.
3 The sinner forgiven.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Sinner and God.** A burglar, not long ago, rifled an unoccupied dwelling at the seaside. He ransacked the rooms, and heaped his plunder in the parlour. There were evidences that here he sat down to rest. On a bracket in the corner stood a marble bust of Guido's "Ecce Homo"—Christ crowned with thorns. The guilty man had evidently taken it into his hands and examined it. It bore the marks of his fingers; but he replaced it with its *face turned to the wall*, as if he would not have even the sightless eyes of the marble Saviour look upon his sin. In the same way Adam and Eve, the first sinners, hid themselves at the sound of God's voice.

A Death-bed Repentance. Do not trust to a death-bed repentance. I know that God's mercy is boundless. I know that a man being carried down towards that mighty Niagara Fall may just possibly make one great bound with all his strength and reach the bank. I know he may possibly be saved. But it is an awful risk to run. One was saved upon the cross that none might despair, but only one—that none might presume. Now is the accepted time. Return unto the Lord now, and He will have mercy upon you.

Accepting Pardon. A sick soldier, whose sufferings were so great that he often wished he was dead, being asked, "How are you to escape punishment for your sins?" replied, "I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can." "What are you praying for?" I asked. "For the pardon of my sins." "Well now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?" "To take it from her, surely." "Do you think that God is offering you anything?" "Oh, yes, sir. He offers pardon to all through Jesus Christ." "What is your duty then?" "Ah, sir," he said with much feeling, "I ought to accept it." And he did.

MAY 22ND (WHITSUN DAY).—**The Day of Pentecost.**

Passage for reading—*Acts ii.* 1—11.

POINTS. 1. The descent of the Holy Ghost.
2. The preaching of the Apostles.
3. The conversion of the multitude.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Coming of the Holy Spirit.** I am sitting in the shadow of a great elm. Its long branches hang motionless. There is not breeze enough to move them. All at once there comes a faint murmur; the leaves are all in motion, the branches begin to sway to and fro, and a soft, rushing sound fills my ear. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit. My heart is empty, and there comes to it—I know not how—a sound of the Divine presence. I am inwardly moved with new comfort and hope. Sunshine comes around my path, and I am able to go to my duties with patience. I am walking in the Spirit, helped by the help of God, and comforted by the presence of God. And all this is in accordance with God's law. It is by God's law that the strong wind comes stirring the tops of the trees, and it is by God's law that the Holy Spirit moves in our hearts and rouses us to do great things for God.

The Secret of Power in Preaching. A preacher once said that sometimes his preaching was mighty to arouse sinners, and sometimes seemed to be entirely useless. What was the reason for the difference? The results depended entirely upon his own spiritual condition, upon his nearness to, or absence from, God. When he was in close communion with God, the power of the Holy Spirit within him showed itself mightily. But when he neglected to seek the Spirit's aid, and trusted to himself, then his power was gone, his words were useless, his efforts were in vain. To draw near to God ourselves is the way by which to draw others to Him also.

Conversion on a Large Scale. It is told how conversions have been tried by a religious body on a large scale. Their missionaries went abroad, and one of them—a great man, after all, though greatly mistaken—took with him his brush and a basin of so-called holy water, and scattered the drops over the crowd as he walked along the road, and then announced that he had baptised so many thousands.

MAY 29TH.—**The Passover.**

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew xxvi.* 17—30.

POINTS. 1 Christ keeps the old Jewish feast.
2. Christ institutes the new Christian feast.
3. Christ foretells His betrayal and death.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Anniversaries.** A missionary from the East once said that one of the hindrances to the elevation of the people was that the families did not eat together. Very much of the Western mutual help and love comes from the family gatherings at the daily meals. And what pleasant talks are held then, reminding of events in the family or national life. Especially will this be the case on anniversary days both private and public. We can picture Christ and His disciples recalling once more the tale of the first Passover, with the killing of the lamb and the sprinkling of the blood by which God's people were saved. And now at this last

Passover the Lamb of God is about to be offered Himself "for us men and for our salvation."

Longing for the Lord's Supper. One of the converted Greenlanders, who had that day captured a seal, rather than be absent from the missionary settlement when the Lord's Supper was to be administered, rowed the whole night in his kaiak, or canoe, with the animal in tow, and when his great exertion was mentioned he at once replied, "How could I stay where I was? My soul was hungry and thirsty for my Lord and His communion."

"Jesus invites the saints
To feast around His board.
Here pardoned sinners meet, and hold
Communion with their Lord."

The Prospect of Death. When Sir Henry Vane was condemned, and awaiting his execution, a friend suggested his praying that for the present the cup of death might be averted. "Why should we fear death?" answered Vane. "I find it rather shrinks from me than I from it."

JUNE 5TH.—**Christ's Trial before Pilate.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark xv.* 1—15.

POINTS. 1. Christ delivered by the Jews to Pilate.
2. Christ, falsely accused, answers nothing.
3. Christ condemned; Barabbas released.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Enemies of the Upright.** A certain honest and God-fearing man at Wittenberg (says Luther in his "Table Talk") told me that though he lived peaceably with everyone, hurt no man, was ever quiet, yet many people were enemies unto him. I comforted him in this manner: "Arm thyself with patience, and be not angry, though they hate thee. What offence, I pray, do we give the devil? What makes him to be so great an enemy unto us? Only because he has not that which God has. If God give thee food to eat, eat; if He cause thee to fast, be resigned thereto; if He give thee honours, take them; if hurt or shame, endure it; if He cast thee into prison, murmur not; will He make thee a king, obey Him; if He cast thee down again, heed it not."

Quietness the Christian Security. During the Indian wars of the eighteenth century a few members of the Society of Friends, residing in Western New York, built for themselves a plain log meeting-house. The military authorities warned them of danger from the Indians, and invited them to come and worship within the fortified camp; but they preferred to continue their services in the usual place. One day a party of armed Indians in their war-paint, and decorated with human scalps, entered during the Friends' hour of silent prayer. A solemn awe seemed to pervade the place, which the Indians felt, and at a sign from one of the elder Friends they sat down and waited till the end. After being entertained at a house close by, the chief of the party took his host aside and said: "When Indian come to this place he meant to tomahawk every white man he found. But when Indian saw white man with no guns, no swords, and all so still and peaceable, worshipping the Great Spirit, then the Great Spirit say in Indian's heart, 'No hurt them; no hurt them.'" Saying this, he led off his war party.

Hatred of Christ. Some of the letters of Voltaire, the celebrated French infidel, conclude with the abbreviated words which indicate his hatred of the Christian religion—"E C R L'I N F" (*écrasez l'infame*) "crush the wretch," by which he means either the Christian religion or Christ Himself. "Confound the wretch," he says in one of his letters, "to the utmost of your power; speak your mind boldly, but conceal your hand."

JUNE 12TH.—**Christ Crucified.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark xv.* 22—39.

POINTS. 1. Christ crucified by His enemies.
2. Mocked by the chief priests.
3. Acknowledged by the centurion.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **No Fear of Death.** Fox relates in his "Acts and Monuments" that a Dutch martyr, feeling the flames, said: "Ah! what a small pain is this compared with the glory to come!" He also tells of another martyr who took a faggot from the fire and, kissing it, said: "Blessed be the time that ever I was born to come to this preferment." Of Christ it is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame."

Bearing Insult. When Xavier, the Roman missionary, preached in one of the cities of Japan, some of the multitude made sport of him. One man, more wanton than the rest, went to him while he addressed the people, pretending that he had something to communicate in private. Upon his approach, Xavier leaned his head to hear what he had to say. The scorner thus gained his object, which was to spit freely upon the face of the devoted missionary, and thus insult him in the most public manner. The missionary, without speaking a word or making the least sign of anger or annoyance, took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and continued his discourse as if nothing had happened. By such a control of his passions the scorn of the audience was turned into admiration. The most learned doctor of the city, who happened to be present, said to himself that a religion which taught men such virtue, inspired men with such unshaken courage, and gave them so perfect a victory over themselves, could not but be from God.

Conversion Brought about by a Word. On the last day of 1857 a clergyman met a man in the streets and said to him, "Had not you and I better begin the New Year with a new life?" That simple remark set him thinking, and led to his conversion. The centurion's conversion was brought about by the last of Christ's seven sayings on the cross, viz. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." (*See* Mark xv. 39, and Luke xxiii. 46, 47.)



A Story for the Little Ones by Flora Schmalz.

"LITTLE did I reckon, when I married you, Jack Lawson, that you'd ever bring me to this! To think there was Dick Moore I might have had, and kept a servant and dogcart, not to speak of a black silk gown to my back on Sundays! And there's Mrs. Moore turns up her nose at me now, she does! Me, who, as mother often says, she couldn't hold a candle to, when we were maids together! Mother's in the right of it when she declares a man that can't afford to keep a wife ought to bide single."

At the wooden table, in his shirt sleeves, sat Jack Lawson, unshaven and unkempt; his comely but haggard face expressive of that dogged despair which stamps the man out of work—the man who is too often condemned for that of which he is guiltless, who begins to look upon his past as a failure, and for whom the future is represented by a blank page. Though apparently callous and impervious to his wife's bitter reproaches, these seemed to put a climax to his wretchedness, and, in truth, cut as deeply as a two-edged sword.

"He's got no business to have children," the young woman continued, bending over the wash-tub, while she wrung out the linen. "It's a staring sin to bring babies into the world that will have to waste away and starve. Ah, my lamb, it's no wonder that you cry!"

She went up to the cradle, in which lay a whimpering baby boy of two months, and, with a despairing kick, set it rocking.

It was a summer day of intense heat, and, although the cottage door stood wide open, the close, steamy atmosphere of the kitchen had become intolerable. The cloudless sky was one blaze of dazzling light; not a breath of air stirred the drooping foliage.

In the slip of a garden outside, which was planted with cabbages and potatoes, Cissy, the eldest born, was striving to keep amused her fretful, pale-faced, younger brother. She was a winsome, loving little maid of six, and her heart already threw out feelers of sympathy and warm devotion to her immediate surroundings. In the midst of her play she caught the sound of her mother's angry voice, which filled her sensitive soul with instinctive alarm. Peeping round the door, she saw her father hastily retire into the inner room, while Mrs. Lawson pursued her evolutions at the wash-tub. After a few minutes he returned, wearing his Sunday coat and hat, and carrying some things tied up in a large red silk neckerchief.

Without a word he slunk out at the door, while Mary Lawson, irate and preoccupied, never once turned her head in his direction.

Cissy ran after him, but he repulsed her roughly, and, passing through the garden gate, stepped out on the white, dusty highway. He slung the bundle across a stick, which he threw over his shoulder, and set off at a brisk pace for the railway station. The country road was exposed to the scorching rays of the midday sun, and for the first mile at least offered no shelter. Then came a tall, honeysuckle hedge, which cast a welcome though narrow umbrage, and was succeeded by a clump of delightful, wide-spreading elms. The foliage was fresh and rich, and from one of the topmost boughs a certain willow warbler was singing a duet with his robin friend below.

Here Jack Lawson paused, and laid down his bundle for a minute, while he wiped the moisture from his brow. He thought he would be just in time to catch the up express for

London, and his last savings would suffice to procure him a third-class ticket. It had always been his ambition to travel as far as the great metropolis—that dream-city of golden possibilities and of fairest hopes, too often doomed to grievous disappointment. He was a skilled mechanic, and could, indeed, put his hand to any manual labour. It was only since his employers had left the district that everything had gone wrong with him, even his neighbours assuming that because he had entered the ranks of the Great Unemployed he must necessarily be to blame. But he was young, and came of a healthy stock, and he had determined that in the face of every difficulty he would succeed in the capital. He would find work, and send his earnings to Mary, so that she should have no further cause of complaint. Besides, when he was no longer at home, to be a dead weight and stumbling-block in her path, Mary would meet with kindness in the village. The Vicar's family, he felt sure, would be the first to befriend her. Everyone would think badly of him, for his apparently heartless desertion of her, and for this reason they would be the more inclined to lend her a helping hand. He could not have bid her good-bye, lest he should have broken down in his resolve. And there was the little lass who had run after him! He had flouted her, the poor little lass, who was as the apple of his eye.

Hungry and parched, he pursued his way. The sun beat down on the long reach of shadowless road more fiercely than ever. The man's head and heart were on fire.

Meanwhile Mary Lawson, utterly spent and unfit to complete her task, sank down exhausted on the chair which her husband had so recently occupied. Presently her eye was caught by a slip of folded paper which lay on the table. She opened it, and as the import of these scribbled lines was borne in upon her weakened brain, an irrepressible cry of agony escaped her.

The sound brought little Cissy quickly to her side.

"Why does Mummy cry?" she asked in her weak but shrill treble. "Mummy tell Cissy," she pleaded earnestly.

"Heavens, he's gone!" shrieked the poor, worn-out creature. "Jack's gone and left me. Serve me right—serve me right, too!" And she swayed herself to and fro in a perfect frenzy of grief and remorse. Then, perceiving the child, she continued her lament, as if the only consolation afforded her was to lay bare her heart.

"Daddy's away to the station, to get the puff-puff for London; and Mummy's that done she can't go and hinder him. Her head's in a maze, and her legs won't carry her. And you can't go and stop Daddy either, my sweet, for you're too small and tender. Once he gets to London, he'll be swallowed up in the cruel crowds, and we'll never see Daddy any more. He's been and taken the money out of the strong box that we put by for the rent, and he says he'll soon get more. He swears he'll send me coin, even if he has to 'swing' for it. Surely he could never mean that. Heavens, he'll go and do something bad and desperate! And it's all Mummy's fault, my lass. She drove him from her, with her poisoned tongue. Oh, miserable wretch that I am! Would that I had never been born!"

With a great sob the young wife's head went down on her outstretched arms. At once she sank into a state of semi-consciousness, out of which she was quite powerless to rouse herself.

About ten minutes must have elapsed, when there came a light rap on the door, and the Vicar's daughter, receiving no answer, softly entered the room.

"Poor thing!" she ejaculated, taking a compassionate survey of the prostrate figure, and the air of general desolation in its environment. "How tired she must be to fall asleep in the midst of her washing! And what a pity I can't tell her that we've found a post at last for Jack! He's been out of work far too long as it is, and father was saying only yesterday that he looks utterly cast down. Oh, what a duck of a baby! and fast asleep, like his mother! I suppose Cissy is off somewhere with her father; they are two inseparables. Well, I won't disturb poor Mrs. Lawson. I'll just write the good news on my card, and leave it to surprise her when she awakes."

So pondering, she deposited on the table the basket of delicacies which she had brought, placing the card, with its welcome announcement, on the top. Then she turned and went quietly away, not without a sense of inward satisfaction that she had not permitted the stifling heat to deter her in the performance of this obvious errand of mercy. These Lawsons were an honest, attractive young couple, she told herself, and it was a veritable cause of rejoicing that they need not, after all, leave the parish.

We must now account for the absence of little Cissy, who, obtaining from her mother's broken words some childish inkling of how matters stood, had rushed out hatless, and in her pinafore, at the garden gate. By this time she was speeding along the high road, as fast as her small legs would take her, in the direction she had seen her Daddy disappear. If she could but overtake him, and bring him back to Mummy, then they might all be happy once more. Daddy would laugh and lift her on his shoulder, or he would pop her into the wheelbarrow, and drive her round the garden as fast as any gee-gee could go. They might have jam for tea, and plenty of new milk in their mugs, instead of filling them up with insipid hot water. And when bedtime came round Mummy would kiss them, and tuck them up, as she once used to do. Then, if they had said their prayers quite nicely, she would sing them to sleep. Such was the child's fervent aspiration; such was her conception of the highest attainable earthly good.

The public thoroughfare had been abandoned for more shady byways, and there was no one so far to impede the progress of little Cissy. The sun brought out each thread of golden hair which shone like a halo of protection about her small endangered head. Her blue eyes were dilated with longing and apprehension combined. Her cheeks had become deeply flushed, and her breath came short and quick, so that her lips fell apart.



"'She'll soon come round.'"—*p.* 730.

And while she ran her mother's words rang

in her ears, gaining fresh force, and bringing a deeper realisation of all that depended on the issue of this race with Time. For what if she should arrive at the station only to see the puff-puff bearing Daddy away from them into the great and terrible Unknown? If such a calamity were to happen, it was certain that Mummy would cry more passionately than ever. And for Cissy herself, whose heart swelled at the mere thought of parting with him, what would become of her?

All at once through the sultry stillness there came a sound of rumbling wheels, which grew gradually louder. On turning a corner of the road, the child perceived a large waggon slowly advancing towards her. The waggon was drawn by a team of four horses, and by the side of it walked a carter, who whistled blithely, while at intervals he cracked his long whip in the air.

"Hullo, little one! Whither art bound so fast? Well run—well run!"

He clapped his hands together, and made a feint of pursuing her as she hurried past him. Terrified at the thought of being intercepted in her career, the child endeavoured to increase her speed. Tearing headlong down a slight incline, and overcome by fear, she stumbled and fell, face downward, on the stony road. But in a twinkling she was up again, and paying no heed to the cut on her brow, from which a crimson drop stole insidiously down her cheek, she was once more on her way.

Now she has reached the tall elms, with their friendly arms extended, as if to welcome her. If she could but tarry a few minutes in that delicious shade, and get back the breath that was so certainly failing her! The temptation was a severe one, but it was bravely resisted and overcome.

It is doubtful, however, if our childish heroine could have held on much longer, had it not been for the mysterious intervention of Nature, as it seemed, on her behalf. For quite suddenly through the dreamy summer haze arose a flickering air, which presently sprang into a gentle breeze. Laden with summer scents, it fanned the child's heated brow, as she met it face to face. Murmurous with delicate sound, it refreshed her senses, and spurred her into making a final effort. Whence emanated that revivifying zephyr? Might it not perchance be the beat of an angel's wings, still resonant with heavenly music, and sent to help her onward to the desired goal?

Her pace had all but declined into a walk, when, taking heart of grace, the little feet struck out again. Loosely, it is true, and as if they were running away from each other, but albeit gradually covering the ground. And now her courage and perseverance are about to be recompensed at last. Only a short distance in front of her, out of a cloud of hissing white smoke, rise the red chimneys of the station-house. An engine waiting in the station is puffing and blowing impatiently. Cissy staggers up to the wicket-gate, and succeeds in opening it.

Then there is a whistle, sharp and stunning; it sounds in her ears, like the signal of doom.

Jack Lawson was on the point of stepping into a third-class carriage when he was arrested by a cry that thrilled him, as if he had received an electric shock.

"Dad-dy, dear! Oh, Daddy—stop!"

Horror! it was Cissy—his little lass, who had dropped on to the platform, like a cherub from the skies, and who was now safe in the arms of the kindly porter.

Jack paused irresolutely on the steps of the carriage, but only for a second. Then he jumped down, just as, time being up, the train began to move swiftly out of the station.

"It struck me as being a bit queer, Lawson, that you should be going off to London so sudden-like," observed the portly station-master, who came up to see the young father clasping a limp little form to his breast, while the porter sprinkled her face with water. "There's no need to lose heart, man," he went on bluffly, touched by Jack's despondent aspect "The bairn has overdone herself, but she'll soon come round. See, she's opening her eyes already. Dear, dear, that's a nasty cut! What will her mother say? Of course, you'll carry her straight home, Lawson? Why, she's beat the record, has this little maid. A matter of three miles, is it not? And in how long?"

"I left home at something after two, and the clock has just struck three," said Jack in a choking voice.

"Ah, well; she's got her reward," the station-master concluded, not without a suspicious abruptness, as he turned aside.

For little Cissy, having rapidly recovered consciousness, was now gazing into her father's face with a smile so full of innocent joy that it was almost divine.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A MAP OF THE PARISH.

A MAP has been sent to us of a small parish in the North of England which contains no fewer than thirty-three places licensed for the sale of drink, and only two places of public worship. One of these churches has a Temperance society, which holds a meeting for adults once a month, and a Band of Hope for juveniles once a fortnight. This is certainly a small bit of counteractive work to the thirty-three drink shops, with their deadly work going on all day long and far into the night all the year round. Perhaps, if every Temperance society had its own parish map carefully prepared on the same lines, the eyes of many Temperance workers would be opened to the great discrepancy between the hours during which the public-houses are at work and the time given to the operations of the Temperance movement.

THE LIVERPOOL COCOA ROOMS.

The origin of the British Workman Public-Houses Company, Limited, the proprietors of the famous cocoa rooms which are such a conspicuous feature in the great seaport, has been often told. The story in brief is that the late Charles Garrett, the Wesleyan minister, suggested in a five-minutes' speech at one of the last meetings at the great mission held by Moody and Sankey, that the Liverpool merchant princes ought to do something to counteract the influence of the multitudinous public-houses. The challenge was promptly taken up, and a company founded which has recently held its twenty-ninth annual meeting. They now own 67 cocoa rooms, 7 cafés, 2 kiosks, and 1 cocoa cart. The takings last year amounted to no less a sum than £86,700 7s. 10d., and a dividend was paid of 6½ per cent. The good work carried on by this company has been an unspeakable blessing to the artisans of Liverpool, and, although it would be an exaggeration to say that the whole of this enormous turnover has been detached from the publicans, there can be no question that a considerable portion of the amount comes within this category.

A POPULAR COMPOSER.

The Bishop of Southwell has recently called attention to the great need for an improvement in the hymns and songs used in Temperance meetings. In the interesting correspondence which has followed in the newspapers the critics of the Temperance workers have, of course, made much of the feeble specimens of song which bulk so largely in our books, and have conveniently ignored any reference to the hymns and songs—not a few—which worthily hold their own with similar compositions ostensibly written in the furtherance of "great causes." If the good Bishop some day finds himself at a Temperance meeting in which some of the inspiriting compositions of Mr. W. H. Jude have a place in the programme, he will probably admit that we have at least one composer whose brilliant gift of melody is combined with that masterly grip of a swinging, catching chorus which a popular audience picks up at a single hearing and hardly ever forgets. Mr. Jude's extraordinary career has made his name a household word. He was born at Westleton in 1852, and as a boy attracted much attention by his musical gifts. When barely fifteen years of age he was appointed organist of Emmanuel Church, Liverpool, and speedily made for himself a great reputation not only as a performer, but also as a composer, of Church music. His subsequent appointments included that of organist of the Blue



(Photo: Powles and Hill, Goole.)

MR. W. H. JUDE, COMPOSER OF "FIGHT THE DRINK" AND OTHER TEMPERANCE SONGS.

Coat Hospital, Liverpool, and organist of Myrtle Street Baptist Chapel in the palmy days of the famous preacher, the late Hugh Stowell Brown. As an organist, his performances on the magnificent instrument in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, invariably attracted enormous audiences. In 1890 he took an extended tour in

Australia and New Zealand, where he commenced a series of popular musical services, which were extremely successful and useful. After an absence of a few years he returned to Liverpool, and instituted similar services in Hope Hall, Liverpool, which were greatly appreciated. Mr.



(Photo: G. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.)

MR. HENRY EDMONDS.

Jude has now for some time devoted himself to the work of an evangelist, and his services, under the title of "The Music of the Higher Life," have been very largely attended all over the country. For some considerable time Mr. Jude has been a total abstainer, and he is the composer of several Temperance songs which have become general favourites. The best known is undoubtedly the stirring chorus, "Fight the Drink," which was composed some twenty-five years ago to words written by Mr. Alfred Sargant, at that time General Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society. This chorus became an instantaneous success, and so far nothing has displaced it from the premier position in Temperance song. Another very fine composition is "The Water Drinker's Song," and, as Mr. Jude is still in the prime of life, we may hope that he will enrich our programmes with many additional Temperance songs and hymns. This is not the place to speak of his work as a composer of organ music and as a writer of ballads. His sea-songs, like "The Skipper" and "The Tar's Lass," are known all over the world, and many of his hymn tunes have found their way into the recognised standard collections of all denominations. His book of tunes, "Music of the Higher Life," consisting exclusively of his own compositions, has had a sale of considerably over half a million copies.

A WELL-WORKED COUNTY.

The county of Kent is undoubtedly, from a Temperance standpoint, one of the best-worked counties in the kingdom. The Church of England Temperance Society, the Band of Hope Union, the Good Templars, the Women's Temperance Associations, all do excellent work; while the Kent County Temperance Federation has recently held its twelfth annual Congress, an indication of stability which says not a little for the earnest and devoted labours of the men and women who are banded together in this federation. The president and chairman of the executive council is Mr. Henry Edmonds, of Tunbridge Wells. To his wise counsel and foresight the work is largely indebted for the measure of success which has hitherto been achieved. Familiar with all departments of Temperance effort, Mr. Edmonds makes an ideal chairman. He has the rare gift of being able to seize upon the vital points of a discussion, and thus lead disputants to fix their attention upon essentials. By his cultured advocacy Mr. Edmonds has won over to the cause many excellent people, among whom a less genial enthusiast would have made no headway.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BARMAIDS.

One is glad to find that there is a growing tendency to discuss this matter in journals and magazines which do not usually concern themselves with the Temperance question. Thirty years ago the late Canon Hopkins, who was so long prominently known as a leader of the Temperance forces in Convocation, did much by his pen to point out the dangers of the calling, and disclosed many of the disabilities from which the barmaids suffer. In Glasgow and other places a move has been made to do away with the employment of barmaids, and during the last Brewster sessions the subject was brought forward in a way which shows that the public is awakening to its importance.

A VISITORS' NIGHT.

A Temperance society in a suburb of Manchester recently arranged what was termed a "Visitors' Night." Every member of the society was requested to bring one visitor to the meeting, the invitation preferably to be given to a friend not interested in Temperance work. The experiment proved a thorough success, and resulted in the addition of several members to the society's roll. In arranging for such a meeting one essential is to provide a speaker "apt to teach and able to persuade." Visitors are not to be hectored into giving up their prejudices, but a sunny, cheerful, pleasant kind of a speech will often lead men and women to give total abstinence a fair trial. Many of those who are not with us remain outsiders because it has never occurred to them to test the principle of total abstinence personally.

XUM



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Farrar's "Life of Christ" for "Quiver" Readers.

WE have much pleasure in informing our readers that Messrs. Cassell and Company have arranged to produce, expressly for QUIVER readers, an edition of Farrar's "Life of Christ," containing over 700 pages, strongly bound in cloth, for one shilling. Full particulars will be found in this issue of how the work can be obtained. We need only add that such a marvellously cheap edition of a copyright work, which has attained world-wide reputation, is a remarkable example of the power which a magazine like THE QUIVER can exert in extending the circulation of pure literature. As this edition will only be on sale for a limited time, it will be well for readers to make known to their friends the exceptional concession which is made to our subscribers.

"Exchanged for the Good."

IN the year 1803 a blind singing girl was led by her mistress into the hospital of a medical mission at Canton. She suffered from a diseased foot, which had eventually to be amputated. Then leprosy came on, as if the loss of sight and of a foot had not sufficiently handicapped the poor thing in life's race. However, this was a blessing in disguise, for in a leper hospital she found her Saviour, and before she died she had been instrumental under God in bringing to Him as many as seventy other lepers. The name which this blind girl took when she was baptised is significant. It was Un Ho, which means "Exchanged for the good." "I have put off the old and put on the new," she said. "The past has been bad; now I have exchanged it for the good."

Two Visions.

THE great discoverer Edison, to whom our generation owes so much for the results of his genius and his labour, is said to have seriously injured his eyesight from patient and prolonged experiment with the wonderful X-rays. That mysterious light, which has such beneficent possibilities for the future, has not proved a personal blessing to its first explorer. It is far otherwise within the spiritual sphere. Those who have gazed most continuously and most steadfastly upon the Light uncreated and eternal have ended by possessing the clearer and truer vision. We call "X" the symbol of the unknown. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" complacently asked one of Job's comforters beneath the Chaldean stars. And we confess that Zophar was right; but we know that He is found of those who seek Him, and that we can discern as much of the divine glory as it is competent for our finality to comprehend in the face of Jesus Christ. "The more light there is, the better one sees God."

Against Boys Smoking.

ABOUT three years since the Rev. Bernard Lowe, then a curate in Penzance, who was deeply impressed by the physical and moral mischiefs of premature indulgence in tobacco, originated a practical, temperate, and common-sense movement against the practice, which has already grown into quite a considerable organisation. Mr. Lowe has now a small parish of his own at Delabole, Cornwall, and he makes this the base of operations of an anti-nicotine crusade, which his bishop approves, and in the benefits of which he is desirous that Christians of all denominations should share. The groundwork of his simple, but rapidly spreading, structure is philanthropic, but not sectarian, or even distinctively religious, though the spirit of needful discipline inculcated by the Master and His disciples is implicit in his primary idea. When he started his work at Penzance, Mr. Lowe got a number of lads to promise not to use tobacco in any form till they were sixteen years of age. Each boy was expected to do what he could to keep other youngsters from smoking, and was asked to bring at least two or three more recruits, for whose fidelity to their promise the boy who enlisted them would be responsible. In one of his first addresses Mr. Lowe happened to say, "Boys, be *R*eal, be *E*xamples, be *D*etermined,"

and from the initials of those three words grew the title, "RED Brotherhood," as the society, which now numbers nearly one hundred branches in different parts of the country, is called. The method of extension is very simple. Some gentleman (parson or layman) who may feel in sympathy with the attempt (*e.g.* in Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, where there are branches), writes to the Warden at Delabole, and offers to become a "Chapter Warden," which only means that he will band together, and look after, a company of young non-smokers in his own neighbourhood. So long as two or three rudimentary rules (and among them is one of never appealing for subscriptions) are observed, considerable elasticity of government is permitted to the chapter and district wardens. Several cards, printed in different colours, are lying before us, which are intended to contain the promises of boys not to smoke till they are sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years of age, as the case may be. It will be noted that Mr. Lowe leaves the question as to the good or evil of the habit of smoking among grown-up people absolutely alone. It is no part of his business, and finds no place in his sensible propaganda. But he is firmly convinced that the minds and bodies of tens of thousands of boys in England are being stunted and depraved by tobacco, and especially by the curse of the cheap cigarette. He gave up his own pipe—a fairly constant former companion—for the sake of example, and there is a touch of human nature (which certainly does not prejudice us against his useful cause) in a confession which he has made to us: "I must say I often want to smoke." The conception and plan of the Red Brotherhood seems sound and salutary, and we hope that the organisation will increase and prosper.



CHINA'S FILTHY LUCRE: "CASH" AND SILVER.

A Symbol of Sympathy.

THAT is a beautiful, old-world fairy tale which tells us how the walls of Thebes arose to the sound of music. The prelude sounded, and, lovely as a marble dream, the walls of the mystic city soared into the rainless air. The strings were struck, and buttress rose on buttress, and plinth beyond plinth, and there welled forth a deep and serious volume as the majestic pillars were upraised which were to bear the weight of ages. Wilder rang the melody as sculptured frieze carved out some battle picture, and the tones were low and thrilling as snowy statues shone through green arcades. Thus in the life of man may some noble work be designed and finished to the music of the sympathy of those he cares for. And to the music of the Gospel, the songs of saints, the voices of those whom he has loved and lost, there rises in his heart the vision of a heavenly Thebes that shall never be in ruins, "a city which hath foundations."

China's Filthy Lucre.

MISS GERTRUDE E. WELLS, C.M.S., Weicheng, West China, writes: "If ever the term 'filthy lucre' was applied fittingly to anything, it was, and may still be, to the brass cash of China. It is the common coin of the land, used always in the continual buying and selling of the people, thrown here and there, stowed away in any dirty corner, and, as often as not, counted out on the ground—particularly when paying the fares of chair-bearers and coolies. In this way it gathers up sufficient dirt to render it only a matter of ordinary cleanliness to wash one's hands after every time of using it. The coin, if good, is about the size of a halfpenny, but it is mixed with inferior coins, and with a liberal sprinkling of actually bad ones, which however, is quite allowable so long as the bad coins are restricted to a certain number! They have a hole in the middle, and should be strung in thousands—in two rows, tied together at each hundred. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely such a thing heard of as 'full cash.' Each hundred is short—one, two, or three cash, according to the custom of the district, but the whole string is always *called* 'a thousand cash,' and will be received as such everywhere if one pays out the whole string. If paid out in tens or hundreds, however, one has to make up the deficiencies. One thousand cash weighs over three pounds, and is only worth about two shillings, so people do not carry much about with them, and in purchasing things, instead of paying for them at the shop, it is usual to have them brought to the house, and the man who brings them takes the money back with him.

Fortunately, paper money, silver, and drafts on banks, etc., are used ; but the silver is so heavy that those who are accustomed to silver and gold coins find it very cumbrous and inconvenient. Fifty taels of silver weigh four pounds, and at the present rate of exchange is equal in value to about £6 sterling. It is generally used in lumps weighing about three-quarters of a pound each, but sometimes when travelling, for convenience sake this lump is taken to the smith, and halved or quartered ; these smaller pieces can then be exchanged one at a time. The young man in the first of the accompanying photographs holds two lumps of silver in his left hand, and the voucher in his right ; three strings of cash are thrown over his shoulder. In the second photograph the coolie has just brought cash from the money shop and is sorting out the bad coins.



CHINA'S FILTHY LUCRE: SORTING OUT THE BAD COINS.

Some New Books.

No one who has had anything to do with little folk and their ways but has appreciated the difficulty of finding suitable songs, alike in words and music, for young voices. Let all those who have felt this difficulty turn to "The *Little Folks* Song Book," which has just been issued by Messrs. Cassell with a "baker's dozen" of simple and pretty songs, daintily and readably printed, and garnished with four coloured plates. It is just the book for nursery and schoolroom alike.—From Messrs. Longmans we have received two more volumes of their "Simple Guides to Christian Knowledge" series. The first is devoted to "The Early Story of Israel," and is by Mrs. Thomas ; while the second, more restricted in its application, is "The Teaching of the Catechism," by Beatrice A. Ward. Both books are for the use of those who are teaching little children. Messrs. Longmans also send us a volume of helpful meditations, "Reminders of Old Truths," by Hannah E. Pipe.—Messrs. S. W. Partridge send us "Dr. Barnardo : A Record and an Interpretation," by the Rev. J. H. Batt, whose work will appeal to no more sympathetic public than the readers of THE QUIVER, who have always taken a keen interest in the work associated with Dr. Barnardo's name.—A timely work is Dr. Robinson Souttar's "Alcohol : Its Place and Power in Legislation," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. While strictly judicial in tone, the book is a very armoury for the Temperance worker.—Miss E. M. Alford has been a frequent contributor of poems to THE QUIVER, and our readers will be glad to hear that they can now procure her verses, neatly bound, under the general title, "Poems," and issued by Mr. Elliot Stock.

"For What we are about——"

A PLEASANT and salutary example comes to us from some Indian mothers, who have been brought to the knowledge and blessings of Christianity. A mothers' meeting treat was arranged by the ladies of the Mission, and the prospect of this unknown Western dissipation caused the greatest delight. On the appointed afternoon the happy mothers took their seats in the shade of a verandah, and spread out their laps, which were filled with the fare generously provided. But then ensued a dead and awkward silence ; nobody would begin the welcome meal. The ladies, who had been bustled and bothered with the novel preparations, could not understand this sudden deadlock in the festivity. At last a mother deprecatingly hinted at the terrible truth. No "grace" had been said, and they felt that it would be wicked to eat without God's blessing. This duty of "grace before food" might often be learnt by the professing Christian from the converted heathen, and by the West from the East.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from March 1st, 1904, up to and including March 23rd, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month :—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund :* M. L. Thomas, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes :* "Bradford," £8, 15s. ; "Yeovil," 10s. ; "Annie," 10s. ; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s. The following amount has been sent direct :—"The Two H's.," 9s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East :* "Annie," 6s. 3d. ; M. L. T., 5s. ; E. S. S. W., 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

73. What words used by our Lord in the parable of the Prodigal Son express the degradation of a sinful life?

74. In what words does our Lord express the conversion of the Prodigal?

75. What is to be understood by giving the Prodigal a ring and putting shoes on his feet?

76. What was the reason of so many people from foreign countries being present at Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost?

77. What was the effect of the preaching of the Apostles upon the multitude?

78. In what way was preparation made for our Lord to keep the feast of the Passover?

79. By what sign was Judas known to be the betrayer?

80. What most solemn act was performed by our Lord at the Paschal feast?

81. Why did the Jews take our Lord before Pontius Pilate when they had the power of punishment by death?

82. What title did Jesus claim for Himself at His trial before Pilate?

83. With what taunts did the chief priests and others mock our Lord while on the cross?

84. What effect had the death of Jesus upon the people who were by the cross?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

61. Jesus was in the act of prayer when His countenance was altered and His raiment became white and glistening. (St. Luke ix. 29.)

62. To increase the faith of the Apostles, and enable them to understand that Christ must needs suffer before entering into His glory. (St. Mark ix. 9–12; St. Luke ix. 31.)

63. The Scribes and Pharisees taught that Elias was to come before the Messiah; thus, to assure His Apostles, Jesus said that Elias had already come in the person of John the Baptist. (Mal. iv. 5; St. Mark ix. 11–13; St. Matthew xvii. 13.)

64. When Elisha sent Gehazi his servant to the Shunammite's house his instructions were, "If thou meet any man, salute him not." (St. Luke x. 4; 2 Kings iv. 29.)

65. The seventy disciples went two and two through thirty-five different districts, yet Jesus afterwards visited all the cities and villages therein and preached to the people. (St. Luke x. 1, 9.)

66. The power to heal and to cast out devils. (St. Luke x. 9, 17.)

67. By showing us that God is much more ready to give us what we need than an earthly father is ready to give food to his children. (St. Luke xi. 11–13.)

68. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (St. Luke xi. 9.)

69. It must be earnest and continuous, as shown by the threefold injunction, "Ask, seek, and knock." (St. Luke xi. 9–10.)

70. By comparing the uncertainty of the time of His second coming to that of a thief who would break into a house. (St. Luke xii. 39, 40.)

71. He tells us the reward which shall be given to the faithful servant. (St. Luke xii. 43, 44.)

72. That the reward or punishment hereafter will be in proportion to man's use or neglect of his knowledge and responsibilities (St. Luke xii. 47–48.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IT is proposed to introduce into this magazine a New Department which it is hoped may be found helpful to many Christian people who are from time to time troubled with moral and spiritual difficulties. We do not contemplate dealing with the objections of professed sceptics, but rather with the conscientious perplexities of those who find themselves, either continually or occasionally, faced with some critical problem of faith or conduct. To all such we offer a cordial invitation to state their difficulties (as briefly and as plainly as possible), in order that we may place such statements in the hands of some experienced and sympathetic adviser in spiritual matters, who will, of course, hold all such communications in the strictest confidence.

All correspondents must give their names and addresses to the Editor, as a guarantee of good faith, but their names will not be published. The Editor reserves the right to insert in THE QUIVER any such questions or replies as may appear to him of general interest; but he does not undertake to publish, or even provide replies to, every inquiry made.

As THE QUIVER goes to press several weeks before the date of publication, inquirers will understand that some delay in the publication of answers is inevitable, but those whose difficulties are of an urgent nature may, subject to the provisions above mentioned, and in every case to the discretion of the Editor, have a reply sent to them by post on their enclosing a stamped and fully addressed envelope for that purpose.

XUM

UNIV. OF MICH.

XUM



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

(From the Painting by Miss Iriam Brigge.)

[See "Childhood in British Art," p. 744.

CHILDHOOD IN MODERN BRITISH ART.

By Arthur Fish.

IN every chapter of the history of art, childhood claims a large share of attention. Its beauty, simplicity, and innocence have attracted artists of every age and country. It has lured them on with the fascination of a will-o'-the-wisp, and oftentimes their efforts have been as wild and fruitless as those of the benighted traveller to follow and define the bewildering light which allures him with its fugitive and tantalising rays. The attempts of the majority of the early Italian and Flemish painters to portray the subtle roundness of a child's flesh, its delicate freshness of colour, are painfully ludicrous. Look through the pictures at the National Gallery, at the numerous renderings of the "Madonna and Child" and other paintings in which a child figures, and it will be found that the number of successful baby forms is astonishingly small. Beautiful Madonnas there are in plenty; wonderful representations of saints, donors, and angels; all of which testify to the unbounded skill of the artist, but when this same skill is applied to the presentment of a child it proves itself lamentably unequal to the task. Even the great Raphael himself often misses the mark in this respect. And yet he left many exquisite drawings of child forms, which prove that he was determined to master the difficulty. He, doubtless, among the painters of the Renaissance, came nearest to success as a delineator of children.



(By permission of the Corporation of London.)

MY FIRST SERMON.

(From the Picture by Sir John E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.)

Later on we have the stately portraits of royal children by Velasquez—charming little figures in rich robes and princely surroundings, who retain all their childlike characteristics in spite of their gorgeous apparel. Velasquez's countryman, Murillo, too, could paint children, the children of the opposite extreme of the

social scale to those represented by the Court painter.

But it was left to the English school of painters, commencing with Sir Joshua Reynolds, to cultivate the possibilities of the child in their art. To that artist some of the best and most successful representations of children on canvas are to be credited, and we are fortunate in that the chief of these are



(By permission of the Corporation of London.)

MY SECOND SERMON.

(From the Picture by Sir John E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.)

enshrined in the National Gallery. "The Age of Innocence" and "The Infant Samuel" are known in every household. The sweet simplicity of the child, its purity, innocence, and springlike beauty, are reflected in these canvases. This is the case also in many of Romney's pictures of children. One especially, which was exhibited at the collection of "Fair Children" at the Grafton Gallery, appealed to me as the finest representation of an infant I had ever seen. It was a "snapshot" in paint. No posing of the model, no attitudinising; merely the head and shoulders of a baby-boy, with all the loveliness of colour and form of the charming original. This it is which, to me, is lacking in Sir Thomas Lawrence's otherwise successful portraits of children. They are all very beautiful in face and pose, but they are so evidently "sitting for their portraits." They are all so painfully neat, and—shall I say it?—clean? True, they are mostly aristocratic children, but surely sometimes even they were mischievous, and not always so smilingly good and tidy?

Coming down, then, to our own time, we reach the English painter of children *par excellence*—Sir John Millais. Reynolds and Lawrence were, be it noted, both bachelors. Sir John Millais was married, and delighted in his children; lived with them and knew their characters, appreciated and understood them; watched their development from babyhood into intellectual childhood. It made all the difference in his work when he was painting his child pictures. He utilised his own daughters as models, and gave, as a result, character as well as portraiture in his paintings. Their popularity was undoubted, though many of the higher critics were ready enough to sneer at him for the "cheapness" of his art. They failed to recognise the difficulties that beset an artist in the effort to paint the elusiveness of the beauty and characteristics of children. That he successfully overcame the difficulty, and triumphed where so many others had failed is alone sufficient to rank him as one of our greatest painters. Far from pandering to popular taste in these child studies, he was the creator of it. He painted them because he loved children and appreciated to the full the delight and charm of child life.

The two pictures by which Millais is represented in this article were the first of the series by which he became so popular with that great public who find their delight in pictures of homely subjects and sentiment. True he had painted children before this, but in the days when, as one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he was looked at askance by artists, critics, and public alike. The "Christ in the House of His Parents" (1850), "Autumn Leaves" (1856), and "The Blind Girl" (1856) had brought him little but abuse from the critics, and they failed to appeal to the public—owing, without doubt, to the lack of appreciation of anything that was new and out of the beaten track of the art of the day. Millais had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1853, and it was not for ten years that he found his way to the heart of the great public, so quick to respond to anything which it can understand from its own experience. In the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year appeared the little red-frocked girl

sitting in church listening to "Her First Sermon." Homely, simple, and quaint, it appealed at once, and with "The Eve of St. Agnes," exhibited in the same year, secured to the artist the full membership of the Academy. For this picture Sir John utilised his daughter Effie (Mrs. James) as model, but that is merely a fact of passing interest. It is the characterisation of the child—impersonally—which attracts us, and the wondering curiosity at her surroundings, the enforced decorousness that is struggling with her natural inclination to ask questions as to what it all means. It may be summed up in the words, "It is all so natural," and on that account, while distasteful to the critic who sees no beauty in anything that cannot be classed as "high art," is beloved by those who believe that that art is the best which is closest to nature.

"My Second Sermon" appeared in the Academy Exhibition in the following year. It was painted from the same model, and it is said, was nearly rejected from the Academy—before the work was recognised as Millais'—on account of its supposed plagiarism of the picture exhibited the previous year.

Here, again, is a true representation of child nature. The awe and wonderment of the first visit to church have passed away. The talk of "the man in the box"—as a child of my acquaintance once described the preacher of the day—has no attraction for her. The sermon is altogether too much for the little member of the congregation; the flow of words has become to her a lullaby, and she yields with all the grace of childhood to its soothing influence.

These two works passed into the possession of the late Mr. Gassiot, under whose will they have become the property of the Corporation of London, and may now be seen in the Art Gallery at the Guildhall.

Sir John Millais continued almost to the end of his career to paint delightful child subjects, which made his name one of the best known and most popular in the country. The chief of them are "The Wolf's Den" (1863), "Red Riding Hood" (1865), "The Minuet" (1867), "Asleep" and "Just Awake" (1867), "A Souvenir of Velasquez"—one of his most charming works, which hangs in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy—"Sisters," his three daughters (1868), "A Flood"—a representation of a swollen river carrying along



(By permission of Captain Harrison, the owner of the picture and copyright.)

GOLDEN DAYS.

(From the Painting by Joseph Clark.)

the *débris* it has gathered in its rush, the principal object in which is a baby in a cradle, and which is esteemed the most perfect painting of an infant executed by a British artist. This picture hangs in the Corporation Gallery at Manchester. In 1870 "The Boyhood of Raleigh" was shown at the Academy; it may now be seen in the Tate Gallery. "Getting Better" (1870) is a beautiful painting of a convalescent child; and another, very similar, is in the Aberdeen Gallery. "Cherry Ripe" (1874) obtained enormous popularity as the presentation plate of the *Graphic* Christmas Number



PRAYER.
(From the Picture by J. H. Henshall.)

of that year; "Little Mrs. Gamp" "Cinderella" (1861), and "Little Miss Muffett" are equally well known from the engravings of the pictures. "Bubbles" (1886), and "The Little Speedwell's Darling Blue" (1892), were the last of the series.

I have devoted this large proportion of my space to Sir John Millais through the fact that he must be regarded as the greatest of our painters of children, and the precursor of the numerous artists who have followed his example by painting incidents of child-life of a popular character. There is no question as to the popularity of the "nursery art"; in spite of the critics' sneers, it attracts the public eye far more than any other style of painting. It may



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.
(By A. Drury, A.R.A.)

not be "great art"—and perhaps therein lies its attraction.

The works of Mr. Fred Morgan, Mrs. Waller, Mr. Elsley, Mrs. Seymour Lucas, Miss Maude Goodman, and Mr. Joseph Clark are perhaps better known than those of most members of the Academy because of the appeal they make to the great outside public, whose admiration and sympathy are aroused by the homeliness of the subjects. So well known are these works that we only reproduce one by the last mentioned artist, to show that it is not only the well-to-do child that finds its place on the canvas. Mr. Clark has painted many works from similar models, taken direct from the streets, and always suggests the pathos, as well as the joyousness of child-life. "Golden Days" represents this fully; there is plenty of fun and mischief in this little assembly of "mean street" children, but that the simple treat they are enjoying should mark the day as a golden one in their calendar suggests the untold dulness, the cruel poverty, of their existence.

XUM

The other artists represented in our illustrations are not generally known as the painters of child subjects, and we have chosen their pictures largely on that account. To Mr. Herbert J. Draper's "Trailing Clouds of Glory" I would draw special attention. It stands in strong contrast to the others in that it is poetic rather than anecdotic; an allegory of childhood, not an incident. It was inspired by Wordsworth's lines:

"Our birth is a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
On trailing clouds of glory did we come
From God Who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy"

This simple Breton child stands, therefore, as the type of all childhood with its purity of soul and its sublime innocence of heart; the period of life when human nature is most like to God's. Mr. Draper has touched a high level in this picture; it is at once poetic and realistic. Here is "a simple village child," charming and quaint; but at the same time there is the reflection of the soul with its longings, its inquirings, its heavenly simplicity, its solemnity, the possessions set forth for emulation by the great Teacher when He "set a little child" in the midst of the disciples and made him the text for one of His greatest lessons.

Mr. J. Henry Henshall delights in the contrast afforded by extreme old age and childhood, and has used it with great effect in several of his pictures, but in none more so than in the picture on page 742. The innocent whisperings of the child's prayer, prompted in its falterings by the aged grandmother, call to mind Longfellow's word picture of a similar comparison:

"O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!"



TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY.

(*From the Painting by Herbert J. Draper.*)

Mr. Edgar Bundy's name is generally associated with pictures of eighteenth-century life in its humorous aspect, but his excursion into the domains of the art of childhood as represented here is a happy one. "Two Years Old To-day" appeared in the Academy Exhibition last year, and, as our illustration shows, is a pleasing picture of youth and infancy.

The picture by Miss Irlam Briggs which forms the frontispiece to this number is one



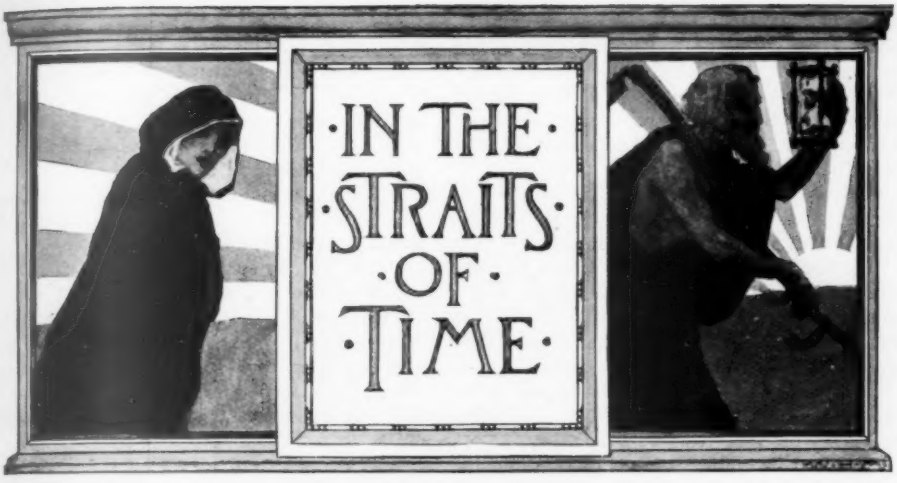
TWO YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

(From the Painting by Edgar Bundy.)

The representation of child life in modern sculpture has been attempted by several of our well-known sculptors, but by none with the complete success of Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., in the bust entitled "The Age of Innocence" on page 742. It is the embodiment of child beauty and character in marble. The sweetness and charm of the whole work is unsurpassed in English sculpture, but it is in the face of the child that Mr. Drury has put the full force of his skill. This winsome little maiden fascinates us with her delightful *naïveté*, soulfulness, and freshness of beauty. It is a triumph of characterisation and of the sculptor's art. It ranks with Mr. Draper's painting as a representation of a typical, not an individual, child. It summarises child nature in all its phases and moods, in all its happiness, blithesomeness, and innocence. Wordsworth again supplies us with an apt poetic accompaniment to the artist's effort:

> "Even so this happy creature of herself
> Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
> Is blithe society, who fills the air
> With gladness and involuntary songs."

of the numerous canvases of which the pathetic death of the Princess Elizabeth has formed the subject. Only thirteen years of age when her father, Charles I., was executed, the unhappy Princess and her little brother Henry were afterwards imprisoned in Carisbrooke Castle. She had been ill ever since the death of her father, and on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, she was found dead, with her head resting on the Bible, the last gift of her father on the night before his execution. Deeply underlined, and probably one of the last she read, was the passage in Matthew xi. 28: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In St. Thomas's Church at Newport, Isle of Wight, is a beautiful monument to her memory, which was erected by Queen Victoria.



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–XX.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, heiress of an old Huguenot family, is being educated in the famous Abbaye-aux-Bois. Her school friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, is married to the Duc de Maillebois, and at the wedding Yvonne meets the young Chevalier René de Beaumanoir. They are mutually attracted to each other, and their friendship ripens into love. They meet again at the Palace of Versailles when King Louis receives the Doge of Genoa. Her guardian, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, abruptly removes her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to his own house. She lives in an atmosphere of worldliness and frivolity, but receives much sympathy from little crippled Louise. Mdl'e. de la Féronniere is a great heiress, and no effort is spared to make her become a Roman Catholic, and to induce her to marry her cousin, Adolphe de Vaudreuil. She is driven to extremity by the Abbé de Chaylus. Then follows the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the persecution of the Huguenots. Yvonne disappears. Meantime René de Beaumanoir has sailed from Toulon in command of *La Topaze* to redeem captives from Barbary. M. de la Forêt, the Huguenot pastor, goes with him to offer himself in exchange for one of his own people.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN the morrow dawned, the sea mist had drifted away in thick grey banks, chased by the freshening breeze. Mirrored in the glimmering reflection of the sea beneath, *La Topaze* sped on her way, with infinite depths of vaulted blue above. Clouds of little birds followed in her wake, homing from chill northern climes to their winter haven of sunshine.

As the day wore on, men's hearts thrilled with eager expectation, for the rumour had spread that they were nearing their journey's end. The Moorish captives on the lower deck crowded to the bulwarks, and strained their eyes to catch the first streak on that far horizon, the haven of their hopes. The afternoon was far spent when at length they sighted a dim coast, with white towns lifting from the violet haze. The golden sands were outlined with a thread of foam, where the translucent sea lapped silently in the sheltered bay, where strange craft, with sails of many hues, rode at anchor.

As they drew nearer to the harbour a shadowy city rose on the hill above, with square towers and turrets frowning on the serried rows of white Corsair dwellings which climbed the slope. On every side were ilexes and feathery palms and orange groves, and olives whitening to silver; and all bore the aspect of peace in this enchanted land. On the right was the Mole, which Spanish slaves had once built out of the ruins of the Spanish fort. Two gates fronted the south and north, the Bab-Ayun and the Bab-el-Wed. Avoiding the promontory of Cashina, the gallant ship, with furled sails, drew up before the low strand, backed by stretches of luxuriant verdure, south of the city of Algiers.

Then suddenly a gun from the battlements above roared forth a challenge. Impatient signals quickly followed, which Gaspar de Seignelay interpreted to mean that the French flag must dip to the Crescent.

XUM

"Never!" cried the young commander defiantly. "Rather shall their guns sink us, and *La Topaze* go to the bottom with every soul on board, than do homage to the infidel. Why, think of it, Gaspar. The last time I came here with fire and sword, an avenger and a conqueror. Have these paynims so soon forgotten?"

"There are times when it is well to be blessed with a short memory," replied his friend, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Another gun-shot awoke the echoes, and the situation was becoming critical, when orders were given to run up a great flag of truce, in sign of a peaceful mission. Then a messenger was sent ashore to request an audience from the Dey of Algiers for the ambassadors of the most high and potent Sovereign, Louis, by the grace of God, King of France.

But in those southern lands of sunshine and leisure, time is of no account, and procrastination becomes a fine art. There was no renewal of hostilities, and for the moment the envoys were in no immediate danger, but there came no answer to their appeal. Negotiations languished, and there was wearisome delay, with endless diplomacy on both sides. The French officers suspected bad faith, and resolved to keep their prisoners closely guarded on board until such time as all the ninety-seven Christian captives should have been delivered over to them in safety.

Meantime, there was much outward show of courtesy and ceremonial exchange of presents. The Dey of Algiers sent an ox, some sheep, fowls, wax candles, and excellent hot loaves, to which the commander of *La Topaze* responded with gifts of gold and silver watches, scarlet cloth, and rich brocades. So time passed, until at length the day was fixed for the eventful meeting, which was to be held in full Divan, with all Eastern pomp and circumstance.

As Réné and Gaspar were rowed to the shore in a pinnace, with all the picked men they could spare from the ship, they were not blind to the dangers before them That morning a suspicious-looking craft had taken up a position near them in the harbour, a long galley of the Algerine sort, by the cross-set of its lateen sails, making it look like some great bird with spread wings on the water. This might have been accidental, and no remonstrance was possible; but it could not do otherwise than strengthen their lurking fear of treachery

When they landed at the steps, and passed through a steep, narrow street, with bell-tower and battlement looming darkly overhead, followed meantime, in grim silence, by a hostile crowd, they knew well that peril and death lurked at every corner; but these young men were hardened to such risk, and met it with a gay, bold spirit of adventure.

"Beaumanoir, did you take my counsel, and wear that coat of mail beneath your doublet?" asked his companion, in a low voice.

"No; on my soul, it seemed to savour too much of caution, and, moreover, it was so cumbersome," replied Réné, with a light, merry laugh. "But I thank my stars that you are thus provided, for in that gorgeous habit, as a Herald of France, you would be the first mark for some prick of a Damascus blade."

The words were lightly spoken, but Gaspar's reply took a more serious tone. "Believe me, we all carry our lives in our hands this day. But we are not to blame for wilful rashness; our mariners are all good men and true. They are well primed, and the hilt of a cutlass is not far to seek."

"You mean that if it comes to the worst we will sell our lives dear, though we be but a handful in their midst. Our good Jules on board has his orders if we return not; and he will raise such a clamour that all the nations of the civilised world will combine to burn out these pirates from their eyrie nest," was the significant rejoinder.

At that moment they turned a sharp corner, and came face to face with those they spoke of. It was the Pasha himself, robed in white and mounted on a splendid barb richly caparisoned with precious stones and silk embroidery, who had ridden forth at the head of a brilliant procession, to meet the envoys of his most Christian Majesty. No one would have imagined that this superb ruler had been only a rough Janissary himself, chosen by his fellows for the high post, which he held only at their will and pleasure.

With stately ceremony, and much show of respect and goodwill, accompanied by a deafening noise of drums and fifes, they were conducted to the Cassanabah, the Pasha's grim palace, and found that the hall of audience was a vast quadrangle hemmed in by massive grey walls. It was partly shaded by coloured awnings, but beyond the canopy a relentless sun beat down on the white, dusty space, and glittered on a fountain in the centre, playing

from a lion's head. On three sides were ranged, in rows of stone seats, an imposing company of turbaned men, with swarthy faces and long beards, in costumes of many hues and barbaric splendour, with an armed company around them.

In a richly decorated alcove was a kind of throne, where the Dey took his place, with fan bearers on either side, while high, round stools were placed opposite for the commander of *La Topaze* and his interpreter.

René's keen eye took in the situation at a glance. They were absolutely unprotected in the rear, where a motley crowd pressed forward and blocked the exit. Armed with sabres and long firelocks, they kept watch and ward at every opening. The little band of French sailors had been hustled on one side; but, true to the word of command, they were firmly planted together and well on the alert. He turned towards the dark, impenetrable faces of that serried tribunal, with the clear knowledge that neither justice nor mercy was to be found amongst those who held the keys of life and death.

To his frank, impulsive nature that dead calm was a menace, and the very air seemed heavy with evil thoughts and the brooding of black designs.

What dark crimes, what deeds of cruelty had those grim walls looked down upon? Even now there might be Christian slaves rotting in dungeons around, for be there peace or war, those Barbary pirates still swept the seas with impunity.

Thank Heaven! This audience would be the final ordeal. The conditions of exchange were already settled, the French captives were assembled in readiness for embarkation, and the terms of agreement were drawn up for signature. In these papers it had been clearly stated that Monsieur de la Forêt was not to be treated as a slave, but to be suffered to visit and comfort and relieve all poor prisoners and captives of any nation and any faith. To this ready assent had been given; for with slaves despair was a constant danger to their masters, and one who preached patience and submission must ever be welcome.

The parleying was almost at an end, and the Pasha's seal had been publicly affixed to a formal deed, drawn up in strange characters, on a roll of parchment. With honied words, he was sending fulsome greeting to his dearly-beloved brother, the King of France, when René felt, rather than heard, a stealthy movement behind. Gaspar, who was quite absorbed in his arduous duties as interpreter of Eastern flowers of speech, was leaning forward to listen, all unconscious of the lurking foe.

A bare, brown arm upraised, a flash of glittering steel, and, quick as thought, René sprang forward to the rescue. He would have been too late but for that coat of mail arresting for an instant the sharp point of the dagger, which he seized with a grip of iron. He had just time to catch a glimpse of a swarthy face, distorted with rage, when the would-be assassin, finding himself disarmed, glided snake-like through the yielding crowd.

The whole episode had passed like a flash, in ominous silence; for Gaspar, warned by a significant gesture, had quickly grasped the situation. No cry of horror from the grave spectators denounced the attempted crime; the result was awaited with the ineffable calm of fatalism. As the young commander met, unflinching, the quiet challenge of the Pasha's gaze, for one breathless moment there was a steady duel of the eyes before the wily old ruler of Corsairs knew himself to be vanquished. He was not to have appeared in that impromptu drama, for he chanced at that moment to be under a treaty of peace with France.

But what if some fanatic should poignard the leader of the embassy, and his followers should be massacred in a popular tumult? Who would then dare to blame him? Moreover, France was far distant across the stormy seas, and if *La Topaze* never returned, who would know the secret of her fate? The ocean has its wrecks, and dead men tell no tales.

Yet, after all, if the plot had failed, and the Franks should escape this time, at least his secret was safe, for the young officer could prove nothing. So, with unruffled dignity, the Dey of Algiers rose to his feet, and at a sign the trumpets sounded, the Divan was at an end, and the company dismissed.

As the two friends made their way from the palace unmolested, they exchanged a few eager words. The first impulse of Gaspar de Seignelay had been to pursue the miscreant, and seize him red-handed; but at the sight of the weapon in René's hand he knew that he was forestalled. A little reflection convinced them that for the present the outrage must remain unavenged. They felt that their first duty was to the captives they had come so far to redeem, and they both agreed that to throw away their own lives before this was accomplished would be futile madness.

"My lord the Dey will miss his precious dagger, which I shall keep as a memento and a warning," exclaimed Réné, as he held it up to his companion's admiring gaze.

The long, slender blade was of tempered steel inlaid with silver, of a perfect balance, and its needle point was like adamant. The six-sided hilt was of massive silver, deeply chiselled, and the round steel guard was engraven in arabesques, with Moorish characters.

As Gaspar touched the delicate point, a curious smile passed over his face, and he remarked quietly:

"My coat of mail would have served me little, if the hand which held this had not trembled, or if it had dared a second thrust. You are right, Beaumanoir. This marvel of Eastern workmanship was owned by no man of lower degree than the Dey himself. It will be at once a witness of his treachery and a trophy of our happy escape."

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU have seen the dagger with your own eyes, Monsieur de la Forêt, and you have heard our adventure. What say you now? Will that treacherous Dey keep faith with you? Can you trust yourself in his power?" cried the young commander of *La Topaze*, in eager, vehement tones.

"It would profit him but little to betray me, an old man of small account; and if he be all you say, surely there is the more need of me," was the quiet answer.

The two men were standing on the poop of the ship, and at that moment were joined by Gaspar de Seignelay.

"I trust my friend has persuaded you, Monsieur?" he exclaimed. "Though I doubt if he can paint the fiend black enough; for, indeed, these dogs of infidels are base and cruel beyond conception to all who come within their power. Your man, Jean Hue, has his freedom secured, for he is on the list of those whom we ransom with gold pieces, so that your sacrifice is not needed for him. Be advised, leave this wicked coast with us, and seek your mission elsewhere."

A faint smile lighted the old man's face, as, with head erect, he made reply.

"You are very good to me, my friends; but it is to this work that I am called. You, in your brave youth; you who are wont to face death with a smile and a gay word, should be the last to have me shrink like a coward from the path of duty.

"I speak not in ignorance, for I have spent long days on shore, and have seen misery and oppression, of which the half has not been told you, in these dark places of the earth. Believe me, never was there deeper need of a friend to help and comfort, than amid those wretched slaves, snatched from distant lands, embittered, degraded, without hope in this world or the next."

"Then you are not blind to the deadly peril? You have counted the cost?" asked Réné sadly.

"I have put my hand to the plough, and should count it base indeed to look back."

"I fear me that your crown of martyrdom is near at hand, Monsieur de la Forêt," remarked de Seignelay, pointing towards the shore, from whence a felucca laden with the first band of ransomed captives was pushing out through the low surf to the grey swell beyond.

All turned their eyes to where, above that crescent bay, rose the pirate town in tier above tier, amid narrow, overshadowed lanes, basking in the winter sun. With an amphitheatre of purple hills behind, the rocky promontory was crowned by the grim fortress of the Barbarossas. It was a fair scene and one never to be forgotten, though haunted by dark memories of crime and bloodshed.

The watchers were startled by a sudden tumult of angry voices which seemed to rise from the lower deck.

The commander started in consternation:

"Come, Gaspar, we must have no fighting now, at this last moment before the prisoners are given over. It would ruin everything!" And with that he rushed down the steep, narrow steps, followed by his companions.

All was tumult and confusion, but in the centre he could make out two men grappling together like wild cats, while around some were taking part in the fray, whilst others sought to tear them apart. There was a momentary lull in the uproar at the entrance of the officers, and old Jules, the quartermaster, came forward with upraised hands.

"Ah, *mon capitaine*, it is well you have come. These cursed unbelievers, who should have been on their knees, thanking Heaven for their coming freedom, must needs spend the last minutes in drinking and gambling.



"Réné sprang forward to the rescue."—*p.* 747.

Akbar yonder lost all he possessed, and then remembered a ring, which he drew from his pouch for a last stake——"

He was interrupted by a fresh outburst of fierce cries.

"I swear by all the saints that 'tis my ring. I tell thee mine, thou black fiend!" shrieked one of the combatants, making frantic efforts to wrench something from his adversary.

With a start of dismay, Réné recognised François Dangeau, the hapless messenger who had come on board in the harbour of Toulon, and who had lost his memory through the accident of a fall.

"Look you, 'tis as I said!" cried Jules. "We all know how that poor fellow lost his wits; but ever since he set eyes on the ring he has gone stark mad, and vows the thing belongs to him. But Akbar is furious, and gives him the lie, and so they come to blows. The Turk declares it is a talisman, which has been in his family for generations. Anyway, had he found a knife in his waist-cloth, there would have been food for the fishes this day!"

"Bring me this ring," said Réné in a tone of command. "There may be some Moorish inscription graven upon it which will settle the ownership."

He looked up and saw the Huguenot pastor by his side, and a new idea occurred to him.

"Monsieur," he added eagerly, "it was your care which brought François safely through his illness, which you alone understood how to treat. What think you? Is it not possible that after this flash of excitement his memory may return, and he may be able to tell me the forgotten message?"

"It is indeed possible, for such things have been known to happen before," was the grave reply. "I will take François aside, and have speech with him when he is calm enough to listen to me. But this memory is a strange thing, and we must not expect too much."

Meantime, Jules had with much difficulty obtained possession of the ring, and he held it out carelessly in his great brown fingers.

"A poor thing, on my word, and not worth fighting about!" was his somewhat contemptuous comment.

Réné took it from him, and those who watched him would have sworn that it was, in truth, a talisman of evil and full of witchcraft. As he raised it to the light he gave a stifled cry, his colour changed, there was a long-drawn, quivering breath, and the stalwart figure wavered, as from a crushing blow. Overcome with a deep, passionate emotion, the man forgot all but the one central fact of his amazing discovery, and his soul rose to his lips.

"This is the message, Monsieur de la Forêt. Here is the token of which I spoke to you. See; look at this antique ring, with the figure of Egeria cut in a carnelian, which I myself saw dug up from a vineyard in Rome. I gave it to Mademoiselle de la Féronniere; she was to send it to me in the hour of her deepest need, and I vowed to cross sea and land and hasten to her rescue."

The words poured forth like a mountain torrent, but Réné had scarcely yet realised the full extent of his disaster.

"Since then a month must have come and gone!" murmured the pastor, in startled dismay.

"A month!" echoed Réné. "What may not have befallen her in that time? Good Heaven! what cruel fate is this? François, most miserable of messengers, answer me this once, if you never speak again. Tell me, where is Mademoiselle? What is her peril? One word, for the love of Heaven!"

But the poor fellow gazed at him with frightened, unresponding eyes, and no answer came from his trembling lips. That one fleeting gleam of memory, called up by the sight of the ring, had paled and faded away, leaving the past once more a blank.

Beaumanoir turned with a last appeal.

"Monsieur de la Forêt, return with us. Help me to find her," he pleaded.

For one moment there was a sign of wavering on the pale, sensitive face; then the reply came, firm and gentle as ever.

"I am proscribed in my own dear France. There is a price on my life, and I should only bring danger on my friends. Seek for higher aid than mine, Monsieur Réné, and my constant prayers go with you. As my last legacy, remember that saying of Tertullian, that 'love which cannot suffer is unworthy of the name of love.'"

During all this time Gaspar had stood aside, watching his friend with strange aloofness, and his first consternation had settled into a look of cold anger. As Réné became dimly conscious of this want of sympathy there awoke in him a feeling of shame that he should have bared his heart before all the ship's company.

"Ah, my friend, if you knew what this delay,

this mystery, means to me!" he said, in a low, appealing voice.

"It will be my duty to call upon you later for an explanation," was the chill reply. "At the present moment your place is on the upper deck, where the exchange of captives needs the full attention of the commander."

Stung by the reproof, young Beaumanoir nerved himself to put aside his private grief and devote all his energy to the task before him.

The scene which met his eyes was striking and dramatic. The shore was crowded with brown men, whose gelabs fluttered like white wings as they ran hither and thither. Women straight as willow wands, draped in white veils, and others wizened and bent with age, had come to welcome their ransomed friends, or to see the last of their departing slaves, as boat after boat pushed out on the blue-green water, tipped with foam. The straight cross-handled swords of the Dey's janissaries glittered in the sun, and their gay colours shone out resplendent; while behind rose the town, white like a chalk quarry, in the dazzling light.

From the shore the noise was deafening. On one side cries of joyous recognition; on the other a doleful wailing for some loved one, looked for with earnest longing, who came not. On board *La Topaze* men held each other in a close embrace, and wept together for very gladness, and would have kissed the feet of their very rescuers in the first wild ecstasy of assured freedom.

Thanks to the confusion, Akbar the thief, who understood enough to know that he was found out, had slunk away in one of the boats, unnoticed amongst his fellows, with a scowl on his smooth dark face and undying hatred in his heart.

Not until the sun had dipped, and flooded that Eastern world with the glory of his parting look, did the end come. Then orders were given in haste. The anchor was slipped, the sails unfurled, and with a fair breeze from the land *La Topaze* set forth on her homeward way. The western sky was still painted with long streamers of red and yellow on a background of imperial purple when the hour of reckoning came.

The young commander was standing on the poop, when he started to find his friend de Seignelay by his side, demanding attention with an imperious gesture.

"Now is my time," he began abruptly. "Tell me, I pray you, who is this Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, in whose affairs you take such desperate interest?" There was a covert sneer in his tone; but Réné, secure of himself, was slow to take offence.

"Have I sinned against friendship by withholding my confidence from you?" he asked lightly. "Yet you surely know that there is ever a secret chamber in the heart, closed by bolt and bar against the outer world?" he went on dreamily, with the sunset glow on his face. "Within that inner sanctuary no stranger may enter, save when, as on this day, it is rent asunder with an earthquake shock. In that shrine of my devotion reigns Mademoiselle Yvonne de la Féronniere."

"Come, rouse yourself, man!" cried his companion roughly. "Have done with these visions, and face what is before you. You must know that the matter concerns me closely, for your sister, Madame de Chamans, has entered into negotiations with my widowed mother, and seeks to arrange a marriage between you and my young sister Antoinette."

"Gaspar, what do you mean?" exclaimed Beaumanoir, now thoroughly aroused and driven to bay. "There must be some terrible mistake. My sister Hélène knows of my love for Mademoiselle Yvonne, and surely she cannot dream that I would marry anyone else?

"Ah, now I think of it, she did write me a gossiping letter from Paris, hinting at good fortune in store for me—some marriage with an heiress; but with my heart full of my lady, everything spoke to me of her!"

"Is this true, Réné?" cried the angry man, looking him keenly in the face. "Then how these women have befooled us both. It makes me think of that Moorish proverb which I heard yesterday, 'From the head of a woman and the heels of a horse may the Prophet deliver us!'" and he gave a bitter laugh.

There was a moment of strained silence as the two young men stood side by side in the ever-growing dusk, leaning over the parapet and looking down into the deep blue water below. Réné's thoughts had wandered far away, like homing birds, back to his love and her unknown peril. De Seignelay was the first to speak.

"De la Féronniere, did you say? But surely that is a Huguenot name? Yes; and that was why the old pastor seemed to know about her when you spoke to him?"

"You are right. Mademoiselle is an orphan, but her family is well known in Poitou, and

her ancestors have fought for the reformed faith."

"Listen to me this once, Beaumanoir!" pleaded his friend. "I cannot see you cast away your life without a warning. If this lady is a Huguenot, by marriage with her you will lose all claim to your father's estates, you will fall into disgrace with the King, and your career will be at an end. On the other hand, my little sister is the favourite niece of the Prime Minister, who has assured her a splendid dowry, and there will be no post too exalted for her husband."

"Stay, Gaspar!" interrupted his companion. "Say no more, or you may pass the limits of forgiveness. Such baseness does not ring true from your lips. Come; we will pace the deck together, and I will tell you the story of my love for Mademoiselle Yvonne. I will make you see her as she is ever before my eyes, and you shall judge for yourself."

It was a long and serious talk which followed, and when it came to an end the moonlight was cutting the water like a blade.

Before the young men parted that night Gaspar grasped his friend warmly by the hand.

"We have had a narrow escape, Réné; but, thanks to Heaven and your frankness, we shall not be bound to slay each other in a duel of honour. My first duty on landing in France once more will be to explain the whole affair to my mother. As for little Antoinette, in her convent school, let us hope that no breath of this scheme may have reached her. Poor child! She is so young and light-hearted. May she find someone to love her for herself, and not alone for that which she brings in her hand. So will she have no need to envy Mademoiselle de la Féronniere!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

NO homebound sailor was ever more full of hungry longing and eagerness to arrive in port than the young commander of *La Topaze*. But seafaring in those days was at the mercy of wind and wave, and knew no haste; while the first lesson of those whose bread is on the deep waters is to learn how changing and full of treacherous moods they can be.

Those rough autumnal seas had an ill repute; for although the Corsairs themselves were well acquainted with the coast, and knew where to find shelter in a storm, vessels from the ports of Europe were too often wrecked upon those inhospitable shores. Early in her voyage *La Topaze* had to weather a fierce gale, for she was driven by a Greek Levanter to the roads near the island of Majorca. There she cast anchor for the night, setting sail again at daybreak, when the storm had spent its fury and somewhat abated. The pilot had shifted his course in the hope of shelter by nearing the coast of Spain; but after beating up and down a night and a day without seeing any sail, he found that the vessel had drifted southward out of her course.

Not until the morning of the third day did the weather improve, but it still remained a slow and tedious voyage.

In the dim watches of the night, when the ship lay drifting under the stars, Réné's thoughts would seem to crowd around him like sheeted ghosts. An ever-haunting fear chilled his life-blood. How had Yvonne fared all those long weeks of delay, since she had sent her silent message? There must, indeed, have been desperate need ere she could thus claim his promise and summon him from his duty and the command of his ship. Hers was no light, frivolous nature which might love to put her power to the test. No; in his inmost heart he was well assured that it was nothing less than some deadly peril to liberty or life.

He knew that Monsieur de Vaudreuil would leave no stone unturned to bring about his son's marriage with Yvonne, if by so doing he could make certain of securing her fortune. But the very fact of her sending the ring was a token that she was loyal to her troth, and that her will was unconquered still.

The girl came of a knightly race, who knew not fear, and her lover would stake his life on her courage and fortitude. Yet he shuddered at the thought of the persecution, the suffering, the indignities, which the tenderly nurtured maiden might have to endure.

He remembered, with fresh dismay, that since the recent revocation of the Edict of Nantes a Huguenot was beyond the pale of the law and could not even lay claim to common justice. With an aching heart, he pictured his Yvonne already immured in some convent of strictest discipline, or cast into some secret dungeon, buried for ever beyond the reach of help.

It was maddening to be so far away, so helpless; but all his strong young manhood rebelled in vain, and the tedious voyage seemed

to drag on in never-ending weariness to his burning impatience.

During that time of dreary waiting Gaspar de Seignelay showed a generous respect for his friend's anxiety, and, with rare delicacy, he never alluded, by word or sign, to the confidence which had been wrung in a moment of despair from an overburdened heart. He was capable of admiring a devotion and sacrifice which his ambitious spirit could not understand, and neither man spoke on that theme again.

In the long, silent hours of that lonely ordeal René learnt much, and his spirit grew. Those stern words of other days echoed in his ears with a ring of conviction :

"Love which cannot suffer is unworthy of the name of love."

Dimly he realised, in that moment of insight, that true love is a forgetting of self, a sacrifice of the Seen to the Unseen, not for time alone, but for eternity.

As the young knight of old kept fast and vigil ere he donned his armour, so did the Chevalier de Beaumanoir make ready, in body and soul, on the eve of his great quest.

Yet there arose in some measure within him the feeling of a pilgrim travelling to an unknown shrine, for the Yvonne he went forth to seek was not the Yvonne whom he knew of old. That was a fair young girl, with sunny eyes and radiant smile, as he held her mirrored in his memory—one who took the pleasures of life with simple joy as they met her on the way. She had seemed in her rightful place, alike on the terrace walk of his own ancestral Beaumanoir and amid royal festivities in the stately gardens of Sceaux and Versailles.

But now the scene was changed. Another image rose up before him, and his inward eye saw a pale face marred with tears and worn by trouble and emotion. Yet to him it was dearer than ever, and he knew that his love was for life and death.

Notwithstanding the tempestuous breezes, it had been, on the whole, not otherwise than a prosperous voyage for the time of year, already late November. Morning broke once more, and as the sea mist drifted away in floating grey



"He held it out carelessly in his great brown fingers."—*p.* 750.



"With a sudden, sharp cry, poor François threw up his arms in the air."

clouds, the ransomed captives crowded on the forecastle and far away to the north a dim coast lifted before their hungry gaze and spoke to them of home and freedom.

Then a great cry of joy uprose to heaven, for at length their trials were at an end. No longer would they have to endure the sharp pang of hope deferred, and the sufferings of the past would be blotted out in the mighty happiness of the present.

For many days there had been anxious watch at Toulon for the coming of *La Topaze*, and when she sailed into that beautiful harbour of Provence an eager crowd was gathered together to welcome the ship whose precious freight was of more value than all the gold of the Indies. Like phantoms from another world they stepped ashore, those gaunt captives, so pale and grisly were they for the most part, with hair and beard unkempt, and their clothes in rags.

Strong men burst into tears, strangers clasped hands and wept; many a weary wanderer found a glad haven in the arms of wife, or child, or friend; but sad, indeed, was the fate of those who had none to meet them, none to rejoice at their home-coming.

The city welcomed with acclamation the rescued and the rescuers. From every church tower the bells rang out in triumphant peals, and a solemn procession was arranged, to return thanks in the great cathedral of St. Marie Majeure. Escorted by the priests in their robes, the choristers singing a triumphant "Te Deum," and the city magnates, the company of the ransomed marched through the streets of Toulon, each one bearing on his shoulder a chain as a token of his escape from slavery.

Réné de Beaumanoir had counted on setting forth at once for Paris; but his soul was fretted by endless delays, as the ship's company was expected to take part in all the rejoicings. Only when he had attended every

ceremonial, and taken part in every banquet, was he able to resign his command, for the present, into the hands of Monsieur de Vermandois, General of the Galleys of France, who, by good fortune, chanced to be then on duty at Toulon. At length he was free to take the road, and, in the hope that familiar scenes would recall the messenger's vagrant memory, he chose François Dangeau as his travelling companion.

By this time the man had fully recovered his physical health, and he proved an untiring rider and most valuable servant. In those days much depended on the groom's knowledge and care of the horses, on his perfect honesty and loyalty to his master, and his discreet conduct; for in the wayside inns of old France, where customers of high degree rubbed shoulders with rogues and bullies and gamesters, there was always danger from a drunken brawl or a midnight attack; and it was never quite certain that mine host himself might not be in league with the worst of cut-throats.

On this occasion, however, the travellers had but few adventures, and they sped so well that on the eighth day after they set out on their journey their horses' hoofs were clattering through the streets of Paris.

The murky darkness of a winter evening had closed in upon the city, and it was no easy task for the horsemen to find their way by glimmering rays through the casement of some belated apprentice, and the dim light of lanterns hung here and there, where the signboards creaked and groaned in the breeze But now that the end of his journey was almost within reach the young officer was not to be baffled by so small a matter, and ere long he was rapping with the handle of his riding-whip on the door of the Hôtel Maillebois.

Again he knocked, more loudly, and was growing impatient, when presently a small grating was pushed aside and a gruff voice demanded:

"Who goes there?"

"It is I, the Chevalier de Beaumanoir. Open at once!" was the imperious command.

There was the rattle of a chain, a creaking of bolts, and slowly the massive door swung open; but when the portly concierge held up his torch aloft, and it flashed upon the unkempt figures of the two men, splashed and stained with travel, he gave a start of dismay.

"Why, Jacques, my good fellow, have you grown so sleek in the Duke's service that you would disown us for our hungry looks?" cried René, with a laugh.

"Ah, Monsieur le Chevalier, there is no mistaking you. Ever a merry jest on your lips. And a glad day will this be for my mistress, who pines for news, and but for her brave spirit would mourn you as lost."

"Then lose no time, my man, in setting her mind at rest," was the impatient rejoinder, for the old porter stood motionless as an image and blocked the way.

Still he never moved, for his eyes were glued upon the serving man, who held the horses behind with a frightened, incredulous stare.

"By all the saints, surely it is never our François standing there, whom we never thought to see again? Nay; it must be his ghost come back to plague us!" he gasped, and drew himself, shivering, against the wall.

"Why, man," he added, with chattering teeth, "the Duke told us all that you must have fallen into the hands of cut-throats by the way, and he made sure you were dead, as you gave no sign!"

With a sudden, sharp cry, poor François threw up his arms in the air, and then rushing forward, he gripped old Jaques in a close embrace.

"The Duke!" he cried, as a flood of memory came over him with overwhelming force. "Ah yes, it was Monsieur de Maillebois who sent me off post-haste to find the Chevalier at Toulon before he sailed, and to give him the ring as a token that he was sent for in urgent need, and was to come home at once.

"Jacques, you remember?"

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.]

ON AN AFRICAN GLACIER.

By Mrs. A. B. Fisher.



CROSSING THE MUBUKU.

NEAR the base of that mighty mountain range that lies as a western boundary to our Uganda Protectorate, feeding the Albert Edward Nyanza on the south, and the Albert Nyanza on the north, have we, for over two years, from our home in Toro, been gazing up to the eternal snows that have for all ages on their impregnable mountain strongholds effectually defied their powerful opponent, the Equatorial sun.



(Photo: F. Hall, Finchley Road, N.W.)

MRS. FISHER.

The reports brought to us by those who had ventured to partly explore these heights only increased our desire to attempt that which we anticipated would involve some tough climbing. One can scarcely live out in these districts for any length of time without in a measure anticipating what awaits those who dare to trespass upon the loneliness and silence of these great mountains, for everywhere are hills and swamps, and very few of our roads are better than sheep tracks among long elephant grass from 8 to 12 feet high.

It was in January of last year that Mr. Fisher sent in a message to the Rev. A. L. Kitching, who is stationed some thirty miles from us, telling him to quickly pack up essentials, if he would be willing to accompany us on our snow trip. The following day found us three busily getting together all our warm garments, that had for long remained as mere shadows of English winters; laying in a stock of rough

blankets for our men from a little Indian store ; and having a drum beaten to rally our porters. We had secured the services of the guide who the previous year had accompanied Sir Harry Johnston's party. He cut a curious figure with a large wide-awake hat many sizes too big (evidently a perquisite from one of his previous mountaineering expeditions), from the depths of which there only seemed to appear two eagle eyes, and these surmounted a wiry, agile frame. Our route for three days lay in a south-westerly direction, bringing us to the foot of the snow crests, from which point climbing would begin. On the first day's march the elements were very fractious ; but we pushed on through a wet, driving cloud that resembled in feeling and effluvium a homelike London fog, and we arrived in camp through a sharp downpour of rain that made us grateful for a dry tent and beef cutlets. Opposite our tent door stretched the vast intersected range, while immediately in front several recent rents on one of the lower limbs pointed to the landslip that had occurred quite lately, burying some of the people who had built their huts under the shelter of its brow.

The third day brought us to the banks of the mighty river Mubuku, which in wild fury comes dashing down from the precipitous heights of snow that seem to act as sentinel to its offspring, as it empties itself into an arm of the Albert Edward Lake. It was not quite an easy matter crossing this swift river, with its bed of rock and stone boulders ; but by means of a hammock and about twenty bearers we managed to reach its opposite bank, with no further mishap than the immersion of a bed sack, which effected a thorough wash-out of blankets and pillows. We then followed up the course of this river for a distance of seven or eight miles, getting further and further into the mountain fastnesses, till we were completely shut in by impenetrable forest heights. From thence we experienced our first bit of real climbing, which took us through a tiny Bakonjo village, consisting of three huts of plaited wattle and thatch. Here we were first introduced to our future travelling companions, for we were obliged to exchange our Batoro porters for the strong and hardy mountain folk, who, by their customs of living, are inured to the cold and other difficulties. One's first impression was of the physical superiority and energy that characterise this tribe. The fatigues of an ordinary climber are quite unknown to them, as with a firm, springing gait they master the steepest paths. With the minutest loin cloth they manage to resist the biting cold and rains, fasting or feeding as their



PORTERS AND BAGGAGE CROSSING A RIVER.

chance occurs of trapping the "conies" upon which they principally live. Having no means of making a little grass hut for themselves, as is the native traveller's habit when night falls, they seek the shelter of a rock or tree, kindle a fire which they carry tied up in leaves or bark during the day, and then squat round in a circle, supporting themselves by interlacing their arms, and thus fall asleep.

On striking camp we had to set to work packing the barest necessities in the smallest loads to take with us on our future marches. Our more commodious tent had to be left behind, as we were warned that camping space would only be found for the two tiny ones—one for ourselves, and the other for our serving boys. This allowed me to be the only one privileged with a bed, the gentlemen managing as best they could with a ground sheet and blankets. I reduced our food appliances to three plates, three forks, spoons, and knives; but on reaching the next day's resting-place, we discovered that our boys had judged some of these superfluous luxuries, and reduced us to the plates, two forks, and one penknife. Heavy rains overtook us here, and made the path very greasy next morning for the first hour's steep descent. I had a broad strip of brown calico slung round my body, and two sure-footed Bakonjo hung on behind; so by sliding, stumbling, and hanging thus, we reached the picturesque forest that lay before us. Here we found the most beautiful varieties of moss, orchids, and ferns, from the ordinary male-fern to the tall Australian tree-fern.

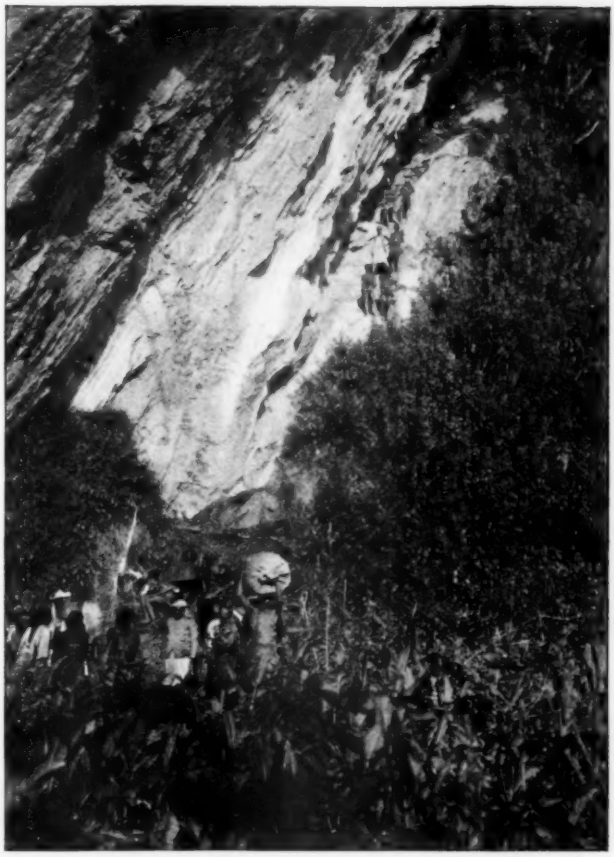
Emerging from the shade of the forest, the sun broke out in relentless force, as we plodded up a long bracken-covered precipice which rose like an eye-tooth between two river-beds. There was not a scrap of shade, for the only trees were a few bamboos that, having strayed from their home to an altitude of 8,000 feet, looked very sorry for themselves, and had become almost withered up as the result. Very wearied, we reached the cool projecting rock that was to form our shelter for the night. It needed a great deal of ingenuity on the part of the gentlemen to erect the tent in this small, low space. The ropes had to be secured to big stones, as pegs could not be driven in, and, as the poles could barely stand upright, our "home" offered a distinctly flabby appearance. Although the sound of rushing water was clearly heard, it was more than an hour away, so we decided to put up with one pailful for drinking, cooking, and washing purposes. Never have I been so begrudgingly offered a teacup of water for a bath!

As the next morning we reached the bamboo forests, we could reckon that we had accomplished 8,000 of the 13,500 feet to the snow-line. It was something like trying to push one's way through a box of matches; these tall, straight, bare stems, with their heads of grass, hold exclusive and absolute possession of the mountain sides, with the exception of a few timid ferns and mosses that, half apologetically, creep round their roots or venture up their stems. The men went on before, slashing down with their knives to form for us a path; but the knack those fallen trees had of tripping one up made it evident that they were determined to dispute the right of way up to the last. From this forest of "sticks" our path now lay for over one hour through a morass, the bed of yellow moss hiding from view the thick black mud that lay beneath nearly one foot deep—this was being constantly nourished by the encircling mountain torrents. As the water was almost entirely glacial, the sensation when plunging through right away before the sun had risen was freezing, and one's boots became like ice packs. This was certainly responsible for the condition of their leather when we struggled to get *into* them next day, and for the fact that before many hours had elapsed we were gradually getting *out* of them, for they burst in every direction.

A waterfall with almost a sheer drop of about 500 feet roared and tumbled to our right as we stood contemplating the terrible stiff bare rock-mountain that had to be scaled. The porters were all ordered to go on well before, as it could only be done in single file, and one slip might end in disastrous results to those following. We had to crawl up on hands and feet, while a man acted as prop behind. In one spot a rough native ladder constructed of bamboos, the rungs tied on with tree bark, helped us up a stretch of 20 to 30 feet. It was certainly a hard bit, and fearsome. A sodden patch of soil about 15 feet square was introduced to us as camp. We tried to look cheerful as torrents of rain swept down upon us, and with the evening came also penetrating cold. All night long the rain pattered down upon the tent, till it began to slowly ooze through the canvas. Seven blankets and an eider-down quilt were quite inadequate to impart warmth, and this was still the case even, when in the morning, owing to the angle of the tent, I discovered that my mattress had gradually

found its way from under, and had worked up over me with the constant drag of the blankets. The whole of the following day we were kept prisoners inside our blankets, as the rain persistently fell.

Out of regard for our porters, we had reckoned books as *dispensable* property, so we could not rake up one between us (excepting a pocket Testament) to while away the weary hours. Mr. Fisher made a noble effort to unearth some Irishisms, but I doubt whether anyone, even from Ireland, could hold out for long under such circumstances. At 4 p.m. the rain really ceased, and a walk was suggested; but on reconnoitring, it was found that five yards north or south would land us in mud pits, and three steps in the other directions would find us some 100 feet below on jagged river beds; so we had to turn back, and called for food. The storms again serenaded us as the candles were lit; but at dawn only the tears from the trees reminded us of yesterday's grief, so we once more set off.



"THE BARE ROCK-MOUNTAIN THAT HAD TO BE SCALED."

Vegetation from this point assumed its wintry appearance—the only trees were tall, scraggy heathers completely draped in whitish lichen, which gave the whole surroundings an unreal and almost prehistoric effect. These trees apparently spring from moss and old tree-trunks that have fallen across rocks; it was certainly a case of slowly dragging one's way over tree tops; to slip (which was a frequent occurrence, in spite of being held up by two men) was to find oneself sinking to the arm-pits or knees; never do I remember striking *terra firma*. After about two to three hours of this, we came out into a river basin surrounded by mountains which, almost without exception, emptied out into it sheets of water. This made walking very tiring and laborious; only one steep waterfall was seen pouring down from a projecting rock under which we rested to gain strength for the formidable climb that awaited us. If it had not been the *staircase* to camp, I wonder if I should ever have reached the top! It was truly terrible. Tired out with heavy marching and climbing, our boots weighed down with mud from the river basin, each step was a real difficulty; but hearing from above the "halloes!" of our porters who had reached their destination, and the praises from the gentlemen from beneath (I did not stop to consider whether these savoured of sarcasm or sincerity), the feat was accomplished, and with joy we hailed the rock shelter that was the only halting-place between us and the snows! A magnificent panorama of glaciers stretched before us; snow lay resting in the crannies of all the surrounding peaks, while the ice-bound crests glistened in the light of the setting sun. The

temperature, which three days previously had registered 105°, here fell to 35°.

As we started off in the morning, passing frozen puddles, icicles, and stray snow patches, the invigorating, tingling sensation of the old-fashioned English Christmas with snowball battles seemed resurrected from the far past. Passing round the side of a bare mountain, we reached a mossy gorge, which was frozen and crisp, until only rocks divided us from the glacier for which we were making. Finding ourselves hemmed in by a narrow defile of two converging rocks, roofed in by a carefully balanced boulder, we had recourse to ropes, one of which we found had been left by Sir Harry Johnston. This was slung round our bodies and held by men above, whilst the other rope was secured to the boulder, and with this we managed to pull ourselves up. Twice was this operation effected, shortly after which we were standing on one of Africa's glaciers.

It seemed as if Nature could do nothing on a small scale in this country, for here the mountains of ice extended far, far back, where no one could attempt to reach, stretching out their arms to peaks beyond view; and *everywhere* one looked on vast regions of unexplored snow. We could not ascend to any greater height, as alpine appliances or substitutes were quite unprocurable. This particular glacier was in the form of a huge cave, the roof and sides of which were of dazzling iridescent whiteness of gigantic proportion, while from its mouth issued what afterwards becomes the rushing Mubuku River, which we must have crossed and recrossed no less than twelve times in our ascending. Here the ice was covered (more or less) with a black deposit, washed down from the higher regions, and formed a striking contrast to the scene above. As we stood at the mouth of this huge glacier we could not keep back the Doxology and a ringing cheer for Old England, and it was rather invigorating to one's nerves to receive the congratulations of being the first woman to reach Ruwenzori's snows.



GLACIER IN THE FORM OF A HUGE CAVE.

"FAITHFUL IN ALL HIS HOUSE."

(HEBREWS iii. 1–5.)

By the Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., Hampstead.

THE Reformation of the sixteenth century was not merely a change in doctrine or in church politics; it was a change in the idea of religion. The mediæval notion of religion was of the kind which made the priesthood religious and the laity secular. It went further: the monastic orders assumed a monopoly of the name, and the ordinary clergy were stigmatised as secular because they were in the world. A "religious" was—and is still in Catholic countries—a monk or a nun. That single fact is a revelation. Life in the world—the life of parents, of husbands and wives, of business men, artisans, statesmen, farmers, buyers, and sellers—was intrinsically profane. Incapable of being redeemed in itself, it could only be compensated by the "religious" acts of the Church, and by the implicit obedience of the laity to the requirements of the Church. Mediæval religion had drifted from the primitive truths of Christianity; it had become, under the same name, another thing.

Luther, with his firm grasp of the Gospel, his intimate knowledge of St. Paul, and a colossal common sense, struck a deadly blow at this conception of religion. The outcome of his teaching was that religion must be expressed in the common duties and engagements of life, that there was no essential distinction, for the Christian, between clerical and lay, between religious and secular. It was the purpose of Christianity to make all men kings and priests unto God, and to make all the necessary and lawful occupations of life religious.

It is true rude hands tore away the veil from the monastic life, and showed that the imagined sanctity of the cloister was worse than the profanity of the market and the street. But Luther's argument did not rest on the abuses of the monastic system; it rested on the original principle of the Christian faith. Christ knew nothing of clerical and lay, of sacred and profane. He came to make all clerical—for what is "clerus" but the lot and inheritance of God, a holy priesthood and kingship of lowly and reverent souls? He came to make all sacred, a kingdom of God upon earth.

That thought of the Reformation made the modern world. The sailor began to cross the ocean, the trader to sell in the market, the labourer to work at the plough, the housewife to watch the home, the statesman to guide the State, the soldier to lead the army, with a solemn sense of responsibility. They were all in precisely the same sense ordained, consecrated, called to holiness, as the preacher of the Gospel, or the priest who served the altar. It would be idle to say that the great thought of the Reformation has advanced unchallenged. The counter-reformation has run side by side with it all along. Clericalism has never been eradicated; sacerdotalism has always been watching its opportunity. Among ourselves the plain truth of the Gospel is more threatened than in any other European country. Let us try, therefore, to grasp more firmly the great Lutheran, which is also the apostolic, doctrine. And we cannot do better than adopt that term which Ritschl, the most creative of modern Lutheran teachers, has given us as a touchstone of Christian living, "fidelity in one's vocation."

We may state in five propositions the leading lines of the idea which is at once the most practical issue of the New Testament doctrine and the most striking feature of the Reformation.

(1) Human life, as it is lived and must be lived in this world, requires an immense variety of functions and activities, making and producing, exchanging and conveying, thinking and teaching, governing, organising, healing, improving, amusing. Without this diversity of operations society would degenerate or cease to be. (2) Just so many as are the necessary operations of social life must the vocations of

God be considered to be. For in a Kingdom of God there can be no work, service, or endurance to which God does not appoint the appropriate agent. To fill each post someone is called. The boatswain of a ship is as much "called" as a prominent statesman; the driver of a cab is as much "called" as a minister of the Gospel; the mother of a family is as much "called" as a sister of mercy. (3) Christianity is realised not so much in the nature of the calling, which is indifferent, as in the fidelity which is shown in the calling. In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth. The wooden trencher on which the bread stands is just as important as the Dresden china on which the dessert is served. To be a Christian miner is every bit as valuable in the sight of God as to be a Christian coal-owner. (4) The Incarnation of the Son of God is an example of perfect fidelity in vocation. The significance of Jesus for us is that He touches human life, as such, and gives to every grade and every variety of it a sanctity of purpose. To imitate Him in His vocation is not possible, for there can only be one Saviour of the world; but we illustrate His saving work the best when we show in our vocation the fidelity which He showed in His. (5) Christianity is a religion of the Spirit. The Holy Spirit has great diversity of operations, only a few of which are mentioned in Romans xii. or 1 Corinthians xii. His work is co-extensive with life, and includes, therefore, not only the functions of the Church, but equally those of the family and the State. We must not, therefore, suppose that, if we are all filled with the Spirit, we shall all quit our callings and enter the ministry, or go out as missionaries. The result might conceivably be quite the opposite. The Spirit might bring many bad ministers to an honest trade or handicraft; but a change of calling is not contemplated. "Let each man abide in that calling wherein he was called" (1 Corinthians vii. 20).

I. Look at this social network which forms human life. None of us can live to himself; our dependence on one another is pathetic. I sit down to my table; everything I eat is there through the labour of others; the newspaper which puts me into contact with the world's life represents a hive of busy toilers; my books are all the work of men and women; the order and security of my life are due to the Government; the business of the day depends on others; all the recreation and refreshment which I require I must owe to someone else's help and labour. In this intricate machinery of life there is the worship of the Church, the teaching of the ministry, the direct service of the Gospel, the attempt to convert the indifferent, to teach the ignorant, to help the suffering. What could be more godless and unbelieving than to conceive the Kingdom of God as only these few specialised functions which are called religious work? If religion is only to be what is called religious, there can never be a Kingdom of God on earth at all. That specialised idea of religion banishes God, and is essentially irreligious. What a libel on the conception of a God Who is wisdom, love, and power, to suppose that the priest who carries on the routine of religious services is more religious than the workman whose toil keeps him and the priest alive! How absurd to think that the preacher, whose happy task it is to study and expound the things of God, is more religious in God's sight than the merchant who has to plunge into all the currents and whirlpools of commercial life! I am writing a sermon, my cook is preparing my meal, and my housemaid is keeping my house clean. What an idea of God to imagine that He regards me with more favour than them, or counts my work religious and the cooking at the stove or the sweeping of the room secular! No; in the complex life of society there may be functions incapable of being hallowed, and they ought to be eliminated. But whatever is necessary to the organism, whatever is allowed by God, must be treated as part of the purpose of God, and claimed as under the law of God.

Those who toil with the hand, who produce and make; those who toil with the brain, who invent, organise, inspire; the governing class; the purveying class, the class which amuses us; the shopman, the servant girl, the errand boy; they are all to be included in the religious life, not merely in the sense that they must all have a religious faith, worship in church, engage in some religious duties, but in the far wider sense that they must all do their special part in the world's life for God and unto God. No religious observances will be of the least avail unless the ordinary observances of the personal life, of home, of business, of the State, are religious. The greatest part of the religious life is to do ordinary things, not considered religious, in the spirit and power of religion.

II. From this conception of society as the organiser of the Kingdom of God, it follows that each person who is needed for the social well-being is "called" of God to his or her particular

post. It seems to be generally admitted that a man is, or must be, called to the ministry. But in just the same sense another is called to medicine. There is no intelligible way of claiming that the Archbishop is called and the Prime Minister is not. Human influences operate in each case; but the Divine influence is decisive in both.

Many miss their vocation; but there are not, perhaps, more lawyers and doctors who miss their vocation than there are clergymen who miss theirs. Some are called to serve, others to command. It may be that we light on a man in a humble post who was by nature, or by God, called to command. We frequently find men in command who were clearly designed only to obey. That is missing the vocation. But the truth holds that they who are called to serve, and serve well, are every whit as important as they who are called to command and command well.

In a great liner the captain on the bridge seems immeasurably more essential than the stoker in the hold. But it is not so; the stoker is equally essential. The welfare of the ship depends on the captain doing his part, and on the stoker doing his, efficiently. It is so in the whole ship of State, in the whole organism of society. Whatever has to be done demands the doer, and the doer is called to do it. It is a bold saying that "all service ranks the same with God." It is almost impossible for us men to realise that "honourable" is a merely conventional word. But it stands to sense that our differences as men must be perfectly insignificant to the Divine eye, as unimportant as the grades in an anthill are to us.

The scavenger in the street is as valuable to God as the mayor of the borough. That Indian civil servant, generously and humanely administering his district, caring for the people, entering sympathetically into their life, is on precisely the same footing as the missionary—the one teaches the doctrine, the other exhibits the practice of Christian civilisation. The soldier, brave and unselfish, who in cheery endurance of hardship faces death or wounds or disease, must rank with the City missionary, or with the heroic captain in the Salvation Army who faces missiles and insults, and wears out the body in the passionate effort to win souls. The vocation to what is called definitely religious work is more honourable, is a greater privilege, in the sense that it brings with it more satisfaction and comfort. And woe be to those who have set aside that sweet and divine calling! But when the calling is quite distinct to another of the manifold functions and duties of a life in the broad Kingdom of God, obedience to that calling is equally blessed, and the discharge of that function is for that man equal to an Apostle's discharge of his duties.

III. A real Christianity expresses itself in a complete fidelity to the particular vocation. The presence of Christ in the heart, and the spiritual exercise of the common function, mean diligence, a sense of honour, unselfishness, pride in efficiency, a dignified recognition of the part which this function plays in the great whole, and, above all, the sense of acting under the great Taskmaster's eye. This is what we must understand by fidelity.

Let me suppose you are in business. You employ hands, you serve customers, you invest money, you manage a company. There is no greater mistake than to think that you can do all these things as you please, if only you discharge your specific religious duties: That was the fatal error of mediæval religion. No; your religion must necessarily express itself in that which forms the great part of your life, fills six days out of the seven, and the thought of a large part of the seventh. Each of these things can be done with a conscience or without; everything can be ordered in the light of ideals or by mere expediency. There lies the issue. Christianity means that the "hands" you employ are to you not "hands," but souls, precious human beings, whose interests are to be considered in all that is done. I noticed the other day that the managers of the Krupp works in Germany avow that the interests of the workmen are put first. It is odd that in making the engine to destroy life that essentially Christian principle should have been conceived and put into practice! But it certainly is an essentially Christian principle. Nothing you make can justify the marring of men. No profits are other than losses, if men are lost. And the first point of fidelity in vocation must be the just and generous treatment of all who serve us.

Then selling, wholesale or retail, is wholly a matter of conscience. If the one object is to make a pile of money—if that is to be allowed to determine the course of the transaction—it is impossible to be a Christian. Truth, fairness, unselfishness must come in here, or they are useless elsewhere. The investment of money, the promotion of companies, all the operations of business—the exercise of your profession, the training and use of any faculty which you possess—all come under the same principle. Fidelity in all these things, fidelity

to God, and to men for His sake, is what constitutes the Christian life. The vocation is the call of God ; to Him accounts are rendered. And in proportion as your particular work in the complex whole is honestly and faithfully done, you have a right to rejoice in the work as a whole, and to feel the thrill of the Kingdom of God. McAndrew's hymn, however rudely expressed, strikes a true note. Surely every engineer who drives a ship across the ocean, or a train along the line, or who supplies the motive-power of a factory, has a right to rejoice in his post of duty and usefulness. The engines of the world's life and progress are hidden away. Few think of the men who work them. The absorbed passengers ride in ship or train as if the great vehicles moved themselves. But everywhere the safety and welfare of society depend on these obscure and forgotten workers. If they are faithful in their calling, well ; if not, disaster is imminent. It follows that our duty is to make sure of our calling, to find out as conscientiously as we can what part God means us to play, hidden or seen, hard or easy, in the vast machine ; and then to Christianise it, to do all, not with eye-service as unto men, but in view of the Cross.

In the archivolt of the central door of St. Mark's, at Venice, the fourteen arts and trades by which the Venetians lived are represented in lively sculpture. The keystone of the arch is Christ. Was it the thought of the sculptor to suggest that all these common functions are to be sanctified by Christ ? That is in harmony with the pre-Catholic thought of that beautiful church. It is the truth which the New Testament itself impresses upon us. Let Christ come among us, and the judge decides, the counsel pleads, the doctor prescribes, the nurse nurses, the manufacturer makes and the merchant sells, the baker bakes, the artisan uses his tools, the thinker thinks and teaches, the poet sings, the preacher preaches, and all live and act under the eye of Christ, seeking to serve Him best by doing the day's work most conscientiously.

IV. Christ was absolutely faithful in His high vocation. He came to redeem the world, and to offer the sacrifice of unflinching obedience. It is that fidelity in vocation, and not the vocation itself, which we are called to imitate.

Much harm has been done by implying that the imitation of Christ means to follow Him in the course which He pursued. No ; if all the world did exactly what Christ did, human society could not hold together ; there would be no crops sown or reaped, no books written or read, no cities built or states formed—in a word, there could be no Kingdom of God on earth, because the conditions of earthly life would have ceased. What we are expected to do is to follow Christ in the absolute fidelity of our service, in the particular part of the world's life which is apportioned to us. Ours is not to save the world—He alone availed for that !—but to live in the world the life of salvation which He has made possible.

To follow Christ does not mean for all of us, like St. Francis, to leave duty, family, society, and to become mendicants. That was his personal vocation ; and, so far as he fulfilled it, he restored the lost Christian spirit to the thirteenth century. But when he summoned scores and hundreds of men and women to do the same, he blundered. The Franciscans by the beginning of the sixteenth century had become mendicants of the most dangerous kind. They exhausted the wealth of the country ; the land could not bear them. Now and again a man is called to be a Francis and to receive the stigmata. Some of us are called to be Puritans, to spurn delights and live laborious days, to endure a voluntary austerity, to surrender things legitimate in order to gain better things, which cannot in other ways be gained. But the vast majority of men do not receive these exceptional calls. They are called to follow Christ in the strenuous fidelity of their common tasks. The captain of industry, the financier, the journalist, the soldier. the lady in society—they are all called to follow Christ. Each of these has a function assigned ; it must be discharged with the same reference to the Heavenly Father, with the same self-sacrifice, with the same bearing of the Cross which gave to Christ's life its perfection.

I wish we could issue a new tract and put it into the hands of all the *flaneurs* of the clubs, the drivers of cabs and omnibuses, the artisan, the housewife, the little child. I am convinced they largely misunderstand : they think that the Gospel means them to quit their calling, to believe in Christ means to leave all and follow Him. So it does, but in the Spirit ! The tract should be headed, "Let each man abide in that calling wherein he was called." The Cross and the Saviour demand that you make *your* calling faithful, acceptable to God, a true service. To do with your might what you have to do, to do it with a conscience, to do it of faith—that is Christianity.

XUM

V. Generally we narrow the functions of the Holy Ghost in order to deepen them; but we ought always to widen them again, retaining the depth. Bear in mind how the Spirit works in the Church, with the several gifts and graces which make up the religious life in the narrow sense; and then go out to observe that the Spirit works also in the world, and in the universe, and what we have learnt in the school of the Church is to be applied to the whole. John Owen argued from the text in Job xxvi. 13—

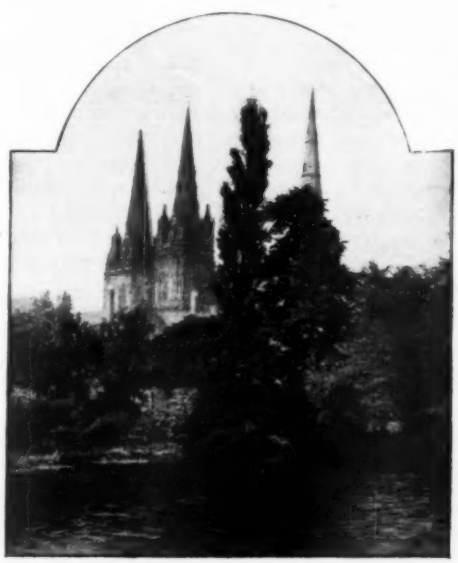
> "By His Spirit He hath garnished the heavens;
> His hand hath formed the crooked serpent"—

that it was the work of the Holy Spirit to make the exquisite order of the heavens and to sow the stars of the Milky Way. The Spirit brooded over the primitive chaos and made the world. The Spirit was in Bezaleel and Aholiab to make them good craftsmen. The Spirit came on Samson and other judges to deliver their people. The Spirit has worked in many who were by no means holy and obedient. Saul prophesied, and Balaam the heathen prophesied too. Jehu was driven by the Spirit to a great act of justice. Solomon received the wisdom of the Spirit, and yet fell grievously away. It seems, therefore, that some are faithful for an occasion, for a special service, though not faithful on the whole. Many are faithful on the whole, though their service is of the humblest and most obscure order.

The work of God proceeds; the organism of Humanity is developed. Those who are "faithful in all His house" seem comparatively few. But the faithfulness in the few, or fitfully dispersed among the many, is what accomplishes the lasting result. I suppose many will hear the "Well done" with unaffected surprise, because they were not aware of their own fidelity. What had struck them most was their failure! Some will find that they were faithful in all His house, not knowing that it was His.

These reflections surely simplify, as well as dignify, our human life. To find your work, and to do it; to accept manfully the place, great or small, and to resolve to make it great, by the zeal and earnestness with which you fill it; to recognise the intrinsic value of any and every function in a body of God's making; to bring a religious spirit to the most ordinary duty, to be willing, if He calls, to preach, and equally willing at His call to merely live; to be prepared to sit at the keys of the organ as a master, or to perform the obscure duties of blowing the bellows; to make a duty, a sacrifice, a service of everything which comes to your hand, at the bidding of God, in the light of the Cross—this is what is meant by Christianity.

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. But whatsoever is of faith is sanctified; it is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. It may be given to us all in our place and degree to be faithful.



A DINNER OF HERBS

A Complete Story by E. Burrowes.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith."

AS one man, the village shook their heads when pretty Violet Strange defied parental permission and married young Doctor Mallory, who, though a hard-working and undeniably clever man, was yet at the bottom of the great ladder of success, the climbing of which to him meant nothing but a ceaseless grind and indomitable perseverance, for he had little or no interest, and hardly enough on which to live. He thought twice—nay three times — before asking the squire's daughter to share his humble life; but as they were both young and full of hope, and filled with the belief that a dinner of herbs where love is is infinitely better than the most *recherché* dinner, they courageously set out on the journey of life together, with hardly more than two hundred a year and a tiny cottage in a distant provincial town.

Squire Strange was furious. He had other and distinctly higher views for his pretty daughter, who had gone through all the gaiety and glory of a London season and come out of it scatheless as far as her heart was concerned. Perhaps that had always been in Geoffrey Mallory's keeping, for they had known each other for some years, though their friendship had only ripened into something dearer and nearer in the last year. From her father young Mrs. Mallory had no expectations; she had made her bed, and so she must lie upon it, and at first she found it a delightful experience, for novelty was as the breath of life to Violet Mallory. To order the goings of a single maid of all work, to sally forth every morning to do her own marketing, were both new and delightful occupations, and at first the entire novelty of the thing pleased young Mrs. Mallory. It was only later on, when the hot summer came, and the pavements which she trod seemed daily to scorch her feet as she walked, that she began to look back with wistful longing on the past, in which she had driven her own pair of ponies and looked with pity on those unhappy mortals who were obliged to trudge along through the heat with weary, lagging steps, whether they liked it nor not. Of course, Geoffrey made up for all these drawbacks amply; yet he was out a good deal, immersed in his profession, in which he was slowly—very, very slowly, it seemed to her—getting on; and a day came when she caught herself wondering whether this game of love, which she had commenced with such joy, was worth the candle.

By an unkind twist of Fortune's wheel it was just at this very juncture, when the doubt and discontent were fresh within her, that Lady Valerie North glided up to the door of the doctor's pretty creeper-covered cottage in the very latest thing in automobiles, and ringing violently at the little door set open in the sunshine, asked for Mrs. Mallory.

"Dearest Violet!" she said, with outstretched hands gloved in the softest, most fragrantly scented suéde, "I could not pass by without looking you and your dear, handsome husband up. How well you are looking! So love in a cottage agrees with you?"

She followed Mrs. Mallory through the tiny hall into the scarcely larger room, which was dignified by the name of drawing-room, with a rustle of silken-lined skirts and a faint perfume of violets. Her tall figure, in its perfectly cut gown; her golden hair and radiant face, looking strangely out of place, so Mrs. Mallory thought, amid such small and humble

surroundings; and yet once Valerie North had been her bosom friend.

"How good it is to see you again!" she said, and then she sighed, and Valerie—clever Valerie—laughed an amused laugh.

"That sounds as if you hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, my dear?" she said gaily. "But I must not accuse you of that yet. How do you support life in this dead-alive place? What induces your husband—your clever husband—to spend the best years of his life in drudgery here, when he could surely get something much better, say, in London, where you would not be exiled from all your friends?"

Mrs. Mallory shook her pretty head.

"Geoffrey believes in this country practice," she said, "and he will make it grow, I am sure. Still, it is slow, and it seems a pity. But let us talk about something else. You will stay to lunch, won't you? Geoff is out, and I do want to hear all the news. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing much beyond promising to marry Roger Lestrange. Yes; I have actually taken the fatal leap, my dear Violet—and I will stay to lunch with pleasure. My man can take the car to the inn round the corner, and we'll gossip to your heart's content."

"My dearest Valerie, I am glad! Isn't he the millionaire? I thought so. And—do you love him?"

Valerie North laughed gaily. She was unpinning her veil with fingers that gleamed with jewels as they moved in the sunshine.

"You dear little person, you think the whole world is bounded by love? There are other things, though you have not found them out—yet. I was never built to exist on love in a cottage and a dinner of herbs, and all that sort of thing; so I am taking the gifts the gods have set before me, and am truly thankful. Don't look so shocked!"

"I can only give you cold beef and salad, and cake and strawberries," said Mrs. Mallory with gravity. "Perhaps you would rather not——"

"You dear simpleton, it will be a delicious relief from the *menu* which Roger's *chef* has been setting before me every evening during the past week. Mamma and I have been staying with him to superintend the doing up of the ancestral mansion for my special benefit. You must come and pay me a visit in the winter when I am settled there as monarch of all I survey. It won't be such a bad bargain, my dear, for, as men go, Roger is nice enough. Faint praise, you think? Ah, well, we can't all compete with your Geoffrey!"

Mrs. Mallory looked at the brilliant, laughing face, and sighed again. This was such a new atmosphere to her. She had lived on love in her cottage for so long, that anything else seemed desecration, and yet—the sunlight glimmered on the diamonds which ornamented the future bride's white fingers, and played with the marvellous colouring of her gown and Paris hat.

Violet Mallory had never found herself and her cottage so *bourgeoise*.

By the time Lady Valerie North had betaken herself off in her wonderful automobile—the envy of all beholders—and one of the numerous costly gifts which the millionaire had showered on his beautiful prize, Mrs. Mallory's discontent had grown to alarming proportions.

Love in a cottage and the dinner of herbs were all very well, but——. Visions of all the glories of the world, which might have been hers under other circumstances; dreams of idle pleasure and surfeit of adulation filled her mind and clouded the brightness of her pretty eyes.

What did it matter that the sun shone warm on her pretty home, on the garden in which she and Geoffrey strolled together after their frugal supper, when the work of the day was done. She was sick of it all, sick of the daily round and the common task; sick of the humble, happy sheltered life, bounded north, south, east, and west by love. Sick, sick, *sick!*

Could light-hearted volatile Valerie have foreseen the mischief she was to do by her brief visit to the Mallory's cottage, it is quite possible that she would have sped through the town without calling on her dearest Violet. But who shall foresee such things?

Until the evening Mrs. Mallory nursed the winter of her discontent, and when her husband came home he found her strangely silent.

Tired out with a long day's work in a distant village, where the patients were many and the fees only nominal, he looked with much satisfaction on the daintily-spread supper table, with its modest repast of cold meat, new bread, and country cheese, and fruit and coffee to follow.

"Hungry, Violet?" he said.

She shook her head.

"I—I don't want anything, Geoff; I'll have coffee afterwards."

"Goodness, child, what's the matter with you? Lost all your appetite?"

"Valerie North has been here to-day," said she irrelevantly, and Geoffrey looked up sharply, with comprehension in his eyes.

"Oh! she has, has she? And what had she to say for herself?"

"She is going to be married in the autumn to Roger Lestrange, the millionaire," said Mrs. Mallory listlessly. Her discontented eyes fell on the light curtains, which billowed in the breeze, and then wandered to the simple appointments of the tiny room which till to-day had seemed such a dear, happy little spot.

"Poor soul!" said Geoffrey, cutting at the beef before him with energy. "Poor soul! And does she expect to be happy?"

"I don't know. She seems very pleased. She will have everything in the world, and——"

"Well, everyone to his own taste. Give me this and our dinner of herbs rather than the life she will have to endure. Eh, Violet?"

"Of course. I wouldn't change this for anything in the world, Geoff; but don't you think we might someday get something better? Perhaps a practice in London or somewhere? You are far too clever to waste the best years of your life in a provincial town, and it does seem a pity that you should have to work so hard for so little."

Geoffrey looked across at his wife, with a smile in his eyes.

"So Valerie has been making you shrink from your dinner of herbs, darling?" he said. "Didn't we count all the cost long ago, and have we ever repented? As to your idea of a London practice, dear—well, for my part I am quite content here. There is work and experience to be got out of even these humble surroundings, and later on—well, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; and as long as we are happy and content, dear heart——"

"I know, Geoff. I am horribly silly, and—let us go into the garden. The roses are simply lovely."

But as the year wore on and autumn grew into winter, and the papers said their say about the most brilliant wedding of the year, when the lovely Lady Valerie North was transformed into the wife of the treble millionaire, who confidently expected to be raised to the peerage at no distant date, a little rift within the lute might have been perceived in the Mallory household. It began on that summer day when Valerie paid her unlucky visit to Violet and fanned the flame of discontent which had sprung up within her. And though Geoffrey saw it, and did his best to combat the evil which had been wrought, it grew as such weeds will, apace, until it threatened to burst into a terrible tree bearing all the bitter fruit of its kind. And so the months slipped away and November faded into snowy December, and one day, when the frost lay like glittering diamond-dust on the trees and hedgerows, Mrs. Mallory bade a chilly adieu to her husband, and with a surprising array of boxes, set forth on her journey to a distant county where Lady Valerie Lestrange was entertaining a large and smart house party, to which she had insistently invited her dearest Violet.

"It will make such a change to the poor little thing," she said to herself, as she penned the few lines of invitation, "stuck down in that hole, in her cottage, with hardly more than bread and cheese every day of her life. Not but what it is amusing to live on the proverbial herbs for a day or two, but I should not like it for a continuance. And yet——"

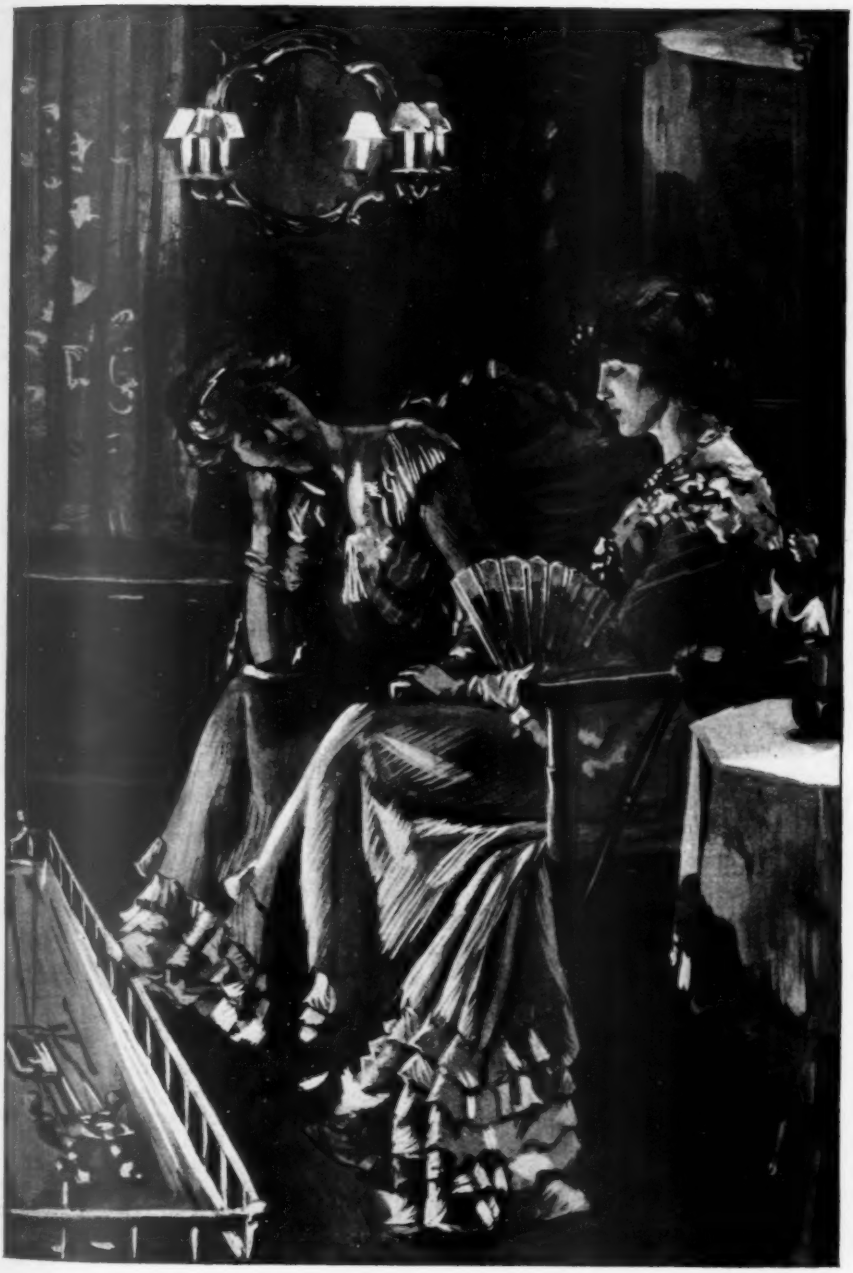
At that juncture the beautiful mistress of millions laid down her pen and looked out wistfully over the expanse of quiet park land lying hidden under its snowy covering of newly-fallen snow.

"Was *this* game on which she had set her heart from earliest youth worth the candle, after all?"

She shrank from answering, even to her own heart, this question. It was one which, in the few hours of solitude which she could call her own, became more increasingly aggressive. And it was only in the constant whirlpool of life, as the word is understood by the votaries of never-ending pleasure, that she could drown the faint pangs of regret and remorse which threatened to undermine her superficial happiness. The very thought of that dinner of herbs, that atmosphere of peace in which Violet Mallory had seemed wrapped when she last saw her, brought a sigh to her lips. Had she just missed happiness?

It was late in the afternoon that Violet Mallory arrived at her destination. To be met by a carriage and pair, to be whirled swiftly through the winter darkness, with her toes on a foot-warmer, and this delightful sensation of warmth and luxury, born of the soft, furry rug which the footman had wrapped round her with such deference, was delicious. If only Geoff could, or would have come, too.

XUM



"'Val—I did not know, dear. I thought you so happy.'"—*p.* 771.

But he had been in such a queer mood for several days now; ever since she had received this invitation, in fact. He did not want her to accept it at all, and when she asserted her rights as an independent married woman he had merely given in silently and looked the disapproval which he would not speak. It was very disagreeable of him, but of late he had been just like a bear with a sore head, and the dull monotony of Violet's life in the cottage had nearly driven her mad. It was selfish of him to grudge her a few days' amusement when she got so little at home, and Mrs. Mallory had departed in high dudgeon, hardly responding to his good-bye kiss, yet feeling just a little conscience-stricken when she thought of certain bills which would probably come in to him during her absence. One cannot go and stay at a smart house with smart people without sufficient clothes to maintain one's self-respect, and Mrs. Mallory had found it necessary to supplement her trousseau dresses with various additions, which had run into a ten-pound note with horrible rapidity. Still, Christmas was near at hand, and that might bring them a cheque from some kind relative—old Uncle Ben, for instance—and Mrs. Mallory, as the horses drew up at the brightly-illuminated house, with its background of snow-laden trees, outlined against the dark sky, thrust from her mind all these unpleasant thoughts and alighted, fully prepared to enjoy life while she had the chance, and prove to Geoffrey that a little change was a most excellent thing for her.

But as the days filled with gaiety slipped by, Geoffrey faded more and more from her thoughts. She barely answered his letters; she was always "just going out," or "skating by torchlight," or "there was no time for letters," etc., etc., etc. She found herself set up as one of the loveliest women in the county. People had heard, of course, of the lovely Miss Strange, who had made such a miserable marriage; and it was a matter of congratulation, so it was inferred by her flatterers, that she had emerged at last from her seclusion and taken her rightful place as that most fascinating of creatures—the young and beautiful married woman.

This and other insidious flatteries did their work only too well, and the weeks fled, and she made no attempt to return home, yet she had promised Geoffrey that she would be back for Christmas.

It only wanted two days to Christmas now. Snow had fallen heavily, and amid much laughter tobogganing had been the order of the day. Now that the short, cold afternoon had drawn in, the house party, hot and tired, returned to the hall, where tea was laid on tables near the hearth.

The hostess had excused herself from the game of the afternoon, urging letters as an excuse, and it was in her boudoir in the wing of the mansion specially dedicated to her use, that Mrs. Mallory sought her later on in the evening.

Never before had Lady Valerie allowed the mask to fall in the presence of her old friend, but she had an object in so doing to-night.

She turned round from the fire, into which she was gazing idly, and the light from the lamps overhead showed her face, white and worn, with something which might have been despair. Yet, was it possible that she, of all women on earth, had trouble, misery, hidden sorrow?

"Violet," she said. "Come and sit here for ten minutes with me. One has hardly a moment for a quiet chat with a perpetual crowd in the house."

"A very amusing crowd," laughed Violet, comfortably settling her toes on the fender. "But you don't look well, Val. Is anything wrong?"

"Is anything right?" said the other, with new bitterness in her voice. "But it is not of myself I want to talk to you, Violet dear. It is about you and—yours. You looked so happy when I saw you last summer in your cottage, and yet somehow it has dawned upon me that all is not as it should be with you—now. Am I right?"

"What can you mean, Val? I am happy enough. Of course, love in a cottage is not everything, and—and one is apt to get tired of it, still——"

"Tired of it! The very thought is like a breath of Heaven to me! No; let me speak, Vi dearest. You—I know your state of mind so well. You have to blame me for the rift which has crept into the lute of your happiness. I know it perfectly well. Oh, I have learnt so much during the last few months, and one of the many things I have been taught by the cruel hand of experience is that money, and power, and all the trappings of gilded slavery which you see about me here are not to be spoken of in the same breath as—what *you* married for—love. Don't despise it, Vi; it's worth more than all the world and the possessions which you envy. I have watched you,

and reproached myself a thousand times for having disturbed your peace. Still, perhaps, it is all for the best. You will appreciate it the more for having had this glimpse of—dead sea fruit. Don't think me crazy, dear; it's—it's deadly earnest. Oh, my dear, better indeed is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and—*hatred* therewith!"

There was a long silence.

Mrs. Mallory slipped her hand into the elder woman's, and so they sat while the clock ticked its way on the mantlepiece, and in the distance a tinkle of laughter floated up to them from the hall where the rest of the party were lounging and flirting away the time before dinner.

"*Val*—I did not know, dear. I thought you so happy."

"You are not the only person who thinks so Violet. And now, what about Geoff—your dear, good Geoff?"

Mrs. Mallory started up. There were tears in her eyes. It was as if a veil had been rudely torn from before them.

"I must go back to him," she cried. "Oh, I have been away too long. He must be wondering why I don't come back, and—wanting me so. Dear Geoff!"

"You shall go when you like and how you like. Only tell me the hour. And forgive me, dearest, for having been the innocent cause of your unhappiness, for you have looked unhappy. I have watched you. I knew exactly what was passing within you. You were blinded for the time, as I was. You thought that all this wealth and gaiety and show was the reality, and love the shadow, and instead of that it is just the other way. Oh, happy, happy Violet! For you have, at least, the real to fall back upon, and I—I have nothing. Only the memory of what might have been!"

"All in the dark! Good gracious, Val, you are like an owl. The lamps turned so low and the fire smouldering. Do you know it is nearly dinner time?"

Roger Lestrange paused suddenly, his eyes falling on Mrs. Mallory.

"And we have been gossiping all this time!" said Valerie lightly. "Hurry, Violet, or we shall both be late, and you will tell Symons about your packing, dear? She will do it for you."

That evening it was known that Mrs. Mallory, who had been the life and soul of the house party, was leaving suddenly for home. But they who heard the announcement with regret—real or feigned—did not know that this was to be her last appearance in their world as the smartest and most fascinating of grass widows.

* * * * * *

The train, express though it was—at least, it said so in the time table—seemed to Mrs. Mallory's feverish mind to crawl through the snowy country. She sat back in the corner of her third-class carriage and passed in mental review all that had happened from that day when Valerie, in all the arrogant beauty and pride of happiness, had disturbed her happy dreams of love in a cottage, and roused the demon of idle discontent within her. Yet it was Valerie herself who had brought her to her senses, and she thanked Heaven in her heart; she had already thanked Valerie—poor, unhappy Valerie—with tears in her eyes. Now it only remained for her to make it all up with—Geoffrey.

He had borne with her tempers, her discontent, her ill humours, and all the time he was working for her in loneliness, all these past three weeks. Oh, she must make things quite straight now; she must never turn out of the narrow way into that broad road which sooner or later leads to destruction. She would run in on him and surprise him. He would hardly expect her now. She had said she really could not tell when she would be coming back. So she mused and meditated until the journey came to an end. It had seemed an endless journey, but it came to an end at last, and Christmas Eve was waning into darkness when Mrs. Mallory hurried up the little garden path, leaving her boxes to follow her more leisurely, with an outside porter.

There was no gleam of light from the doctor's room. Perhaps he was still out on his long, weary rounds of unlucrative work; the house looked strangely dreary; not a sound but the singing of the maid in the kitchen. Mrs. Mallory rang the bell loudly; her hand trembled as she lifted the smart brass knocker.

The maid looked at her with amazement as she opened the door.

"Master's gone away!" she said. "He said as you wasn't coming home, ma'am, he'd be away for Christmas. He left yesterday."

Mrs. Mallory murmured something in reply to this astounding intelligence; she hardly knew what. But her head whirled round madly as she sank into the first chair she could find.

Geoffrey gone away! Without a word to her, or a message in case she returned! Where had he gone? And why? And——"

Anger supervened upon her dismay. She swallowed back her tears. If he chose to go off at a tangent like this—well, let him go! But the thought of a Christmas spent without Geoffrey was a terrible one.

If *this* was to be her punishment, she found it much in excess of her fault.

* * * * * *

Rat-tat-tat!

A pile of letters and parcels greeted Mrs. Mallory's eyes on Christmas morning. She turned them all over with eager fingers, and then a hot colour flew to her cheeks. There was a letter from him!

Black lines, telling of a miserable, sleepless night, ornamented her pretty eyes; the sound of the happy, chiming bells only added to her misery. And his letter:

"DEAREST VIOLET,—As you are having such a good time, and show no signs of coming home yet, I am going away for Christmas. It's dreary alone at the festive season, so I have accepted an invitation to spend three days with Gervis and his sister at Grangemore. Hope you're having fine weather and plenty of skating. Let me know when I may expect you home again, and believe me, your affectionate,

"GEOFF."

That was all!

She looked at the envelope. It bore her address at the Lestrange's, and had been sent on to her from there. And Geoff was spending the festive season with Gervis and his sister. She remembered *her* well—a tall, handsome girl, with blue eyes and dark hair, who had once been a great friend of Geoff's; while here *she* was—alone!

"It's dreary alone at the festive season." That was what Geoff thought, and yet——"

This was awful! Worse than she had ever anticipated. She was—to use an old expression—hoist with her own petard with a vengeance.

In after years Mrs. Mallory looked back on that memorable Christmas as the most unhappy period of her life. Never had three days dragged so horribly; if this was what three days of loneliness meant, what, then, must have been Geoffrey's *three weeks?* Her conscience, thoroughly awakened, pricked her cruelly, but wholesomely.

The evening of the third day after Christmas Day Mrs. Mallory looked—with all the eagerness of a modern Sister Anne—out of the window, which commanded a full view of the distant high road. It was dark, but she thought she could at least see the bright light of Geoffrey's bicycle lamp as he sped along the road homewards. Then—what a surprise awaited him. She had been too angry to answer his letter, but now——

A bell tinkled in the distance; a bright light came skimming down the road, stopped at the gate, came up the little gravelled path, and Mrs. Mallory let the curtain fall. He was coming in. She heard his voice at the door—the little squeak of the hall door as he shut it behind him, the tread of his feet in the narrow so-called hall, and then his hand on the door. It flew open, and, blinking like an owl, in the sudden blaze of warm light, he looked in.

"Violet!"

"Geoff!"

And then, somehow, they both forgot to be angry. There was a long interval of halting explanation and confession, and then broken fragments of apologies and promises, and then:

"I'll never leave my dinner of herbs again!" she said stoutly from the safe shelter of his arms. "Oh, Geoff, I was *such* a goose!"

"And I was as surly as a bear with a sore head," he confessed. "I never spent such a horrible Christmas, even though the Gervises were kindness itself. But it shall never happen again, eh, darling?"

And it didn't.

PECULIAR PULPITS.

By W. H. Knowles.



TWIN PULPITS, WALTON-LE-DALE CHURCH.

WHEN one enters a church or other place of worship one's attention is very speedily drawn to the pulpit, for it is in the pulpit that much of the interest of a place of worship is focussed. Pulpits, as a rule, are much alike in design, and when one comes across a variation in the appearance of a pulpit it is usually striking and interesting.

The old-time three-decker pulpit, which in days gone by used to be considered the right thing in a church, is fast disappearing from places of worship, and an example of one is now rarely come across. That seen in the photograph gives a good idea to those who have never seen the three-decker pulpit what these



SLAIDBURN CHURCH THREE-DECKER PULPIT.

ponderous-looking objects were like. The clerk, with his deep bass voice, occupied the lower portion, the curate would use the second or middle desk for reading the prayers; while the vicar would ascend to the topmost storey to deliver his sermon. There is a good story of a three-decker pulpit similar to this, in an old Lancashire church, which is worth recalling. On one occasion the clerk, who had never had a holiday for years, determined to have one, but could only persuade the vicar to allow it on condition that he found a substitute to take his part on the following Sunday. The sexton had great difficulty in finding anyone willing to do the "clerking," but at length he prevailed on the village blacksmith, an elderly worthy who was stone deaf. The difficulty was how to make him hear, when at the end of a collect he was expected to lead the congregation in a loud voice with his "Amens." Not to be outdone, the clerk provided the vicar with a bag of peas, and persuaded him to have them on his desk, and drop a pea on to the deputy's head in the desk below him every time he wanted him to say "Amen!" Sunday came round, and much curiosity was aroused by seeing the sexton's substitute in the desk, below the parson. However, all went well for a time, the minister adroitly dropping the peas one by one at the end of each collect, and the deputy-clerk responding promptly with his "Amen!" But suddenly two peas dropping, the new clerk considered it his duty to sing a double "Amen!" and when this was repeated a little later the interest of the congregation was naturally aroused. Becoming nervous at this, the vicar unwittingly let the mouth of the bag hang over his desk, and the peas began to drop in a shower on the poor old blacksmith's head. "Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!" he roared at the top of his voice, sending out a perfect volley; but this was too much for the minister, who, saying "Amen!" himself, abruptly closed the service.



THE PULPIT IN YARMOUTH CHURCH.

No such contrivance as this could be used in the type of pulpit shown in the first photograph. Here are two pulpits exactly and precisely alike—twin pulpits—and, moreover, they are, as it were, suspended like gigantic wine-glasses in mid-air, at opposite sides of the chancel, and can only be reached by a lofty and steep flight of steps. One is used for the prayers, the other for the preacher, and this unique arrangement is found in the 700 years' old church of



THE PULPIT ROCK, CUCKLETT DELL, EYAM.

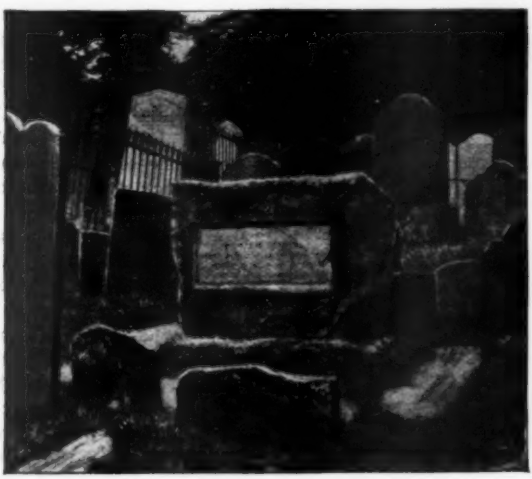
Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, where the battle of Preston was fought. As the church is about to be "restored," it is possible that these quaint pulpits will disappear and give place to the orthodox pattern.

Of quite a different type is the pulpit shown in the next picture. Of great size, beautifully carved, and bearing striking figures of the twelve apostles, it was designed by Canon Venables, and is to be seen in the fine old church of St. Nicholas at Yarmouth. It is so constructed that in this vast church, the largest parish church in the kingdom, every member of the congregation can see it, which is a feature often lost sight of in many places of worship. Its cost was £600.

Every member of the congregation can also see the pulpit shown in the picture below, which is as plain as the previous one is elaborate. It is, in fact, a pulpit of stone—merely a block of stone—in the centre of the famous churchyard of Kirk Braddan, in the Isle of Man. Every Sunday, in the summer season, thousands of visitors flock to this old-world church, and the service is held in the churchyard, where the time-worn graves serve as seats for the worshippers, and the minister propounds the gospel from this natural pulpit. On the first Sunday in August as many as 10,000 people assemble round this pulpit to join in the service. The stone is now inscribed with the words, referring to the previous vicar :—

"Here WILLIAM DRURY,
40 years Vicar of Braddan,
Preached the Word of God."

Another natural pulpit, but one of quite a different character, is also shown on this page. It is to be found in an out-of-the-world part of Derbyshire, some little distance from the ancient village of Eyam. It is known as the Rock pulpit, because it is formed out of the natural rock at the head of the Cucklett Dell, and the associations connected with it are imperishable. During the time of the great



STONE PULPIT, KIRK BRADDAN.



THE PULPIT IN ST. THOMAS'S, NEWFORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.



GIGGLESWICK PULPIT.

plague every house in the village of Eyam was stricken. The vicar of the old church, William Mompesson, worked night and day to alleviate the suffering, was the means of isolating the village from other places in the district, so that the plague should not be spread, and generally, by his sympathy and practical help, lessened the terror of the visitation incalculably. So that the people who were able to attend should not be entirely deprived of the means of grace, the church being closed, he collected them Sunday by Sunday in the Cucklett Dell, where, sitting some distance apart from each other, they listened to the words of comfort, consolation, and exhortation

The magnificent pulpit shown in the next picture is found in the fine old church of St. Thomas at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. Above the preacher's head, carved in deep, clear lines, is the brief admonition, "Lift up thy voice like a trumpet!"
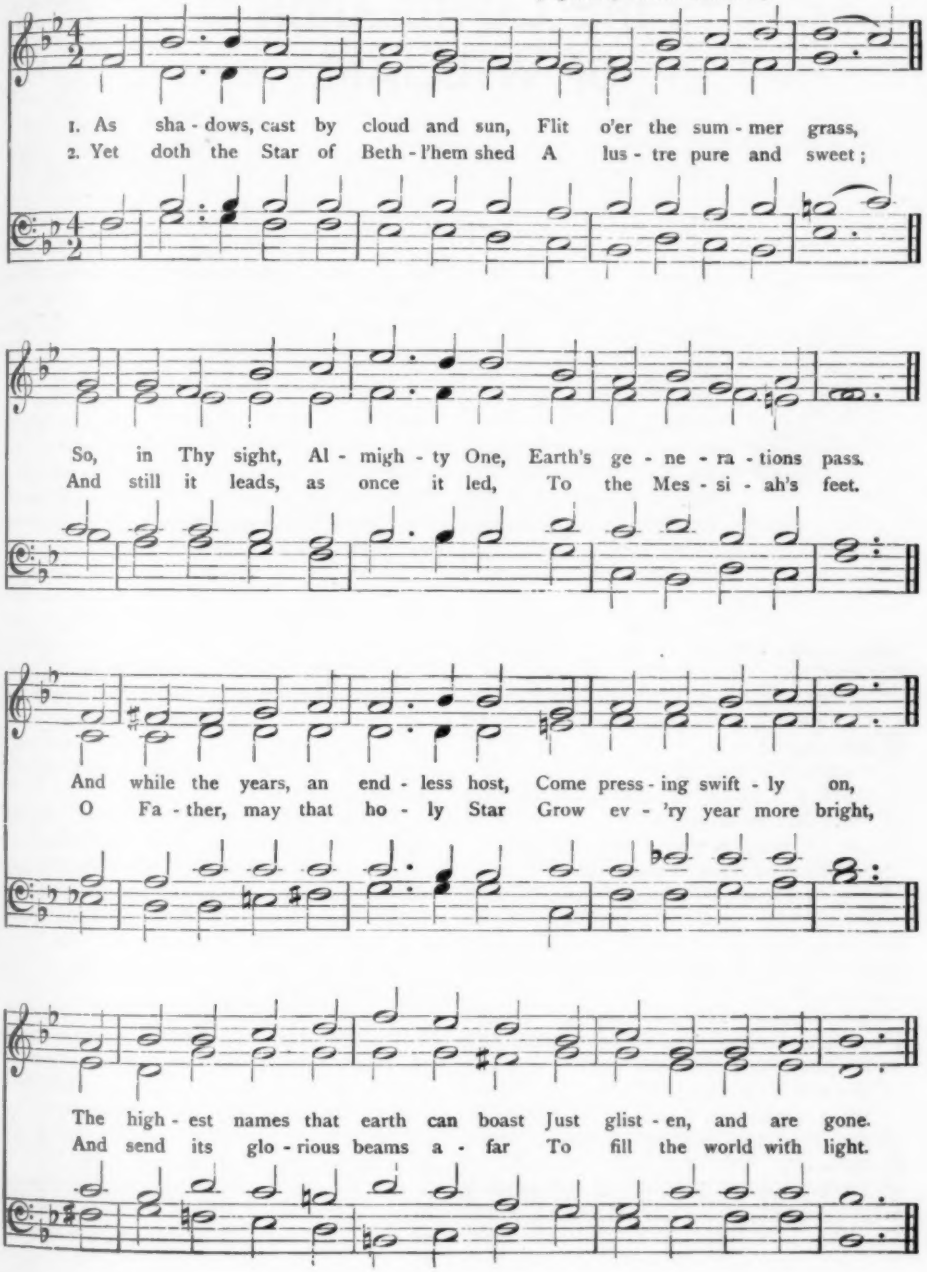
The beautiful pulpit in Giggleswick old church, dating from 1680, is richly carved, and on the front of the reading desk attached is a quaint inscription in bold relief.

XUM

As Shadows, cast by Cloud and Sun.

Words by W. C. BRYANT.

Music by GEORGE J. BENNETT, Mus.D. Cantab.
(Organist of Lincoln Cathedral.)



THE CAPITULATION OF WILLIAM.

A Complete Story.

HE was probably thirteen when he joined the Boys' Club, small-sized (like most of the dwellers in Pilgrim Square), thin, wiry, red-haired — a typical street larrakin, as sharp as a day's search would yield, and as uncleanly. He wore a scarlet shirt and corduroys, and the rest of his attire was fragmentary.

I was, rather wearily, taking the attendances as the Club members came in, when a stampede and a sheep-like shuffling made me look up suddenly. I met the gaze of a pair of greenish-grey eyes.

"You're a new boy?" I said.

"Not pertickler noo as I knows on," was the encouraging reply.

"What are you called?"

"Corl'd? Luv yer, it 'ud tyke orl night ter tell yer. Ask us anover!"

I did. "What is your name?" I said.

"There's a tidy few er them tue!"

"I can't waste time talking to you," I said.

"George," he exclaimed theatrically, wiping his eyes on the cap of the boy in front of him, "kerry me art, I ain't used ter bein' torked to unkind."

I tried another tack, knowing that patience and politeness will nearly always win the day.

"Do you wish to join the Club?" I asked.

"Yus; 'ere's me brarn."

"What name shall I put down?"

"Take yer chice, me lidy—William, 'Enery, Chorles——"

"Don't sorce the lidy, yer fool," came a gentle suggestion from the rear. "'E's Bill Shand, Missus, no gammon."

I directed him to a row of chairs reserved for new members; he selected one with the air of a connoisseur, and, turning to George previously addressed, said: "Lend us yer wipe; mine's at the lorndery, and I ain't goin' to spile my noo cords wiv no dusty cheers, not 'alf."

Upon the chair he sat, wide-eyed and observant, during the hymn and prayer which began the evening's work. It was a drill night; the workers were in uniform, and the appearance of the Captain especially provoked his derision, and a running fire of comment, for my benefit, was poured into the ears of George.

"Ain't he a buster? Look at 'is little bonnet. Why don't they git 'im a noo un; 'e've got too big fer that 'air. Diddums then? Look at old Andy Smif. Ain't 'e a corker, Don't 'e fancy 'isself now 'e's a corperil?"

"New members come forward," ordered the Captain.

"Take me 'and, Gorgy, an' don't leave me," entreated Bill, in piteous tones, as the new boys filed forward.

Bill came last, the other four, orderly for the time being, and overawed by the newness of their present experience, answered very meekly the questions put to them. Not so Bill.

As George fell to rank, Bill very solemnly took two steps forward and stood on his head!

"How dare you do that, sir?" inquired the Captain sternly.

"'Tain't difficult," he replied innocently, as he righted himself; "I thinks best that way, guv'ner!"

"Stand up straight," said the Captain.

The lithe young body stiffened at once.

"Hold up your head." Which he did by grasping his chin firmly in both hands.

He was put, more or less quietly, through his paces, and told to fall in, it hardly occurring to the Captain that the command would be so literally interpreted as it was.

XUM

He was not turned out that night, but on several successive evenings was required to leave after a very brief attendance.

"No vice, but unlimited mischief," was the general opinion, and from the babe-like innocence of Bill's face it was difficult to tell whether the sudden turning off of the gas at the main, putting squibs in the crack of the door, running a pin into the long-suffering George during prayer, really did not occur to him as being legitimate forms of diversion.

For a few days he would give little trouble, but when his improved behaviour and sufficient attendances had almost won him the coveted Club uniform, he broke out again.

The Captain, in the vigour of drill, sent his cap flying. Bill fell out, saluted, restored the cap with a loud-voiced inquiry, "Shell I nip art an' git one er me auntie's 'at pins, sir?"

He was ordered out, and left, and many days passed and he did not come again.

I met him a week later, leading a dissipated looking baby by the hand. Before the lad saw me his care for the baby was extreme and most gentle; when he caught sight of me he put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle. Yet his attitude was not hostile, and though he would have passed me by on the other side I crossed the road. "Who is this?" I said rather feebly, indicating the baby.

"Our youngest—rum little kipper—like ter 'av 'im?"

"You couldn't spare him."

"Bust me ef I couldn't; we've got plenty more at 'ome, no errer. 'E's a twelve monf come nex' Toosday, an' the one before ain't two, an' they runs up ter me like that. Kum an' see if yer like. The old man's been knockin' me muvver abart this week, so she've got two black uns, but she's used to it. Wish 'e'd got a wooden ulster,* I do! Kum on."

He plunged up a dark entry, and I was fain to follow.

The details of that sordid place of abiding, in no sense a home, where ten children, father, and mother herded in three rooms, are too familiar to any who know of the life of the London poor to need description, and have no part in this story, and they did not surprise me. What did was the poor, tired mother's brightening look as Bill came in. The jaded face took a new light as Bill caught her round the neck with, "'Ere y'are, mate; ere's our lidy!"

* A coffin.

I stayed long enough to hear the sad story—for the reticence of happier days had dropped from her as a garment—gave what help I could, and came away with a new thought from the mother's last words.

"Ef it wern't fer my Billy I'd a been gorne long ergoe—e's my comfort, 'e is."

I took Bill by the shoulder. He wriggled away, with a decisive, "'Ands orf!"

"Bill," I said, "you love your mother?"

"I don't mind 'er," was the cautious reply; "but yer should see 'er dressed fer a funeril, no one couldn' look more of a torf."

"Bill, I believe if you could make your mother happy, you would." I pursued the subject firmly.

"No errer; but I ain't no bloomin' ferlantherpist, mind yer!"

"You can help her if you like," I said.

"'Oo yer gittin' at?"

I then explained, by careful stages, the bearing of his good behaviour in a return to the Club and a submission to rules, upon his mother's happiness and her prospective pride in the cap, belt, and haversack that might adorn her Billy, if he would.

"You ain't a-kiddin' us? Orl right, yer see——"

From that day Billy was less difficult—abounding in mischief still, daring, restless, active, ignorant, but more teachable, and learning, with many slips backward, something of the great life-lessons of patience and self-control that worked by slow degrees into the heads and hearts of the Club boys. Now and then he broke into rebellion, impelled by that restless motive power born of his life in the street, never quite at one with us till an eventful November day.

He had just left school. He had begun the world with an eight shilling wage and the prospect of a rise "ef I keeps on stright." With a wisdom beyond his years that eight shillings was expended by Bill before it could fall into the hands of his drunken sot of a father. So the sad mother's lot was somewhat ameliorated. Now and then Bill's Club place was empty, and the Captain and I grew to know that that meant that the lad was staying at home for his mother's protection.

One night came word by the hand of "Pegs," aged thirteen, Bill's recognised "gal," that Mr. Shand had "got 'em very bad," and would the Captain come at once. The Captain went at once, and afterwards I heard what happened.

The father was gone after more drink. Bill

and his mother awaited a fresh onslaught, too stunned to resist it. The greenish-grey eyes were very bright and hard under the red hair, as Bill mopped a cut on his mother's brow. The Captain had hardly entered, when the father returned, and Bill tells the rest of the story in his own inimitable way.

"'E's plucky, our Kepting, but 'e's a cock-sparrer 'side 'im wen drunk, or not, long of 'is 'aving been a prize-foighter onct. He goes fer Kepting, Kepting falls flat. I goes for *'im*, kops *'im* a wunner, an' *ee* goes flat, forling over a cheer. Door hopens, in comes copper, says to *'im*, 'e says, 'Hup yer gits,' and takes *'im* orf. Kepting comes rarnd, an' I tells 'im the story of 'ow I saved 'is loife!"

How far Bill did save the Captain from injury to life and limb is not quite clear. Probably his debt to the boy is not small, and it is joy to Bill to think himself a hero. Since that day his attachment to the Captain has been as faithful as it has been dumb.

How Bill became the stand-by of the Captain and officers, became a corporal, and then a sergeant in the Club; how his father, for seven years under the control of the civil authorities for certain episodes in his career, came under their notice, and ceased to trouble them; and how on his release Bill and his family were gone from Pilgrim Square is another story. The secret of his loyal service to the Captain was perhaps most revealed by his own words:

"Wot was the good 'er savin' is loife ef I was ter be the plague of it?"



"His attitude was not hostile."—*p.* 779.

MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY



GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS
THE THEOLOGIAN

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

PART II.—THE GREAT PREACHER.

THE marvellous discourses of the "Anastasia" were the great work of Gregory of Nazianzus's life. As a Church ruler he was scarcely a success. Simple and unassuming in his life, an austere monk, a lover of retirement, a devotee to work in his closet, he failed to make a favourable impression on the "world of Constantinople," which looked for something more from their archbishop than a somewhat sombre and austere monk could give them.

The great scholar, too, was no reader of human nature. He was easily deceived and imposed upon, and in one memorable instance cruelly disappointed. He had given his countenance and friendship to a certain impostor named Maximus, and that publicly. Maximus used Gregory's influence for a while for his own ends, and then endeavoured to supplant him as the Archbishop of the capital city. To all intents and purposes, Gregory, though he had not as yet assumed the title, was filling the important post, and was only waiting for the arrival of the Emperor Theodosius formally to take possession of the great dignity. Maximus, however, secured a hurried and illegal consecration, and then asserted that he was Archbishop. His claim was soon authoritatively put aside, and the sorry hero of the episode at once vanished into obscurity, whence he had emerged. But Gregory's ill-advised friendship and support of the unworthy pretender in earlier days seriously injured his reputation, and made not a few, with some reason, to doubt as to his fitness for the dangerous and difficult post of bishop of the great see.

But for the present all went well. His detractors and enemies were silenced by the opinion of the majority, who, although displeased with his shrinking from the pomp and circumstance of his great position, were, with good reason, proud of an Archbishop who was universally considered the leading theologian in the East—it might even be said in the whole Christian world, for in the Western Empire there was no scholar comparable to the friend of the dead Basil.

The Emperor Theodosius treated Gregory with respect and deference; and at the suggestion of Gregory, before formally enthroning him, summoned the Arian Archbishop Demophilus and his clergy to subscribe to the articles of the Council of Nicæa; but receiving, as was expected, a peremptory refusal to subscribe, the Arians were at once banished, and the Arian incumbents of the city churches, thus convicted of deadly heresy, were commanded to leave those churches.

It was after this that with great pomp and ceremony the Emperor, accompanied with a

military escort, conducted Gregory to the Church of the Apostles, where reposed the precious remains of Constantine, the founder of the city, and on the following day the illustrious scholar and preacher was induced to take his seat on the episcopal throne of Constantinople.

The Emperor Theodosius' will was quickly carried out in all parts. The Catholic Bishops, quietly and without opposition, were generally reinstated. The great religious revolution which swept away Arianism out of the Eastern Provinces was accomplished without bloodshed, even without violence. It seems clear that Arian opinion, so long dominant, had made but little real impression on the hearts of the people, and that Arianism was rather a political than an earnest religious movement. It had been supported for various reasons by all the weight and influence of the Emperors. And as soon as their all-powerful assistance was withdrawn public opinion swung back again to the doctrines taught by Athanasius and Basil, and lately set forth with so much power and ability by Gregory of Nazianzus, whose gentle spirit, backed up as it was by great learning and splendid eloquence, was admirably calculated to win over even those who were originally opposed to the doctrines he preached with such matchless ability.

With the full concurrence of Archbishop Gregory of Nazianzus, Theodosius summoned to Constantinople a General Council composed of Bishops of the provinces of the Eastern Empire, authoritatively to settle the affairs of the Church, now purged from the intruding Arian prelates and teachers. This Council is reckoned as the second General Council of the Church. The principal work which was before this important assembly was to confirm anew the articles of faith decided upon in the great Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325, and at the same time to reconcile, if it were possible, the semi-Arian Bishops who seemed now willing to accept the Creed of Nicæa. In only one point were the semi-Arian leaders still wavering or in open opposition—on the question of the divinity, or, to be more definite, the personality, of the Holy Ghost. Here the original Creed of Nicæa without definition simply asserted the belief of the Church here in the simple words, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." For some time, however, the responsible Catholic teachers seem to have added to the Nicæan formula certain explanatory definitions of this last clause; we find them, for instance, in the "Anchoratus," a widely used dogmatic work of Epiphanius of Salamis, the friend of Basil.

From what was stated at the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, it appears that these definitions were discussed at the Council of Constantinople, and that they were eventually embodied in the Creed, which finally assumed the form in which we use it now. Some believe that the explanatory clauses which follow the declaration of belief in the Holy Ghost were added at Constantinople by Gregory of Nazianzus himself or by Gregory of Nyssa, a brother of Basil, who was a great and respected theologian, and was present at the Council of Constantinople. The authorship, however, is doubtful, as far as Gregory of Nazianzus is concerned, as the official discussion of the point in question seems not to have taken place until after Gregory of Nazianzus had left the Council, although it is highly probable that this most important question had previously been debated at the Council's earlier sessions.

But what we more immediately are concerned with here is the strange, sad adventure which befel the subject of this little study, Gregory of Nazianzus, in the course of this Council.

The President's seat in this venerable assembly was occupied by a singularly lovable man—Meletius, Archbishop of Antioch, who for some twenty stormy years had wisely ruled the Church of the great Syrian city. By turns admired and persecuted, with a dangerous schism ever dividing the thinned ranks of the orthodox Antiocheans, Meletius had held his own, and had won the love and devotion well-nigh of all the Christian citizens of his turbulent and mighty see. In the year of the Council, A.D. 381, his popularity was at its height. Chrysostom, who knew him well, tells us how his portrait was worn on the rings of the luxurious and wealthy citizens. It was painted on goblets, it was a favourite ornament in the gorgeous rooms of Antioch; it could be even seen painted on the walls of many a bedchamber. Gregory of Nyssa, who preached the beautiful and pathetic funeral sermon when this true saint of God passed away, reminded the sorrowful congregation of the beloved Bishop's sweet calm look, of his radiant smile, of the kind hand seconding the kind voice. Meletius was the dear friend and loving admirer of Gregory of Nazianzus, and one of the first acts of the Constantinopolitan Council was the formal recognition of Gregory as the Archbishop of the capital of the East. In the

Council all was going well, reconciliation was in the air. The whole influence of Meletius and Gregory was in the direction of peace, and forgiveness of past errors and mistakes. The powerful Emperor Theodosius was captivated by the goodness of the Bishop of Antioch, and impressed by the winning eloquence and learning of Gregory, when, alas, Meletius of Antioch, worn out with years of struggle and weary care, suddenly sickened and died.

Naturally, Archbishop Gregory of Nazianzus took his place as President of the august assembly. But Gregory's splendid, even matchless powers, as we have already remarked, lay not in the skilful discharge of the many duties belonging to his high office. He was no born ruler of men. Sensitive to a fault, he could not bear even the shadow of reproach, and men complained—and perhaps with some reason—of his simple, austere way of living, of his dislike of all state, of his shrinking from the splendour and dignity which necessarily accompanied the great position to which he had been called.

Some time before leaving Antioch for the Council Meletius had put an end to the long-drawn-out schism in the Church of Antioch, by arranging that his competitor for the see, his rival and opponent for many years, Paulinus, who had a small but powerful following in the city, and who was a man of unblemished orthodoxy and high and stainless character, should, if he survived him, be his successor in the Antioch archiepiscopate. Gregory, in the Council, before whom the matter was brought, was urgent that the compact made by his dead friend Meletius should be carried out in its entirety. Others, though, were averse to Paulinus succeeding one so justly famous and loved as Meletius had been, and of whom he had been for years the bitter opponent and rival.

The influence of Gregory with the Council was not sufficient to carry his point, which he had deeply at heart, thinking that the honour of the dead Meletius, who was pledged to Paulinus, was at stake; and the Council, setting the arrangement of Meletius aside, sanctioned the elevation of Flavian, a well-known presbyter, to the see of Antioch. Gregory was deeply wounded at finding how little weight his earnest wishes carried.

He had some enemies, too, in the venerable assembly, notably among the Egyptian bishops, who were deeply annoyed at the pre-eminence now awarded to Constantinople, over all the sees of the East, including even Alexandria, which was once virtually supreme; were jealous, too, of the acknowledged surpassing greatness of Gregory of Nazianzus, who occupied the see which had been lately raised to the loftiest rank. His grievous mistake in the matter of the infamous Maximus was raked up anew, and murmurs were soon heard in the assembly that, after all, Gregory was no lawful Archbishop. The murmurers quoted a decree of Nicæa, practically obsolete, which forbade the translation of any Bishop. "Was not," so urged these jealous ones, "Gregory already Bishop of the obscure Sasima, to which long before Basil had nominated him?"

The real business of the Council was neglected in view of these carping and querulous suggestions, and less and less grew the influence of Gregory. His health, too, gave way; everything seemed against him. The very grandeur and dignity of his position weighed him down. A morbid idea disturbed him that he, and he alone, prevented the assembled Bishops from settling once and for all the grave and disputed doctrine concerning the personality of the Holy Ghost; that he alone stood in the way of their reconciling the wavering semi-Arians, and so restoring peace to the long-distracted Church. "Let me depart," he said; "let me return to my loved solitude and my studies. I will play the part of Jonah; throw me overboard, and so preserve the ship of the Church from shipwreck. Let me resign." His arguments prevailed, perhaps to his disappointment. The Council listened to him sorrowfully enough, but scarcely endeavoured to turn him from his too generous purpose. To their everlasting shame he was suffered to resign the great office, of which, with all his shortcomings, he was the distinguished ornament; and thus the most famous scholar, the noblest orator in the Christian world; one of the purest, noblest, most generous of the sons of men was suffered, with scarcely a voice raised to dissuade him from his sad purpose, to go into voluntary exile.

Before he left Constantinople the famous orator expressed his wish to speak a public farewell to the Council he had presided over, and to the flock among whom for a while he had been the chief pastor and teacher. In the great Church of St. Sophia there gathered together a mighty congregation assembled to hear the farewell of the most distinguished orator in the world. It was a remarkable gathering



THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS AND GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS.—*p.* 781.

for among the huge congregation, made up of all that was best and most thoughtful in the capital of the East, in one corner sat a notable group consisting of the fathers of the second General Council of the Church—Bishops and theologians not a few of whose names have come down to us, names distinguished in the long-drawn-out Arian contest. Many a one that day was grieved at heart that they had treated with such scant consideration, with such a lack, too, of human wisdom, the famous white-haired warrior of the faith; grieved that for such trifling reasons they had driven away the great athlete of God from his high post of honour and responsibility.

Sick—some thought well-nigh unto death—disappointed, disillusioned, never perhaps in his long life had the old man preached as he preached that day before that famous auditory, though at first the silvery voice was weak and wavering.

The theme of the memorable discourse was not doctrine this time, as it had been when he spoke before *urbi et orbi*, to Constantinople and the whole Christian world—words clothing high and sublime doctrine, words the echoes of which have gone down the fifteen centuries which have elapsed since he spoke them. It was simply a farewell, but such a farewell as perhaps no human ear had ever heard before.

He painted the flock of the queen city of the East as he found it when he gathered the poor persecuted remnant in the little "Anastasia" hall, and he compared it with that brilliant and packed congregation assembled there in the great Church of St. Sophia, and he pointed with emphasis to the august company of Catholic fathers of the faith in one corner of the sacred building. To whose work, to whose words, he asked, was the gathering of such an assembly owing? And yet, as his guerdon, they had driven him into exile! After all, what a stupendous change had been worked! Then, with great power, he alluded to the Catholic party, victorious all along the line. How had they behaved towards the vanquished? Who had been punished, who had suffered? It had been a bloodless victory; a strange vengeance, indeed, had been exacted from the vanquished. Peace, pardon, forgetfulness of the sad past, reconciliation, were the results of the great victory in which he had been the guiding influence. With what crimes, he asked, "has your pastor and teacher been charged? Only with wearing plain and simple garments, only with denying himself the luxuries men think belong to an Archbishop!"

Gregory ended somewhat in this fashion: "Farewell, then, dear Church of the 'Anastasia,' monument of our great victory over error; farewell, splendid and mighty church where we are now assembled; farewell, episcopal throne of Constantinople, coveted and dangerous honour; farewell, Council of Bishops; farewell homes of the city, where so many have welcomed me, weak and ailing though I have been; farewell, loved people, who have listened so often to my words; farewell, great city—friend I feel you are of Christ; farewell, Eastern and Western world, for whose souls' health I have fought the good fight. . . . O Guardian Angel of the Church, farewell. O Angel, who art watching o'er me now, and who will guard me, too, in exile. And Thou, O blessed Trinity, my constant thought, my glory too, may this people rejoice for ever in Thy presence among them. O Blessed Trinity, save them, and only let me know, when far away, that they—my people—are moving ever onwards and upwards in wisdom and in virtue. . . ."

Then he left the city he loved, quietly, sorrowfully. At once he went to Cæsarea, to the grave of his friend Basil; and in Basil's church he preached what was the funeral sermon of the great dead—a holy duty, unavoidably, as we have seen, long delayed—a sermon of wonderful power and pathos; we have it still.

From Cæsarea he went to his native Nazianzus, and thence to the neighbouring village of Arianzus, where he still possessed a little house and garden, the poor residue of the very considerable inherited possessions he had long ago given to the poor. It was in this quiet and comparatively humble home that the Archbishop, the illustrious orator and scholar, spent the last six years of his life, apparently forgotten and neglected by the world in which he had played so distinguished a part. In those evening hours of life, coloured with the sombre hues of constant sickness and suffering, he wrote many of his more striking poems. In this little story of portions of a striking biography we have said nothing of this side of a great life, nothing of his power as a poet.* He wrote many poems, some of them of a very high order, and not a few critics consider him the greatest of the early Christian song men. It has even been said that his chief title to honour will ever be his pathetic and soul-touching

* The writer of this paper has in another place discussed at length this side of a great life. Gregory of Nazianzus' poems rank deservedly very high in our reliques of early Christian literature.

verses. This curious estimate of his influence will, however, scarcely be endorsed by the Church, which, while not forgetting his real and striking ability as a poet, prefers to think of Gregory of Nazianzus as one of her foremost theologians—perhaps the greatest of them all.

A strange, sad, earthly lot was the portion of the two friends. Both of them endowed with talents far greater than are usually bestowed on the sons of men; both of them theologians so distinguished that their writings have for ever crystallised for the Church doctrines of the highest importance which before their time, although accepted, were scarcely formulated. Their words, their clear-cut sentences, have been the framework of the *credenda* of a thousand churches, and will surely live in the homes and hearts of men "till He come." Both of them were preachers and orators of the highest power, men on whose utterances thousands hung with rapt attention. One of these, an organiser of strange and unusual ability, who may be fairly said to have founded that world-wide institution of monasticism which so powerfully influenced Christianity for a thousand years; who traced out the first plan of the organised charity and love, which ever since Basil fell asleep has been the strength and glory of Christianity. The other a poet—perhaps the greatest of early Christian poets—but, above all, a theologian of far-reaching influence, whose thoughts and words have largely fashioned and moulded the teaching of the Catholic Church. Both of them in their turn called to the highest position in the Church, which, after their own way, with their peculiar gifts, they filled with distinguished ability; so that in their day in succession they were emphatically the leading Christian prelates of the world, the foremost defenders of Catholic truth, in an age when Catholic truth was exposed to the sorest peril which has ever endangered its work and progress.

And yet both of them were called to a career in which sadness was the dominant note.

Basil, the restless, tireless toiler, ever doing his high, grand work in weariness and painfulness. While sick nigh unto death he often did his noblest tasks, and finally, in suffering and anguish, passed away, still comparatively young, only a very short time before the grand and unlooked-for triumph of the cause of Catholic truth, for which he had spent his beautiful life.

Gregory, the quiet, retiring scholar, called in late life to the loftiest position which the Church has to offer, but often fails to offer, to her most gifted sons, after filling the great office with a rare distinction for a period brief indeed, but still long enough to leave upon his Church and throne a light and a glory such as no man before him, no man after him, has left, not even the great Chrysostom—was driven into a premature, sorrowful retirement by the intrigues and shortsightedness of men most of whom were unworthy to loose the latchet of his shoes. Gregory died in solitude, comparatively unknown and unhonoured. O God, "how unsearchable are Thy judgments, and Thy ways past finding out"! We shall know the reason of all these strange, sad things one day, when we are with Thee, but not here, not now!

"WHEN I AM DEAD."

"WHEN I am dead," Belovéd, think and feel
I am alive! On me Death hath not fed;
For Christ in me is resurrection's seal!
I have risen to a higher life instead,
I am not dead!

"When I am dead"—and cold this earthly clay
From which my spirit, purer grown, has fled;
Think I have flown to th' eternal day!
Whither God's light and love my soul hath led—
I—who seem dead!

"When I am dead"—I am not lost to thee;
For love, that cannot die, to God is wed.
Eternal, invisible, it lives to see
And love thee still, while thou the earth may tread—
Where I am dead.

"When I am dead"—oft nearer shall I be
Than when in life together we were led
Through joys and tribulations; for with thee
My soul shall blend, to comfort thine that bled—
Thinking—I was dead!

BLANCHE ERYL.



The Pride o' the Morning

By Agnes Giberne

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—V.

The story opens at Castle Hill, where Mrs. Keith lives with a young relative, Giles Randolph, who was left an orphan in childhood. Her own son, Colin, returns from a long stay on the Continent, and proposes to begin a career as a sculptor, to the mother's obvious but unexplained annoyance. Giles goes to Yorkshire to arrange, if possible, for his second cousin, Phyllys Wyverne, to pay a visit to Castle Hill.

CHAPTER VI.

OF A STERN CHASE.

WITH half-concealed rapture Phyllys heard of the promised visit to Castle Hill in less than a month, and nothing was further from her expectations than to set eyes on Giles again before that date. She hardly even wished to do so. There was so much to do, so much to think about, during the next three weeks.

But with Giles it was otherwise. He found himself unable to rest without another glimpse of her.

He did not yet definitely say to himself that Phyllys might be more to him than a charming cousin. He only knew that he could not get her out of his thoughts; that no sooner was he away from Midfell than he wanted to get back. He was haunted by recollections of the curling lashes, the mischievous blue flashes, though, of course, underlying this was a wish to know Phyllys better.

For five days he held out, determined not to act upon impulse. Then a member of his host's family fell seriously ill, and visitors kindly took themselves off. Giles had a shooting engagement in the Highlands, nearly a week later, and nothing between. He promptly resolved to spend the intervening time at Midfell, asking no man's leave. The grandmother and cousin might not be altogether delighted, but he would risk that. So long as he had a welcome from Phyllys, what other folks might think mattered little.

Having so decided, he posted a line to Mrs. Wyverne, stating briefly what had occurred, and remarking on the pleasure it would give him to improve his acquaintance with his relatives.

The letter brought dismay. Mrs. Wyverne said nothing to Phyllys, being still in the habit of treating her younger granddaughter as a child, but later she consulted with Barbara. Both recognised that nothing could be done. Giles had as clear a right as any human being to put up at the village inn if he so chose, and to study the country. Mrs. Wyverne might demur, Barbara might frown, but they could not interfere.

"But, of course, you will not have him in and out all day long, turning everything upside down," the latter said with disgust. "Phyllys will be completely upset. There is nothing for it but to get her out of the way this afternoon, so that you can have a few words with him, and

make him understand. You will have to be firm!" The speaker set her teeth grimly. "I will make an errand for Phyllys, and we had better say nothing to her about him, or she may refuse to go. You see, he intends to call here directly he arrives."

Mrs. Wyverne offered no objection, and Phyllys, somewhat to her surprise, was asked by Barbara to take a long walk to an outlying farm known as "Thacker's," where she loved to go, but was not often permitted. She had been only once without a companion, and the idea was charming. Barbara seldom suggested anything so much to her taste. A warm shawl had been left there some little time before, and to fetch this was the ostensible motive given. Phyllys laughingly remarked that she would have a good "forenoon drinking," the local colloquialism for a mid-morning lunch, and would get something further to eat at the farm. Barbara objected, not wishing Phyllys to get back early. After "dinner" would be best, she said. The days were long, and Phyllys could then do her morning tasks.

"All right," agreed the girl cheerfully. "I shall have a nice rest there, and come back by the moor. It will be great fun, won't it, Wiggles?"

Wiggles wagged an appreciative tail.

Not till Phyllys had left the house did Barbara note an ominous thickness upon the surrounding moor-fells. It occurred to her that she ought to have observed it sooner, and to have warned Phyllys to return by the road. Now it was too late; so she said nothing to Mrs. Wyverne, and dismissed the weather from her mind. After all, Phyllys was old enough to be sensible.

Early in the afternoon, as Barbara had predicted, Giles Randolph walked in.

He greeted his great-aunt kindly, his cousin politely, and his eyes at once went in search of someone else. "Where is Phyllys?" came soon, and Barbara thrust in her reply before Mrs. Wyverne could speak. "Gone for a walk on the moors," she said, wording her information vaguely, under a shrewd suspicion that he would wish to follow.

She over-reached herself. "The moors—today?" he said, a note of something more than surprise in his voice. "With whom, may I ask?"

"Phyllys goes everywhere. She is used to it, and there are no ill-disposed people in this neighbourhood," declared Barbara. "The dog is ample protection."

"You do not really mean that she is alone?"

His manifest concern annoyed Barbara. "Of course she will not go too far. Phyllys knows what she is about. She merely meant to cross part of a hill on her way back."

"From where?"

He had to put the question a second time, and facts were dragged out with difficulty. "'Thacker's' Farm," he repeated. "Yes, I know the direction. It was pointed out to me the other day. I will try to overtake her. The moors will be thick with fog."

"A touch of mist." Barbara spoke in vexed accents.

"It will be more than a touch of mist in an hour or two."

"The child is so fearless," murmured Mrs. Wyverne.

"I had better start at once. Perhaps I may reach the farm before she leaves it." Giles had not much hope of this, having already in his mind a clear view of distances and times; but he did not wish to give the old lady an anxious afternoon. "You may trust me to look after her," he said, standing up. "Perhaps I may meet her coming back along the road; and if not, I shall find her on the moor. The fog is not much now, but it will thicken."

One or two inquiries in the village as to the route made all clear, and he was off, clearing the ground at his best pace—a pace which few men could rival. By road the distance was considerably over five miles; and he made little of it, spurred on by observations of the grey-capped fells. He knew enough of moorland to be aware that a fog, exceptional in density for the season, was gathering on the heights, and he wished to intercept Phyllys at the farm. But when he arrived, he found that she had started some twenty minutes earlier; and since he had not met her, she must have gone the other way.

He wasted no time, and was off again, following the direction pointed out. A rough lane, besprinkled with stones, led to the edge of the moor; after which he had only a grass track to guide him. It led sloping upward, crossing a somewhat high spur, and shortening the distance to Midfell by more than a mile.

No mistake here about the "mistiness," as Barbara called it. With every ten yards the air grew thicker, as he widened his distance from the moor edge.

That Phyllys should not have turned back on finding the state of things perplexed him. Yet, had she done so, he would have met her. He wondered, was she one of those people who, once

they resolve on a course of action, stick to that course unreasoningly, whatever happens? He would not have credited her with unreason or with obstinacy. He did credit her with unusual fearlessness, which might be a sufficient explanation.

The track, though faint, was distinct; chiefly visible through different shades of colouring in the turf, caused by the passing of many feet. It was more clear than many such moor-tracks, being used a good deal in fine weather by people going to and fro between Midfell and a large village on the other side of the fell. Here and there it was broken by a rough out-crop of rock; but despite the fog, Giles had no difficulty in picking it up again beyond the breaks. And Phyllys was accustomed to such walking. She might have thought it wiser to keep steadily on, rather than to retrace her steps and to go all the way round by the road.

It was very still. No voice of man or beast, no twitter or buzz of bird or insect interrupted the silence. No stir in the air moved the heavy white curtain which hung on all around, shutting him in a little narrow circle which moved with him as he walked. The great moor-billows stretched away, he knew, for interminable miles, but he could not see them. Landscape and sky were blotted out. It was a pervading white darkness, pressing upon the solitary figure which traversed it.

And Phyllys was out alone in this! He walked rapidly, more and more anxious to overtake her, expecting each minute to descry a slim figure ahead. Not far ahead, for beyond a very few yards he could make out nothing Now and again a shadowy form heaved into view, raising his hopes; and each time it grew into a furze-bush, dank and wet.

More than once he stopped for a brief cogitation, on noting what looked like a possible short cut to the lower level over Midfell. No track was apparent, but he knew the lie of the ground. Phyllys might have ventured on some such short cut. Yet, no; being acquainted as she was with the country, and understanding the risk of quitting her path in such a fog, she would not have ventured. The farm folk had assured him that there was but the one way. He thought less of one or two faint side-tracks, branching off at right angles, leading to upper heights. These plainly went away from Midfell, and would not have tempted Phyllys.

Still no signs of her. He pressed on, faster and faster, in deepening uneasiness; and at



"He found that she had started some twenty minutes earlier."

length, sooner than might have seemed possible, he reached the verge, where a steepish descent led to the top of a lower hill immediately behind the village.

Here, being nearer the moor-edge, the air was clearer, and he could see some way. But no Phyllys was visible.

She could not so far have distanced him. The consciousness came upon him strongly. No girl, even with the start she had had, could have failed to be overtaken by him at the pace he had come. With a sickening sense of dread, he realised that she was still upon the moors, that she had left the track, that she was lost in the fog.

"Nonsense!" he said, pulling himself together. "Too soon to be sure. She is very active; she may have come faster than I imagine; or she *may* have missed the track, and be waiting near till somebody comes."

He turned and retraced his steps. If indeed she had advanced so far as this, she was all right, and would easily make her way home. His business now was to make sure that she had not failed to do so; and even while he encouraged himself his heart failed him anew.

To be lost on the moor in a dense fog! Too well he knew what that might mean. Fifty men, searching for her, might search in vain while it lasted.

Walking now more slowly, he called at intervals in his strong bass voice, betweenwhiles listening intently, with the hope that she might respond.

No sound, no whisper, reached his ears. It was deadly still. As he went farther up, the fog again grew dense—more dense even than before, since the afternoon was far advanced. The dank white curtain closed him in on all sides.

He made up his mind to return most of the way, shouting at regular intervals, for the chance that she might be within earshot. Then he would again traverse the path to Midfell, and would see whether happily she had reached home. If not, a party of men, including himself, would scour the moors until she should be found.

For this, those who knew the moors were necessary. To leave the track now by himself, with nothing to guide him as to her whereabouts, would only mean losing himself also, and being powerless to help her.

Yet if indeed she were here, alone on these desolate moors!—the very idea of leaving her thus, were it but for an hour, was all but unendurable.

He felt this keenly, as he paced the track, raising monotonously his cry of "Phyllys! Phyllys! Are you there, Phyllys?"

How familiar, how dear the name seemed! He could hardly believe that ten days earlier she had been nothing to him or he to her. Was he anything to her now? Perhaps not—yet. She had appeared ready to like him as a cousin, as a friend. He glanced the notion in the face, and put it from him. Phyllys and he would not in the end be "friends" only. They would be much more or much less.

On the lonely fell, deserted and fog-robed, he seemed to be growing intimate with her, to be learning to know her, as he might not have learnt in weeks of common acquaintance. He was shut out from all the world besides by a dank enclosing curtain. But not from Phyllys, for she too was here. Though apart, they were together, both out on the wild moor, she needing him, he bent on helping her. He did not now say that "perhaps" she was there. It had grown to be a certainty.

Were their spirits in touch, though bodily they were separate? He was not an imaginative or a sentimental man. But looking at the white wall, he saw her face vividly—not smiling or mischievous; full of distress, imploring him to go to her.

He made a forward start, and stopped, half distracted. She *was* on the moor. She *was* lost. And how was he to know which way would take him to her?

"Phyllys! Phyllys!" again he shouted, with the full strength of his powerful lungs.

Something clammy touched his hand.

"Wiggles!" he exclaimed, with an immense revulsion of joy. Where Wiggles was, Phyllys could not be far off. She might be very near, yet invisible.

"Where is she, Wiggles? Phyllys, where are you?"

No human voice made reply. Wiggles whined, jumping on him, licking his hand, and taking hold of his trousers.

"Where is she, Wiggles?" he asked, every nerve in him tense with dread. There could no longer be any question but that she was on the fells. She would not have left Wiggles behind. That Wiggles should have left her seemed singular; but Giles was not intimate with Wiggles' ways. He might be a dog prone to wander. He might—this flashed up as a possibility, when Wiggles again laid hold upon his trouser—have come to find help for Phyllys.

"You must take me to her, Wiggles," he

said, gravely addressing the dog as he might have addressed a child. He stooped low, bringing his gaze to bear on the dog, who wagged an uneasy tail. He drew a cord from his pocket, and passed it through the collar.

"Now lead," he said authoritatively.

Wiggles seemed uncertain what to do. He sniffed the air, and whined afresh. Was it that he did not know Phyllys's whereabouts? Or was it that he was stupid? Many affectionate little dogs are not brilliant in an emergency.

Giles put matters to the test. He set off at a resolute pace, as if for Midfell.

That settled it. Wiggles refused to go. He struggled, protested, howled, and sat down. He might be dragged, but he would not walk. Giles ceased to pull, and Wiggles moved in a new direction, gaining confidence and speed as he found that Giles went with him. He led away from the track, straight across the turf, and Giles followed, urging the dog on, trying also to keep note of his bearings, though without much success. That troubled him little. If he could reach Phyllys, all else was of small importance.

"Phyllys! Phyllys!" he called again.

And out of the dead stillness, the blank whiteness, rang an agonised cry. He knew the voice.

"Phyllys, I'm here! Where are you?" he shouted.

"Oh, save me! save me!" she screamed, her bell-like tones for once thin and shrill with horror.

He dashed headlong in the direction from which the sound travelled.

CHAPTER VII.

OF MR. DUGDALE'S OUTSPOKENNESS

ABOUT a mile and a half from the pretty village of Castlemere flourished a country town of some pretensions, Market Oakley by name; and just outside Market Oakley stood Brook-End Grange, the home of Mr. Dugdale's daughter, Kathleen Alyn, a young widow with one child.

She stood on the lawn motionless, her gown flowing round her in a fashion peculiar to herself. Whatever she wore flowed, and did not hang or drag. The gown was perfect in make, and her soft hair was perfect in arrangement.

Mr. Dugdale and Mrs. Keith were walking up the path, the former, as usual, bland, neat, precise; the latter somewhat excited.

"How do you do, Kathleen? I have left the carriage outside. Your father was just coming in, so I got out to walk with him."

"And I've been giving a word of advice to Mrs. Keith about Colin's modelling."

"Messing about with wet clay!" impatiently interjected Mrs. Keith. "Such ridiculous nonsense! Four huge packing-cases have come from Italy, with casts that he bought there. I can't imagine what first put the notion into his head."

"Nature," spoke Mr. Dugdale at her side. "It is inborn."

She turned with a sharp nervous movement of her hands, as if repudiating something.

"I never had the smallest taste that way. Nor any of my family, or of my husband's."

"That may be. Sometimes a genius is a family freak—not to be accounted for by ordinary rules of heredity. No doubt traceable, if one had the means of tracing it, to some distant progenitor. Under present circumstances you ought to be thankful for Colin's gift, no matter how he came by it."

She asked: "Why?" her fine eyes going swiftly to his face, as if in search for some submeaning. She was a far handsomer woman than Kathleen Alyn; yet the greater charm resided with the younger of the two. There was a lack of repose in Mrs. Keith which spoilt her. She seemed to be perpetually on the watch for something to controvert, perpetually expectant of something with which she could not agree.

"At the least it is a harmless occupation, and he needs something to do. Desk-work, of course, is out of the question."

"I don't see it, now he is stronger. Besides——" She stopped, and clenched and unclenched her hand.

"He will never be strong enough for tough head-work. I don't mean strength in the muscular sense. His brain wouldn't stand the tension. You were going to say—Besides, what?"

"There is no need that he should work."

"I don't agree with you. No self-respecting man will consent to be a burden on another."

"Colin is not a burden." Her eyes flashed resentfully. "It is Giles's delight to give him a home."

Kathleen made little danger signals from behind Mrs. Keith, but Mr. Dugdale failed to read them. Although himself a man prone to take offence, he was very apt to say the wrong thing, thereby giving offence to others, and he

never could imagine why any offence was taken.

"My dear lady, it may be Giles's delight to support half the neighbourhood. He is generously disposed. But half the neighbourhood has no right to be supported by him. Neither has Colin. The two are not even related. And if they were, I should still say he ought to work for himself—Eh, Kathleen? Yes?"

Mrs. Keith drew up a haughty head.

"I suppose you consider *me* to be living on charity too," she said coldly. "Certainly not. That is different," Mr. Dugdale interposed; but she went on, refusing to listen. "I am extremely obliged! All those years that I



"That settled it—Wiggles refused to go"—*p.* 791.

practically lived for Giles do not count. Not in the least. Good-bye, Kathleen. It is later than I thought. I must go on."

Mrs. Alyn made no protest. She signed to her father to remain where he was, slipped an affectionate arm within Mrs. Keith's, and walked with her down the carriage-drive, passing out of sight. Presently she returned, moving in her slow and graceful fashion, a slight smile on her lips.

"Now you *have* put your foot in it, father," she said, with mild reproach.

"Eh? Have I? My dear, I merely spoke the truth. I merely suggested what everybody is saying behind her back. Colin ought to be doing something. I should have thought, with her proud nature—Proud! Yes, a pikestaff isn't *in* it beside her!—I should have thought she would be charmed at the prospect of Colin making his own way in life. I'd have staked my credit on that view of the question as hers. But not a bit of it. All she wants, apparently, is to keep her son in blissful idleness, and to let Giles pay his way for him *ad infinitum*. Can't understand it, for my part. I imagined I knew something of women. But they are a riddle and a delusion to the end of the chapter."

He spread forth deprecating hands; then made a new start:

"'Practically lived for Giles!' Nonsense! She lived for herself and Colin. Took care of Giles by the way, and was very well paid for it too. The allowance made to her by James Randolph was absurd! It has been a paying concern for Mrs. Keith from first to last."

"At any rate, she did her best for Giles."

"Mrs. Keith knows on which side of her bread lies the butter. I don't blame her for that. There are advantages in worldly wisdom—for its possessor. But when she talks in the high-falutin' style of all she has done, as if, forsooth, *she* were the family benefactor, and Giles her humble debtor—no, I can't stand that. Some day I shall speak out what I think."

"You never did appreciate Mrs. Keith. She really is a very fascinating woman. And as for Giles—all one can feel is that her devotion to him has made her at times almost unfair to her own son. I suppose she has reasoned that, since he is her own, no question can ever arise as to the reality of her affection for him, while that for Giles has to be shown."

"She has had an object all through, un-

questionably. Mrs. Keith does nothing without a definite object. She is not a prey to mere whims," declared Mr. Dugdale. Then he turned to inspect a large hairy caterpillar, reposing on the grubby palm of his little grandson Gordon.

Mrs. Keith, driving to the station bookstall and home, smoothed her ruffled plumage as best she might. Mr. Dugdale had a knack of ruffling her, sometimes intentionally, sometimes by accident. He and she often fretted each the other.

When Giles's mother died, and he was given over into the care of Mrs. Keith, a young newly-made widow with one baby-boy, Mr. Randolph undertook to pay her, so long as she should have charge of his child, a yearly income of five hundred pounds. On the death, soon after, of the father, the boy's guardian continued the payment; and Giles himself, since coming of age, although she could no longer be reckoned in "charge" of him, had made her the same allowance. These facts were known to Mr. Dugdale, and Mrs. Keith knew it.

She did not really suspect him in this instance of having meant unkindness, of having even referred to her allowance. She had lost her temper because his manner ruffled, her and because she saw things as regarded Colin from a totally different point of view from his—a point of view transformed by certain facts, of which he was in complete ignorance. But since the last thing she could ever have desired would have been to place him at her own point of view, her anger was unreasonable. Reviewing the past scene, she recognised this fact and regained her self-control, which was considerable, though subject under stress to abrupt lapses.

Vexed though she had been, she knew that Mr. Dugdale had only "voiced" what everybody would think. In almost any case a young man should endeavour to make his own way in life; not to be dependent upon another. She had been unwise to set up opposition. Mr. Dugdale did not know those circumstances, which, had he been aware of them, would have put a different complexion on the whole question. He never would know them, she said to herself, with a resolute closing of her lips. And, of course, she too wished Colin to do something, to find some pursuit, even though she knew that it was Giles's greatest pleasure to provide for him!

Some pursuit. Only—not modelling! not sculpture! Anything else, rather!

CHAPTER VIII.

OF A MOORLAND DEATH-TRAP.

PHYLLYS could hardly be termed obstinate; still, she had a preference for carrying out her intentions; and though on her way to Thacker's Farm she saw a thickness clothing the fells, it made no great impression on her mind, which, indeed, was much pre-occupied. From morning to night at this time she thought of little but the promised visit to Castle Hill.

After a hearty tea and a gay chat with the farmer and his wife, she was off, having said good-bye to the old pair indoors. Rather by a mechanical movement than of deliberate intent, she turned towards the moor, carrying over one shoulder the heavy shawl.

Not till she was actually upon the lower slope of the fell did she note the grey pall which hid the heights above. As yet she touched only the dragging fringes of that pall; but she had to ascend, following the grass track, and it was now getting on for five o'clock. She knew that the fog would thicken as the evening advanced.

But as Giles had said, she was fearless. She found the shawl heavy, and she would have to retrace her steps to the farm before beginning upon the long round by the road. What did a little mist signify? She had only to keep to the track, and when she reached the other side, in descending towards Midfell, she would soon leave it behind.

Having once decided, she pressed forward, not again raising the question, only rather surprised to find how much farther the way seemed in fog than in sunlight.

Still, she was on the path, and it was all right.

No view could be seen, though the fog was at first not so dense as when, somewhat later, Giles turned back to retrace his steps It was quite dense enough to be unpleasant, and more than once she regretted not having gone home by the road.

She met no human being, and heard no sound of any voice except her own. Occasional dim outlines of small bushes dawned upon her as she advanced, and disappeared again. She walked quickly, and presently, growing used to the gloom, she fell into a prolonged muse upon the coming delights of Castle Hill.

Giles would be there, and to know more of Giles would be charming. She liked him immensely. He was so kind and cousinly; just the sort of friend she wanted; caring for the

things she cared for ; ready to hear, and prompt to understand, whatever she chose to say. Then there would be Mrs. Keith and Colin, about both of whom she was curious. She might not like Colin so well as Giles ; still, the very fact that Giles thought much of him proved that there must be some good in Colin. About Mrs. Keith she was more doubtful. Giles had been reserved and cautious, but Phyllys was keen-sighted, and she had detected a nameless something in Giles's manner when Mrs. Keith's name came up, which suggested a lack of admiration for her.

However, she had wanted Phyllys to go to Castle Hill, and for this Phyllys would be ever grateful.

It would be such a change—such an escape ! She would be in a new world. She would be free to see with her own eyes, to hear with her own ears, to form her own ideas, to observe, to learn, to feel, without the home-trammels. She would be no longer in a stiff little groove, where everybody was expected to think precisely the same as everybody else, under penalty of severe condemnation.

How dense the fog was growing ! Absorbed in her own thoughts, her bright anticipations, she had not for some time noted surroundings particularly, but had followed the track in a mechanical fashion. Now she began to realise that it was time for her to have reached the brow of the fells, where the air ought to grow clearer.

Wiggles drew her attention. He was keeping close to heel, not running freely about as was his wont ; and when she looked back, he sat down, as if reluctant to go farther.

" Why, Wiggles—you are not tired ? "

She went on a few paces, and he followed as before, then again stopped and sat down, with a slight whine.

Phyllys knew that in keeping to the track she was all right, fog or no fog. She had but to go on. But a doubt assailed her. This *was* the track, of course—this shadowy faint line upon the grass by which she had been guided ? She bent to look at it more closely, and stood up, grave in face.

It was not the right track. She knew that instantly. This, at most, was no more than a sheep-track, probably leading towards the top of the fell. In sheer absence of mind she must have quitted the path which went to Midfell—perhaps at one of the rocky breaks occurring at intervals—and have turned along another instead. But for the confusing state of the atmosphere and the preoccupation of her mind, she could not have failed to discover her mistake earlier, if, indeed, she could have made it.

Vexed at her own carelessness, she began hurriedly to retrace her steps, following the feeble little line. In no long time she was brought to a standstill. The track died out, and she searched in vain for a continuation of it. The ground here was stony, and doubtless a continuation did exist, but she failed to find what she sought.

Phyllys kept her head. She stood motionless, trying to realise where she was, striving to grasp her situation.

No easy matter, to the most experienced man, in such a fog, all landmarks near and distant being blotted out. She did not understand the full extent of the difficulty, or of the risks involved. Had she done so, she would less easily have persuaded herself that she could succeed. If only she had felt more afraid, she might have let Wiggles act as her guide, and might then have regained the lost track. But she was naturally independent and confident, and the idea did not so much as occur to her.

Wiggles, apparently satisfied that she was no longer aiming for the summit of the fell, awaited her pleasure.

" All right," she said cheerfully aloud, having, after a short cogitation, made up her mind whereabouts she stood. She pictured to herself the way that she had—that she must have—come. She placed the hills mentally, localised Midfell, and decided which direction to pursue. Then she started off briskly, and Wiggles followed, consenting to be led, as she did not appeal to him. He hung back still, keeping close, yet half-stopping often, as if not happy.

No sign of the vanished track appeared, but she went on in good spirits, fully convinced that she was nearing the ridge behind Midfell, expecting each minute to find the path which she supposed to lie between it and her. According to her reasoning this was a practical certainty. If the top of the fell lay *there*, and the village of Midfell *there*, then the track passing along the hillside *must* cut across somewhere just in front of her.

She failed to guage the momentous character of that small word " if."

That she should have absolutely lost count of the true positions of hilltop and of village ; that north and south and east and west should be all as one to her consciousness ; that in the fog she should not know whether she was going uphill or downhill, or on the level ; that when

she supposed herself to be following a straight line forward, she was in reality describing a half-circle, which brought her, indeed, within half-a-mile of the lost track, but in a totally unexpected position, and to a part of the fell which, beyond all others, ought to have been avoided—all this was far from her imagination.

It did occur to her as curious that the fog should thicken, instead of becoming less dense as she—according to her belief—neared the moor-edge. But the rapid advance of evening might account for this. The track must now be very close, and she hurried on at a good pace, despite the enveloping fog, which with its clammy touch made her shiver. The heavy shawl still hung in thick folds over her left shoulder. She lifted the front folds, and flung them over her right shoulder for warmth.

No sign yet of the track. She was growing anxious, and because she was anxious and would not give in to the feeling, she hurried on yet more recklessly.

Ah! here was a bit of "soft" ground. "I must keep clear of that," she thought, being well-used to boggy patches on the moors. Many a time she had crossed them, springing from root to root of heather, avoiding deftly the insecure parts between.

A yelp from Wiggles made her glance round. Nose in air, he had been sniffing; and in a moment he was off, full pelt, regardless of her recall. Probably he knew that it was an occasion when disobedience became a duty.

Phyllys hesitated, but she could not follow him, for he was out of sight, swallowed up in the white curtain. She supposed that he had caught sight of some small wild creature, and had started in chase. He would be back in a few minutes, and would find her without fail.

She scanned her limited circle of visibility. In front and to her right lay an expanse of green—bright green, so far as anything could be bright in such an atmosphere. It was mottled with red and yellow, variegated moss-hues, and dotted by occasional tufts of rushes. Here and there grew the white-tufted cotton-grass, and wiry bog-grass of an olive-green, with red tintings, might be seen in abundance. Despite the dulling fog, these colours, which in sunshine would have been ominously brilliant, suggested to her a need for caution.

She could not see far. She did not recognise or suspect that this was no mere shallow patch of boggy soil; that a wide reach of treacherous slime, with only a thin outer coating of moss and grass, a death-trap for the unwary, lay partly around her, within reach of her foot. On a clear day, and with a less pre-occupied mind, she would have read tokens of her peril in the very brightness of colouring, which alike concealed and revealed the deadly danger. But though she had been in sunshine to this place, and had been warned of the trap which that fair surface offered, she never dreamt, in her girlish confidence and amid the bewildering fog, that she had wandered unknowingly to its verge.

It was just a bit of "saft" ground, as they call it in Scotland, and she was not troubled. She went on again, even more swiftly than before, eager to cross it, and then to wait for Wiggles. One moment later she would have heard Giles' voice shouting—but——

A false step suddenly, and she plunged in; deep over both ankles. It took her by surprise. The effort to save herself might have proved successful had she been going cautiously. But the impetus of her run made it impossible to stop; and as she tried to leap to what looked like a firm spot, she caught her foot in a slight tangle of rushes.

She fell far forward spread-eagle fashion, sliding on with the struggle to save herself, down into the horrible slimy bog, which yielded beneath her.

Phyllys was a girl of high courage, not readily frightened; but in that moment, in the terrible helplessness and sinking, the soft sucking sticky grip upon her limbs, and the sense of nothing to cling to, nothing to hold by, nothing to pull against, brought a sickening agony of terror.

CHAPTER IX.

OF DIREFUL REALISATIONS.

SHE knew what it meant. Thought at such a time is rapid; and as she went down, as she slid forward, as she felt the horrible black slime rising around her, she knew that she was in a quaking bog, that bog upon the fell against which she had been often warned; that bog which, had she been questioned one minute sooner, she would have averred to be at least half-a-mile away, in the most unfrequented part of the moor.

And she was in it, lying face downward upon its treacherous surface; the bright deceptive green moss giving way like paper under her weight; the dark half-liquid peat covering her limbs.

Had this been winter, had the accident

happened after any spell of heavy rain, no hope for Phyllys could have existed. At such seasons the whole swamp was a lake of foul liquid mud, in which she would have sunk as in water; and from the first plunge nothing more would have been seen or heard of the hapless girl. Strong men, lost on the moors after dark, had met their end thus; and as Phyllys fell she remembered the last—a traveller who had inadvertently leaped upon the green smooth surface, and had disappeared from sight.

But the weather lately had been dry, and the peat-mud was in a semi-liquid, tenacious condition, capable of bearing up a prone body for at least several minutes.

One other pressing peril was met. Phyllys, falling thus forward, might have met with immediate suffocation, but that her heavy shawl, thrown from the front over both shoulders, had dropped upon the bog outspread just below her face, guarding nose and mouth from the smothering grip of the mud.

At the first moment, as she realised what had occurred, she fought wildly, desperately, to escape. But she had gone too far, sliding beyond reach of firm ground, and she had nothing to hold by. She was powerless to drag her feet from the gripping black stuff. She had nothing to grasp, nothing which would give her a purchase, and each effort only sent her deeper. It seemed to her that she was being slowly and surely dragged under.

She tried to shriek for help, but her voice was gone. Breath and strength failed with the horror of her position. Again she struggled to raise herself, and again she sank lower. She knew then that her only hope lay in keeping still.

As she lay, prone and helpless, every nerve was alive, every faculty wide-awake. Thoughts flashed like lightning, one upon another. She strove to be calm, to pray for help. She knew that death meant life beyond, and she was conscious of a definite clinging to the One Great Name, which alone has power in man's last extremity. She tried to think of re-union with the father and mother whom she loved. But she was so young; and life in this world held much of promise; and she shrank from such a passage as this. Suffocation, alone in a horrible bog, mantled over by the white fog-pall, was ghastly.

"O God, save me! save! save!" she panted.

A shout reached her ears. Somebody was coming. She tried to call in answer, and it seemed to her that her voice went no distance. If she could keep up till help came! But the slime was creeping higher. Soon the shawl would be sucked under; and then the mud would reach her lips; and then—nobody would know what had become of her.

Would Giles be sorry? She thought so, and she sobbed a little. It was so chill and desolate lying there, with nobody to help, not even Wiggles to look on. The man whose voice she had heard must have passed on. It seemed hours since the sound had reached her. Had she been told that not five minutes had elapsed since her fall she would have counted the words wild.

The voice again! It roused her from despair. She called in response: "O come! O save me!"—for a slight effort to look round sent her deeper, and the mud began to pour in a slow stream over the shawl.

Led by Wiggles, Giles was aiming straight for the swamp, and suddenly Phyllys recognised his voice. Her courage revived. If anybody could save her, Giles could.

"Where are you?" he was calling.

"In the bog. Take care! Don't get in too!" she cried.

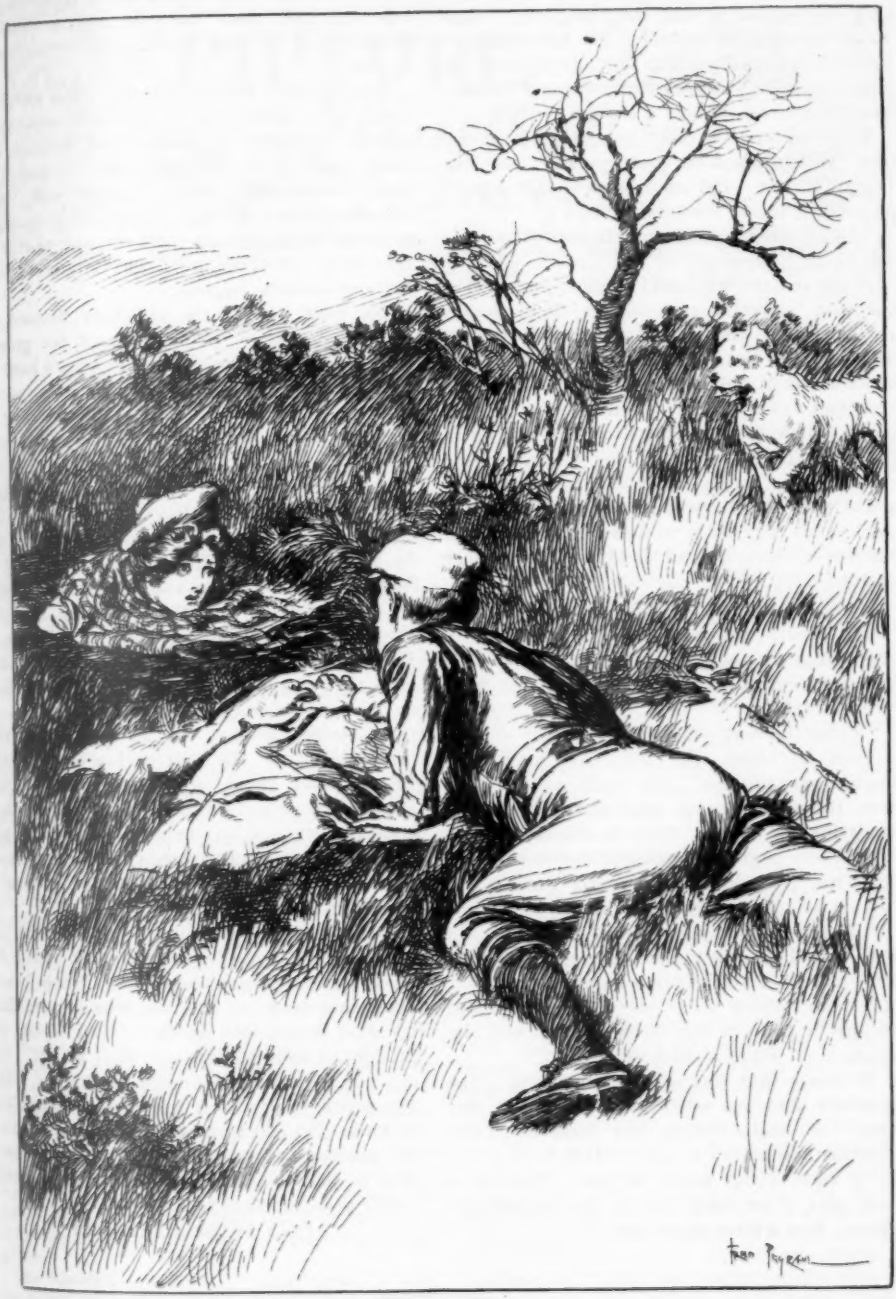
He had to approach with care, but soon he made her out dimly, lying nearly submerged, only the head and shoulders visible above the dark surface, her face supported by the shawl, already partly sucked under.

Had he not been compelled to give his whole mind to the problem of rescue, the horror of her position would have overwhelmed him. He realised to the full how awfully critical it was, how great was the need for instant action. But he also realised that to rush recklessly in, to get himself submerged, would be fatal for her.

"Keep still! Don't move!" he urged. "I'll have you out. Don't be afraid."

He measured the space between with his eyes, and tested the boggy earth with his stout stick, to find some spot which would bear his weight. Whatever he felt inwardly, he was composed outwardly; and she now made no sound, but lay motionless on her loathsome bed, waiting. The white brave face went to his heart.

Two or three steps, taken in a direct line, would have brought him within reach of her; but those steps were impossible. He had to look elsewhere. A few feet farther on he found a narrow tongue of firm ground jutting some little way into the bog, and this brought him, slowly and with care, closer to where she lay.



"'Keep still, and trust yourself to me'"—*p.* 798.

Not yet within touch; but so near that a single long step would do the business. He sought vainly for standing-ground. She was sinking—visibly—and his dread was that any moment she might go under. Few though the moments were since his arrival, he saw a change.

The mud here was drier, less soft than farther out. He pulled off his coat, spread it upon the boggy surface, and went down full length, creeping gingerly towards Phyllys.

"Don't struggle. Keep still, and trust yourself to me," he said.

Never in after-life could Phyllys forget what the first powerful grip of his hand meant to her, after the past interminable horror. She obeyed him, and did not struggle—at what a cost of will she alone knew. For still the slime was all around, and during one terrible moment it seemed to her that Giles was going down into it, that her last hope was vanishing.

But slowly, gently, he drew her towards himself; then, with exceeding caution, he somehow worked his way back to firmer ground, where his feet rested; and as he went he pulled her with him.

He was on it at last, kneeling, deep sunk in "saft" earth, but not drawn under; and he still had grip of her. Another moment and he had regained his feet; another, and they were on firm turf.

"Come this way—farther," he said.

Then he stood still, breathing hard, and Phyllys said nothing. She could not speak at first, the awfulness of what she had escaped rendering her dumb. She was a mass of black mud, every part of her except the head; and Giles was partially clothed in the same. But neither had yet begun to think of appearances.

"Thank God, I was in time!" he at length said, and the break in his voice made her look up. She wondered at his paleness.

"I can't thank you," she tried to say, and because a lump in her throat choked her, she laughed. "What a state we are in!"

He knew that this was not lightness. She trembled, and was ashen white. "'Come this way," he said, leading her farther. "The question now is how to get to Midfell."

"I know about where we are. There is a path near, if we could find it, leading straight there. And a farm on the way."

"Where we may make ourselves presentable. A good plan. Suppose you try to make Wiggles act as our guide. He brought me to you."

This proved a diversion, and she was soon her usual self, except for a touch of unwonted gravity. Wiggles again showed himself reliable, and in no long time they reached the farm, where they gladly parted with their encasing masses of mud. A man was despatched to bring clean clothing for both, and to relieve the minds of those at Burn Cottage, where extreme anxiety reigned.

On their arrival the old lady listened in agitated gratitude to the tale of her grandchild's narrow escape. She held Giles's hand in her withered palm, tears in her eyes, words faltering on her lips. She folded her darling in a close embrace, and prayed and wept over her. Phyllys too was in tears, realising how dear the old grandmother was to her, despite former rubs and misunderstandings.

This event put the presence of Giles at Midfell on a new footing. The cousin to whom Mrs. Wyverne owed Phyllys's life could not be held at arm's length. He had earned a right to come in and out as often as he chose. For once, Barbara was powerless to move the old lady. Her thankful joy was too deep not to find expression.

So during the week that he remained at the inn Giles made the best of his opportunity. He contrived to see a great deal of Phyllys. He and she walked together and talked together endlessly, though in such talks hers was the lion's share, and he acted chiefly the part of charmed listener. He was not at any time a man of many words.

Those days of close intercourse settled the question for him. Before the week ended, he loved Phyllys, loved her with his whole heart, knew that he loved her, and was assured that he never would love another. But he had no thought of showing in haste what he felt. He did not yet make it known to Phyllys. His attentions to her were simple and cousin-like in kind. So guarded was his manner that no one guessed the true state of things. He knew that he had to win her, and that the winning might prove no easy task.

[END OF CHAPTER NINE.]

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JUNE 19TH.—Christ Risen.

Passage for reading—*St. Matt. xxviii.* 1—15.

POINTS. 1. The devotion of the holy women.
2. Their worship of the risen Saviour.
3. Their joyful message to the disciples.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Following Love.** It is told in the annals of the Ottoman Empire that when Amurath II. died suddenly, his son and destined successor, Mohammed, was about a day's journey distant in Asia Minor. Every day of interregnum in that fierce and turbulent monarchy is attended with peril. The death of the Sultan was therefore concealed, and a secret message was despatched to the prince to hasten at once to the capital. On receiving the message, he leaped on a powerful Arab horse, and turning to his attendants, said: "Let him who loves me follow." This prince afterwards became one of the most powerful sovereigns. He had a numerous following of loving and devoted friends. And they who showed their courage and loyalty by following him in this critical moment of his fortunes were magnificently rewarded. "If any man serve Me, him shall My Father honour."

Worship of Christ the King. A celebrated minister of the Gospel was preaching on the offices of Christ, Whom he presented to the congregation as Prophet and Priest, and then as the King of saints. He marshalled patriarchs and kings, prophets and apostles and martyrs of every age to place the insignia of royalty upon the head of the King of Kings. The audience was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and, as if waiting to hear the anthem peal out the coronation hymn, the preacher commenced singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name!" The people, rising as one man, sang the hymn as perhaps it never was sung before.

The Foundation of Hope. "Gentlemen," said the dying Dr. McCall to his medical attendants, "I am no fanatic, but I wish to say this, which I hope you will forgive me for uttering in your presence. I am a great sinner, and have been a great sinner, but my trust for pardon is entirely in Jesus Christ, 'Who died for our sins and rose again for our justification.' Upon this as the foundation of my hope I can confidently rely now that I am sinking into eternity." This is the word which by the Gospel is preached.

JUNE 26TH.—Christ's Farewell to His Disciples.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark xvi.* 15—20.

POINTS. 1. Christ meets and instructs His disciples.
2. Charges them to preach to all nations.
3. Promises His presence and help.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Instructions Repeated.** It is said that the mother of John Wesley was obliged to tell her son the same thing over many times. One day his father inquired why she told the boy the same thing over and over again, nineteen or twenty times, since he failed so continually to remember it. Her patient reply was, "Perhaps he will remember it the twentieth time." Christ many times gave the same command to His disciples. "Go out and compel them to come in." "Make disciples of all nations." They fully grasped the idea after the martyrdom of Stephen, and went everywhere preaching the Word.

Work of Missions. I have seen men work in the stone quarries of Wales. A miner is suspended by a rope half-way down the side of the quarry. There he begins boring a hole in the rock, and after much care and toil and time in boring the hole to a sufficient depth, I have seen him fill it with black dust, and if I did not know what power was lodged in that dust, I should say, "How foolish to bore a hole and then fill it up again!" But I know that that black dust is powder with wonderful explosive power in it. And when he has applied his fuse and lighted his match, he flees to a distance by climbing up the rope again. That is what our missionaries are doing among the rocks of heathenism. They are preparing the way for the power of the Gospel. They are cutting a hole into the very rock of heathendom and filling it up with the powder of Divine truth.

What is wanted is fire from heaven to touch it. And God is doing this. He is preparing the people by His messengers.

Presence of Christ. When the Duke of Wellington on one occasion rode up to his retreating army, a soldier cried out: "There is the Duke, God bless him!" and the army nerved itself afresh and went forward and drove the enemy away. Christ, unseen, is always at the head of His army. We know He is there, and He inspires us to meet the foe. In every place where His soldiers are ready to march against the enemy, His voice sounds, "Onward, onward," even to the end of the world.

JULY 3RD.—**The Kingdom Divided**

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xii.* 12—20.

POINTS. 1. The King's overbearing spirit.
2. The design of the Lord fulfilled
3. The revolt of the ten tribes.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Arrogance.** "You tell me that I ought to bow down to the civil power, that I ought to submit to the King of Italy, and that from him I am to receive instructions as to the way I should exercise the civil power. I say that I am liberated from all civil subjection, that God hath made me the subject of no one on earth, king or otherwise; that in His right I am sovereign. I acknowledge no civil superior. I am the subject of no prince, and I claim to be more than this. I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men; of the peasant that tills the ground, and the princes that surround the throne; of the household that lives in the shade of privacy, and the legislature that makes laws. I am the sole, supreme judge of right and wrong." So spake a recent occupant of the Papal Chair of Rome.

Providence and Man's Greed. I remember that terrible accident which occurred on the Thames a few years ago—the sinking of the *Princess Alice* steamer. It appalled everyone, and was called "a mysterious providence." It was said in the newspapers at the time that when the collision took place the boat "cracked and crumbled like a matchbox." Why did it do so? Not by a special providence, but because it was built like a matchbox—as flimsy and slim. And the providence that ended so fatally was, as usual, not the providence of God, but the reckless greed of man. So Rehoboam, grasping for more money, was allowed by God to lose hold of the greater part of the nation.

Lost from Neglect. A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it one day just to oblige a friend, who said there was plenty of time for his boat to go through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the express train came thundering on, and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and has spent the rest of his life in a madhouse. The only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were, "If I only had," and he has gone on ever since repeating over and over again the vain regret. Surely Rehoboam must have often felt the same after refusing to lessen the taxes.

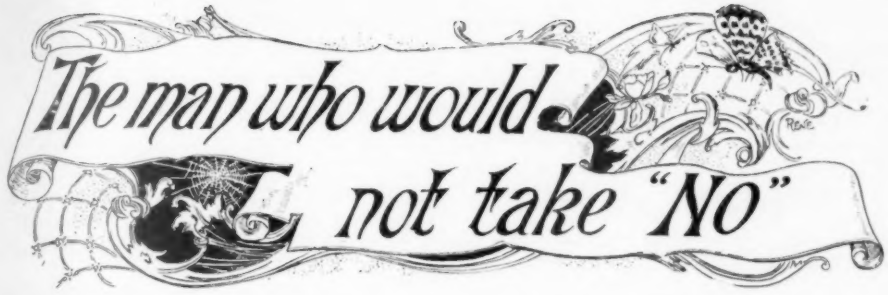
JULY 10TH.—**Jeroboam's Idolatry.**

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xii.* 25—33.

POINTS. THE KING'S DEPARTURE FROM GOD BY
1. Idolatry—the golden calves.
2. Profanity—making himself a priest.
3. Disobedience—appointing his own festivals.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Folly of Idolatry.** A missionary in India made a company of Hindoos one day ashamed of their idol-worship by a very simple device. When travelling through the country he came one day upon a number of people waiting near an idol-temple. He went up to them, and, as soon as the doors were opened, went in with them to the temple. Seeing an idol on a pedestal, he walked boldly up to it, held up his hand, and asked for silence: He then put his finger on its eyes and said: "It has eyes, but it cannot see; it has ears, but it cannot hear; it has a nose, but it cannot smell; it has hands, but it cannot handle; it has a mouth, but it cannot speak; neither is there any breath in it!" Instead of being offended, the natives were all surprised and ashamed, and an old Brahmin was so convinced of his folly by what the missionary said, that he cried out: "It has feet, but it cannot run away!" The people raised a shout, and, being ashamed of their stupidity, left the temple and went to their homes.

Obedience Better than Sacrifice. A young brother in a monastery complained to the abbot that only bread and salt had been served on the table for a long time. The abbot went into the kitchen, where he found the cook plaiting mats. "How is this?" exclaimed he. "What is there for dinner to-day?" "Bread and salt," replied the cook. "But the rule," said the abbot, "commands vegetables and soup." "My father," said the cook, "many of the monks deny themselves everything except bread, and it is such a trouble preparing the vegetables and salads, and so disappointing to see them come away from the table almost untouched, when I have spent so much time in getting them ready, that I thought I could employ my time more profitably in making mats." "And, pray how long has the table been without vegetables?" "Some two or three months." "Bring all the mats thou hast made, and show me them." So the cook, with no small pride, produced them, and piled them up before the abbot, who plucked a brand from the fire, and set them all in a blaze. "What?" said he, "withdraw from some of the monks the opportunity of denying themselves, and from those who are sick the necessary delicacies, and from the young their needful food, because it gives thee a little trouble, and because thou didst think to serve God in thine own way?" "To obey is better than sacrifice."



"NO, we haven't any sitting-down job," the superintendent said drily.

"S-s-s-pose ye will have 'fore long?"

"No, I do not think so."

The man shuffled from one foot to the other, looking embarrassed and troubled. He was powerfully built, being fully six feet high and broad and well made in proportion. Evidently he was very strong and muscular. But it was equally evident that his mind was slow; and his speech—perhaps on account of its impediment—was exceedingly difficult for him to enunciate. Twice his lips opened and shut, and his brown, anxious eyes seemed trying to do service for them. The superintendent looked impatient.

"We haven't anything," he repeated shortly.

"Then I'll w-w-w-wait," the man stammered.

The next morning he presented himself again at the office, with the same inquiry, and received the same answer. When the superintendent went out at night he found him sitting on the steps.

"Any op-op-openin' yet?" he asked.

"No."

The next day he did not enter the office, but he was on the steps when the superintendent went out at noon.

"Any y-y-y-yet?" he inquired respectfully.

"No."

By the sixth day it was becoming monotonous. Once each day, morning, noon, or night, the man waited at the steps, his face becoming more troubled and anxious at the curt repetition of the same answer. And on the sixth day after his impatient "No" the superintendent turned to him squarely.

"Look here," he said brusquely, "there's no use in this. Why haven't you gone to work? There's jobs outside."

"Y-y-yes, I know," the man answered; "I'm d-d-d-doin' some of 'em every day."

"Glad to hear it," sarcastically. "Well, I can give you a good steady inside job now, if you want it. But it will be standing up, and hard work. One of the firemen in our boiler room is going to leave, and we need another to fill his place at once. Your shoulders look strong enough to shovel coal ten hours a day. Will you take the job?"

The man shook his head.

"N-n-n-no, I can't," he said. "I d-d-don't want a steady job. You see, it's th-th-th-this——"

But the superintendent had passed on with a short, "Just as you like."

The man stood looking after him with troubled eyes, his lips still moving inaudibly, as though striving to add or explain something.

The next morning he was again at the steps, eager, humble, deprecating, but insistent.

"Ain't they really no ch-ch-ch-chance for a s-s-sittin'-down job," he pleaded.

The superintendent ignored him completely, and before the sentence was finished the office door had opened and shut. The man stood for some moments gazing at it stolidly, then he raised his big, muscular hand and brushed a tear from his cheek.

That noon, when the superintendent went home, his wife met him at the door.

"I've hired a man to clean up the lawn, Henry," she said, "and he's been doing it splendidly, and is just as careful of the flowers and plants as you would be. But he wants to see you about the pruning."

"The pruning! Hadn't you better leave that for me, dear? They are choice trees, you know."

"Yes, I know. But you're so busy, Henry, and it's time such things were done."

"That's so," thoughtfully, "and I couldn't possibly get around to it under several weeks. Work in the office is crowding us now. But I hate to entrust those trees to anyone else."

"This man has done the yard very nicely, and seems to be careful. But you'd better see him yourself. He's out there waiting. It's hard work to talk with him, though, he stammers so."

"Oh, does he?" The superintendent's brows came a little closer together as he went down the steps and around the house toward the back yard. His first thought was to dismiss the man summarily; but as he crossed the lawn and noticed how neatly and intelligently everything had been done, the refuse and litter cleaned out and taken away, and not a plant or shrub disturbed in the operation, his feelings underwent a change. A man who did work like that would doubtless be equally careful with his pruning, and it was time the trees were attended to. But in spite of his satisfaction with the work, his voice was curt when he accosted the man.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "Well, what about this pruning?"

"Do ye w-w-w-want it hard or m-m-moderate?"

"Hard; the trees haven't been cut back for three years. I want the pruning to be as severe as will be safe. For instance, this limb may be cut back to, say, this knot," placing his hand upon the limb in question, "and the rest of the tree proportionately. I want the pruning to put the trees into good shape as well as good condition. Can you do it?"

"I g g-guess so. I've done prunin' afore. But about th-th-th-that sittin'-down job. Ye d-d-d-don't——"

The superintendent was striding back toward the house. "Do the work as well as you can," he called over his shoulder, "and Mrs. Davis will pay you."

When he came home from the mill that night he went directly to the trees. They had been pruned with the care and skill of an expert, and were in the best condition for a strong, healthy growth another year. And their shape was all that could be desired. When he went into the house his face showed his satisfaction.

"Was the pruning all right?" his wife asked.

"Yes; he made a very good job of it."

"I thought it seemed good," she said. "Anyway, I've asked him to come back tomorrow and finish sawing our wood. There's a cord or so of hard oak and ash knots that the boy said were too tough for him. This man is so strong I thought he would be just the one to do them."

Her husband laughed.

"I'm afraid he'll fall short in this job," he said. "He's looking for sitting-down work," and he told her of the man's persistent applications for a job. His wife looked surprised.

"That doesn't sound a bit like his looks and the way he works," she observed.

"Not like to-day's work, I admit; but tomorrow's job will be a better test. Did you pay him?"

"No; he said wait until he was through."

The next night the superintendent returned later than usual. His work had detained him at the office. It would have been dark but for a moon and a clear sky. As he entered the yard he heard the sharp, rasping hiss of a saw gnawing its way through hard wood.

"Your man's still at it," he said to his wife a few minutes later.

"Yes; he's been at it like that all day. You said this morning you'd give him three days to finish the pile, provided he held out that long. Well, he's got it all done now, excepting a stick or two."

"Whew! you don't mean it. The fellow has worked then, certainly."

"Indeed he has. I never saw a man work harder or more steadily. But suppose you go out and pay him, Henry. He must be nearing the last stick."

The superintendent took some money from his pocket, counted part, which he rolled into a wad, and replaced the rest in his pocket. Then he went out. The man was just straightening his shoulders from the last divided knot which lay on the ground in front of the sawhorse.

"Hello! finished, have you?" commended the superintendent heartily. "Well, you've done a big day's work. Now, how much—for the two days, I mean?"

"One d-d-dollar—fifty cents a d-day."

The superintendent threw back his head.

"Oh, pshaw! pshaw!" he exclaimed. "Regular work is worth a dollar and a half a day, and you've put in extra time and extra exertion. Here's four dollars, and you've earned it every cent. I hope you haven't been asking such ridiculous prices at other places."

XUM

"W-well," apologetically, "they wanted to know what I ch-ch-charged, an' I told 'em, an' gener'ly they p-p-p-paid jest what I said. That's what I earned back where I come from."

"H'mph! time you came here, then. But how is it you work like this, and are willing to accept fifty cents a day for your work, and yet refuse a steady job in the mill at good pay that would not be so hard?"

"It's c-c-c-c-cause I can't stay here steady, an' I w-w-wouldn't like inside work nohow. I've always lived out d-d-doors, an' I can't seem to breathe good under cover. 'Sides, I m-may not be here more'n two or three days longer."

The superintendent looked perplexed.

"And yet you beg me for a sitting-down job," he said. "Do you want it for one day or for two days?"

"'T-t-tain't for me," eagerly. "I've b-b-b-been tryin' to tell ye that r-right along, but my p-p-pesky tongue's onreliable, an' ye was always in such a h-hurry, it kept me flustered. L-l-law, sir, I couldn't do no sittin'-down work. I'd d-d-die. I want to be stirrin'. It's for Melissy."

"Can't you come in to dinner now, Henry?" came Mrs. Davis's voice from the door. "Sarah says the things will be getting cold. Perhaps Mr.——" pausing inquiringly.

"B-B-B-Brown, ma'am—M-Moses Brown."

"Thank you. Perhaps you will come in, too."

"Thanky," promptly. "I b-b-b'leeve I will. I'm m-mighty hongry."

As they came in, the superintendent looked at his wife with an odd laugh in his eyes, which she returned. Moses Brown was the least embarrassed of the three. He had accepted the invitation with the same promptness and heartiness that he would have given one at his own home, added to which, perhaps, was a natural desire to see how these people lived. At the table he hesitated only through his infirmity and lack of knowledge, and not through any feeling of inferiority.

"Funny the d-d-different ways people have," he said. "Up my way it's supper 'bout this time; here it's d-d-dinner. I s'pose it's on account o' keepin' l-l-l-later hours. When d'ye have s-s-supper—midnight?"

"No; this is our last meal. But you were going to say something about Melissy. Who is she?"

"My g-gal. She's the odd bird. I've got four, but the others are home b-b-bodies, like me. Melissy's the only one who's got wings."

"And she wants a sitting-down job?"

"Y-yes, sir, for a while, if ye d-d-don't mind." Moses Brown's heavy face had grown animated and eager, and into his wistful eyes had come a sudden appeal. "Ye see, Melissy's s-s-seventeen, an' has been wantin' to do something sence she was t-twelve. She borried a b-book here and there, an' hunted up some old newspapers, an' p-p-p-picked out letters an' words an' learned a l-lot by herself. Then she got set on schoolin', an' began to work an' s-s-save money. She's been pickin' berries an' drivin' c-cattle for stockmen, an' cuttin' wood for 'bout three years now, an' she's s-s-saved forty dollars. Then a wild bull ch-ch-charged her an' smashed her foot."

"Badly?" asked Mrs. Davis, who had become interested.

"Yes'm, p-pretty bad. It was six months ago, an' she c-c-can only jest manage to get round with a stick now." He checked himself, turning to the superintendent hastily. "But she's strong an' spry, an' jest as able as me to work, 'cept for that f-f-f-foot," he added, "an' she's a good deal more willin'. She can do any kind o' work, no m-m-matter how hard, long's it's sittin' down. An' later she'll do better. We ain't no reg'lar d-d-doctor up our way, but we've a man who knows b-b-b-'bout horses an' cattle, an' he said Melissy's foot never w-w-would get so she w-w-wouldn't limp, but that arter another three m-months she could walk without a stick. It won't be so bad then. Course Melissy felt p-p-put out pretty bad at fust; then she heered as how gals could work in a m-m-mill an' make money, an' that some o' the jobs was settin' down. Arter that she kept at me to b-b-bring her, an' at last my wife said I'd better do it to oncet, or Melissy 'd fret herself sick. So I took our w-w-wheelbarrow an' rode her down to the aige o' the village, then she got out an' limped in. She didn't want f-f-folks to see her in the kerridge," grinning. "She's w-w-workin' in the fust house we stopped at, sewin' on clothes for her b-b-board. Melissy couldn't live without doin' s-suthin', an' she couldn't bring herself to spend a c-c-c-cent. Soon's she gets two hundred dollars she's goin' off to a s-s-school. She seen in a p-paper 'bout a place where it costs that."

"Why don't you move your family down here and obtain employment?" asked the



"I rode her down to the village."—*p.* 803.

superintendent bluntly. "A strong fellow like you ought to be able to support his family and give his daughter an education without her working any. Melissy need not go away. We have good schools right here, both day and evening."

"Yes," added his wife with unusual spirit. "It doesn't seem as though you ought to let a lame girl earn her education, Mr. Brown, and you so strong and healthy."

The patient brown eyes of the man looked from one to the other.

"Does s-s-seem that way," he agreed. "But I c-can't stay, an' I can't move down, an' I c-c-can't take no reg'lar job. My wife's ailin' an' has b-b-been so most all her life. I have to carry her from one room to another. I'm afeared she's b-b-b-been havin' a pretty hard time," the habitual look of anxiety returning to his eyes. "None o' the children are b-b-big an' strong enough to do m-much. I thought I'd w-w-wheel Melissy down one day an' get back the n-next, an' here I've b-b-been all this time. But my wife said I m-mustn't go back an' leave Melissy on no account till she was all s-s-settled. She w-wouldn't be satisfied for me to do that, no matter how she needed me."

"Well, why don't you bring your wife down here so you can all be together?" asked the superintendent impatiently. "It doesn't seem to me that you arrange things very judiciously. Your wife would be near a doctor here."

Moses Brown shook his head.

"'Twas a doctor t-t-told her to go," he answered. "I used to be down this way, workin' for a n-n-nurseryman. That's where I learned 'bout p-prunin'. But my wife was ailin', an' a doctor said that if she was t-t-took high up in the hills, in the woods, she might live, but that she couldn't here. I've been t-t-tendin' to her close ever sence, carryin' an' watchin' her, for she's l-l-liable to be bad any minute. I ain't been from her more'n an hour or so at a time in t-t-ten year. I ought to be there right n-now, only she said for me to wait an' settle Melissy."

Mrs. Davis looked at her husband.

"Can't you find some sitting-down job, Henry?" she asked.

He had been thinking, and he smiled an affirmation to her question across the table.

"Yes; I think I can arrange it," he answered. "The Stanton girl is in the finishing room, and she wants to go into the weave shop to learn weaving. I haven't consented to the change because I had no one to take her place. I wouldn't wonder if Melissy could do it all right. It's a job of drawing cloth over rollers," to Moses Brown, "and is very pleasant sitting-down work."

"An' can Melissy h-h-have it?" his eyes shining.

"Yes; I will let her commence in the morning."

Moses Brown rose quickly.

"Then if ye d-d-don't mind I think I'll be goin'," he said. "My wife must be n-n-needin' me. I'll jest stop an' tell Melissy, an' then hurry on. 'Tain't but t-thirty miles, an' I can get there by mornin'. Ye'll look out for Melissy some?"

"Yes," promised the superintendent, also rising, "and you may tell your wife that she will receive five dollars a week, and that the work will be easy."

"And tell her from me," smiled Mrs. Davis, through misty eyes, "that I will advise Melissy about the schooling, and will get her into some of the evening classes at once."

"Thanky, thanky," huskily; "it's k-k-kind of ye to do so much; but I must be g-g-g-goin' now. I'm in a h-hurry."

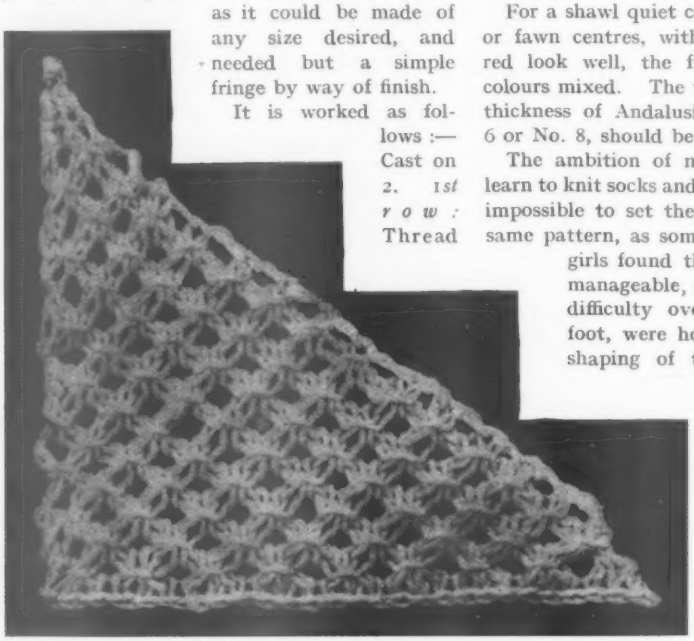
As his hasty footsteps sounded around the house and down the walk toward the street, Mrs. Davis turned to her husband.

"He's going to 'tend to his wife," she said softly.

MY DISTRICT KNITTING CLASS.

THE chief difficulty in managing my knitting class arose from the fact that the workers were not all equally expert. Another point that I had to consider was that all the members wished to make some article or other at once; they were not satisfied merely to learn new stitches and patterns. I soon found that even the little ones could be taught to make brightly-coloured reins for gifts for less fortunate mites who spend their days in orphanages and schools. These reins consist merely of a front section of plain knitting hung with bells, which sets across the child's chest and holds the long strips of plain knitting which serve as reins. A little help was wanted with the armpieces, which are made up over cord.

Some of the more skilful workers were able to occupy themselves with making shawls. The three-cornered pattern, of which a detail is given below, proved a universal favourite, as it could be made of any size desired, and needed but a simple fringe by way of finish.



AN EASY PATTERN FOR SHAWLS.

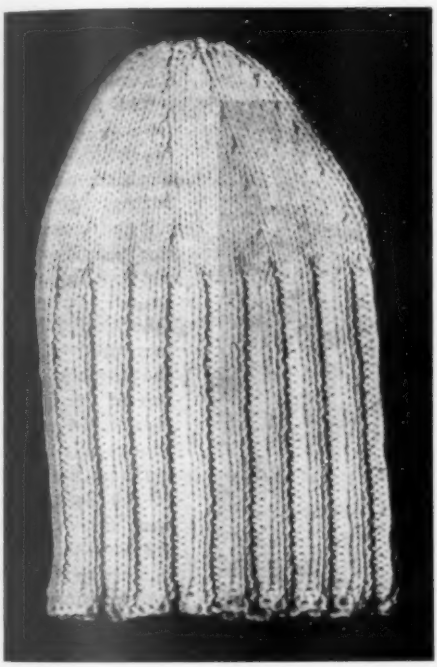
It is worked as follows:—Cast on 2. *1st row:* Thread forward, purl 2. *2nd row:* Knit 3 plain. *3rd row:* Thread forward, purl 3. *4th row:* Knit 3, thread forward, knit 1. *5th row:* Thread forward, purl the rest. *6th row:* (the pattern is now begun): Knit 2 plain, thread forward, knit 3, draw the first of these three over the other two, thread forward, knit 1. All the return rows begin with thread forward, and are simply purled; there is no need to mention them again. *8th row:* Knit 4, draw the second of these stitches over the third and fourth, thread forward, knit 3, pass the first over the second and third, thread forward, knit the last stitch plain. *10th row:* Like the 6th row, repeating the pattern till only one stitch remains on the left-hand needle; then thread forward, knit 1. *12th row:* Like the 8th row, repeating the pattern till only one stitch remains on the left-hand needle; then thread forward, knit 1. The pattern of the whole shawl is made up of the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th rows worked alternately, and the knitting is continued until the shawl is large enough. This pattern is easily kept right because the hole in one row must always set over the middle stitch of the preceding star.

For a shawl quiet colours are best, and grey or fawn centres, with a border of rich dark red look well, the fringe being of the two colours mixed. The wool should be about the thickness of Andalusian, and bone pins, No. 6 or No. 8, should be employed.

The ambition of most of my girls was to learn to knit socks and stockings. It was found impossible to set the whole class to knit the same pattern, as some of my less experienced girls found the four needles quite unmanageable, and others, who made no difficulty over the leg and straight foot, were hopelessly puzzled by the shaping of the heel. The younger members were set to work with two needles only, and they began by knitting the self-fitting or bag socks shown on page 807. These have the leg all in ribbing like a cuff, and the deep toe in plain knitting is gradually decreased to a point.

When sewn up and put on the foot, these socks take shape, and as the wearer's heel comes in a different part of the knitting every time the socks are put on, holes and consequent darning are of comparatively rare occurrence.

For bag socks for a man we cast on 96 stitches with 4-ply wool and needles No. 15.



PORTION OF BAG SOCK.

These, with suitable wool, made excellent bed-socks for invalids. For a child from three to four years of age, the work being done with Andalusian wool and needles No. 17, 76 stitches are required, and lady's stockings of medium size can be made with Rutland yarn and needles No. 14 on a foundation of 104 stitches. Hosiery made in this way requires to be larger and more elastic than when ordinary knitting is used. For two needles the work is done as follows :—*1st row :* Knit 2 and purl 2 alternately all along. *2nd row :* Purl 2 and knit 2 alternately. These two rows are repeated until, for a sock of average size, the leg is about eighteen inches long. The toe is then worked off thus :—*1st row :* Knit 2 together and knit 6 alternately ; work five rows alternately purl and plain. *7th row :* Knit 2 together and knit 5 alternately ; work five rows as before. *13th row :* Knit 2 together, and knit 4. Work three rows as before. *17th row :* Knit 2 together, knit 3 ; work three rows as before. *21st row :* Knit 2 together, knit 2 ; then three rows as before. *25th row :* Knit 2 together, knit 1. *26th row :* Purl. *27th row :* Knit 2 together all round. Cast off and sew up the leg and toe of the sock.

My best workers, to whom the making of cuffs and bed-socks presented no mysteries, wished to knit stockings for their own wear, and I encouraged them as much as possible, for it is pleasant, easy work, that can be done in odd moments, and economical into the bargain, as home-made hose, if well-fitting, are strong and lasting wear. I therefore planned out all our socks and stockings by the Creeve rules, and from experience these proved both simple and satisfactory. These are they,



DETAIL OF A HEEL.

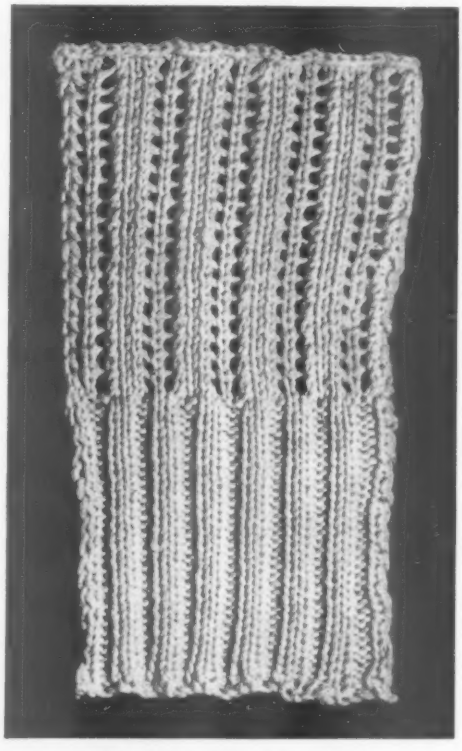
in brief : I. (for top of stocking) : Knit as many rounds as there are stitches cast on. This is exclusive of the ribbed, or hemmed top. II. (or calf) : Divide total number of stitches by 9, and the answer gives the number of narrowings. III. (for ankle) : Knit the same number of rounds as there are stitches on needles after narrowing the calf. IV. (for heel) : Put half the stitches, and one over for

seam-stitch, on heel needle. Knit the same number of rows as there are stitches. Narrow till half the stitches on heel needle, exclusive of seam stitch, remain. V. (for instep): In picking up stitches along sides of heel, increase one in every three stitches. Narrow till there is the same number of stitches as before the heel was commenced. VI. (length of foot): Knit as many rounds from heel to toe-narrowings as there were stitches on needles after narrowing at calf. VII. (for toe): Narrow till the third of the stitches remain. Socks we generally ribbed, and this gave us no trouble with the shaping of the legs.

Those workers who were much troubled over the shaping of the heels were correspondingly cheered when I showed them the heel illustrated which is particularly comfortable in wear. Very few knitters are long content with the easiest heel of all, in which the top of the flap is divided on two needles, from which the stitches are knitted off together, thus making a hard and uncomfortable seam.

The better-shaped heel is worked off thus: Having finished the ankle, put half the stitches, the seam stitch in the middle, on to one needle, and knit and purl alternately as many rows as there are stitches on the pins. Leave the rest of the stitches untouched for the present. Then, beginning with a knitted row, knit as far as the seam stitch (the middle stitch on the heel pin), knit it and the next together, knit 1, turn the work, slip 1, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn, slip 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, turn, slip 1, purl 2, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn, slip 1, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 1. Continue this, decreasing in every row by taking together a stitch before and a stitch after the hole made by decreasing in the preceding row, till all the stitches of the heel are worked off. Setting the heel proved so interesting that the little extra trouble it gave was soon forgotten.

The picking up of the stitches down the side offered but small difficulty, for, when the heel had been evenly worked, the stitches to be raised were seen lying down the side like a regular chain. Every third stitch is purled as well as knitted.



OPEN-WORK PATTERN FOR STOCKING

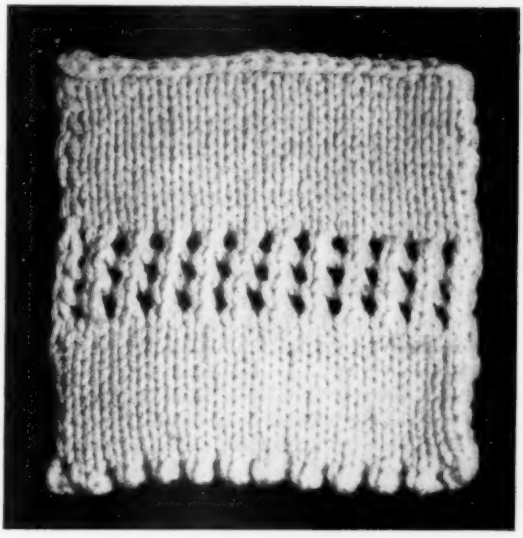
The front of the foot is knitted on the next pin, and on a third as many stitches are picked up and knitted up the second side of the heel flap as were raised down the other side of it. On this third pin half the stitches on the top of the heel are also to be knitted. The rounds now begin from the middle of the back of the foot (or heel); if there is a seam-stitch it must be got rid of by knitting it in with the next stitch. We managed the decreasing for the foot thus:—*1st round* (*1st needle*): Knit till 3 stitches remain, knit 2 together, knit 1. *2nd needle*: No decrease. *3rd needle*: Knit 1, decrease, knit the rest plain. Continue to knit in this way, knitting every other round plain till there are as many stitches left as there were before the heel was begun, and work round and round without any decreasings for the foot.

The toe can be worked off as in the bag sock; but, as stockings and socks are usually made on four needles, the rows between the decreasings must all be plain, no purled rows being made.

Stockings having open-work legs and insteps (see detail above) were very popular amongst

our most advanced pupils. The principal difficulty with these—if difficulty it may be called—lay in so learning the pattern that the decreasings down the calf of the leg throw out the stitches as little as possible. This can only be managed by thoroughly understanding the pattern so as to restore the design, as it were, directly after every intake.

This is one of the prettiest of the open patterns that my workers manage, and it is very easy. After the ribbed top is finished—in such stockings this is better than a hem—work thus :—*1st round :* Thread forward, knit 1, thread forward, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together ; repeat all round. This pattern requires a number of stitches divisible by six. *2nd round :* Plain. The entire work consists of these two rounds.

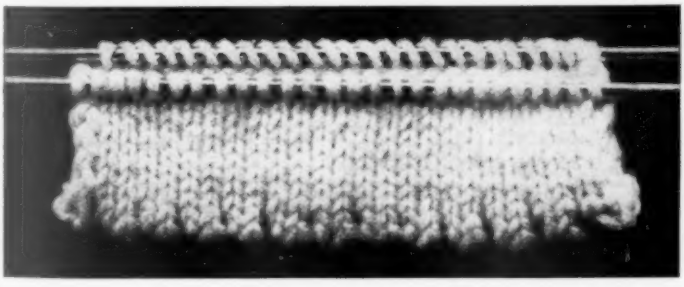


DETAIL OF HEM FOR TOP OF STOCKING.

The learner must note that there is a single knitted stitch running down the work, having a hole on each side of it. The wider stripe is made by the " knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together " of the above directions.

The favourite hem top is that shown finished above and in process of making. below. For this an even number of stitches is required, so the seam stitch should not be raised until after the hem is completed. The first few rounds are knitted plain, the number depending upon the width of hem required ; from nine to eleven rounds are usually made. For the next round thread forward and knit 2 together ; continue thus all round. Now knit as many plain rounds as were made at the beginning:—Take some extra pins, and with them pick up each of the cast-on stitches in turn ; fold up this part of the work so that it lies against and at the back of the portion that was knitted last. Work a round, and with each stitch take in the corresponding loop on the extra pin, knitting the two off together. This forms the hem (above), and the tiny indented edge is provided by the holes made after the first band of plain knitting.

Such are a few of the directions, in brief, that I found of the greatest use to my small body of knitters. As regards the wool, I took care to purchase it in large quantities. Before instructing my workers in any fresh pattern, I took care to have a thorough grasp of it myself, for questions were asked in the course of the lesson of which I should never have dreamed, and I had to be as ready to explain away imaginary difficulties as to face all those actual troubles that arose in the natural course of events.



METHOD OF MAKING THE HEM.

IN TIME OF TEMPTATION.

A Story of the Far West of To-day by Emma E. Hornibrook.



THE prospect might have daunted a brave spirit. When the train backed out of the frame shed, called by courtesy a depôt, five of the half-dozen passengers it had brought to Weheegan were gone. The sixth, tall and straight as the native pine, braced her lithe body against the swirl of rain that swept the small platform.

Jean Lindsay's clear eyes, peering through the mist, could discern lumber, soaked and dripping, lying in masses or loaded on trucks around the station, completely obstructing further view. They were very steadfast eyes which met this unpromising vision of a new life. The fortitude that had led her forefathers to covenant and die among their heather-clad hills was a grand inheritance. That the mouth was tender and sensitive enough to quiver a little Jean owed to her beautiful Irish grandmother. The same line gave her finely marked brows, and lashes so dark that the grey eyes, when lifted, were a surprise.

She drew a breath of relief as a tall man, with slightly stooping shoulders, hurried towards her.

"Miss Lindsay, of course!" he exclaimed, holding out a cordial hand. "This must seem a poor welcome, but a Chicago buyer came in just as I was leaving the office, and there's no shunting a Chicago man—sticks like a burr. Come right along; my buggy is here. I'll send for your baggage later."

Jean smiled at the hustling Western hospitality, which was bringing back a little genial warmth to her heart. James Holden breathed a sigh of thankfulness at sight of her strong frame.

"Not scared, eh?" he said. "That's good. Sunshine to-morrow will brighten things up, and my wife will be a real sister to you."

The owner of three lumber mills, and a comparatively rich man, Holden's happiness had been marred of late by the conviction that under the care of five children and other duties his wife's health was declining. Jean was the outcome of an advertisement for a "mother's help" in an Eastern paper. The usual inquiries and high references had proved satisfactory.

"If we can only keep her," he thought, as he glanced askance at the girl tucked under the wrap beside him. "Why wasn't she plain, or even ordinarily good-looking? Then there'd be some chance."

It was an agreeable surprise when, at the turn of the road, Holden pointed the handle of his whip towards a large, well-built, well-sheltered frame house. It had an air of comfort and even refinement, and just now seemed a haven of rest. Jean's quick glance took in the fine growth of trees at the rear, the garden drinking in the rain after a long season of drought, the trim fences, and lawn. This was not the rough-and-tumble place she expected to see. All was promising.

A pale little woman received her with a motherly embrace.

"Come in, Miss Lindsay. What a day it has been!—but good for us in some ways; most things are. James, give me that bag. I shall take this dear girl to her room at once."

Left alone for a brief rest, Jean surveyed the chamber. It was large and comfortable, while the snowy whiteness of linen and draperies appealed to her fine taste. She clasped her hands in thankfulness, for had she not come hither relying on her mother's God? She could scarcely tell when she had begun to trust Him for herself; it was as far back as she could remember. The child of pious parents, she learned to depend on the love of the great Father. No arguments were needed to prove His existence; the proof was in her daily life. Even when her parents died she did not give way to despair, but, clasping her arms round a younger sister, sobbed out, "God will take care of us." Also, in the present venture she had sought to follow His will, for it was the only way that opened. James Holden was a cousin of her mother's, and said to be a God-fearing man. If all went well and the venture succeeded, she would send or come for her sister Lily, who was left at home with friends.

On entering the sitting-room with Mrs. Holden, Jean was introduced to a tall, fair young man, Mr. Ellis, her hostess's brother.

"You will find Weheegan banishment after New York," he began.

"I am not a New Yorker," Jean replied. "I spent the past year there, but my early home was in Grant, a mining town in Canada."

"Then it will not seem like the back of creation to you, as it did at first to me."

"You are not a Westerner, then?"

"Rather. I have lived in *the* city—Chicago."

"There's nothing small about Jack. You'll find that out, Miss Lindsay," Holden said, looking up from his paper.

"What did you tell me about Chicago men?"

Holden's appreciative laugh filled the room.

"Going out to-night, Jack?" he inquired later.

"I think not," was the rather emphatic reply.

The master of the house frowned. It was a bad beginning. At the opening of a door his brow cleared a little.

"That's Morgan," he said.

In a minute or two Jean was being introduced to a fine dark man of erect bearing, whose clear, honest eyes met hers almost with surprise. She was conscious of the same gaze more than once as Ellis tried to engage her in conversation, but it was never obtrusive.

"Morgan Kane is my brother-in-law's partner," Ellis said. "Your humble servant is book-keeper at the mills. Everyone in Webegan is connected with lumber in some way. Ours is a sort of wooden existence."

"I thought it was exciting."

"So it is at times. Wait till you see a boom come down the river."

If he had an uneasy consciousness that at no great distance a certain fair-haired little girl watched even then for his coming, he stifled it in the new-found pleasure of talking to his sister's beautiful "help."

When Morgan Kane rose to go, the girl, according to Canadian custom, extended her hand. The warm, strong clasp in which it was taken thrilled her in some mysterious way, and seemed as the seal of good comradeship.

Once in the street, the man walked on aimlessly, almost without reflection, yet with a strange, new sense of being. All the thirty-five years of his life had been singularly lonely and repressed. Much of it was spent in lumber regions among men with whom he had little in common. To-night, when Jean's gracious presence rose before him, something which had bound his heart for years seemed to give way. His blood even now throbbed in his veins at the remembrance.

The next day Jean took up her new duties. Mrs. Holden urged a longer rest, but found that in a quiet way of her own the girl was sharing responsibilities. From that time she became a member of the family. Morgan Kane called in the evening, but failed to see her, and when a reasonable time elapsed, and he had nothing further to say to his partner, was forced to leave.

A few days later he was more fortunate. Taking a short cut through the woods to his boarding-house, at the rear of the Holdens', he came upon her sitting in the midst of four children. For a moment he dared not advance, but, as she turned, took a step or two forward. The opportunity was too good to lose, and though their greeting had been restrained he seated himself without invitation on a convenient log.

"You are tired," she said, as if it needed excuse.

"No," he replied, with characteristic directness, "I am never tired, unless of my own company, and never lonely in the woods. At first the isolation and hush were oppressive. I was like an old soldier longing for the crowded battlefield, for I had been fighting every step of the road against odds in a great city. Then a way opened, and I came here to meet new difficulties. The free, fresh life appealed to me, the many voices of the forest spoke to me, and I thought myself content."

"And you are not?" The question was involuntary.

"I am, and I am not," he rejoined evasively. "The region has been much improved. Civilisation has looked in upon us through lines of rail. Still, there are greater possibilities, and it pleases me to consider them. We need a greater uplift."

Jean was conscious of a guardedness in the speech, and it recalled her to a sense of the situation. She half rose, and Kane was not slow to take the hint. To cover the retreat, she held out a book.

"Emerson!" he exclaimed, and began quoting:

> "And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
> I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
> At the sophists' schools and the learned clan."

"I cannot altogether make those words my own," he said, as he turned away, laughing a little at her pleased surprise to find a lumberman quoting poetry.

Some days afterwards Jean was taken to see a boom come down the river. Kane advanced, hat in hand. Together they watched the men spring from log to log as the huge mass of timber swung slowly along.

"It must be dangerous!" she cried breathlessly. "What if they should part?"

"They often do, and become as unmanageable and contrary as human beings. But those fellows are as agile as monkeys. See that one jump!"

"Have you done that?"

"Many a time."

She did not know the admiration her eyes expressed as she looked up, but Morgan drew a deep breath. In truth, he was fast becoming a hero in her sight, this man with his strong personality and love of nature, yet with a daring equal to any of his fellows. So different from her conception of the rugged beings to be found in lumber camps. She did not know then how his influence told for good, how many a poor fellow he had lifted out of the mire and helped to keep straight. Now his character preached.



"Morgan gasped and tried to rise."

Kane was not one to take advantage of her excitement at the river, and, as if in self-defence, she busied herself with the children.

A few evenings later, however, he called. The sitting-room door was open, and he paused in the hall, for Jean was singing. Jack Ellis stood beside the piano.

"Sometimes, between long shadows on the grass,
The little truant waves of sunlight pass;
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
Thinking I see thee smile.

"And sometimes in the twilight gloom apart,
The tall trees whisper heart to heart;
From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
Thinking I hear thee call"

Jean rose suddenly. Did some instinct tell her of an unseen listener? Morgan saw Ellis bend his head to hers, but did not hear the whisper, "Tell me, does that mean anyone in particular?" Nor the stifled answer, "Oh, it does—my sister!" It was, in truth, a love ditty, but not as either man supposed.

In another minute Morgan was in the open air, panting and dazed as by a sudden shock.

"Oh," he breathed. "have I tasted this new, strange sweetness only to lose it?"

He pulled himself up and walked slowly to and fro, thinking hard. That Jack Ellis was unworthy of the girl he knew. Gambling was carried on to a great extent by the mill hands and farmers around, who had little to vary the monotony of their lives. That Ellis indulged in it and was heavily in debt had come to Morgan's knowledge. The innocent girl, who so bravely cast in her lot with them, must be saved, at any cost.

Like a flash, a way occurred to him. A large sum had been paid in to the firm that afternoon. It would be easy to transfer a portion to a drawer where Jack could not fail to see it in the morning. He was in sore straits, and the temptation would be irresistible. After all, it would only be accelerating matters, for there was nothing before him but exposure

and flight. It would not make him worse than he was already, only show him up in his true colours—and save her!

As he walked toward the mills he repassed the Holdens' house. A light shone from an upper window, which he knew was Jean's. All at once he became conscious of a strange, subtle influence, pure and strong, meeting the evil within himself, gaining, overmastering it. It was like the exorcising of an unclean spirit, the "Peace be still!" of Power mid the rush of the storm. Involuntarily he bared his head to the cool night breeze. He had come to himself.

Ah! Jean Lindsay might never be his, but he would not, even to win her, now stoop to treachery. He could at least merit her confidence and regard, and retain his own self-respect. Was his integrity, his consideration for others who had fallen even as Jack Ellis had fallen, only to be maintained when it cost no personal sacrifice? His naked soul, stripped of sophistries, cried out in protest.

* * * * * *

"Are you sure the boss got the money?"

"Certain."

Kane, who had held on his course without reasoning, crossed the big lumber yard, on the thick sawdust floor of which his steps were inaudible. The voices were distinct to an ear practised to distinguish sounds mid the whirl of the mills. One was that of a Southerner known by the euphonious name of Syd Mortimer, who had lately drifted to the place, the other Ellis.

"Then come on. Have you the key?"

"Yes; but the money is in the safe."

"Pshaw! I tell you I can open any safe. Do you want to fool round until the watchman gets back?"

The answer from Ellis was a bitter curse.

"I was honest until I got into your toils," he said.

"Then I conclude the game's up?" was the cool rejoinder.

"Don't you do it, Jack!" rang a voice out of the darkness, as Kane stepped forward and laid a detaining hand on the intruder's collar. "As for you, Mr. Sydney Mortimer, or whatever your true name may be, I have a suspicion that the officers of law in these states of ours would like to locate you."

There was a quick movement of the stranger's arm. Ellis's warning was drowned by a report. Kane reeled back against the wall, a hand pressed to his shoulder.

Half an hour later Jean was roused by the sharp ringing of a bell. She found Mrs. Holden, pale and shivering, at the head of the stairs.

"Is it another fire?" she called.

"No," Holden answered; "but there's been some trouble at the mills, and Kane is hurt. They're bringing him here."

Jean, suddenly sick and faint, took hold of the railings for support. She heard the sound of wheels, and dropped to her knees, a hand on her heart. A little sobbing breath escaped as Morgan's voice reached her from below.

"It's too bad to rout you all up, Holden. It's really nothing—a pin-prick. Doc' here will have me all right in no time."

The men passed into a sitting-room on the ground floor, and laid their injured comrade on a couch.

"How was it?" asked Holden.

"Oh, that fellow Mortimer found out about the money. He is an expert safe-opener."

"Where did Jack come in? Lucky he did."

"Yes, lucky he did," Kane replied quietly, with a look at the younger man which promised and enjoined reserve.

Was it "a woman's love for love" which prompted Mrs. Holden to ask Jean to carry a message to the room of their injured guest next morning, even though it might entail loss to the family? Holden had just left it. When the door was opened in answer to his ready response to the knock, Morgan gasped and tried to rise. Jean put out a protesting hand.

"This is too good—oh, *so* good!" he exclaimed. "Jean, don't stay me, or I'll be in a raging fever from trying to keep it back. I love you. You don't know what you have done for me, but I will tell you some day. Give me that hand, as I say I love you."

"It's just what I expected," Holden said to his wife that day. "Now, what's to be done?"

"Jean says she knows her sister will come to us, and she herself will not leave for some months."

"You don't know Morgan," laughed her husband. "Well, Jean is a brave lassie, and deserves to get the best man in lumber land. I only hope her sister won't follow suit in a hurry. My! we'll all have to live up to our best when Kane gets a wife to help in his work of reform."

THE SPIRIT BEARING WITNESS.

By the Venerable William Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—ROMANS viii. 16.

MY desire is to remind you of the convincing help which we get from the fact that, when once our face is set towards God by faith in His Son Jesus Christ, then in countless ways the Universal Spirit of goodness reminds us that we are on the same side as God Himself, that we are daily influenced by Him, that it is by Him that we are kept from sin and evil, and that we are in the truest sense His children.

That the Spirit of God is in the world is not a matter of doubt. Those who have reduced religion even to its very narrowest limits point out the fact that there is a Power, not of ourselves, that makes for righteousness. Righteousness and all good things are permanent and unshaken; wickedness and evil tend unquestionably to ruin, dissolution, death, and extinction. Bad things depart, good things remain; it is the law of progress that every statesman depends upon. And more than that, we are ourselves conscious of a power which appeals to us constantly to choose the good and avoid the bad. It is not merely the bias of the laws, or the effect of public opinion, or the force of example. It is something more than all that. It is an unseen, an unanalysed, influence which compels us to recognise an ideal higher than has ever yet been attained by man, and to acknowledge a perfection after which every being must strive if it is to fulfil its end. This influence has a kindling, transforming, and effective power which proves it to be something more than human, and, indeed, is the sign of the Divine Essence.

The Spirit of the Eternal, which had breathed for ever and ever through all the glittering hosts of heaven, marshalling them in their divine order, their rhythmical harmony, their universal purpose, their one majestic, uninterrupted cadence, was to be felt in the moral sphere as well as the material. The design for man was that he should be upright, honourable, pure, just, true; capable of loving whatsoever things in nature and in character are lovely and of good report. Every gift which man had, every quality which would make him beautiful and good for the eyes of God to see, all would come from that one and the self-same Spirit, moving in his soul in the sphere of morals as He had moved from all ages and was still moving in the laws of Nature—for God is the essence and source of all goodness and excellence whatever. Without Him nothing was ever strong or holy. Whenever any man was ennobled by a true thought, by a pure love, by a grand action, by a good deed, so far he was sharing in the very nature and essence of God, for without the nature and essence the deed could not even have been conceived. The subtle effulgence of Omnipresent Deity was ready to guide each of God's human offspring into truth and goodness. Only let him open his inmost soul to the light; only let him recognise the still small voice that in his secret self would impel him to refuse the evil and to choose the good; only let him see God in everything around him—in Nature, in daily duties, in the heavens, and in his home—then would his whole life advance from day to day in a harmony as true and splendid as the perfect music of the spheres; then would he go on from strength to strength, as radiant a son of God as the bright bridegroom of the sky

rejoicing to run his course. Then would the whole earth be full of the goodness of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

We know, alas! that sin has prevented this ideal state of things which God intended. Man has, indeed, fallen short of the glory of God, and it was necessary for the Son of God to come and bring him back to the Almighty Father, and make the way clear for the Kingdom of the Spirit. It was only here and there outside the Chosen People that a man gave himself to the leading of the Spirit of God, and rose above his surroundings. Perhaps the greatest of such was Socrates. In the midst of the evil city of Athens, at the time when her riches, luxury, culture, and refinement, her thoughtless admiration of mere physical beauty, sapped away the strength and vigour of her early morality, and the foulest practices were sanctioned alike by the most approved taste of the highest Athenian society and by the best writings of the greatest Athenian men, there was at least one who heard the still small voice of the Spirit of God telling him to refuse the evil and to choose the good; who saw the glimmer of the true light shining in darkness, and knew that it was no flickering marsh-flame capriciously flaring, but the steady fire of God within his soul; who gave himself to follow the hand that led him on, showing him that *God is true, and in Him is no darkness at all*, and teaching him of the immortality of his soul, and of the things of truth. "Socrates said that there was a spirit in him, not himself, which guided him all the way of his life." The Sophists around him might teach their weary creed that man is the measure of all things, and that each individual may do that which is right in his own eyes, that there is no right and no wrong, but only what is pleasant and what is painful. Socrates saw around him the dreary result of such a system of life, and proclaimed with all the vigour of intense conviction that the principles of morality are unchangeable as the laws of the universe. And he found within him the clue to life, and to that clue he was faithful even unto death.

So did the Spirit strive with man. In many a golden sentence of pagan philosophy, in many a noble deed of many a generous hero, we see the light of the Spirit shining, and hear His omnipresent voice. Do you not read Him in every page of history, making the good triumph, and bringing the wicked to destruction? Do you not find Him in that seasoning of healthy morality which kept the world from becoming altogether abominable? In the justice of Aristides, in the magnanimous self-devotion of Regulus, in the purity of a Roman matron, in the truthfulness of the Persians, in the disinterested patriotism of Cato, and in the consciousness which enabled their contemporaries to appreciate all these great qualities, do you not recognise the divine operation of that unseen Presence, Who, when earth was chaos, moved upon the face of the waters? And yet, further, in the preparation of the world for the coming of our Lord by the Hebrew worship of one God, by the Hebrew law, and by the splendid visions of the Hebrew prophets, do you not find the visible traces of the Essence of Truth? Do you not read His divine thoughts in the general expectancy of the world at the time of our Lord's coming, that attitude of suspense and hope which Tacitus and Suetonius have described, of which one of Virgil's most beautiful poems is an example, and which taught the Eastern sages to watch for the dawn of that star which led them to the cradle of Bethlehem?

When our Lord came, He not only reconciled man to God, but He opened the Kingdom of Heaven, the Kingdom of the Spirit, to all believers. Thenceforward it was not necessary for men to grope after God, if haply they might find Him, but He was plainly revealed in all His power and glory; thenceforward it was not merely one man or woman here or there that was great and good, but righteousness, virtue, and peace through faith became possible to the humblest as well as the highest, to the simplest as well as the wisest, to great multitudes throughout the ever-expanding area of Christendom as well as to choice spirits whose nature prompts them to goodness. Christ showed where and how the Spirit of God was to be found, and what was the character of His power and influence. By His revelation men have learnt that the knowledge of the Personality of the Holy Spirit of the Father and the Son is to be able to address Him, to approach Him, to talk with Him as friend talks with friend. It is to be conscious of the Spirit dwelling in the inner chamber of the human consciousness, and leading the soul on from righteousness to righteousness. Such divine fellowship and communion is to feel the heart warmed and purified with no transient enthusiasm, no foolish heat of superstition, no imaginative ecstasy of unreasoning devotion, no wild exaltation of weak sentimentalism, but

with the profound assurance that God is on our side. To you, my brothers, as Christians it is given to be confident that, however limited may be your faculties, however faulty the disposition which you have received by nature from your ancestors, whatever imperfections you may find within yourself of temper and of intellect, nevertheless, as long as you have faith, you are ever being born again by the very Spirit of the Eternal. You know that as long as your soul thirsts after the living God, as the hart pants after the water-brooks, you may be sure of finding within yourself a well of water springing up into everlasting life. To you alone as Christians is granted the satisfaction of believing that the stains on your life will be no more remembered against you because of the forgiveness of sins. Other faiths, having an element of truth, may hold out a dim hope of a change or of happiness hereafter, but in some it is faint, and in others its ideal is sensual and material. The creed of our Lord alone tells you in clear, authoritative words, "We know that we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Thus it is that where in other religions, which are but a faint and erroneous copy of the King in His beauty, there have been here and there a few who have come up to a high type of character, and yet the whole mass has become feeble and powerless, or else impure and corrupt. On the other hand, in the true faith there have been numberless lives of almost complete goodness, numberless characters of almost perfect beauty, numberless examples in every generation of a reasonableness of conduct unknown elsewhere, numberless deeds of heroic self-sacrifice, purer, more enlightened, more effectual, than we can find in scattered instances in other histories. For we know the Spirit of God, for He dwelleth in us and is amongst us.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. This is no hyperbolical language, describing in beautiful metaphor a vague religious feeling; nor is it a far-off description of some higher state which the souls of such men and women as we are, among the trifling cares and monotonous ties of our daily life, are unable to appreciate, or measure, or even to desire. It is a truth of which each of us can discover the reality for himself. Have you never, in your daily occupation, or in the book that you have been reading, or in the train of thought that has been passing through your mind, felt the flash of the Spirit kindling in you something nobler than was there before? When you have been looking at some exquisite landscape, or musing over some picture of high thoughtfulness and marvellous beauty, or losing all thought of yourself and of your petty surroundings in the heavenly harmonies of some pure and true music, have you never seen the Spirit pass by? When your whole being has been filled with admiration and delight at some deed of courageous unselfishness, or at some character of conspicuous wisdom and generosity, or at some life that is more godlike than the lives of most men and women, have you not heard the voice of the Spirit calling out all the warmth of the love of the better part of yourself? Or when you have gone forth from yourself in prayer to your Father, Who seeth in secret, in the morning, or in the evening, or in the daytime, as you are about your work, or in the church where men meet to worship God, have you not come back into yourself calmed, strengthened, purified, feeling the light dawning upon you, and the shadows fleeing away, and have you not realised with awe that the Spirit of the Father and the Son had been with you? Or when, in some acute grief or bitter disappointment, you have not known at first where to lay your head, where to bury your sorrow, where to get rid of the numbing load of pain that seemed to be crushing all the life out of you; and then, as you still looked dumbly towards God, something quiet and tranquil has taught you patience and you begin, after a long time, to look forward as well as backward, to hope as well as to regret, and to think that after all your life is not so wholly broken off from all that made it bright and happy in the former days—at such times have you not been sure, with an undoubting security, that the Spirit of God knoweth our downsitting and our uprising; He understandeth our thoughts afar off; He compasseth our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways?

There are other ways, some more direct even than these, in which the Spirit bears witness with our spirit. Perhaps we have for a time been careless and indifferent about religion, and the faults and imperfections of religious men and women have made us impatient of the very thought of it. And then something has made us serious again, and caused us to see the reality of what we had despised. *There was the Spirit of God.*

And, again, sometimes conscience has been so neglected and disobeyed that it has become either silent or unheard, and we have thought,

said, and done things which in our better times we should have abhorred. Once more, we know not how, by some word spoken in season, by some powerful reminder in thought or in reading, the drug has been removed, and conscience has once more become powerful, has spoken, and been obeyed. Sensuality and selfishness are the two great enemies of our souls, the two great powers of darkness that rule the natural man; and these have given way once more to the accusing and reminding voice within. *There was the Spirit of God.*

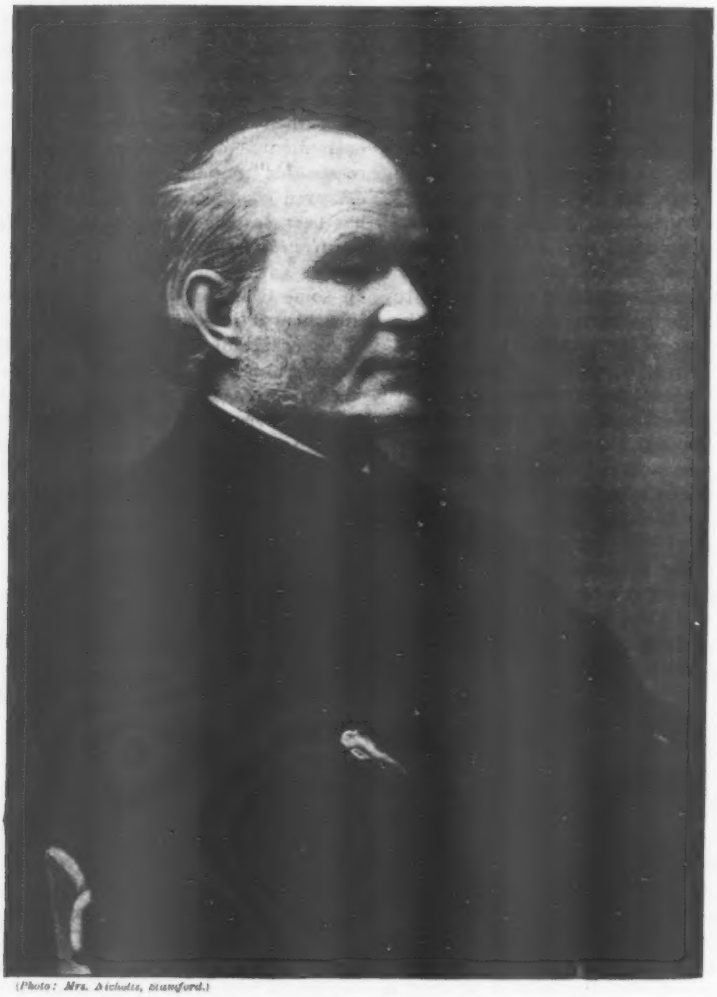
We have at times been careless about the realities of the spiritual life, and the future reward has seemed remote and unattractive. Something has drawn our minds more nearly to the thought of our immortal destiny, and the value and interest of the promises of our Lord have become plainer to view. We have considered them with more earnestness, and they have had more effect on our daily life and conversation. *There was the Spirit of God.*

Nothing can be more reassuring than to find the cares and anxieties about our worldly affairs gradually becoming of less importance, and the force of old temptations and evil propensities, if not altogether extinct, at any rate dwindling away before a sense of principle and duty. It is good to realise day by day that our self-government has been maintained, and that when there has been any interruption to it then we have seen it immediately, have deplored it bitterly, and have soon recovered it. It is the greatest comfort that we can have to prove to ourselves that sin has been rejected and repelled, and that we have been able to decline its offers. *There, again, the Spirit of God has been at work.*

It is not so much an increase of confidence in our own strength with which we have encouraged ourselves, for that would be a delusion. The real hope for us is when we rely more on the helping grace of God. If we see that we are really touched with the love of all that is meant by His glorious Name; if it is a satisfaction to us to be reminded of Him in His worship; if some thought about questions of faith and duty is of real interest and importance to us; if we are consciously happier when we are good than when we fall below the standard of conduct which we acknowledge; if we value any increase in firmness, strength, and resolution, and in kindliness and sympathy towards those with whom in various ways our lot is cast, then we may without superstition or excitement, but in the calmest and most reasonable manner, praise God for His undeserved goodness, and believe that the Spirit has been *bearing witness with our spirit that we are His children.*

This witness is never complete in this life. In some it is weaker and more intermittent; in others it is stronger and more continuous. The measure of it is given in proportion to the sincerity and earnestness of our own prayers. We have to ask for it, to co-operate with it, to lay ourselves open to it, never willingly to do anything that would diminish its influence, or that might land us in states of mind which would be incongruous with that settled and happy condition. St. Augustine, the most fervent, thoughtful, and experienced of all the men of faith, knew this, and he prayed thus: "O Holy Spirit, Love of God, Who proceedeth from the Almighty Father and His most blessed Son, Powerful Advocate and Sweetest Comforter, infuse Thy grace, and descend plentifully into my heart! For in whomsoever Thou dwellest the Father and the Son come likewise, and inhabit that mind which is honoured with so glorious a Guest. O come, Thou cleanser of all inward pollutions, Thou healer of all spiritual wounds and diseases! Come, Thou strength of the feeble knees, and raiser up of them that fall! Come, Thou star and guide of them that sail in the tempestuous sea of this world; Thou only haven of the tossed and shipwrecked! Come, Thou glory and crown of the living; Thou only stay and shield of the dying! Come in much mercy! Come, and make me fit to receive Thee! Amen."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF CHRIST."



(Photo: Mrs. Nicholls, Stamford.)

DEAN FARRAR.

GREAT preacher, successful teacher, and powerful Temperance advocate as he was, it is as the author of "The Life of Christ" that Frederick William Farrar is best remembered by many thousands of admirers, who knew nothing of him as schoolmaster, and never or seldom came under the spell of his wonderful oratory. The story of his life must have been a difficult one to tell, and his biographer son, Reginald Farrar, has only succeeded in giving a comparatively slight picture of the busy life in the compact volume which has just been published.*

He has not relied upon his own recollections or on such correspondence as his father—

* "The Life of Frederick William Farrar." By his son, Reginald Farrar. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

always a busy man—preserved, but has welcomed the assistance of relatives, old pupils, and former colleagues of his father. Those who only remember the late Dean of Canterbury in the successful years of his later life will be interested to hear of the struggles of his youth. His father, who had been a missionary in India, where he was working when the future Dean was born, was only a curate in England at the time that the son's Cambridge career began, and Mr. Reginald Farrar says :

"In October, 1856, my father went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a 'sizar,' and supported himself at first entirely on the income derived from his sizarship and King's College scholarship. His father, being only a curate, was a very poor man, and the son took a legitimate pride in the fact that from the time he entered at King's College, and throughout his career at Cambridge, he paid the expenses of his own education entirely by scholarships and exhibitions, and, as he has often told me, his education never cost his father a penny. So poor was he, and so rigid was his self-denial and his resolution to spare those struggling parents in London the least farthing of expenditure on himself, that during his early undergraduate days at Trinity he refused himself the indulgence of tea for breakfast, and drank only water."

For twenty years Dr. Farrar was a successful schoolmaster, first as assistant master at Marlborough and Harrow, and afterwards as Headmaster at the famous school, where he succeeded Dr. Bradley, who was later Dean of Westminster, when Farrar was Canon and Archdeacon. As a teacher he was very successful, for—

"He was, as Dr. Thring, of Uppingham, pithily said of him, 'not a mere knowledge-box with the lid open, but a true guide and teacher, able and willing to help, inspirit, and lead the way.'"

His influence over the boys was an excellent one, and the biographer quotes with effect several touching letters from men who had been under him at Marlborough or Harrow. It was of the happy days at Harrow that one old scholar wrote :

"'I was with him for nearly two years in the "Remove," and I never heard him say an ill-natured thing or an unkind thing about a living creature, except to a boy who had lied to him. Very few fellows, however, tried a falsehood with your father, for we others, idle, lazy, or whatever we were, would not stand that, for he possessed a faculty for making everybody who came in contact with him remember that he was a gentleman ; so in our form it was considered the height of blackguardism to "deceive Farrar." I only wish we had all followed out his teachings in after-life. You must excuse the abnormal length of this letter, but your father is a theme upon which I have great difficulty in restraining my feelings. . . .'"

And it was of his Marlborough days that another ex-pupil was thinking when he recalled another reminiscence which we quote :

"'The following authentic story shows how he appeared to a small boy who regarded him as *nil mortale* : "I was never in the Sixth," he explained, "but Dr. Farrar came to review the lower school form in which I then was. As he came in, in his silk gown, with that stately form, oh ! I did feel small ! 'Go on' he said to me. I went on and got through it. When the review was over, he stopped and talked to us, among others to me. 'Where were you born ?' he asked. 'In India, sir,' I replied. 'Ah ! I was born in Bombay myself.' We had quite a talk, and then he shook hands. I was proud of myself. I didn't wash that hand for two days. I never got into his form ; but when he was installed Dean I took a holiday and went to Canterbury ; and when he died I went there to the funeral service. We never allowed a word to be said against him at home."'"

Being thrown so much among boys, and seeing so much of their reading, it was only natural that Farrar should turn his attention to the writing of healthy stories for boys, and his biographer tells the story of his beginnings in literary work very concisely :

"In 1858 he may be said to have begun his public career as an author with 'Eric, or Little by Little,' published by request, and founded on reminiscences, partly autobiographical, of his old school in the Isle of Man. This was followed in 1859 by 'Julian Home,' a tale of college life, of which the local colour is derived from Trinity College, Cambridge. 'St. Winifred's, or the World of School,' was not published till 1865. 'The Three Homes' was originally published under the pseudonym 'F. T. L. Hope' (derived from Tennyson's 'faintly trust the larger hope'), and the

authorship of the book was not publicly claimed till 1896. It first appeared as a serial in THE QUIVER, and since its publication in book form more than thirty thousand copies have been sold."

It is interesting to recall that the connection with THE QUIVER thus pleasantly begun was continued to the end of Dr. Farrar's life, and one of the last pieces of literary work which he did was the writing of those studies of "The Child Wonderful" which were published in the Christmas Number of this magazine in 1902. And even now that he has been taken from us, and new works from his busy pen may no longer be expected, the association of Dean Farrar's name with THE QUIVER is still maintained, and our pages this month contain references to the special offer which is made to readers of THE QUIVER of an edition of the ever-popular and helpful "Life of Christ."

How he came to take up this work Farrar himself told in the preface:

"The work was undertaken at the request of the publishers, who 'wished to place in the hands of their readers such a sketch of the Life of Christ on earth as should enable them to realise it more clearly, and to enter more thoroughly into the details and sequence of the Gospel narratives.'"

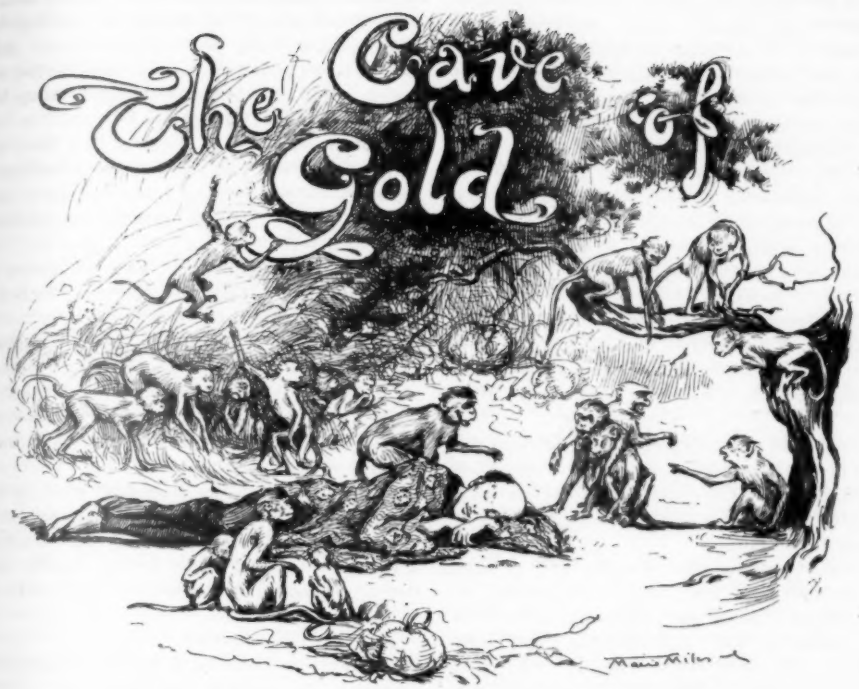
When the book was written, its author was Headmaster of Marlborough—although he was at Harrow when he began the task—and one of his daughters contributes to the biography a touching reference to the difficulties which surrounded the work:

"It must not be forgotten that this gigantic task, which would have been a notable achievement as the outcome of years of lettered leisure devoted to no other object, was with my father a παρεργον, accomplished in the spare hours of a busy schoolmaster's life between the years 1870 and 1874. Engaged often in teaching and other routine magisterial duties from seven o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night, with many letters to write and frequent sermons to prepare, 'months,' he says, 'have often passed without my finding time to write a single line; yet, even in the midst of incessant labour at other things, nothing forbade that the subject on which I was engaged should be often in my thoughts, or that I should find in it a source of peace and happiness different alike in kind and in degree from any which other interests could either give or take away.' But leisure, with him, meant ever change of occupation—not smoking, or chatting, or a game of whist—and after a day's work in school his steady lamp would burn far into the night; while he valued his holidays chiefly for the privilege they gave him of working thirteen hours a day at his beloved book. Which of his children does not remember the ponderous and solidly constructed 'book-box,' with its fifteen cubic feet of formidable tomes, mostly German theology, the working-tools of my father's literary craft, which accompanied the family to the seaside on every successive summer holiday?"

Mr. Reginald Farrar quotes many letters from readers of the book unknown to its author, expressing their appreciation of the work, which is the eloquent Dean's truest and best memorial.

In the pathetic picture of the Dean's closing days his son quotes some passages from Canon Mason's sermon preached in the cathedral at the time of the Dean's death, and with one or two sentences from this we must close this reference to a book which is a loving tribute to the many-sided devotion of a great father:

"'If I may dare to say what appeared to me to be the case, I think the Dean himself was happier during the last two years or so than I ever knew him before; and I am sure that he deserved to be so, for the presence of the Spirit of God shone out more and more conspicuously from his wasting frame. That busy right hand lost its cunning, till he could not so much as turn the pages of his sermon for himself, but had one of the King's scholars beside him in this pulpit to turn them for him; then that wonderful voice, which used to set the hearts of thousands vibrating as he spoke of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come, became husky and feeble, and he was compelled even to give up reading the Lessons. But he never murmured. Not even in his utmost privacy did he complain. All impatience, all fretfulness, were banished.'"



A Story for the Little Ones by Myra Hamilton.

SOO TOME walked in his garden and sighed bitterly, for he had nothing to do; he was really a man to be pitied, for he had no work to employ his hands, no thoughts even to occupy his mind; therefore he found the days very long and dull. He glanced at the melon plants with which he was surrounded, and wondered to what use he should put the fruit when it ripened, but suddenly a good idea came to him, and he clapped his hands with pleasure.

"I will cultivate the melon and the corn so as to provide food for the monkeys and apes who need it," he cried with great determination. "My dear wife and children are dead, so it is not necessary that I should labour for them, and yet I am too young a man to dwell in idleness, especially when there are those around who require my care. Well, I remember how the monkeys starved last year, for the people guarded their melons and their corn so carefully that the poor things never had a taste all the season. But sooner than do nothing, I will work in my garden and give the product of the earth to the monkeys."

So this kind-hearted man, Soo Tome, laboured daily on his plot of land to provide food for the little creatures that chattered to each other in his trees, and when his neighbours cried one to another, "See, Soo Tome must be mad! He lets the monkeys devour everything he grows," he shook his head, for he knew it was right he should do the best he could to assist the weaker creatures that were not able to help themselves, and it gave him true pleasure to share his abundance with them.

One day, after working particularly hard in the garden, Soo Tome lay down in the shadow of a tree to rest, but the heat of the sun was so strong that soon he fell into a heavy slumber, from which he did not even arouse when the monkeys arrived for their feast.

"See," said the eldest monkey sorrowfully, pointing at Soo Tome, "our best and really our only friend is dead. No doubt he has killed himself through over-work. Have we not all

noticed how diligently he has tended his garden so that we might feed? Alas! our kind friend is no more. What shall we do now?"

And the monkeys sat lamenting round the sleeping form of Soo Tome, who had no idea of the distress he was causing through slumbering thus peacefully.

"Surely," remarked the youngest monkey, "if our benefactor is dead, we ought to bury him. It would prove we are not ungrateful, and I think it is the very least we can do. Let us bear him to the Copper Cave, and there leave him in peace."

"The Copper Cave!" shrieked another, indignantly. "Certainly not! That is not nearly good enough for one who has been so generous to us. He must lie in the Silver Cave."

"No," said the eldest monkey, striking his paws firmly together. "No. Soo Tome must be carried to the Cave of Gold. No other cave will do. I am sorry we have not one of diamonds for him."

A shout of delight proved how pleased all the monkeys were at the suggestion, so they raised Soo Tome between themselves, and tenderly bore him to the place arranged. As they moved along, Soo Tome woke up, but when he discovered who his companions were he closed his eyes again, and determined to wait and see what would happen. At last they reached their destination, and with the utmost gentleness they laid the man down within the Cave of Gold, and then, terrified by the glittering brightness of the place, they scampered off, each eager to enjoy a good feed of melons.

When the last monkey had disappeared, Soo Tome sat up and gazed around in rapture. On every side of him he saw gold that would mean a fortune to him, and buy every possible thing he might desire. So he arose and filled his pockets, his boots, his cap, and even the sleeves of his shirt with this newly discovered wealth, and then he ran home as fast as he could, afraid that he would be robbed on the way.

Very soon, to the astonishment of the neighbours, Soo Tome began to build for his own use a fine large house, which he filled with servants; then he bought wonderful horses and carriages, rich silken clothes to wear, and glittering jewels to adorn himself with—in fact, in every way he showed that he had become a really wealthy person, instead of the poor lonely gardener he used to be. A false friend of Soo Tome's was so curious to know the origin of these possessions that one day, as the latter drove along the road in his carriage, he held up his hand and stopped him. And though Soo Tome had become rich, he had no foolish pride, and was just as glad to see his friend as he could possibly be.

"Jump in and sit at my side, Paw Yan," he said, after they had exchanged affectionate greetings. "It is long since we have met and had a chat. My building has occupied me so much lately."

"It has," replied Paw Yan, in rather a pointed way. "It has taken up all your time; and, I should think, all your money too."

"Money," said Soo Tome, lazily shrugging his shoulders. "Well, yes, I have spent a good deal, but not half as much as I have. I could afford to buy ten houses if I wanted to, but, as I can only live in one at a time, what is the good?"

"Ah!" echoed his friend, "what is the good? I am so surprised," he went on, for he wanted to find out all he could without asking a direct question, "that you, a humble gardener, should have had such a rich relative to leave you his money."

But Soo Tome shook his head.

"I have no rich relatives," he said simply; "there is no money in the family that is likely to come my way."

"My poor friend," said his inquisitive companion, "I am so grieved to think how hard you must have had to work to have saved such a sum. If I had seen you at your labours I would willingly have helped you. It was cruel of you to do it alone."

"I did not work," replied Soo Tome. "I doubt if I could. I have led such an easy life always; but, listen, my friend, and I will tell you my secret, for I am sure you will never rest until you know it, and, indeed, I should like to share it with you."

So into Paw Yan's eager ears Soo Tome poured the whole story of his kindness to the monkeys, and the generous way in which they had rewarded him by placing him in the Cave of Gold when they feared he was dead.

And when Paw Yan learnt all he could about the Cave of Gold he stopped the carriage and got out, for now he had discovered his friend's secret he did not want to waste his time driving with him.

"What a fool Soo Tome is really," Paw Yan said to himself as he sat down to make his plans. "I have a scheme in my head to get to the Cave of Gold also, but I shall not trouble to toil

in the garden beneath the burning sun, so as to earn the monkeys' compassion and gratitude. They are such silly creatures, they will never know the difference. If they find me lying on the ground, pretending to be dead, I shall easily deceive them, and I am sure they will carry me at once to the cave."

So Paw Yan entered the garden one day when he knew the melons were ripe and growing in great numbers, and he lay down in a shady spot and waited for the monkeys and apes to come for their usual feast of fruit.

And just as before the little creatures gathered round to bemoan the death of the man who lay motionless on the ground, and after a certain amount of tears they tenderly raised him and carried him out of the gardens along a road Paw Yan did not ever remember seeing before. Though he pretended to be dead, he peeped out beneath his drooping eyelids, for he wanted to take good note of the direction in which he was being carried, so he would be able to visit the cave as often as he liked afterwards. He was most impatient to arrive, and his head was full of plans by which he could secure as much of the gold as he could. "I will fill everything I can," he told himself, "and I will make my arms hold as much as possible, and then what I cannot carry I will put in a bamboo basket and drag home."

But while Paw Yan was hurriedly making his plans the monkeys who were carrying him reached a place where four roads met, and there, to his dismay, they stopped to argue. And as Paw Yan listened he was pained to find they were discussing which cave to take him to. "As though there should be any question about it," he said haughtily to himself. "Only the Cave of Gold is good enough for a Paw Yan to rest in." But the monkeys evidently thought very differently. Some recommended the Cave of Silver, only a very few advised the Cave of Gold, but a great many were in favour of the Cave of Copper. "I never heard such nonsense," said Paw Yan to himself, longing, as he lay supported by the little monkeys, to jump up and kick furiously. But he decided to keep quiet, and hope for the best.

The discussion went on for a long while, but at last the eldest monkey waved his tail three times as a sign for silence, and when all the others were listening he spoke gravely and seriously, but in a manner which proved to Paw Yan that his word was law.

"This man is a stranger to us," said the monkey, "so why should we honour him as we honoured our dear good friend, Soo Tome? I quite agree we should give him a burying place in one of our three caves, but let it not be the Cave of Gold. I command, therefore, we bear him to the Cave of Copper, and there leave him in peace."

But when Paw Yan heard this his disappointment was too great for him to bear in silence.

"No, no!" he shouted; "take me to the Cave of Gold! I *will* go there, I say!"

But with a yell of terror the monkeys dropped the man heavily upon the road, and then bolted off, far too scared even to look behind them and see what had startled them.

Paw Yan picked himself up, all cut and bruised, and then he shook his head sadly as he attempted to brush the dust off his clothes.

"I don't think I shall be rich, after all," he said, as he prepared to limp back to his home. "I thought I could have deceived those monkeys so easily, but they are cleverer than I supposed. I shall give up being deceitful and see if I shall be luckier then. It is not a good thing to try to cheat one's neighbours. I have proved that. For the future I will work and do my duty. I am sure that is the best thing in the world after all."



TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.



(Photo: Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.)

MRS. A. J. STUART.

A LADY WORKER.

MRS. A. J. STUART, of Folkestone, has for many years been a most earnest and helpful Temperance worker. She was born at Vellore, in the Madras Presidency, her father being Major-General Stevens, an officer in the Indian Service. Mrs. Stuart joined the C.E.T.S. in 1882, and became a member of the total abstinence section of the society in 1890. During her residence in Folkestone she has helped to start several branches of the society, and as a member of the Folkestone Temperance Council has taken an active part in opposing licences. One special department of Mrs. Stuart's voluntary labours has been the delivery of addresses to the children of the middle and upper classes in the many large private schools of the town. She is a Poor Law Guardian, and was elected to the Board of Elham Union without opposition. Mrs. Stuart has written ably and well on Temperance topics; and her little book, "Things to be Added," a volume of addresses for mothers' meetings, fills a useful place in books for workers. At the recent Congress of the Kent Temperance Council Mrs. Stuart contributed a valuable paper on her practical experience as a Poor Law guardian.

LABOUR YARDS AND HOMES.

The work in the police courts has abundantly proved that there is need for the provision of labour yards and homes in which men and lads discharged from prison may be temporarily employed until permanent work can be procured for them. Unfortunately, owing to lack of funds, very few labour yards are in existence. Liverpool has a firewood and mat factory, which gave employment to 176 men last year. Portsmouth home took charge of 108 men, and the London Boys' Shelter Home housed 168 lads; whilst the Rochester Boys' Home, a South London institution, sheltered 112 boys. At the Winson Green Coffee House, Birmingham, some 3,550 free breakfasts were given to discharged prisoners. All these practical efforts to give a helping hand to poor folk to make a new start in life are the direct outcome of Temperance work, and are a sufficient answer to the cheap sneers of those who look upon the Temperance movement as a mere "fad," without any real results.

A CONTRIBUTION TO TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

Dr. Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L., has just issued a small handbook, which should be of great use during the discussions on the new licensing proposals. It is entitled "Alcohol: Its Place and Power in Legislation," and is based upon a dissertation which the learned author presented to the Faculty of Law at Oxford University, when qualifying for the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Dr. Souttar traces the history of licensing in England from the year 1495, and also takes a survey of the liquor traffic in America, Canada, Russia, and other foreign countries. The vexed questions of compensation to publicans and magisterial discretion are passed under review, and public-house trusts and the scheme for the municipalisation of the liquor traffic are criticised. The care of the habitual inebriate, alcohol in relation to society, and alcohol in relation to morals are among other phases of the subject ably dealt with, and in summing up his argument Dr. Souttar says, "The disease is in the heart of man, and the only cure for



(Photo: Russell, Old Bond Street, W.)

DR. ROBINSON SOUTTAR.

it lies in the regeneration of the individual. Hence, whilst the value of good legislation is great, moral suasion, personal dealing, and Gospel preaching are of paramount importance in Temperance work." We may add that Dr.

XUM

Souttar represented Dumfriesshire in Parliament from 1895 to 1900, and while in the House rendered great service to the promotion of Temperance legislation. He was born at Aberdeen in 1848, and graduated first class in Civil Law at Oxford in 1889. He has been an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and gained the Telford Prize for a valuable paper on street tramways. He is an eloquent speaker, and has rendered great service to the Temperance question by his public addresses in all parts of the country.

INEBRIETY AND INSANITY.

Many years ago the good Lord Shaftesbury called attention to the remarkable connection between intemperance and lunacy, and now Dr. Robert Jones, the Medical Superintendent of the London County Lunatic Asylum at Claybury, has stated that out of the 116,000 cases of insanity at the present time detained in asylums there are probably no fewer than 11,000 males and 6,000 females whose insanity is directly or indirectly caused through drink. The statistics of the London County Asylums for the ten years 1893–1902 showed that of 35,916 persons under treatment no fewer than 5,727 owed their insanity to drink alone. Such figures as these tell their own tale, and the pity of it is that men and women cannot be brought to think upon them and act upon them in their sober moments. How many homes there are from which a dear one is missing owing to mental infirmity; and what untold misery lurks in the array of figures brought forward by Dr. Robert Jones!

A NOBLEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. the Marquess of Normanby has for many years taken an active part in Temperance work. In a speech recently given at Whitby he said: "A great change had come over English society in respect of Temperance, even within the last thirty years, and he was proud to say that he threw his interest into the Temperance cause some years ago—he was rather young at the time. When he first started on that course the movement was not universal, and its supporters were not regarded with the acquiescence with which they were received at the present day. The Temperance question was now recognised on all sides as an important question, and Temperance work was recognised as an important and necessary work. What was more, it was looked upon as being properly personal work." In the same speech the Marquess recalled a very striking opinion of the late Sir William Jenner (one of Queen Victoria's physicians), who had said to him: "I look upon alcohol as a poison—a very valuable poison, but still a poison; and I never order it for any patient of mine, and never use it myself, except it is measured carefully."

"SPEED THE PRESS."

Few living men have been more active in the distribution of Temperance literature than the veteran worker, Mr. A. E. Eccles, of White



(Photo: Norman Mag and Co., Ltd., Malvern.)

MR. A. E. ECCLES, GRAND CHIEF TEMPLAR 1882, GRAND TREASURER 1884.

Coppice, Chorley. During the last quarter of a century this gentleman has at his own cost put into circulation millions of tracts, pamphlets, and books primarily in promotion of the Temperance movement and the anti-tobacco crusade, although other good causes have also received a considerable share of his attention. Mr. Eccles was born at Over Darwen in 1830. He was educated under Mr. George Edmundson, who founded Queenwood College, of which Professor Tyndall was a tutor, and Professor Fawcett and the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton were both students. When a young man of twenty-five Mr. Eccles read a copy of Dr. Grindrod's prize essay, "Bacchus," and at once became an abstainer. He immediately threw himself with great activity into Temperance work, and did very much to reform the character of his own neighbourhood. He joined the Good Templar Order in its earliest days, and has held many offices in the organisation. He was for years a member of the executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, and is a vice-president of the Manchester Diocesan C.E.T.S. In 1873 he gave evidence before the Lords' Committee on Intemperance, illustrating the advantages which his own village reaped from prohibition. Mr. Eccles is the president of the Temperance Ironsides, so it will be understood that his attitude to the cause is "thorough." He belongs to a family that has been engaged in the staple industry of Lancashire for over a century, for his father built the first cotton mill in Darwen, and his grandfather manufactured cotton cloth for the first Sir Robert Peel to print. Mr. Eccles married Miss Annie Fothergill, of Darlington, and this lady is a life abstainer, and has done very much to further the work by the promotion of Christian Bands.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Painful Ignorance.

A CLERICAL worker amongst boys in London was bringing some of them to Euston Station on their way to Canada. In the railway carriage, before arriving, the clergyman said: "Boys, we may never see one another again. Let us kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer together." Not a single boy of the party knew the words. This ignorance seems as strange to us as that of the dying Frenchman who remarked, when his wife read the Lord's Prayer, "What a beautiful prayer! Who wrote it?"

A Horse Ambulance.

IT was Ruskin who once wrote, "He who is not actively kind is cruel." After reading such words it is more than gratifying to note the consideration and kindness that are now shown by the public to domestic and other animals through that admirable institution, Our Dumb Friends League. This society has established branches all over England, and is doing a great work, encouraging young and old to be kind to their pets. Its latest achievement is the placing of four new horse ambulances upon the streets of London. Strictly speaking, only one car is in operation at the moment, but the three others will follow shortly, as soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming. A very good idea of this interesting conveyance may be gathered from our photograph, showing the car now stationed at Clerkenwell and intended for use in that neighbourhood. Its object is to go to the assistance of any horse or animal that may meet with an accident or fall sick, and remove it to the stable or hospital. A



(Photo supplied by Our Dumb Friends' League.)

LONDON'S NEW HORSE AMBULANCE.

gong in front is sounded as soon as the ambulance is on its way. The police give every facility by clearing the road. There are side coverings which are kept rolled up when the ambulance is not in use. They are unrolled when the waggon is carrying a patient. Two cranks, one on each side, are used for slinging the animal. The ambulance has a sliding floor on which the animal is placed, and which is drawn into the vehicle by means of a rope round a windlass worked by a crank on the outside.



THE REV. A. N. COOPER, M.A. "THE WALKING PARSON."

"The Walking Parson."

THE Rev. A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey, Yorks, has rightly earned the title of "The Walking Parson" by his wonderful pedestrian feats. In 1886 he walked to London from Yorkshire, a distance of 200 miles. A year later he walked to Rome, a journey of 743 miles, and in the three succeeding years he walked, respectively, across Ireland, from Hamburg to Paris, 487 miles, and from Filey to Buda-Pesth, a distance of 610 miles. Other long walks have been across Belgium, through Spain, and to Venice. Mr. Cooper travels at an average rate of thirty miles a day, and this pace he can keep up for weeks. While making the journey across Europe to Rome, Mr. Cooper often exceeded thirty miles aday, on one occasion covering forty-eight miles between breakfast and supper-time. While on these tours he carries no luggage, except that which can be crowded into a knapsack and slung across his back. He even tears up the letters he receives while upon tour so as not to be burdened with any unnecessary encumbrance. Before setting out he studies the language of the country through which he intends to travel, as this is absolutely essential to obtain the necessaries of life in out-of-the-way villages and towns. This passion for walking Mr. Cooper acquired while a clerk in London, when he was obliged to tramp, through force of circumstances, four miles every morning to his work, returning home by the same means of locomotion at night. He has found this ability to walk long distances, without getting the least tired, of great help in his parish work at Filey.

The Truth of Truths.

THERE is one recollection which those of us who have ever been so fortunate as to spend a holiday in Switzerland can always bring away. We have gazed upon a wide landscape of sublime Alpine splendour. It takes many hues to complete the glorious picture. There is the flush of the rose-red granite, the shimmer of gold upon the lake, the whiteness of the dazzling snow, the exquisite purple of the shadows against the intense glare. All these colours are but manifestations of the one pure and uncoloured sunlight; and however many and various be the truths of religion, it is the vital, essential truth that "God is love," which informs and transfigures all. This thought will lead us higher than the Alps.

Fruit They Could Reach.

MANY a "storied urn or animated bust" has not recorded an epitaph so touching and so honourable as may be read, amid the moss, upon an old slab in the graveyard at Rowley. The inscription commemorates the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, the first minister of that town, who died, aged sixty-nine, in 1660. The simple tribute ends as follows: "With the youth he took great pains, and was a tree of knowledge laden with fruit, which the children could reach." Would that more of those who teach and preach could learn good Ezekiel's secret! Their fruit may be good, but for children, whether in years or in character, it often grows too high up.

The Buddhist Guardian Deity.

CHINA, the "Glorious Land," the "Land of Flowers," answers to many different names. The "Land of Contradictions" might be added to the number. What other nation has so highly cultivated the arts of peace, or developed the faculty of turning even refuse into articles of commercial value? Yet the marvellous intelligence of Chinamen disappears when they wander into the regions of superstition. The idols of their own manufacture are a bundle of contradictions. They combine an unlimited strength and an ungrateful disposition to injure their worshippers with absolute weakness

to defend themselves. Therefore they need the image of a guardian deity to stand, armed *cap-à-pie*, as sentinel outside temples and monasteries. Having provided a fearsome



GUARDIAN DEITY OF BUDDHIST MONASTERIES.

and gigantic protector, the devout Buddhists might claim the privilege of leaving the gods and their treasures in his keeping with a quiet mind. But reason asserts itself, and tells them that a living dog is better than a dead lion. So they require a priest to act policeman day and night over the deities—guardian and all. In spite of showing the idols all this attention, and accepting their extortionate demands for offerings as a matter of course, the Chinamen's treatment of them is not always strictly respectful. They set up god-constables, for example, and see that one is on duty in every *yamun* (mandarin's court). Woe betide that constable if anything goes wrong within the precincts! It is the mandarin's painful duty to bamboo the protector of the public peace. An idea prevails that in Tartarus the god-constable must answer for any trouble amongst the spirits, and the city-god of Hades may have him beaten with 106 strokes. Such are some of the articles in the creed of a nation who in the days of the Pharaohs turned into porcelain the ground which they trod under foot; who taught worms to spin for them, converted mulberry leaves into rolls of satin, and produced from tea plants a beverage of world-wide fame. Verily the world by wisdom knew not God.

"Is that the Star?"

WE were walking one evening lately with a boy, seven years of age, who had been greatly fascinated by the story of the Epiphany. "Is that the star the wise men went after?" he exclaimed, pointing to a tiny golden orb of fire which had just begun to tremble over the horizon. Was there not an unconscious wisdom in the child's question? The Epiphany was no mere episode of Bethlehem. The star *is* always there, if we will look for it; and the lights of conscience, of revelation, and of experience are always waiting to lead us to the humility and the humanity of the Divine Child.

"A Thousand Years as One Day."

How did we spend our February 29th this year? Did we remember, on that Monday, that it was eight years since an extra twenty-four hours had been added to our normal twelve months? It will be four hundred years before such a phenomenon as a leap year missed can occur again—a date which any of our children's children's children can hardly be alive to see. What drops are these four centuries in the ocean of God's eternity; but how much is one day to us, who will all be dead long before 2000 A.D.! The real measurement of time is by its effects, rather than by its duration. How much can happen to us in one day! In a day we were born; in a day we shall die; in a day many a prodigal has returned; in a day many a saint, like Saul of Tarsus, has been converted.

"Three in One, and One in Three."

IT is remarkable that well-nigh the most explicit and unmistakable mention of the Trinity in the whole of the New Testament should be in the form of a benediction (2 Cor. xiii. 14). It is a formula dear to the hearts and to the lips of all Christians, and is to be heard in the services alike of Anglican and of Nonconformist. The blessing with which the doctrine comes may teach us that it is given us in love, and ought to be accepted with love, rather than to be doubted or wrangled over.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from March 23rd, 1904, up to and including April 29th, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* E. A. M. B., 5s.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; "Madelienie" (Chailey), 4s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £6 2s. 6d., £4 2s. 6d., £1, 12s.; "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER" (Brighton), 5s. The following has been sent direct:—E. J. P., A Scrapbook.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

85. What words does St. Matthew use to show it was not a man who rolled away the stone from the sepulchre where our Lord's body was laid?

86. What proof did the women who visited the tomb give of their belief in the resurrection of Jesus?

87. By what message did the risen Lord seek to comfort His apostles, who had so shamefully deserted Him?

88. What does St. Matthew say was a common report among the Jews concerning the resurrection at the time he wrote his Gospel?

89. What was the final charge given by our Lord to His apostles before His ascension?

90. By what special signs were the early Christians to be known?

91. What was the object of the important deputation which waited on Rehoboam at the death of King Solomon?

92. Who was the leader of the people at that time?

93. What was the cause of the revolt of the ten tribes who formed the kingdom of Israel?

94. What was the great sin of Jeroboam?

95. Why did Jeroboam set up golden calves as objects of worship?

96. As God had commanded the Jews to keep the three great festivals of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles at Jerusalem, what did Jeroboam do to prevent this?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 736.

73. The Prodigal was sent "to feed swine," the basest and most degrading of all occupations in the eyes of the ancients. Herodotus tells us that such men were not allowed to mix even with the most abject poor. (St. Luke xv. 15.)

74. "When he came to himself," sin being looked upon as madness and folly and opposed to all wisdom. (St. Luke xv. 17; Proverbs i. 20–24.)

75. The restoration to freedom and sonship; captives in olden time having their shoes taken from them and restored when they were set at liberty. (St. Luke xv. 22; Isaiah xx. 1–4; 2 Chron. xxviii. 15.)

76. They had come up to keep the feast of the Passover. (Acts ii. 5.)

77. About three thousand became Christians. (Acts ii. 41.)

78. St. Peter and St. John were sent to Jerusalem to meet a man bearing a pitcher of water, who led them to an upper room furnished and prepared. (St. Matthew xxvi. 18, 19; St. Luke xxii. 8–12.)

79. Our Lord said, "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish," which most probably refers to the dish of bitter herbs, which were eaten with the lamb at the Passover feast. (St. Matthew xxvi. 23; Exodus xii. 8.)

80. The institution of the feast of "The Lord's Supper." (St. Matthew xxvi. 26-30.)

81. Because the power of the Sanhedrin was limited to offences against the Jewish religion, and the charges brought against our Lord were "perverting the nation" and "forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar." (St. Mark xv. 1; St. Luke xxiii. 2.)

82. The title of "King of the Jews." (St. Mark xv. 2; St. John xviii. 33–37.)

83. That He had boasted He could destroy the Temple and build it in three days, and that He said He was the Son of God. (St. Mark xv. 29; St. Matthew xxvii. 40–43.)

84. All the people were deeply affected, and the centurion in charge of the Roman soldiers acknowledged Jesus as the Son of God. (St. Mark xv. 39; St. Luke xxiii. 47, 48.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

It is proposed to introduce into this magazine a New Department which it is hoped may be found helpful to many Christian people who are from time to time troubled with moral and spiritual difficulties. We do not contemplate dealing with the objections of professed sceptics, but rather with the conscientious perplexities of those who find themselves, either continually or occasionally, faced with some critical problem of faith or conduct. To all such we offer a cordial invitation to state their difficulties (as briefly and as plainly as possible), in order that we may place such statements in the hands of some experienced and sympathetic adviser in spiritual matters, who will, of course, hold all such communications in the strictest confidence.

All correspondents must give their names and addresses to the Editor, as a guarantee of good faith, but their names will not be published. The Editor reserves the right to insert in THE QUIVER *any such questions or replies as may appear to him of general interest; but he does not undertake to publish, or even provide replies to, every inquiry made.*

As THE QUIVER *goes to press several weeks before the date of publication, inquirers will understand that some delay in the publication of answers is inevitable, but those whose difficulties are of an urgent nature may, subject to the provisions above mentioned, and in every case to the discretion of the Editor, have a reply sent to them by post on their enclosing a stamped and fully addressed envelope for that purpose.*

"OTHER LITTLE SHIPS."

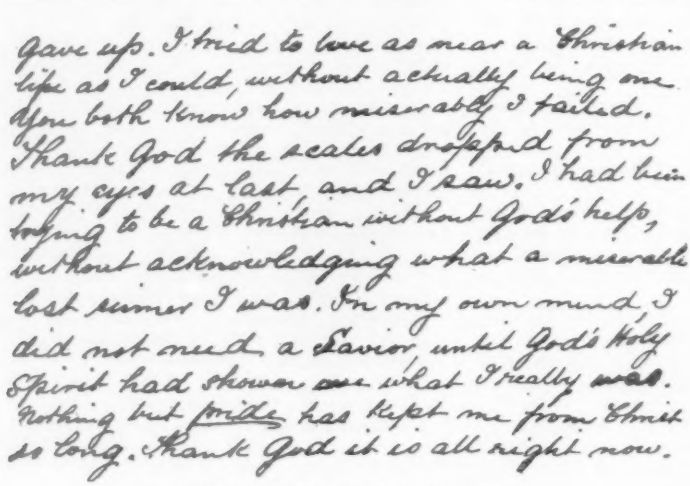
MORE ABOUT "THE QUIVER" MISSION BOATS.

"There were also with Him other little ships."—ST. MARK IV. 36.

"BOAT ahoy, there!"

The cry, straight from the chest of a stalwart fisherman, resounds across the grey waters of the Tyne.

"Boat ahoy, there! Aren't you coming on board?" This invitation comes from another vessel of the fishing fleet anchored on the northern shore of the river.



gave up. I tried to live as near a Christian life as I could, without actually being one. You both know how miserably I failed. Thank God the scales dropped from my eyes at last, and I saw. I had been trying to be a Christian without God's help, without acknowledging what a miserable lost sinner I was. In my own mind I did not need a Savior, until God's Holy Spirit had shown me what I really was. Nothing but pride has kept me from Christ so long. Thank God it is all right now.

A SAILOR CONVERT'S "GOOD CONFESSION."
(*Photographed from the original letter.*)

"Boat ahoy, there! Have you any letters for us?" There is a tone of anxiety in the third voice. Wants hidden under many blue jerseys awaken to consciousness with the shouts.

A rowing boat, flying a dark blue flag with a white angel, is the object of all this flattering attention. Friendly greetings are welcome, but when so very numerous, and accompanied by demands on time, they are apt to become embarrassing. She carries letters here, books and magazines there, sells Bibles on a smack in another direction, and lets strangers and foreigners know where to find a friend and a home whilst they are in port. But the best intention and the most willing oars cannot enable one dingey, lent to the Missions to Seamen, to do the work of the three which have been worn out by hard labour in rough weather. So men who have spent months in the North Sea, and are hungering for the news of sweethearts and wives and children, and would be grateful for comforting words and comfortable "woollies," must sail away, perhaps never to return, without any response to their cry. For time and tide wait for no man, not even for the chaplains and readers. Besides, these friends of seamen have duties to fulfil elsewhere. They are wanted in the busy dock, in the third largest port in the Kingdom, whilst in twelve miles of the navigable part of the river ships lie in tiers, closely packed together. Only the rowing-boat can go amongst them; there is no space for her big sister the steam launch.

Now the cry, "Boat ahoy, there!" which awakens the echoes on the Tyne, can be answered more fully and more frequently. A boat bearing on her prow the name *Quiver No. 1* will, in all probability, have been launched before these pages reach our readers. She is the most complete and suitable for the purpose that can be procured, and it is hoped will be only the first of a dozen similar boats, the gifts of the younger readers of this magazine. Why are they required? What good are they? The questions are right and reasonable. Let the men afloat answer them in their own words. Their letters to chaplains, readers, and institute keepers have stories to tell.

A NORWEGIAN LAD'S STORY.

He was only one of hundreds of Scandinavians who land at Par and Falmouth. The grand harbour shelters between 4,000 and 5,000 vessels each year, and a Missions to Seamen rowing boat takes invitations to the institute for their crews. A warm fire, friendly care, and a comfortable meal have their attraction

to men who know what it is to spend a fortnight at a time in snow, varied by sleet and wind, without the comfort of a dry thread of clothing; who sleep in a space hardly larger than their coffins will be if ever their bodies should be laid in the earth, and whose rest at night is apt to be broken by the cry, "All hands shorten sail! Look alive!" One young Norwegian who came to the Par Institute woke there to the sense that his own wrong-doing (especially intemperance) had brought trouble upon himself and his own people. He signed the pledge, and then, like the runaway Onesimus, he found a friend to write to his home and intercede for him. He had not to wait long for an answer.

Letter from the Norwegian Father to the Chaplain at Falmouth.

"I had your letter of February 23rd. I see you had a chance of a talk with my son. I know you have given him plenty of good words, which he ought to have. I do very well understand that the boy would like very well to come home. To my big sorrow, he has not saved anything of his wages, although earning such good money, and when he knows that he has a father who for fifteen years has been sick and unable to work, and further that his dear sick mother has gone home to her God about two years ago, and his eldest sister last year, I ask him to come to God while He may be found and call upon Him while He is near.

"The boy knows which home he has, and that at all times it is standing open for him. But to come home now and have nothing is impossible, so I prefer that he take the chance; and if it is, as the minister says, not only that he has become a teetotaller, but is sorry for his earlier life and condition, then God will bless him, and he can be God's child and a blessing to himself and us.

"God bless you, minister. God bless everyone who works for sailors' salvation. Live heartily well."

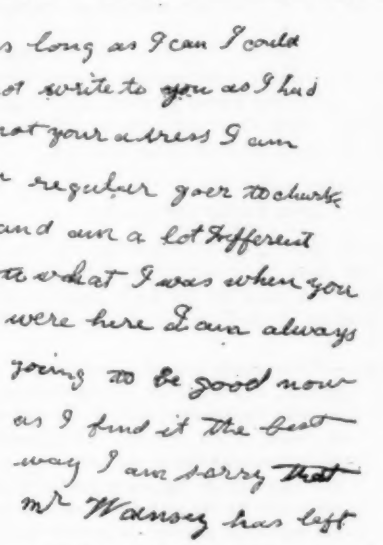
A home and a father's heart wait open for many a sailor lad who has yielded to temptations—temptations which landsmen fail to realise—to forget his duties to God and man. A letter from another young Norwegian, written to the reader at Par, tells how he came to himself at this same institute, and arose and went in penitence to the Father of all wanderers, whether afloat or ashore.

A Norwegian Seaman to the Reader at Falmouth.

"I have the pleasure of writing you a few lines just for to let you know how I am getting on. I am wery thankful to say that I am in good health, and I hope that you and your family is the same. Well, as I promised you to let you know when my wedding day is coming off, it will be next Sunday, please God. . . . There is another thing that I know that you will be glad to hear. You remember that lady who was staying with you, and the service she had the last time I was there. I shall never forget it. It is tra [through] her that I found happiness. I ment to tell you before, but it have been put off day after day; but to-night I could not keep it in any longer, and I knew you would be so glad to hear it, as you have always been so good to me. I shall never be able to pay you back for all your kindness to me. But now, dear Mr. Wyatt, I have not any more to say at present, so I must close with my best love to all of you, and God bless you."

Young seamen, who get a taste of home life in the institute at Par, show their appreciation by beginning letters to the reader and his wife as "My dear Father and Mother." One of them, writing from Oporto, says:

"I am longing to see your dear faces again. I could not love you more if I were your own son. Oh, how I praise our dear Lord Who led


as long as I can I could
not write to you as I had
not your adress I am
a regular goer to church
and am a lot fifferent
to what I was when you
were here I am always
going to be good now
as I find it the best
way I am sorry that
Mr Wansey has left

FROM A SAILOR-BOY'S LETTER.

me to know you, and best of all God using you to point me to the Saviour. Yes, my dear Mother, I never rested after I left Par that night. I could not make out what was the matter with me; but after I received the letter you and Father wrote I saw it was



(Photo: W. H. Harrison, Falmouth.)

THE REV C A WALKER CHAPLAIN AT FALMOUTH.

Jesus I wanted. . . . As I am writing this, you are holding your service in the institute. I can just fancy I hear you and Father praying for us. May God strengthen and keep us, and bring us back to those we love."

Another sailor lad in the same ship writes to his "Dear Father and Mother":

"My heart was aching when we lost sight of the dear old country, and it is now, and always will until we get back again. . . . It is glorious to feel that God's eye is watching over us and guiding us. . . . I think I have been half a Christian for a long time. I have watched the seas in heavy gales, and wondered at their magnificence and their beauty, and knew that it was the work of God's hand, yet would never acknowledge it. No one has grander opportunities of seeing the works of God than a sailor. God called to me quietly long ago, but I took no heed. . . . I tried to live as near a Christian life as I could without actually being one. . . . In my own mind I did not need a Saviour until God's Holy Spirit had shown me what I really was. Nothing but pride has kept me back from Christ so long. Thank God, it is all right now. Christ is my pride and my hope."

There is a well-known picture by Sant called "The Soul's Awakening." The artist's ideal might be realised by an awakening such as this young sailor describes. It is like the early light gladdening the eyes with the consciousness that a new and glorious morning has succeeded the night.

The correspondence at sixty-seven institutes under the Missions to Seamen offers variety as great as that of the character, position, and education of the writers. One chief engineer, for instance, collects money on board ship for a fund to supply a new institute for Swansea, and writes to the reader and his wife: "God will bless you both in your noble work for the seafaring population. No doubt there are times when you are very much troubled and the way is dark; but the cause is good and noble. Look to Him for strength, and you will come out more than conquerors."

In the days when our Lord trod the shores of the Sea of Galilee He spake to His disciples that a small ship should wait upon Him because of the multitude. At Falmouth, with its forty thousand seamen in the year, and at many other ports, the Ruler of the sea still needs the service of a small ship. It is by such means that the voice of the Lord may be heard on the waters.

NOTE.—*We earnestly hope that our readers are helping on this great enterprise with their sympathy and prayers, and that they are endeavouring, by means of the collecting cards supplied in our last issue, to enlist the practical aid of their friends in providing the launch and boats so urgently required for the work of the Mission. We would again call attention to the special announcements in the advertisement pages of this magazine, in which many suitable inducements are held out to our readers, and especially to the young people, to enter into this work with enthusiasm. More collecting forms are gladly at the disposal of such as may wish for them, and will be supplied at once if a stamped and addressed envelope be sent to Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

THE EDITOR.



PIPPA SINGING.

(From the Drawing by Irlam Briggs.)

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE SUNSHINE MAKERS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



A BRANCH OF LITTLE SUNSHINERS IN TOTORU, JAPAN

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on."

IS there any mother in England who has not put by a little shoe, a tiny frock, a broken toy, for the sake of remembrance of the child that was?

Happily, perhaps, the child has outgrown them, and so does not need them. Sadly, perhaps, the child is dead, and thus their use is past.

And in either case the left-off things are wrapped away in a chest of drawers, and because they have become useless to their original possessor they become and remain useless for ever.

For they are not useful, even for sweet remembrance sake. The child that has to a woman grown—shall her mother forget her babyhood? And the child who, while yet a child and in his lisping days, has been tenderly laid to rest under a green mound where flowers blossom and birds sing an evening lullaby—shall he be forgotten, though the baby slipper and the little white frock be *not* folded away, for ever empty?

By the law of the International Sunshine Society a new commandment is given unto you mothers of England, whether you rejoice in the young womanhood or manhood of your one-time little ones, or whether in tears you mourn for them. That little shoe, that frock, that rocking-horse—quite as good as new or almost—

PASS IT ON!

and in passing it on you will help to scatter sunshine, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

During my present return visit to the United States I have been thrown into contact with the woman who started the International Sunshine Society, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, of New York City. It is only recently that a

London branch was organised, and it is with the double purpose of describing the great good accomplished by the Sunshiners of America, and telling about the work begun and the work that it is hoped will be done by the English branch, that I write this paper.

And, in the very beginning, I will tell what are the fees for membership as a Sunshiner. The fees are merely good deeds, so no one need stay outside in the dark and away from the sunshine because of a lacking penny.

Mrs. Alden's story of how she thought of starting the Sunshine Society is very pretty and interesting. The beginning was like the traditional grain of mustard seed. Mrs. Alden,



AMERICAN INDIAN SUNSHINERS: BILLY GEORGE, WIFE, AND TWO CHILDREN, OF BLACK FORT, IDAHO.

who is not only well known as the author of a delightful child-book, "Bushy," but as a writer for magazines and newspaper contributor and editor, was one day after Christmas going through the many Christmas cards which had been sent her by her friends and co-workers. She was pleased at the receipt of them, not only because it showed how well she was kept in remembrance, but because of their beauty. Yet, it seemed to her that, having accomplished their mission so far as she was concerned, they ought not to be put away in a drawer, which is the usual fate of Christmas cards after the holidays are over, and she began to go through them to see how many of them bore the names of the senders. Then those that had no names upon them she put in envelopes and sent away to certain friends who, she thought, would also enjoy looking at them, saying in each instance that she herself had so enjoyed them she thought the enjoyment ought to be passed on.

From one bedridden friend she received this note:

"I so enjoyed the beautiful card you sent that I thought of old Mary ——, and I sent it on to her to look at. I told her to pass it along to anybody else she thought likely to enjoy it."

I have forgotten how many persons enjoyed that one Christmas card, but I think Mrs. Alden told me that at least a dozen different persons were made happy by it, and that was what gave her the idea of starting a society the sole business of which should be to "pass things on."

So the Sunshine Society started with a thought, and now it has one hundred thousand members. Old people, middle-aged people, young people, and young children make up the membership. There is not a town in the United States which has not its branch, and it is hoped that very soon there will not be a town in Great Britain—or on the continent of Europe, for that matter—that will not also have one. This sort of sunshine has spread to India, China, Japan, and many of the Eastern countries. It is probably the most cosmopolitan society in all the world. Its members speak every language, they clothe themselves in all kinds of national costumes, and their methods of scattering sunshine are divers and interesting.

In Arizona, the Indian territory, Idaho, and other far western states sunshine has been carried to the American Indians, many of whom have become members of the society. In Japan a number of little Japanese boys and girls scatter sunshine. And not only may little children become members of the society. Dogs and cats and horses have also been made honoured members. Indeed, one of the most prominent and useful members is a New York dog named Spot, who taught a little cripple child how to walk. He was a poor little boy of three years of age, and there was something the matter with his legs, which even the physicians of Bellevue Hospital could not cure. So

Mrs. Alden induced the owner of Spot to make the dog a member of the Sunshine Society, and as Spot became a Sunshiner he had, of course, to begin at once to pay his dues in good deeds. Sunshiners took the dog and the child to the country, and at first Spot watched by the crib in which the child was tied. Then the child was placed on the grass, and, lest something should befall him should he become separated from Spot, Spot's long strap was fastened about the boy's waist. For a few days Spot trotted slowly about, the boy crawling after him; and Spot would look up and say with his eyes, "That's not the way. Watch me walk!" Then Spot would put out first one paw, then the other, eyeing the boy meanwhile, till one day the boy put out one of his feet. Two months later, after a daily lesson from Spot, the boy was walking. Nobody knows just how Spot did it, and Spot keeps the secret. Indeed, there are those who say that Spot is not a proper Sunshiner, else he would "pass it on"—the secret. The boy, being interrogated, answered merely, "Me not know. Doggie doned it!"

The great charm of the Sunshine Society is the fact that any person in any class of life is admitted as a member if he or she will agree to pay the dues of kind deeds. A New York slum cripple child and Spot, the dog, are members. So also was Queen Victoria a member, and she accepted the little Sunshine badge (price, five cents), the same as that which marks the humblest member. Indeed, I believe the Good Queen became the first English member of the International Sunshine Society.



MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, FOUNDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

In order to describe just the sort of good deeds that are done by Sunshiners, I think I



LITTLE SUNSHINERS AT DARIEN, CONNECTICUT, SURROUNDING THE BREAD WAGGON.

cannot do better than tell something of a branch which flourishes in Los Angeles, California, in which town I spent last winter, and from which place I send this paper to England.

California, as everybody knows, is the land of sunshine. Never a day in the whole year, so Californians tell me, but the sun of heaven lights up this land; and never a day, I am thankful to be able to record, but the other sunlight—that of the Sunshine Society—makes glad and happy the inhabitants of this city and the surrounding country. Los Angeles is a town where sick people come to be made well by the warm climate of the winter months. Many of those who come here for this purpose are rich. Many also are poor. In the winter months the walks and parks abound with wheel-chairs, or what we in England call bath-chairs, and they are expensive articles.

Now, the local president of the Sunshiners knew of a poor invalid who needed and could not afford a bath-chair. She knew also that there were many one-time invalids who had wheel-chairs which were now useless, so far as the former occupant was concerned. How to reach them and explain that some rich man or woman must "pass on" that chair and get it out of the box-room where it merely encumbered the floor? So an editor of a Los Angeles paper was consulted, and in the columns of his newspaper he made known the need of a wheel-chair, and the miracle happened—that is to say, the chair was "passed on."



SPOT, THE SUNSHINE DOG WHO TAUGHT A LITTLE CRIPPLE HOW TO WALK.

The other day the local president told me of a poor old couple, both over seventy years old, who were in great need of a comfortable mattress, and the problem was how to get it.

"I'll get it!" I exclaimed.

"I won't allow you to. You can't afford it, for you would have to buy a new one, not being a housekeeper and having no others about!" exclaimed she.

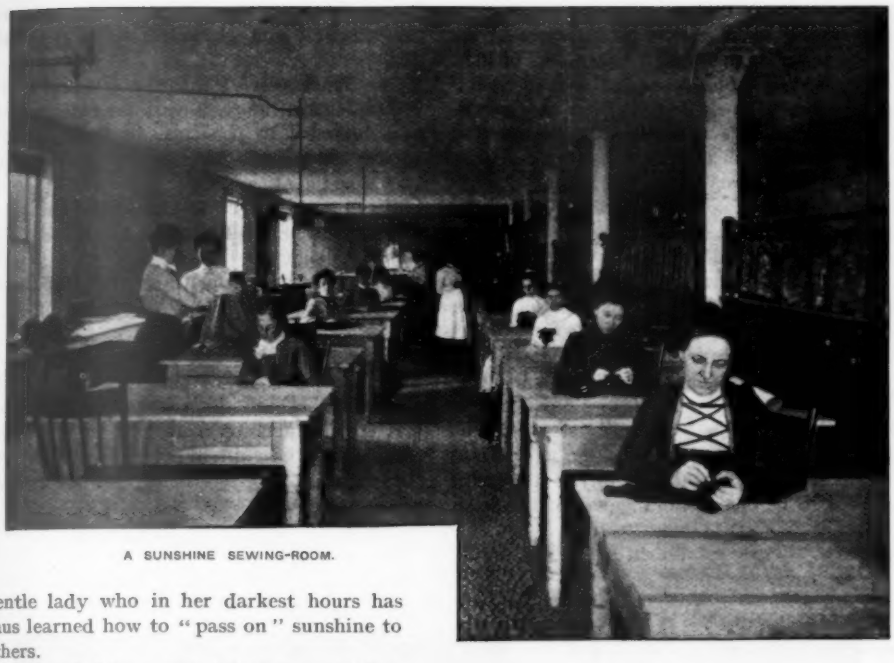
But I am thankful to report that I did get that mattress. I wrote an article about the Sunshine Society in a paper published in Los Angeles, mentioning incidentally that a mattress was needed, and a woman reader who wanted to scatter sunshine sent on a clean, comfortable mattress for the use of the old couple.

And, speaking of writing for the papers, I should state that in every town and village in the United States efforts, mostly successful, have been made to induce the editor of one of the papers to become a Sunshiner to the extent of giving a little space, weekly or monthly, to a report of the doings of the society and a recital of things needed for passing on. A journalistic Sunshiner is, therefore, a very valuable recruit; and it is by means of this "Sunshine Column" in the various papers that so much of the good work is accomplished.

The Sunshine Society, however, has its own paper, edited by Mrs. Alden, in New York—*The Sunshine Bulletin*. It is published monthly, and is full of all sorts of interesting things, as well as regular Sunshine news. Here is one of the Sunshine requests in a late copy of the *Bulletin*:

"Will somebody send some knitting cotton for Mrs. ——, an old lady, aged eighty-three, who has to earn her living by knitting stockings?"

I doubt not that long ere this the old lady got her cotton, for hundreds of women having knitting cotton lying about idle read the request. A distinguished Sunshiner, by the way, who also knits, is Mrs. McKinley, the widow of the martyred President. Mrs. McKinley is an expert knitter, and knits beautiful bedroom slippers. She knits many pairs of slippers for the benefit of the Sunshine Society, they being sold by herself or the society for the benefit of the fund. Sometimes they bring high prices, and there are grown-ups and children who have reason to bless the



A SUNSHINE SEWING-ROOM.

gentle lady who in her darkest hours has thus learned how to "pass on" sunshine to others.

Although I have stated that the only fees required are good deeds, I would not wish it thought that good deeds may not take the form of money if one desires. Money runs the Sunshine Farm at Hillcrest, New York, where the buckwheat and other products are sold for the benefit of the society work. Money makes the bread waggon at Darien, Connecticut, to go round and round on its wheels and distribute bread to the poorer and needy Sunshiners. Money is always gladly received. It pays for the thousands of postage stamps required for the correspondence which is necessitated by the coming in of the great bags of Sunshine mail which the New York postman delivers at the head office, at 96, Fifth Avenue. Money is always wanted for Sunshine work, just as it is wanted in other work. But those who have no money need not delay to become members. The little child that plays, all unwatched and untended, in Hyde Park may be a Sunshiner just the same as the little girl who goes there daily with her nurse and costly playthings, and the children's respective mothers may also both be members.

And now let me tell something of the London branch. It has been organised a little over a year, and, though its membership is still small, it is doing a good work. The Sunshine plan having originated in America, it was, perhaps, but natural that in London the first women to begin the work there should be Americans. There was an idea that American women in London were not sufficiently identified with the local charities, and that idle hands were needing useful employment. Mrs. John E. Milholland, wife of a prominent American business man in London, became president of the new London branch, and Mrs. Alfred Stead secretary, and during the year they have been untiring in their efforts to scatter sunshine and secure members. Mrs. Milholland's house, at 4, Prince of Wales' Terrace, Kensington, is the "depository" for Sunshine gifts by people who want them "passed on" to the needy; but the giving away of things is not the only good work in which the London branch is engaged, and Sunshine work is never given the name of "charity work," since then it would defeat its most important object. For instance, it may come to the knowledge of the London president or some member of the society that one woman would be able to make her own living if a number of housekeepers could be induced to buy all their cakes from her. Another can decorate tables. Another creates wonders in pickles. These women would not

accept charity or money unless the latter be as payment for value received. Members of the society agree to take their cakes and pickles, and have their tables decorated, and to recommend them to their friends, and the gentlewomen are soon established in businesses that bring them in sufficient incomes.

It becomes rumoured about that a poor American girl in London is living on one meal a day because she cannot get work at her profession, singing and reciting at afternoon "at homes." Sunshiners tactfully arrange to make her acquaintance, invite her to sing and recite, tell their friends about her, and soon the girl is making a name in London.

Another young woman could earn her living if she had a typewriting machine, and it transpires that some Sunshiner has a machine that is never used. The machine is "passed on," and, no matter that the day of its receipt happens to be one of the foggiest of London's December days, the sun seems to burst out all beautiful and glorious for the typewriter girl.

The Sunshine work that is now being started in London, therefore, is very far-reaching, and it is intended to penetrate to the slums and to the cheap back-room of the genteel West End apartment house.

I will end by giving the agreement which anyone wishing to become a Sunshiner is expected to sign:

"I wish to join the International Sunshine Society, promising to pay my initiation fee in the form of some one act carrying sunshine into another life within one month from date. I also promise to pay annual dues, each in the form of a kind act. I agree to report the nature and circumstance of these acts to the branch president, who will report directly to the General Office, object being to scatter sunshine. (Signed)."



NEW YORK POSTMAN BRINGING MAIL TO THE SUNSHINE OFFICE

JOHN THORNTON'S HOLIDAY.

A Complete Story by Rita Richmond.

I.

"MY dear fellow, it simply comes to this: if you don't take a holiday immediately—and by immediately I mean within a week from now—I won't answer for the probability of someone having to pay the expenses of your funeral."

It was a grave-looking medical man who spoke, and who, having thus delivered himself of a final decision upon the case of the patient before him, now stood frowning down upon the face that bent over the table in the centre of the richly-furnished but gloomy-looking big room, a room that seemed to have more of the atmosphere of the counting-house and place of business than of the restfulness and comfort which one expects to find in a home. And no wonder. The room might well bear the impress of the many schemes elaborated there, schemes by which John Thornton had built up the fortunes of the wealthy firm of Thornton and Bradley, for John Thornton was a man who carried his business and its interests tight hugged to his breast, and who seemed to have no other life object but the one of money-making. Like all other one-idead men, he had gained that object, if John Thornton's bank balance was any gauge of success.

Whether he had lost more than he had gained in life was a question which even now flitted swiftly through the mind of the rich man's friend and medical adviser as he watched, with keen, half-pitying eyes, the face of the man who sat at the table surrounded by business papers and letters and open ledgers.

"A holiday!" repeated John Thornton, passing a thin hand over the tense and nervous lines upon his brow. "Why, man! I've just had a holiday!" he said wonderingly.

"H'mph! there aren't many of my patients would recognise influenza under that name, and when I last saw you tossing and groaning, and pretty nearly delirious, you didn't seem to consider it much of a holiday either, my friend."

"No; I confess I had a pretty bad spell," conceded the other, absently jotting down figures on the back of an envelope before him. "All the same, I can't afford the——"

"See here!" interrupted the doctor rudely, almost roughly, as he strode forward and brought his hand heavily down on the shoulder of his friend. "See here, Thornton; if you don't take my advice there'll be such a breakdown of your system, taxed as it has been with influenza and want of a holiday—by the bye, how long is it since you had such a thing?" He paused and eyed the white, strained face keenly.

"I have had several Saturdays to Mondays," began the other.

"Pooh! Who's talking of Saturdays to Mondays?" cried the doctor impatiently. "A rush somewhere on a Saturday afternoon in a crowded train, and a rush back at some unearthly hour on Monday morning, enough to knock a fellow in your condition up for a week. I mean a decent holiday of two or three weeks?"

He paused again, and with some reluctance and hesitation the answer came.

"I think—I believe some eight years ago."

"I thought so," grimly; "and I suppose you'd go on for another eight years or so. See here, Thornton; I tell you plainly that if you don't put on the brake in time, and now is just barely in time, I warn you a month from now will assuredly see you in your coffin or in the asylum."

"Am I as bad as all that?" questioned the other, looking up surprisedly.

"Look at yourself in the mirror," said the doctor briefly.

The tall, loosely-made figure, with the stooping shoulders, rose from the table and walked across the room to where a mirror hung above the mantel, and there deliberately scrutinised his appearance with a coolly curious yet detached sort of interest.

Worn and grey, the face of a man who had thoroughly outspent his strength and was drawing riskily upon his nerve forces and will power for endurance, such a face looked back at him and spoke with silent conviction to the truth of the doctor's words.

It was a fair sample of Nature's revenge for the outrage this man had put upon her.

XUM

Year out, year in, he had toiled his brain and his body almost to death, in the pursuit of success and wealth, and as he surveyed himself now deliberately in the glass, he could not but allow that the face looking back at him was the face of one who had paid a ransom price for his gains.

"Yes; I need a rest," he said, turning round abruptly, as though the reflection had aroused unpleasant enough conviction.

"I'll take the holiday, since you make a point of it."

"You need it, sure enough," returned the other drily, picking up his gloves preparatory to departure. "Excuse me saying so, Jack; but you've stuck too closely to the money making; you've kept your nose too tightly to the grindstone, lost your health, missed the best things of life, and for what? If you'd had a wife now——"

The worn, lined face that turned itself suddenly upon the doctor had an expression upon it that acted like a full stop to the other man's eloquence.

"I have gained what I bargained for," said John Thornton doggedly. "A man must pay the price of his bargain."

"And the price has been pretty high in your case," reflected the doctor shrewdly, but aloud he merely said:

"Take your holiday as soon as you can, old fellow, and spin it out as long as possible; that's my advice to you." And then he moved towards the door, and a minute later John Thornton stood alone in the big, gloomy, business-like room, staring dreamily into the heart of the fire, while strange memories, roused by the doctor's words, rose like a mist before his mind's eye. Memories of things that might have been; memories of things left undone that he ought to have done, of vows broken; memories of youth foregone and love sacrificed to the pursuit of success and wealth; memories of a certain sweet, dewy-lipped face with soft reproachful eyes, the eyes of the girl he had left behind him when he had first set out upon his gold seeking, the girl who should have been his wife now had he not sacrificed her to his worldly scheming.

His brain wandered into a long train of thought, as he paced the silent room restlessly, and for the first time for years he put the question to himself that the doctor had suggested.

What had he gained in return for his lost youth, for his lost love?

What had he gained, said John Thornton to himself moodily; and though he paced the silent room far into the night, revolving that same question, no satisfaction came to him upon the point.

"I must be going to be ill," he said to himself at last half irritably, as he turned out the gas, "or such morbid fancies would not grow upon me. It's plain I need a holiday—yes, a good holiday will set these notions at rest, I am certain."

II.

"OH, please miss, what in the world are we to do, miss, if you please? The gentleman who took the room above yours yesterday has fallen in a faint or something, and we thought, miss, knowing you were a nurse, that you might——" The landlady of the pretty little rose-covered boarding house paused apologetically and smoothed her apron agitatedly at the door of Miss Marston's sitting-room. That lady, who was seated sewing in a comfortable easy chair, and who had raised a pair of very soft, interrogative grey eyes to her landlady's face, flung down her seam and started to her feet instantly.

"Certainly!" she cried briskly and cheerfully as she rose, smoothing her pretty brown hair and giving a touch to her lace tie. "Of course I'll come, Mrs. Burton."

"It does seem a shame to thrust the shop as it were on you, miss, the moment you come for a holiday, miss, but——"

"Nonsense! A nurse is like a doctor, Mrs. Barton; she's at the mercy of the public, holiday or no holiday," returned the other good-humouredly, pushing the landlady out of the door and tripping after her downstairs.

A little group was congregated at the foot of the stairs, round the prostrate figure lying upon two chairs in the hall.

"Make room!" said Mrs. Burton, bustling forward, "this lady is a nurse, and will see to the gentleman."

The little group fell back at once with a respect for the professional, and revealed the figure of the man who lay limp and ghastly faced in their midst.

For one brief moment, the moment in which the face flashed upon her sight, Mary Marston stood perfectly still, holding her breath; the next she was down on her knees beside the man, composedly giving orders for water, a room to be got ready, and a doctor sent for.

"It's more than an ordinary faint," she

said quietly a moment later, looking up with a face almost as pale as that of the unconscious patient's. "He is ill, I believe. Send as quickly as possible for a doctor." And then she bent again, loosening with fingers that trembled like leaves in the wind the collar and tie of the prostrate man, while her heart beat like a hammer over the task, for Mary Marston had recognised the man who had once been the lover of her youth, the man who had broken his vows to her for the sake of gold.

John Thornton's holiday had, indeed, come rather late to avert the revenge of the Nature he had slighted. Had it come just in time to deliver him over to the revenge of the woman to whom he had been false?

* * * * * *

The sun was shining warmly and gaily into the room in which Nurse Marston's patient lay, shining so strongly, that fearful of its irritating him, unconscious as he was, she stepped softly forward to lower the blind. But the blind was stiff, it stuck, it jerked, then it fell with a rattle all its length down the window.

And then, dismayedly, the nurse looked round to find that for the first time for four days the eyes in the worn, grey face were open and conscious, and fixed upon her own, staring as though they saw some apparition of the spirit world, for in truth John Thornton believed that he was a victim of a strange delusion, or that he was indeed looking upon a spirit presence.

"Mary!" burst from his dry lips almost involuntarily, as he tried weakly to sit up in bed. "Mary!"

"I am your nurse," returned Mary coldly, seeing the moment for explanations had come, and had best be faced soon as later. "I was staying here when you arrived ill——"

"A nurse?" exclaimed John Thornton bewilderingly. "Then you are not—not a ghost," he stammered.

"No." She was determined to be cold, laconic to the utmost, though her heart was pleading with her to speak to him more softly, to look at him with gentler eyes. "I am a nurse in the Royal Infirmary in Glasgow, and I am here on holiday."

Thornton lay back on his pillow faintly, and closed his eyes. He could scarcely grasp the meaning of her words, weak as he was. The strange room, the strange weakness that was on him, the shock of seeing really before him her whose reproachful eyes had looked upon him from many a dream, was almost too much.

He could not grasp it yet. Presently, however, the meaning of it all struggled slowly and with difficulty through his brain, and he opened his eyes upon her again.

She was sitting knitting with apparent composure by the window, and, as he looked over at her, it seemed to him as if the years had scarcely made the change of a line upon the face he had once loved so well.

How strangely pleasant it seemed to him to rest his eyes on that face; what a sense of comfort and peace stole over him as he watched the busy fingers flying and the soft brown head bent over them. And yet how dared he face this woman whom he had treated so ill? How could she sit there so calmly tolerating him? And what was it she meant by talking of nurses? A sweat broke out upon his brow. Was he to dream, to imagine that Mary Marston had nursed him?

"How does it come that I am here?" he faltered out, almost trembling to address her, in her cold and righteous silence.

"You are in the rooms you wrote for at Rockliff," she replied in calm, clear tones, knitting very fast. "You were taken ill at once on arriving—a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. You have been ill four days, and——"

"You have nursed me," broke out John swiftly, as she paused.

"I have done my duty to a patient in the house I am staying in. No nurse would have done less," said Mary Marston composedly.

John Thornton fell back on his pillow, a curious pang of disappointment striking through him. She had done her duty; there was no lingering sentiment on account of the bond, the betrothal promises that once had been between them. How could there be? he asked himself scornfully, as he lay silently watching her calm and placid face; and yet how he wished, how he longed that she would lift her soft, grey eyes and give him but one look such as he had used to receive from those eyes in the far back days of love and youth, give him but one glance of forgiveness? It suddenly flashed across him that he would give a good deal of his wealth just to hear her say "John!" to see her smile at him, to know that he might clasp her hand only in friendship again.

"Oh, what a fool I was!" suddenly groaned John Thornton inwardly as he lay. "What a fool I was to throw away my happiness for money's sake!"

And as he slowly grew to convalescence in



"For one brief moment Mary Marston stood perfectly still, holding her breath."—*p.* 842.

the days that followed, the more he knew his folly, the more he knew all that he had thrown away in casting aside this woman's love. The years that had passed over them had only enhanced her value, it seemed to him.

She was handsomer than ever she had been in her earliest youth; there was a graceful dignity about her every movement that enchained his eyes, almost as they had not been in the days of his first love for her. He began to count the moments that would bring her to his side day by day, to look forward actually to the medicine draughts which forced her to hold the glass while he took it slowly from her hand. And yet all the while she treated him as coldly as he scarcely could have believed a woman could treat the man she had once loved.

And then at last the day came when her duty to him as patient was at an end.

He was on the fair way to health again, and now John Thornton knew indeed how

much dearer to him than all his wealth was this nurse of his. On the day following, as she had herself coldly informed him, she was leaving to take up her duties in Glasgow again.

John Thornton was reading a certain urgent telegram from his partner in business, when she had spoken of her departure next evening, and he had tossed the imperative summons carelessly aside to talk with her on what seemed to him now a far more important subject.

"You are going to-morrow evening," he said, looking across at her with eyes full of passionate, remorseful longing.

"By the last train to-morrow night," she answered composedly, busily packing up some books she had had with her. "I start on early morning duty next day."

Not a tinge of regret in her voice, on her face. This parting had nothing of sadness in it to her, said John bitterly to himself; while he —what would he not give to prolong, to put off the parting. A sudden resolve to put his chance of forgiveness to the touch suddenly rushed almost recklessly on him in the midst of his pain.

"Mary!" he said hurriedly, rising and moving nearer to where she stood calmly regarding him out of clear, cold eyes. "Mary, for pity's sake give me a word of forgiveness before you go—just a look even. I cannot believe you have turned so cold, so hard. If you knew how I repent, if you knew how gladly I would sacrifice all I have to win your love again."

His voice shook, the thin beseeching hands he stretched out to her trembled.

She would not have been a woman, and the woman she was at heart, in spite of the mask of coldness she had protected herself with, had she not been moved.

She was, indeed, moved so much that for a moment she hardly dared speak; then at last she answered, more gently than she had yet spoken to him, almost pityingly.

"You speak as though I were in fault. Is not the barrier of your own building?"

"It is true! it is true! But there is forgiveness for all things. Mary, is there no hope of my being able some day to wipe out the past? Will you not give me one chance?"

His eyes, his voice were eloquent. Almost Mary Marston could have flung her pride to the winds at that moment, but she hardened her heart again.

"You have your wealth; that should suffice you," she said, bitterly, turning from him again.

"I would lose it all, if by losing it I might gain your love back again," he cried impetuously.

Mary Marston laughed scornfully. "Words, words!" she said. "You would not lose a fraction of your wealth for my sake."

John Thornton's face grew suddenly bright. "If I could prove to you that I am willing to lose a great deal of money, not even for the reward of your love, but only for the sake of some hours longer of the sight of your face, the sound of your voice, would you believe me?" He eyed her eagerly, and she turned and looked back at him incredulously.

"But you couldn't," she said at last, almost wistfully, he fancied.

For answer John Thornton picked up the crumpled yellow paper on the table and handed it to her.

"If I don't obey that summons calling me back to town to-night, I lose a venture involving more than a large fraction of my wealth," he said quietly.

She looked up at him amazedly.

"But you will go," she said quickly.

"I shall go after you leave," he replied steadily.

"And that will be too late?" she questioned breathlessly.

"A man's last hours of happiness are more to him than money," replied John.

For a moment she stood gazing dumbfounded at him, then a sudden light broke like a wave upon her face.

The practical proof had convinced her as no high-flown rhapsodies could have done, and in a moment love had wiped out the rankling wrong of years. All the love that pride had forced her to hide was in her eyes as she looked up at him, and John Thornton knew it.

"Am I forgiven?" he whispered, bending towards the upturned face. "Has the loss of the paltry gold actually won me such happiness?"

"If by happiness you mean me," said Mary Marston, half smiling through misty eyes, "why, I think, John, you have paid too big a price for it."

A TRIP TO TEMPERANCE ISLE.

By Our Special Commissioner.



(Photo: Frith and Co., Reigate.) LANDING PLACE AND BATHING BEACH, OSEA ISLAND.

THE glorious sun is westering. The quiet Bay of the Blackwater basks in his rare, sweet smile—for it is an afternoon of late October, in the weeping year 1903. I stand on an island where every prospect pleases, and not even man is vile. The air imparts a relish for the prospective old-fashioned tea. Is it possible that less than an hour ago my appetite was only equal to half the luncheon spread before me in picturesque Maldon? The Sabbath-like stillness is favourable to further queries and contrasts. Eight hours ago I rose amid London's conventionalities, accepted the attentions of well-trained, well-capped, well-aproned maidens, and then all seemed as it should be. This afternoon I walk abroad with bare head, bare hands, in grand emancipation from the bondage of custom. My lungs expand with life-giving air, which fills even the roots of my hair. Why, cries Nature with a voice that finds echoes in body, mind, and inclination, ever go back to the restraints of the mainland? This morning I looked down on City 'bus horses running soberly in couples, and, like them, my aspirations ran according to the limits of the daily round, the common task. This afternoon, though only forty miles from the Royal Exchange, I watch kangaroos fold their short arms akimbo and leap with joyous springs from their hut to meet their beloved keeper. Free and unharnessed, they sit up on their noble haunches, prick their sensitive ears, and stretch out their black paws for bread, or nibble a vegetable in their attendant's hand. A timely warning prevents my following him through the wire door to stroke the sleek, gentle heads. The kangaroos are not quite so tame as pet hares, as the first glance would lead one to suppose. One of them has been known to spring upon the back of the lord of the isle, whose friendly intentions it failed to understand.

"They would rip up that dog if he got inside," says their keeper, whilst they accept his jurisdiction without hesitation and with an air of mild satisfaction; "they have a claw like a hook on their hind feet."

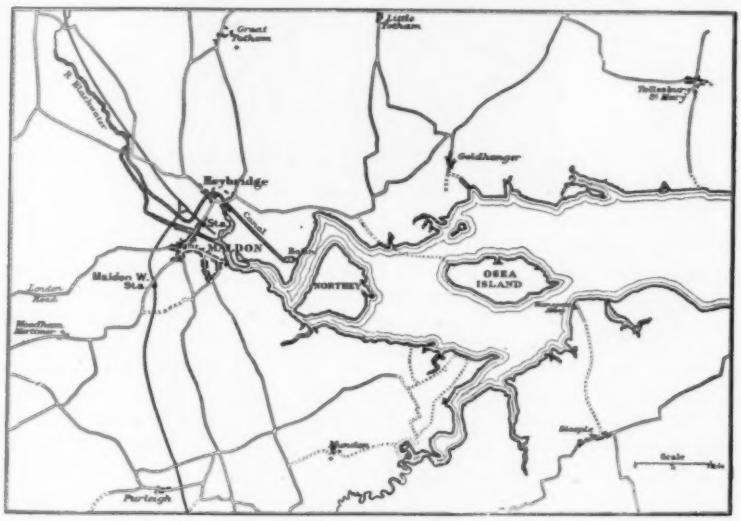
Here they are not mewed up in cages with no room to leap and display the utility of a highly developed tail. Novel experiences in Osea Island do not end with the kangaroo run. Near the shore which faces the direction of the kangaroo's native land, boats of various kinds lie at anchor, sails—red, brown, and white—appear and disappear in the silvery autumnal mist. They can land whether the tide is high or low on this, the south side. The water is from

twenty to twenty-two feet deep, and the firm sand and shingle are as well adapted for embarking and disembarking as for bathing.

A small craft of uncommon construction rests moored on the beach. There is just time to scrutinise it, and wonder regarding the end and aim of its existence and special characteristics, when the owner appears, accompanied by a lady dressed like himself in nautical attire. They have visited the solitary farm, surveyed the view—north, south, east, and west. The artesian well answers the purpose of an observatory. From its platform, beyond the belt of water, islands and headlands, flats, and the modest highlands of Essex, may be seen for twenty miles. Here a church, there a ruined priory, elsewhere a flagstaff indicate signs of human habitation. Now they seat themselves on the wooden embankment which protects this part of the coast like a miniature sea-wall. From my more exalted position on a green slope which rises to a height of fifteen to twenty feet above sea level, I venture to express my genuine admiration for the neat little vessel, and curiosity about its peculiarity.

"If you will come down, I will show it to you, and tell you all about it," replies the courteous navigator. "I made it myself from my own designs," he continues, as I avail myself of his invitation. "It is just large enough for two persons. It cannot sink, for it is built on the principle of a lifeboat. It is, like the new ironclads, painted grey, to be as much as possible the colour of water, so when used for shooting, the birds are less likely to notice it. Those are lugger sails. I only use one in rough weather. We go out in all seasons."

He is familiar with the Blackwater Bay, or "The Pant," as it used to be called, and loves it. The air has meant life and health to him. "At one time I was said to be in consumption," he remarks; "now I don't know what it is to feel my lungs. I am a teetotaller, and I am delighted with Mr. Charrington's scheme for making Osea a temperance island. I think this is charming," he adds, pointing to the neighbouring green headland, where the trees form a procession to the water's edge, as though they purposed taking a dip. "Have you seen the small circular lake on the other side?" he inquires, and proceeds to tell a story of the brave old days of chivalry. The lake, a maiden whose fair face it mirrored and refreshed, the bold sailor who invaded the island, and a brother of the priory visible across the water, all figure in the scene. I ask for the foundation of this charming legend. He touches the region of intellect, and answers: "Here, and nowhere else."



MAP SHOWING OSEA ISLAND.

We part, with mutual hopes to meet again, but with no notion of each other's names. As the pair sail off, it is easy to compare their

little vessel, with its two white wings and grey body, to a gull. All the surroundings tend to eerie impressions. The glints of sunlight make tracks of gold to mysterious shores beyond the calm face of the water. The sailor's story, born in a poetical flight of imagination, is as credible as the local legend of St. Osyth, which helps to draw visitors to the interesting priory near Clacton-on-Sea. The graceful heroine of Osea and her favourite lake form a far pleasanter picture than that of the martyred saint carrying her decapitated head in her hands to the site of St. Osyth's Priory, and giving everyone there a "turn" by staining it with her blood. It would be easy to found another legend on the facts already quoted, and tell how an unknown knight and lady, borne between the white wings of a gigantic gull, landed on Osea Island; how they planted the native tamarisk—that graceful plant rarely found elsewhere in its English variety—and how, after their disappearance by the same way that they came, the land yielded to advanced cultivation. For this year, indeed, the island is on the threshold of a new era in its history.

The facts of the case are these. Osea Island has possessed from time immemorial the picturesque charm of Essex pasture land. Since the days when the East Saxons struggled to defend it from Danish invaders, it has been rich in historical associations. The sites of their conflicts are still recognised. After William I. invaded England, Ovesia (as it was called in old days) became the possession of his nephew, Hamo, Dappifer (or steward). Ruins of abbeys and monasteries exist to tell of religious aspirations. The craving to retire, at least for a time, from the world with all its ambition and struggle for life is human, and belongs to every age, however it may find expression. Those days when men fled for refuge from temptation to the religious houses of Osea were days of strife. The chronicler records that whilst the Scots were triumphantly crowning Edward Bruce King of Ireland in 1315 this little island belonged to the Earl of Gloucester, and that in 1418, the year famous for the first manufacture of gunpowder in England, it was in the possession of Sir Hugh Stafford. Again it changed hands, for Henry Bouchier, first Earl of Essex, was one of its owners.



(Photo: John Rayne, Malvern.)

MR. CHARRINGTON.

Now it is the property by recent purchase of Mr. Frederick N. Charrington, and traditions of the past are of less account than possibilities of the future. Mr. Charrington bought it in order to carry out a long-cherished scheme of making it a holiday resort with "all the latest improvements — including the exclusion of

drink." The idea arose from his discovery that an island near New York had been taken as a safe retreat for inebriates. But this is not, like one or two other places, intended for the sole occupation of dipsomaniacs. It will be open to all seekers for health and enjoyment. Every effort will be made to provide it with all that is likely to make rest and recreation pleasant, but, at the same time, to exclude any licence to sell alcohol.

From Danbury, which looks down from a height of 620 feet on Maldon lying five miles off, the Blackwater may be seen on a sunny day like a sky-blue ribbon intersecting the flats. It flows for forty-six miles, and at last forms a broad estuary, taking several islands into its embrace, Northey, Osea, and Ramsey being the largest. Osea lends itself to the purpose of thing intoxicating. During the season of 1903, until October 24th, it plied backwards and forwards between Hythe Quay, Maldon, and Osea, once or twice a day, according to the tide.

"Never," as one of the sailors said, with pardonable pride, "had she failed to keep an engagement. The engines had proved true, the weather had never proved impossible." Single fares were fourpence, return tickets sixpence, whilst the *Annie* varied her programme by extra long sea trips or moonlight trips. The cheap method of importing supplies by barge from London is not yet established in working order: she brings cargoes of coal and domestic luxuries. I watched her discharge some of the accessories for building and a company of workmen engaged in making a model village.



(Photo: John Rayne, Maldon.)

THE OLD FARM.

a retreat from the temptation of the public-house, as well as a place for convalescents. A mile of water girdles it round. Maldon, the nearest town, is five miles off. The twin-screw steamer, *Annie*, licensed for 150 persons, is the only regular means of communication. It belongs to Mr. Charrington, and provides refreshments, but, like the island, eschews any-

Mr. Charrington has stipulated that all cottages and bungalows shall be built on the lines of the old English style of timbered architecture. They are to stand round the village green. Already a barge at anchor is unloading bricks, and an increasing pile in a field and workmen's huts mark the place where a more important building is projected. Dr. Moore, of Hastings,

has bought the site, and has erected an institution for inebriate ladies and gentlemen. Here, at least, the patients will be beyond reach of cruel temptation, and can enjoy the air, laden with ozone, which flows across the island. That substance of at present unknown nature delights to sweep gently the surface of this region.

Until lately, Osea has been little known. It is only four miles round, one mile and a half in length, half a mile across, and covers some 350 acres. At the last census, the inhabitants numbered eight, and comprised the farm bailiff and his family and lodgers. For three hundred years it has been in the hands of one family. The moss-grown tiled roofs and dormer windows of farm labourers' cottages, and the gabled outbuildings, are old enough to be picturesque. A new house in modern antique style is already occupied. This solitary spot of scarlet in the very centre of the island is the first lodging-house with the village shop beside it. It is also the first object visible in approaching the island from "The Hard." "The Hard," a connection with the mainland on the north side, is covered at high tide to a depth of eight to ten feet. As the Blackwater recedes, the heads of stakes three or four feet high, trimmed and tasselled with brown seaweed, show themselves, and lead off in a sinuous procession to the island. Their appearance is the gauge of safety for those who would cross to it by "The Hard." On each side of this firm gravel road lies the flood, or else soft clay or mud, dangerous or impossible for wheel, hoof, and human foot. The green, billowy marshland, known locally as "The Salts," on Osea's northern coast, has a beauty of its own. In spring it clothes itself in lilac and gold, blue and brown, for marine shrubs and wild flowers abound in profusion. All the year round it is the haunt of wild birds. Kingfishers and snipe dart over the runlets; gulls cry with shrill voices to each other, or direct their remarks to the fleet sand-runners below.

"Those birds are peewits; some persons call them plovers," said the stalwart owner of two boats, pointing lovingly to some feathered friends. "And those are tukes, and those are Oxfords."

What some other persons call "tukes" and "Oxfords" did not transpire. He knew no other names for them, and said modestly that he was no scholar. This did not prevent his being worthy of taking his place beside one of Whittier's relations, whom the Poet of Freedom describes with his accustomed grace:

> "Our uncle, innocent of books,
> Was rich in lore of fields and brooks;
> The ancient teachers, never dumb,
> Of Nature's unhoused lyceum."

This man of Osea and his "missis" had lived all their lives in the neighbourhood, and now they wish for no home outside the island. The air suits them. They like to gather the fresh watercress and samphire, and enjoy a handkerchief full of winkles and other native produce. But boatmen and yachtsmen have more ambitious sport than periwinkles. Fish is plentiful in the Blackwater—whiting, codling, dabs, plaice, soles, bass, and mullet are the harvest of the net. Salmon are caught now and then. Dolphins, porpoises, and whales sometimes disport themselves within view of land, whilst rather lower down are the oyster beds of the Mersea Company.

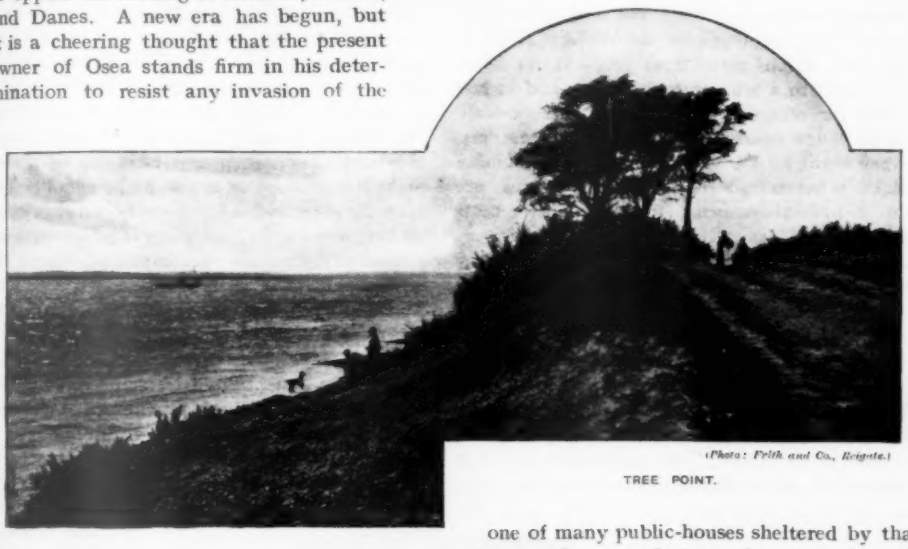
For the present, Dame Nature rules supreme. Goldfinches and other



(Photo: John Rayne, Maldon.)

OSEA ISLAND, LOOKING NORTH.

shy English birds dart out of the hedges at the sound of wheels. Larks fill the air with music. Sea-birds nest in the grasses and boldly challenge the right of intrusion. They have been known to attempt an attack on the farmer's dog with their beaks. The wild creatures whose haunts have been left undisturbed for generations are as powerless to resist the incursions of modern seekers for space and fresh air as ever were ancient Britons to oppose the landing of Romans, Saxons, and Danes. A new era has begun, but it is a cheering thought that the present owner of Osea stands firm in his determination to resist any invasion of the enemy, Intemperance, which threatens to unmake the Empire in its centre, whilst patriots are engaged in making it at its uttermost parts. The question how and why the scheme for erecting a fort against a tyrant sin, more to be feared than the wildest of vikings, came into existence, carries one back to a life-story begun thirty-three years ago.



(Photo: Frith and Co., Reigate.)

TREE POINT.

Evening closes on the squalid neighbourhood of Mile End Road. The garish light of a public-house pierces the darkness of a poor street. It flashes on the passers-by, who are happy enough to be tramping home. It lingers seductively on the weary, homeless loafers. It glances on the rarer forms of men and women who have forsaken home and comforts to seek and to save the lost. One of this number, alert with the full energy of youth and conviction, is arrested by the spectacle of a poor woman who pushes open the swing door from the outside with timid desperation, and stands on the threshold.

"Jack," she cries to her boozing husband at the bar; "give me some money; the children are crying for food."

Jack would give her something. He came out, and with one blow he struck her down, and she lay in the gutter. The ardent worker for God, still comparatively unfamiliar with the ways of slum life, took notice that the public-house was called "The Rising Sun," above that he read his own name, in that of a firm of brewers. "The Rising Sun" was but one of many public-houses sheltered by that name, the scene but one in a tragedy only too often repeated. Intemperance reigned with a sway which might have been prefigured by the hydra-headed monster of mythology. Its victims of all degrees cried for champions to deliver them. Mr. F. N. Charrington made a solemn resolve: "In the Name of God our Father and Christ our Saviour, something must be done, and, God helping me, I will do what I can." He withdrew from the brewery, and relinquished all interest in it. When the family lawyer looked through his father's will and at all the circumstances, it was discovered that he had sacrificed one million and a quarter. The will, made some years before his decision to renounce all part in the trade, directed that a share in the brewery should be offered first for his acceptance, with an alternative of a sum of money sufficient to produce an income to maintain him for life. On his deathbed, his father, who with the rest of the family had been grieved at the course his son had chosen, acknowledged that he had done well and wisely.

For thirty-three years Mr. Charrington has fought in the forefront of the battle with evil in the East-End of London. His work began in a night school opened in an empty hayloft over a stable in the Mile End Road. It would be interesting to study how many missions have had a similar beginning, and how much blessing has started from a lowly stable since the day that there was no room for the Lord of Heaven in an inn. It would be equally interesting, but impossible, to calculate how many forces have worked together to change the face of the East End. One of them is the Tower Hamlets Mission, which grew from hay-loft to tent, from tent to a temporary building and at last found its centre in the Great Assembly Hall, which holds nearly 5,000 persons. It is open every night all the year round, and on Sunday nights it is often so well filled that hundreds are unable to find entrance. The regular attendants at the Hall, drawn from the extremely poor, contributed upwards of £300 to the building fund. The frontage buildings comprise a spacious coffee palace, which is self-supporting, whilst on the three upper floors are numerous club rooms and offices. A Sunday School of 1,600 children, congregations that run into thousands, enterprises that grow and multiply themselves, make up the wide-spreading organisations of the Tower Hamlets Mission, which is supported by voluntary contributions. Experience of the special needs of the East-End had a great share in formulating the idea of seeking some health resort secure from the temptations to drink. The purchase and adaptation of Osea to this purpose is Mr. F. N. Charrington's own private venture, undertaken on his own responsibility. The local authorities of Essex are keenly watching the result, believing that it will increase their prosperity. Numerous inquiries have reached the new owner respecting available sites for building. Yachting men want to secure accommodation because the island provides safe anchorage, doctors want to secure sanatoriums, because it provides pure air. Other persons are alive to the advantages it offers for fishing, shooting, botanising, and the study of Nature generally. Possibilities of the future include a new railway, which will make it more easy of access, and a small landing stage for steamers. It is to be hoped that before all the projects for perfecting it as a health and pleasure resort are accomplished facts, the scheme will have so far justified its existence, that Osea will be the pattern of many other forts erected to protect England from Intemperance. The strife in old days for possession of the right little, tight little island in the Blackwater Bay has long been only known as a subject for an epic or an interesting event in history. It is now an abode of peace, and promises to become a blessing.



(*Photo: John Rayne, Maldon.*)

OSEA ISLAND, SOUTH SIDE.



The Pride o' the Morning

By Agnes Giberne

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—IX.

The story opens at Castle Hill, where Mrs. Keith lives with a young relative, Giles Randolph, who was left an orphan in childhood. Her own son, Colin, returns from a long stay on the Continent, and proposes to begin a career as a sculptor, to the mother's obvious but unexplained annoyance. Giles goes to Yorkshire to arrange, if possible, for his second cousin, Phyllys Wyverne, to pay a visit to Castle Hill. Her elder cousin Barbara and her grandmother, with whom they both live, are not anxious for the girl to see more of her relatives, but they have no good reason for refusing the invitation, which is accordingly accepted. Meanwhile Giles, attracted by Phyllis, pays another visit to the village of Midfell, where she lives, and is instrumental in rescuing her from a bog on the moors into which she has wandered in a mist.

CHAPTER X.

OF CASTLE HILL PERPLEXITIES.

AT the appointed hour for Phyllys's arrival, Mrs. Keith went to the station; and together they drove through the town, the elder lady exchanging bows with acquaintances by the way. Phyllys was rather silent, taking everything in with interested eyes.

Her first impression had been of somebody distinctly good-looking, but unapproachable. Mrs. Keith, quick to read this impression, did not at once exert herself to modify it.

Leaving Market Oakley behind, they bowled swiftly along the smooth high road till pretty Castlemere was reached; then by the lodge gate they entered the private grounds leading to Castle Hill.

Once indoors, Mrs. Keith unbent. Thus far she had merely made herself agreeable. Now her gloved hands held those of Phyllys, and her large eyes looked tenderly in the girl's face. After a momentary hesitation, real or assumed, she bent for a kiss.

Phyllys glanced up, surprised and touched. A wonder stirred within her. Why should Mrs. Keith be so pleased, so affectionate? She knew no sufficient cause. That Giles should have liked to know her had seemed natural, since he was near of kin; but that Mrs. Keith should care to do so was puzzling.

Then she recalled her late deadly peril, and the fact that Giles had rescued her. That might well give Mrs. Keith a peculiar feeling with regard to her. And, again, it might be that Mrs. Keith was so fond of Giles as to be gladdened by anything that gave him pleasure. Phyllys smiled to herself over the latter solution, and Mrs. Keith kissed her again.

"My dear, I am delighted to get you here at last! We have wanted it for years—Giles particularly."

"It is delightful to come."

Phyllys spoke in her most sedate voice, yet with evident gratification. This little scene took place in the ante-room, between hall and drawing-room; and as they entered the drawing-room a slight gasp broke from her.

It was large, and many-windowed, with nooks and retreats, with a ceiling artistically designed and colcured, with fine paintings on the walls, with a broad general harmony of outlines and tinting, and a delicate beauty of contrast in details, which at once appealed to Phyllys's

artistic sense. She thought of the prim little sitting-room at home, its stiff squareness, its ponderous furniture, its framed texts.

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Keith, reading her face.

"I never saw anything like it!"

"Rather handsome, is it not? I am glad you can appreciate. Now you will be glad of some tea. Where can Colin be?" She rang the bell. "Tell Mr. Keith we are here," she said to the butler.

"Mr. Keith desired not to be disturbed, ma'am. Tea was taken by his wish to the studio."

A fretted look came, and one cup clicked against another with a sound suggestive of tremulousness. "Nonsense! What nonsense!" muttered Mrs. Keith. Her brows drew together with a sullen expression.

"Does Colin paint?" asked Phyllys. "Mr. Keith, I mean."

"He is 'Colin,' not 'Mr. Keith,' to you, my dear. Yes, he dabbles a little in painting; and lately he has taken an absurd fancy for messing with wet clay, trying to model. Sheer waste of time, for he has no gift whatever in that direction."

The resentful tone in which she alluded to Colin's pursuit was in odd contrast with the softened note of her next remark:

"Such a pity Giles is still away. Yes"—seeing with pleasure Phyllys's disappointment—"he was to have got home yesterday. But the friend with whom he has been shooting in the Highlands fell ill, and cannot travel. Giles has stayed to take care of him. So like Giles! Always thinking of others before himself. And I know what a disappointment it must be to him. But till he arrives you must put up with Colin and me."

Phyllys tried to hide what she felt. This was indeed a "Waterloo without a Wellington."

Till the dinner-gong sounded, nothing more was heard of Colin. Then the butler solemnly announced: "Mr. Keith is sorry not to come to dinner."

Mrs. Keith made a sharp turn. "Why?"

"Mr. Keith does not wish for any dinner, ma'am."

"Absurd!" she muttered. Then to Phyllys, with a constrained smile: "You and I must make the most of each other. Colin is treating us cavalierly."

"He must be very fond of modelling," the girl said, as they went through the hall.

"A great deal too fond. Such a waste of time."

"Do you think so? My father used to love it. They said he was a born sculptor."

She had a strange impression that her simple words had administered a blow. She glanced a second time, to verify the impression. Tightening lips and drawn brows showed strong feeling of some kind. Not till they were seated did a reply come, couched with evident unconsciousness of the interval:

"There are so many things better worth doing."

Phyllys wisely resolved to avoid a discussion.

Old Mrs. Wyverne, despite opposition from Barbara and exhortations from Miss Robins, on the score of encouraging vanity, had taken care that her grandchild should not do her discredit. Phyllys had only one evening frock, which she wore now; and it was simple, but pretty and in good taste. Perhaps she felt its prettiness a trifle thrown away under present circumstances, yet she enjoyed herself.

The great dining-room, with its sombre ancestral portraits, its heavy silver candelabra, its antique furniture, its massive black-oak sideboard, its well-laid table, with centre-piece of embroidered old-gold satin and hot-house flowers, its butler and footman waiting in deferential silence—all these laid pleasant hold upon her. She had no sense of embarrassment, such as may come with unaccustomed surroundings. Everything seemed natural, and as should be. Travelling abroad in childhood, and being much among grown-up people before the age of thirteen, had given her an ease and an unconsciousness which she could not have acquired in Midfell alone, despite her grandmother's excellent manners.

Great was the contrast between the Castle arrangements and the ultra simplicity of Burn Cottage, yet she behaved as if all her life used to the former. Mrs. Keith, narrowly observant, was more and more satisfied. The slight upset to her equanimity just before dinner, whatever it had meant, passed off, and she talked continuously.

When they returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Dugdale appeared, making at once for Phyllys. Then Colin came in.

He was unlike Giles certainly. He looked very tired, and there were purple shades below the eyes, which had a curious fixed inwardness of expression, as if their owner were forced to gaze at something out of reach for others.

XUM

A hand was lifted between them and the nearer lamp.

"So Giles stole a march upon us, making your acquaintance in the north," he said to Phyllys.

"If he had not, I should not be here now," she replied. Somehow she could not at once feel at her ease with Colin, as she had felt with Giles. He awakened a shy side of her, seldom visible. Giles from the first had drawn her out. Colin unconsciously repressed her. It might have been his inviolable ease of bearing, his curious calm aloofness, which had this effect. Giles possessed a cultivated ease, but Colin's was different; his was an absolute and intrinsic ease, which perhaps nothing in life could disturb. In Giles it was an acquired possession; in Colin it seemed to be an inherited part of himself. "Mrs. Keith says you are fond of modelling."

A shade of interest dawned in the listless manner.

"Do you know anything of it?"

"My father used to model in clay."

"Then you understand the grip it takes upon one."

"Yes; I used to see that. He was a busy clergyman, and had very little spare time. But when he could get to it, he was perfectly happy. I was only ten years old when he died; still, one doesn't forget."

"Perhaps you will take a look at my studio to-morrow?"

"May I? That will be delightful. Are you doing statues?"

"Busts chiefly at present. I may take to statuettes by-and-by. Portrait-sculpture seems to be my line."

"You look as if——" She hesitated, doubtful how far she might venture. The doubt had not assailed her with Giles, yet of the two Colin was the more gentle in voice and manner. He responded to what she had not said.

"One can't stick to work without paying for it; but the game is worth the candle."

"I wonder if it is?" she queried.

The heavy blue eyes, still with that curious oppressed "inward" look, met hers, but could not gaze.

"You are a trifle too keen-sighted," he observed. "Don't betray me, please. There is nothing that I detest like a fuss."

"Would it not be better for you to be quiet and not talk?"

"Thanks; you are kind," was all he said. He took her at her word, and soon beat a retreat. The others did not notice until he was gone. Mrs. Keith drew her lips together, with fresh annoyance. "At it again!" was written on her face.

"Had she really not seen?" silently wondered Phyllys.

Colin did not appear next morning till breakfast was ended, and a cup of tea met his wants. Mrs. Keith was short in manner, as if still offended; but her vexation seemed powerless to ruffle him. Phyllys wondered whether he felt it more than he showed.

She scanned him with interest, in her girlish fashion. A gift to delve below the surface was hers, but as yet it had not been developed; and while he interested, he also baffled her.

Everything in this new world claimed attention, Colin not least. She was keenly conscious of the contrast between his slender outlines and gentle dilettante ease of manner, compared with the muscular vigour and solid force of Giles. That she would like Colin she felt no doubt; perhaps in another fashion from the fashion in which she liked Giles, yet not less real. The plucky way in which he kept up and made himself agreeable, while manifestly suffering, won her admiration; and this morning the charm of his delicate face, with its intellectual development of brow, and the dreamy abstraction which seemed a part of himself, laid hold on her imagination. He was unlike anybody she had hitherto known. She felt herself unable to fathom him; yet she could not wonder that he was so much to Giles. It would be difficult, she thought, to view him with indifference. He might be liked or disliked; he could not be ignored. Her eyes were again and again drawn in his direction, and each time she found herself to be the object of his study.

The night before he had seen a pretty girl in a neat frock, kindly solicitous about himself, but hazily indistinct. Things in general were apt to grow hazy, when overpowering headache had him in its grasp. He would often talk on resolutely, while unable to see across the room, and hardly aware of what he said.

To-day, though not at his best, he could use his faculties, and he recognised that Phyllys was out of the common. The rounded outlines of her slim figure, the wavy flow of hair about her well-shaped head, the subtleties of moulding in cheek and chin, the sweet expressiveness of eyes half hidden under dense fringes, the changeful suggestions of light and shade—these, item after item, found their way to his brain, touching him as artist, not as man. He scrutinised her less

as a girl of flesh and blood than as a subject for statuary.

Breakfast over, he strolled through the French window, and indulged in a cigarette; but when Mrs. Keith disappeared, he used his opportunity. Phyllys found him by her side, asking in the soft dragging voice, which at first she had supposed to mean physical weakness, but which she found to be habitual: "Will you come with me now?"

On reaching the distant room which had been lately transformed into a studio, she gave one of her little gasps of pleasure. It appealed powerfully to her artistic instincts—instincts which were hers by inheritance and early cultivation, and which had not been entirely slain by nine years of systematic asphyxiation.

Two skylight windows had been made, with arrangements for shutting off or modifying light from either, and a heavy curtain was partly drawn across the side-window. Near the stove at one end of the long room lay a square of carpet, supporting a sofa and an armchair. To these Phyllys paid no attention. The space remaining was boarded and bare. At the centre stood a modelling-stand, four-legged and heavy, with a revolving top, upon which was something hidden by cloths.

Many framed photographs of famous antique sculptures adorned the walls, varied by three or four fine bas-reliefs. Several statues occupied small pedestals; and on a rough side-table lay plaster casts of limbs and hands, together with odd little wooden tools of quaint shapes, which she touched with pleasure, for they recalled vividly old days.

He led her round, pointing out some fine casts, chiefly from historic masterpieces, which he had lately brought from Italy. They lingered over a bust from the Venus of Milo; and then over the copy of an ancient dilapidated torso, which Phyllys surveyed with dubious eyes.

"I don't think I care about that. It might be anything."

"Ah, but it is grand! The work of a great sculptor. See the moulding, how squarely it is put in. Look at those flat surfaces, and the relation of each to the whole. The main question in sculpture is not so much what a man works at, as how he works at it." Then a pause, and a slow smile. "For the matter of that, the same may be said of all art—painting, music, writing."

"Won't you show me something now that you did yourself when you were abroad?"

"I left them all behind me. Nothing worth bringing back. Here is one attempt since my return."

He led her to a corner of the studio, where stood in shade a head of bronzed plaster upon a stand. "Giles!" was her exclamation. "How like! O how like!" She viewed it from different positions. "It is his very self. And how wonderfully you have given the look in his eyes. Only a little hollow for each eye—and yet they are *his!*"

"Sure proof that character and expression reside more in the surroundings than in the eyes themselves!"

"And you did this since you came home?"

"Yes. It was hard work to get him to sit; but he granted me an hour at a time under pressure. When he went north I had to do the best I could with photographs. No, I did not attempt the moulding. That was done by a young fellow in the town."

Phyllys's next move was towards the centre modelling-table. She had noticed that he kept clear of that, and her curiosity was awakened. "May I see what you are doing now?" she asked. After a momentary hesitation he complied, removing the damp cloths, and laying bare a child's head in clay, life size, nearly, if not quite, completed.

It was a touching, lovable little face; gentle, half-sad, yet with a tender shy peace on lips and brow. The luxuriant hair was cut low on the forehead, and fell around in heavy waves; and the effect of dark eyes was admirably given, under drooping lids.

"Who is it?"

"Elsye Wallace. She died many years ago."

"Then you have done it from memory?"

"Partly from memory, partly from an oil-painting and some photographs."

"I heard a Dr. Wallace spoken of yesterday."

"He is our medical man. Elsye was his only child."

A chair was near, and Phyllys sat down, resting her cheek on one hand, and gazing earnestly at the head. A smile broke over her face, as if in response to the shy smile on the still face before her.

"You little darling!" she murmured.

Colin stood back, his attention forcibly diverted from his own work to Phyllys. A longing seized him to make a sketch in clay of that pretty girl-head. His fingers ached to reproduce the soft flow of her hair, the delicate moulding of brow and lips. As she sat, she had the precise pose which he would want; and he hardly dared to breathe for fear of arousing

her, of making her move. He was trying to learn every curve of it by heart, so that he might be able to replace her in the same attitude. When, in response to searching observation, she turned, she caught the gleam of that gaze from under a penthouse of slender fingers.

He at once explained. "I am wondering whether you would let me make a study of your head while you are with us."

"Mine! But why? Yes, if you like. That would be rather fun."

He was replacing the wet cloths, and she observed: "You won't try to work at that to-day? You know you can't."

He finished what he was doing, and then said: "But when Giles comes home, you must be less keen, please. I don't betray myself to him, if I can help it. And"—after a pause—"don't name to him this bust of Elsye Wallace."

"I won't, of course, if you would rather not."

"I would rather you should not. Now, shall we go back?"

In the hall they were joined by Mrs. Keith, who showed anything but pleasure on hearing where Phyllys had been. "I have hunted for you everywhere," she complained. "Such a pity to waste your time in that stuffy studio—and bad for Colin too."

"The skylight was open," remarked Colin. "Phyllys has kindly consented to let me make a model of her head."

Mrs. Keith's movement was of strong protest.

"You will not do anything so ridiculous."

"I can hardly conceive anything less ridiculous, supposing the attempt to be successful."

"Phyllys has come here to enjoy herself."

"But, indeed, I shall enjoy that," urged Phyllys. "I love anything that has to do with modelling."

Mrs. Keith's face darkened.



"'How like! Oh, how like!'"

"I would rather that it should be given up," she said in a hard, rasping tone.

Colin made no verbal reply. The mother's and son's eyes met; and Phyllys, watching, realised a trial of strength between the two.

Suddenly the mother's eyes sank, and she spoke in a subdued voice, conquered and sullen. "Of course, you will do as you choose. *My* wishes are of no importance."

"Of very great importance, but one has sometimes to follow one's own judgment. Some day I hope you will see with me. Shall I show Phyllys the church this morning?"

"No." Her tone was rude in its annoyance. "She is coming with me."

"Then I will go for a ride," in a voice of unruffled courtesy.

CHAPTER XI.

OF SCULPTOR AND SITTER.

NEXT day brought to light fresh aspects of the new world in which Phyllys was plunged.

To her the change had come as a veritable plunge, involving those sensations of shock and breathlessness which a dip in the sea is apt to produce. Not in any disagreeable sense, but with a bracing and arousing effect.

Her hour in the studio had awakened her mind to new thought, new feeling. The masterpieces shown by Colin had touched her more deeply than would be understood by anybody possessing no inborn love of art. In Phyllys this love was inherited, and in childhood it had received careful cultivation—first from her father, a gifted artist; then from her mother, in loving recollection of that father who had educated his wife in the same direction.

All the ten years at Midfell, though trained to outward submission, she had silently fought against dictums which went in the teeth of her parents' teaching. To some extent she had been moulded by persistent pressure, had taken shape and colour as a plant under training can be educated into new forms. But, like such a plant, she had a strong tendency to "revert" on the first chance; and here was her chance.

Colin fascinated her. His personal beauty—a type of beauty due less to outline of feature, though that outline was fine, than to expression, and his *apartness* from common life, were both so unlike aught she had ever come across, that she could not dismiss them from her thoughts.

"I like him," she said to herself more than once. He was different from Giles, and Giles was her friend. Colin might in time become her friend also; but of this she was doubtful. Despite his ease of bearing, she could not get to know him so quickly as she had got—or had seemed to get—to know Giles. Below the easy demeanour she reached soon a firm surface; and whether she would be able to penetrate that surface, time alone could show.

For two hours daily did Colin lay claim upon Phyllys, and she granted what he asked, albeit not easily. Mrs. Keith had ceased from verbal protestation, but every possible obstacle was put in the way, though in so subtle a fashion as hardly to be defined.

Phyllys found her first morning in the studio charming. Colin was at his best; ready for talk, quietly gay. She had begged to watch the process from the very beginning; and she stood gazing with delight at his deft handling of clay, as he filled in and covered over the light framework of lead piping; shaped roughly the shoulders over cross-pieces of wood designed for their support; and added lumps of clay, which, with firm touches, he formed into nose, chin, ears, giving each in turn a slight general resemblance to her own. It seemed to her that his task would be a *bagatelle*, he advanced so fast. When she said so, he broke into his noiseless laugh.

"This is preparation, not work. If you had not asked to come in, it would have been done before I troubled you."

He went to and fro between the large and small room, bringing handfuls of the moist clay, remarking once, "A great sculptor would have a boy to keep him supplied."

"You will be a great sculptor some day," she declared confidently.

The opinion had no weight, yet he smiled. He was in a frame to be easily pleased. For one thing, the sun shone; for another, he was free from headache; for a third, he felt that his sitter would bring inspiration. With all his outward placidity, Colin was a genuine artist in temperament; a weather barometer, a creature of moods.

"Do all sculptors work as fast as you?" she asked.

"There are different modes. Not only one excellent way. Some do it more slowly, adding tiny pellets, not lumps. Each has to follow the method by which he can produce the best results. The broader and quicker method suits me."

"You seem to build it up," she murmured.

"That is the essence of clay-modelling. It is a literal building up. In marble sculpture one has the reverse—carving away material, and leaving the figure exposed."

"You mean—it was there all the time, shut up in prison, and it had to be set free," she suggested, with a happy little laugh.

That brought his eyes upon her. "Precisely. But only a sculptor can see it there, before he cuts away the mass that hides it."

Colin had made a rough little clay sketch of Phyllys in the attitude which first attracted him, and this rendered it easy to place her anew in the same position. The worst of it was that she had to gaze at a bust on a table, and could no longer watch his manipulations. Time passed slowly. When she had sat for a quarter of an hour, it seemed like a full hour, and to maintain the exact position was difficult. She

tried to find entertainment in chatting about Midfell and her home-folk, but his absent murmurs of assent acted as a check, and she sank into silence, which soon meant an expression hopelessly "dead." He had to arouse himself that he might arouse her.

This first day all went well, and he proved merciful, allowing frequent rests.

In days following the work advanced more slowly; nay, even seemed to stand still. Colin could not satisfy himself.

He would stand often doing nothing, gazing steadfastly at his sitter, with an air of calm aloofness, as if trying to read her very soul. The aloofness prevented any self-consciousness on her part. Sometimes she wondered what it was that he saw or wished to see in her; sometimes she had a sense that he saw deeper than other men—than Giles, for example. But all the while she recognised that he looked upon her as his "sitter" pure and simple. He was studying his model for artistic purposes. He was not troubling himself to know Phyllys Wyverne more intimately for her own sake.

Then, when fifty minutes of endurance were ended, he would move, would hope she was not tired, would offer her the armchair, would ask whether she minded a cigarette, would become in a moment transformed from the intent artist to the pleasant host. She found in him a dual nature; not, like that of Giles, simple, homogeneous, the same throughout. One hour he was artist; another hour he was man.

Perhaps she admired him more as artist, and liked him more as man; but the combination had power, and his very aloofness excited in her a wish to win his approbation.

By the fifth day she knew that things were going ill. Colin was not pleased with his own work. He foresaw that this bust would be less of a success than that of Elsye Wallace; and the harder he toiled, the less he got on. He was gaining a worn look, his features becoming colourless and sharply-drawn, like a fine cameo. Phyllys longed to advise a day's holiday, but did not venture.

A rap at the door made him lift troubled eyes, and a box was brought in from the moulder, containing, as he knew, the cast of Elsye. "Put it down," he murmured, and bent anew to his modelling. It was characteristic of him that he should bestow his whole energy on the task in hand, and should have no thought to spare for the task completed. But presently, finding his sitter hopelessly "flat," he suggested an adjournment, and at her request took out the cast, placing it on a pedestal.

"It is lovely!" Phyllys said. "Are you not glad?* Don't you feel proud of having done it?" She gave herself a stretch, and sat down on the sofa, while Colin threw himself dejectedly into the armchair, with a hand over his eyes. "Isn't it almost perfect?"

"I don't know."

She watched him for some seconds in silence.

"Ought you to do any more to-day?"

There was a short laugh. "Certainly I ought—if I can. That is the question."

"It seems getting on so nicely," she ventured.

"It's a dead failure," he replied.

"I suppose people don't know their own faces well. It seems to me all right."

"It's not *you*. I can't get at yourself."

She smiled, not ill-pleased. "But you don't expect to put my real self straight off into a lump of clay?"

"If I can't, I'm no sculptor."

Phyllys's next remark was commonplace. "You've got my nose and mouth all right."

He laughed again. "If that were all! The veriest tyro could do that. An artist aims higher."

Her eyes questioned him wistfully.

"True art means much more than making a copy," he murmured. "It means interpretation; not copying. There's a lack of soul in what I have done. You have an elusive personality. I can't get at your true inwardness. Yet I'm not usually a duffer at character-reading."

She repeated the word "Inwardness?"

"Your true self—your soul—your inner being."

She waited for more, and he said dreamily: "There is a soul to every outward form of beauty, and an underlying meaning."

"I don't think I understand."

Her face pleaded for further elucidation, and he forced himself to respond.

"In art each body has a soul—that is to say, in Nature, with which art deals, which art interprets. One has to get at the soul before interpretation is possible. A superficial resemblance is nothing. People who condemn love of the beautiful know nothing beyond outlines. Every thought of man may find outward expression, in word or in shape; and the outward expression is the body; the thought from which it sprang is the soul. Every thought of God may—perhaps must—find expression in

word or in form ; and there, again, that which is manifest is the body, but the Divine underlying thought is the *soul* of that which is manifested. If once you realise this, I don't think you will be in danger of undervaluing beauty of form."

"I don't think I am," she said to herself. Then, smiling, "I'm rather glad it is not easy to know me at first sight."

"Much of you is easy, but you have many facets. When I think I have reached the true Phyllys, I find myself mistaken. One day you are one thing, next day another. My aim is to get to the background of these variations."

"I wonder how you mean to accomplish that?" she said laughingly.

She had recalled him to his purpose. He leaned forward, examining her with a penetrative gaze. She met it firmly, determined on resistance. He should not fathom her one inch further than she permitted. She would be as elusive as she chose

But those blue eyes had power, tired and aching though they were. They differed altogether from Giles's eyes ; and they were reaching down, far below the superficies of her being. If this was a trial of strength between the two, she knew already that he was getting the mastery. She could not veil from him what he meant to see. Despite her will-refusal, he was getting into touch with her true "inward" self. He was stronger than she. She knew it, and resented the fact, and yet she was oddly glad.

An abrupt consciousness dawned upon her that this meant more than mere artistic interest. How much more she could not tell ; but she was aware of a change. The indifference, the "apartness," had vanished. Her eyes fell slowly before his.

Colin had never seen her thus. He would hardly have thought it possible that she should wear so winning an aspect, though he had for days analysed every line in her face.



"On the brink of this she stood, glancing round cautiously."—*p.* 864.

This was no matter of lines, and though as sculptor he thought less of colouring than of form, yet the pretty flush, the half-troubled curve of coral lips, the sweetness of fringed downcast eyes, laid hold upon him. If she was a being of many facets, he was the same, and a facet of hers touched squarely a facet of his at that moment.

"I have come upon the real Phyllys at last," he was saying to himself ; and he said it with a joy which was only in part artistic. Phyllys said nothing. She only felt. She only knew that Colin was reading her still, and that she could not meet his gaze.

A harsh voice broke the pause. "So! you are using Phyllys for a model? How is that, pray?"

Phyllys looked up in blank amaze. This—Giles! This—her Midfell friend, her rescuer!

He stood almost between them, facing the fireplace, his back to the long room; upright, tall, solid; his hands clenched, and an extraordinary blaze of yellow light in his eyes, like that of a wild beast. Wrath transformed the whole face. Its ordinary deep red was exchanged for a mottled pallor. He had come in at the door behind Colin, and three or four steps had brought him to his present position.

Phyllys's offered hand was unnoticed or ignored, and she let it drop, stiffening into girlish dignity. If Giles felt no pleasure at seeing her, she would show no pleasure at seeing him. Colin's first movement had been a perceptible start, but he replied now in his lowest, most dragging voice:

"Yes; I'm making a study of her head. Not a successful one, I'm afraid. You didn't let us know you were coming to-day."

Giles seemed to awake to the fact that he had not greeted his guest. He went nearer, put out his hand, and muttered some unintelligible sounds. She responded coldly, and he turned from her with a sharp passionate movement, towards the bust of Elsye Wallace, standing prominently on a pedestal.

Phyllys instantly recalled that Colin did not wish him to know of it. She wondered, had he seen that on his first entrance?

But no. Plainly this was his first glimpse, and plainly it stupified him. The surprise was not a pleasant one. Giles stood gazing at the head; his hand still clenched, his face set as in iron.

"That was not to have been seen," observed Colin.

The words, meant in explanation, seemed to put a finish to Giles's anger. He swung round, and strode blindly away, knocking as he passed against the heavy modelling-stand with such force that the bust of Phyllys was hurled to the ground. But Giles made no pause. He disappeared, and his step could be heard retreating heavily along the passage.

Phyllys half spoke, but checked herself. Colin sat down, resting his brow on both hands.

"What an awful duffer I am!" he murmured.

"But nobody knew Giles was coming," ventured Phyllys.

"One might have expected it any day."

"I don't see why he was vexed."

Silence answered her. She knew from his look that, whatever there was to learn, she would not hear it from Colin.

"You won't work any more now, will you?" was the only remark she could think of.

"I don't think I can."

Another break.

"Had I better go? Mrs. Keith said she would want me."

He stood up to open the door, a trifle relieved, she thought, at the suggestion; and she carefully refrained from a glance towards the overturned bust. Outside, she remembered that she had left a book, and she went back—to find Colin flung prone on the sofa, with shut eyes. The bust still lay where it had fallen.

"Couldn't I get anything for you?" she asked gravely. "Your head is bad!"

"Rather! No—nothing I want, thanks. Is that your book? I'll have a lazy hour."

Phyllys went again, feeling flat. This was not the manner of meeting with Giles that she had pictured. She was sorely disappointed by his seeming indifference, and his extraordinary display of temper had left an unpleasant impression. Could it be that he objected to Colin making a model of her head? But that would be childish! Why should he mind?

CHAPTER XII.

OF AN INADVERTENT DISCOVERY.

IT was one of those links in the chain of life which present themselves unsought—which at the moment seem unimportant, yet which have a grave bearing upon one's happiness at some after period.

Phyllys had no thought of making any discovery. Indeed, she did not recognise it as such, when she had made it.

Her mind that day was bent upon the disappointing nature of human friendships. Not that she used such phraseology. She only said to herself that it was "horrid," and wished Giles would be his former self.

Little had been seen of him since his arrival. At luncheon he was sombre and silent, and Phyllys treated him with dignity. Colin looked ill, ate nothing, and talked like a machine wound up. Since luncheon he too had been invisible.

It was now between five and six o'clock, and Phyllys sat alone with Mrs. Keith. Rain fell heavily, keeping them in, and keeping callers away. Mrs. Keith knew nothing of the studio scene; but she had noted with inward dismay Phyllys's bearing at luncheon, not only towards Giles, but towards Colin; and she used this opportunity to descant on the excellences of dear Giles's fine character, of the beautiful devotion which had always existed between him

and Colin, of the manner in which, years earlier, he had been wont to deny himself pleasure and amusement that he might sit for hours beside Colin in a darkened room, and make time pass for the invalid.

"If you had the least idea how Colin used to suffer, you really wouldn't wonder at my anxiety about him," she observed. "Often, for days together, he could hardly endure a glimmer of light, or a voice above a whisper. One dreads what might bring all that back. And Colin never can do anything without working up himself into a state of excitement."

She reverted to the merits of Giles.

"There is something about the dear fellow so grand, so unlike the common run of men. He has such control over himself. Colin is a very dear fellow too, of course; still, his is the weaker nature. The smaller nature in every way."

But if Mrs. Keith, for reasons of her own, designed to turn Phyllys from Colin to Giles, she went to work the wrong way.

"Tiresome!" she muttered. "This silk will not do. I must get the other piece."

"What piece? Can I find it for you?"

"Thanks very much, if it will not be a trouble. I don't want to disarrange these things by moving. It is a square of crimson silk, larger than this. You will see it, lying on the shelf, just inside one of my black-oak cabinets—there are two in my room, you know. The one that is unlocked, on the right side as you go in."

Phyllys ran lightly upstairs, thinking still of Giles and his altered demeanour. Suddenly she found herself face to face with him. He looked so sombre that she could not resist giving him a little smile, and his face relaxed instantly.

"I have seen nothing of you yet," he observed. "But to-morrow——"

"Are you going out now?"

"I am obliged—unfortunately. But, if I might count on you in the morning for a walk,—would you come? We have no fells or mountain streams; still, you shall see something pretty."

Phyllys demurred, for she had hitherto devoted the better part of her mornings to the studio. But it would not do to let Colin feel that he had her at his beck and call. Her proud little spirit rose up in protest; all the more because that morning she had felt his power.

"I should rather like a good walk," she said demurely; and his face, which had grown rigid under her hesitation, lighted up anew. She could not but see the change.

"Then I may reckon on you?" he said, and he said no more. The silence, interpreted by his look, was eloquent.

Friends still! That was what it said.

She gave him one slight flash, as she ran off. And with regard to him, as with regard to Colin, questioning arose. Was it with the one no more than artist interest? Was it with the other no more than friendship?

Phyllys made no serious attempt to find a reply. She only knew that it was very delightful, after years of snubbing, to find herself the object of so much kind and warm feeling.

On reaching Mrs. Keith's bedroom, her recollections were confused. She could not recall what had been said. A black-oak cabinet, unlocked—so much remained in mind. Turning to the left, she pulled the door of the cabinet on that side, and it opened. Within she saw no crimson silk lying on the shelf. A pile of shawls and old cloaks had been untidily heaped together in the space below; and she disturbed the pile, pulling it partly out, searching for the silk which might have fallen. So doing, she came on something behind—a good-sized, half-length portrait in a black frame. The light fell full upon it, and a pair of clear blue eyes, earnest, dreamy, observant, met her own. "How like!" she exclaimed.

She lifted it carefully out. The style of dress belonged to a bygone period, and the face as a whole was hardly that of Colin; but the look in the eyes was not to be mistaken. It was, perhaps, a resemblance less of form and colour than of the spirit which gleamed through.

"Some near relative," she conjectured. "But why keep it hidden away here? How droll people are! Well, I must hurry."

Convinced at last that the silk was not within the cabinet, she restored the portrait to its former position, piled the clothes in front of it as before, and tried to shut the door.

Then she saw that it had been locked, and that the hasp had failed to catch, remaining outside. No key was visible. She recollected Mrs. Keith's words: "On the *right* side as you go in." This cabinet stood on the left.

She went to the second cabinet, found that to be genuinely unlocked, and at once saw the crimson silk. She caught it up, and ran downstairs.

"I'm sorry to have been so long," she said: "I opened the wrong cabinet by mistake. Somebody had locked it in a hurry, and had not shut it first, and I forgot all about right and left. So I wasted time, hunting for the silk,

I could not help noticing that old oil painting under the things. The one that has such a look of Colin, I mean. Rather a young man, and in a queer old-fashioned dress—a fashion very far back. I wondered whether it might be Colin's grandfather, and whether he was dressed for theatricals."

She stopped, for the colour had departed from Mrs. Keith's face, leaving one uniform whiteness.

"Are you faint?" she asked in concern. "May I get anything for you?"

"Thanks, no; it is nothing. I shall be all right directly. So stupid of me!" And Mrs. Keith smiled. "I have had three or four such turns lately, without any cause. Really, I shall have to ask Dr. Wallace for a tonic—only I do so dislike the man."

"Well"—and she pressed her handkerchief to her lips—"now I am better. What were you saying just before the faintness came on? Something about—how absurd of me to forget! My head is quite confused."

"Only that old oil-painting in your cabinet. I thought it must be some near relation, because of the likeness to Colin." She would not suggest that it might represent Mrs. Keith's husband, though the idea had occurred to her mind. A wife would hardly bury her husband's portrait beneath a pile of old clothes.

"Ah! to be sure—yes. I remember now. An old painting of my brother Jock—Colin's uncle. Not nearly so old, of course, as it looks. The artist had a fancy to do it in that style. You are right about the dress. It was for some theatricals. He was particularly good in acting—very much in request. You found the silk?"

Phyllys gave it to her, remarking, "I had not heard of your brother."

"Really; but probably you would not. Jock has been out so long in Australia, never once coming home, that friends hardly remember his existence. He is a wretched correspondent—never writes. I dare say he has sobered down now, but once upon a time he was rather wild."

"Had you not better rest?" asked the girl, pitying those blanched lips.

"It really is of no consequence. I am used to such turns, and I think nothing of them. I suppose they arise from a touch of heart-weakness. One word, before anyone comes. Phyllys, I am going to treat you as a friend. There is something about you that invites confidence. You are true, I am sure—always true."

Phyllys waited, perplexed.

"That old portrait——" Mrs. Keith stopped, her lips working nervously. "It belongs to my past. Almost no one living, except myself, knows of its existence. I particularly wish that others should *not* know."

Phyllys made a sound of assent.

"I have painful associations with it—so painful that I can hardly bear even to see it. I simply could not bear to hear it discussed. There are reasons, which I am not able to explain. It is a tale belonging to my past. Perhaps I ought to acknowledge that I was, in a measure, to blame—that I did not act quite rightly. But there are things that cannot be undone, however sincerely one may regret one's own action. Do you see what I mean? The very sight of that old painting makes me miserable for days, bringing up so many sad memories. That is why I keep it hidden. It always has been hidden, since the death of my beloved husband."

"But Colin knows——" This was said involuntarily.

"Not even Colin. He has not an idea of its existence. And I particularly wish that he should not know. He would be so annoyed to think that I had not told him earlier. And I cannot! cannot! The whole subject is too painful! It is too much wrapped up in sad memories. And Colin, as you must have seen, is peculiar. One cannot always foretell how he will take a thing."

"Of course, I should not think of saying a word, if you would rather I should not."

"That is what I was going to ask. If you had kept to my directions, you would not have opened the wrong cabinet. It happened that I had to go to that one early this afternoon, and no doubt I slipped the lock. But, under the circumstances, I think I have a right to ask your promise *never* to mention the portrait to anybody without my leave. It would mean no end of discussion and explanation—raking up of the past, and great pain to myself. There are subjects far better put out of mind and forgotten, when one can no longer set things right."

"You mean, if the person is dead whom one has wronged?" suggested Phyllys, trying to meet the case.

Mrs. Keith made a nervous movement. "I said nothing about wronging anyone. But when people have died—well, yes, that was the sort of thing that I meant. So you will give me your solemn promise, on your word of honour——"

It seemed to Phyllys a considerable fuss about nothing; but she replied readily: "Yes, of course. I promise never to mention the picture to anybody, unless you give me leave. I'm sorry I went to the wrong cabinet."

"It really is of no consequence, my dear. All that I wish is to avoid tiresome discussions. The picture is of no concern to anybody, except to my brother and myself. The artist was a nobody. Now we may dismiss the subject. I think I must have some sal volatile after all. I feel so queer still. Thanks, no; I had better go myself. It will do me good to move."

She mounted the wide staircase, stepping languidly, till within her room. Then her manner changed. Her face darkened, and the lips grew hard. She bolted the door, and went to the left-hand cabinet, finding it as described by Phyllys. "How insane of me!" she muttered. She turned the picture with its face to the back of the cabinet, and paused to consider.

"No. Now it has been seen, it shall not stay there. I must put it somewhere else."

Her eyes wandered round the room, and she walked to a large cupboard, within which lay a flat wooden box, strong in make. This, with some difficulty, she drew out and opened. It contained several handsome discarded summer gowns, too old-fashioned for use. She had a weakness for storing away disused articles of dress.

In the bottom of the box she laid the portrait, face downwards, finding just sufficient room for its admittance. Over it she spread a folded woollen shawl, and over that the gowns neatly folded. Then she shut down the lid, turned the key, pushed the box back to its former position, closed the cupboard door, and turned to lock the cabinet.

A glitter was in her large eyes, and paleness had given place to a spot of deep red in either cheek. "I must not risk anything of that sort again," she muttered.

The cabinet key was on a small bunch that she carried always in her pocket. The other key had been left hitherto in the box; but now she held it clenched in her hand, with a look of determination.

She left the room, ran down the back stairs into the garden, and walked swiftly to the nearer kitchen garden, at the lower end of which was a small and rather deep pond, fed by a spring. On the brink of this she stood, glancing round cautiously, to see if anybody were within view. Then into the middle of the pond she threw the box-key. It vanished with a splash.

"That will do," she muttered, and she turned away, breathing quickly.

When again in her room she rested for an hour, but at dinner her face was haggard.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF LEVEL PLAINS.

NO question arose next morning as to studio work, for Colin did not appear. "One of his worst headaches," explained Mrs. Keith. "His own fault entirely, poor dear boy! If only he would not be always fussing over that ridiculous modelling!"

Phyllys fired up in his defence, and Giles looked strangely at her. She was rather ashamed of her little outburst the next moment. What had vexed her most was the calling of Colin "poor." Whether she liked him or Giles the more she could not have told, but there was no question about her admiration for Colin. She regarded him as one gifted beyond the common run of mankind.

No more was said, and the walk came about as a matter of course. It was a perfect morning, and she might have congratulated herself on being in the open air, instead of having to sit for the main part of two hours like a waxen image; only such congratulation seemed unkind to Colin. She felt it to be hard upon him that, whatever he set himself to do, should be hampered by ill-health, and systematically opposed by the one individual of whose sympathy he ought to have been sure. Giles had everything—good health, vigour of mind and body, wealth, position, and the special favour of Colin's mother. And yet, Phyllys felt that, had the choice been offered to her, whether to possess Giles' many gifts or Colin's one supreme gift, she would have had no hesitation in choosing the latter.

"Anybody may be strong and rich," she thought. "But to have genius—that is best of all—that is beyond and above everything." In her girlish judgment no doubt existed that Colin's power held the Divine spark, which means something so very much more than mere talent.

Presently she woke up to the fact of her own abstraction, and her consequent silence. A side-glance revealed the intense gravity of her companion's look. Their eyes met, and he said:

"You are thoughtful to-day."



"'What made you come all this way, Gordon?'"—*p.* 866.

She would not let slip the subject of her thoughts. He and she were friends; but she had her reservations. Who has not, with even the dearest of friends? Two days earlier she might have chatted frankly of Colin and his pursuit; but now she was not able. She could not forget the experience of the day before, and Giles' anger. The latter had made her a little afraid of a false step; and she was still more afraid of awakening in herself any renewed sensations of consciousness with respect to either Colin or Giles. It was safer to cork down such possibilities, and to keep to surface topics.

So she launched out into light chatter about Castle Hill and Midfell, making little jests, laughing, and doing her best to make him laugh also.

For the moment she succeeded in her aim. Her winsome ways captivated him anew; and his very silence, the sombre gravity of his eyes, the reluctance of his smile, his intense absorption in what she was and said, all drew her out, making it easy to pour forth her ideas, to open out herself.

But even as he drew her out, she was alive to the contrast between this morning and previous mornings. Being with Giles after being with Colin was like walking on a level plain after climbing a mountain peak. The simplicity, the naturalness, the whole-heartedness, were refreshing; yet she found herself longing for the mountain-heights once more.

The two men were different in mind as in body. With Colin she had a sense of her own inferiority; a consciousness of being pulled to a higher level. She was fascinated, and half afraid; not sure how far she understood, and eager to understand more; delighted when he responded to aught that she said, and ready at any moment to fall flat, if he treated a remark of hers with polite indifference.

With Giles she had no particular sense of inferiority, unless in respect of muscles. She was aware of her power over him, and aware that she could make him like her—perhaps to any extent. She knew that he did like her, and that she could touch his happiness. She was dimly aware at this moment that something connected with herself was making him unhappy.

Once Giles had had the feeling that he could do what he chose with Phyllys. That had been a momentary sensation, true at the instant, but fleeting. In the studio, on his entrance, he had known that *Colin* could do what he willed with Phyllys; and the overwhelming pain and mad wrath which at the sight had carried him away, would have fully opened his eyes, had they not been opened already, to the engrossing nature of his love.

To-day it was Phyllys who felt, with a vivid realisation, that she could do what she liked with Giles; that she could twist this big powerful man, if she would, round her slim little finger.

The sense of command was delicious, as it generally is. And yet—yet—when a vision arose of the studio, and of Colin's delicate absorbed face, with penetrative eyes searching into her very soul, she knew that she would rather be there than here, even though she had no such sense of control over him, and could no more twist him round her finger than she could turn aside a locomotive on its iron road or the winds of heaven in their paths.

Not that she definitely preferred Colin to Giles. Giles was her friend; Colin had not even sought her friendship. But to some women there is a greater charm in the sense of being controlled by than in having control over the personality of another. And Colin attracted her strongly. She wanted to watch him again at his work, to study his curiously dual nature, to learn from his murmured suggestions, to grasp his high ideals, to possess his lofty views of life, to breathe the mental and spiritual atmosphere which he breathed. Giles awoke in her no such cravings. She was not sure that he would even understand what they meant.

Phyllys pulled herself up. This was heterodox to her friend. She remembered all that Giles had been to her, not only in saving her life at risk to his own, which probably any man passing would have done, or tried to do, but in his cousinly kindness, day after day. She was actually forgetting anew to talk to him. Pretty apologetic eyes went in his direction.

"I am afraid you are tired?" he said.

"I? I'm *never* tired!"

"We are there now, and you will be able to rest," he said, with a smile of unmistakeable melancholy.

He had promised "something pretty," and he kept his word. The spot to which he led her was beside a river, broad and swift; not chestnut-hued or broken by stones with swirls of white foam and gleams of golden light, yet a most fair scene, after a more ordinary type of English rural beauty than that about Midfell. An arched stone bridge spanned the stream, cows clustered under its shadow, and on the

other side flags grew in abundance. On their own side of the water, which faithfully reflected the tint of heaven, a clump of willows sparkled in the sunshine.

This was what Giles had pictured to himself beforehand, and Phyllys exclaimed in admiration. He found her a seat, and she sank afresh into silence, forgetting to talk, lost in a dream, her cheek supported on one ungloved hand, her lashes dropped till they veiled her eyes.

It was the very attitude which had inspired Colin's artistic scene. It inspired another sense in Giles.

He could not turn his gaze from her. Not that he was seeking, like Colin, to penetrate her soul. He was only enchained, taken captive, helplessly at her mercy. He was not analysing his own feelings. He was not good at self-analysing, and words never flowed readily with him, even in the secret chambers of his mind. But without words, without any attempt at verbal definition of his sensations, he realised to the very tips of his fingers that to have Phyllys thus by his side, alone with himself, was absolute happiness; that to have her always as his own would be—Heaven. And then, with a great throb of pain, he realised also that *not* to have her, never to possess her, would be——

He dared not face that possibility. It was almost enough to unman him. Cold drops broke out on his forehead.

What was she musing about, as she sat there, sweet as a rosebud, not dreaming of the vehement passion of love and longing which shook to his depths the strong man at her side? She was not occupied with him—that, at least, he saw. Yet his compelling gaze drew her attention slowly, and she at length looked up, with a little sigh of pleasure.

"People who don't love beautiful things must lose a great deal of happiness."

Giles thought so too, feasting his eyes on a beauty that was not of inanimate nature.

"Colin says beauty is Divine," she murmured, and the words struck him with a hard shock. Though not so utterly taken by surprise as on the day before, he felt a flame of wrath flush through his frame, making every nerve tingle.

He thought he had known before, and now he knew that he had only conjectured. It *was* then—Colin! Colin had stolen her from him. Colin, his more than brother! Colin, whom he had loved as he loved his own soul! A wave of fierce resentment rushed into the brotherly affection which had bound these two together since earliest infancy.

"Don't you think so too?" she asked, smiling, and turning towards him.

The smile died out. He could not control his face, and what she saw startled her.

"Are you vexed with anything I have said?" she asked seriously.

"Never!" He strove ineffectually to clear the thickness from his voice. "I never could be vexed with you. It is only"—he had difficulty in speaking, and she looked at him with perplexed eyes—"only a passing thought—a recollection. If I was vexed, it was with somebody else, not you!" Then, with a severe effort, he mastered himself. "You were saying something about beauty being Divine. Colin's idea, was it not?"

"But you did not quite like that, so we can talk about something else," she said, with a touch of reserve, a drawing back, which wounded him to the quick.

"I should like you to explain," he entreated.

"Colin could explain better than I can. You should ask Colin. Why, there is Gordon!" she cried. "Here we are, Gordon! Come along!" at the sight of a small boy.

Gordon Alyn marched composedly up, with failing legs, and an aggressive six-foot air.

"I say, you *have* brought me an awful long way," he declared. "Mother says Phyllys has got to come to lunch with her to-day."

"Of course I will, and if we start directly we shall be in splendid time." She jumped up, almost too eagerly. The sense of relief was patent, and it meant a fresh stab for Giles. He walked down to the water's edge to recover himself. Gordon surveyed his broad back, then turned to Phyllys.

"I say! Have a bite?"

He extended benignly a red-cheeked apple, well dented on one side.

"No, thanks. What made you come all this way, Gordon?"

"Mother wanted you. 'Course, I came," said Gordon.

[END OF CHAPTER THIRTEEN.]

INFINITE AND INFINITESIMAL.

By the Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D.

"But will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded."—1 KINGS viii. 27.



In a certain class of our modern literature it is sometimes strongly asserted, and often quietly assumed, that Jehovah of Israel was only a tribal god, who might or might not find his match in the gods of the nations round about. It is easy to make this notion plausible enough by quoting passages in which Jehovah is spoken of as "The God of Israel," though it would be just as reasonable to attempt to prove that He was only the God of one man by quoting passages which speak of Him as "the God of Jacob"; and, moreover, it may be quite possible to show that in dark times and among ignorant people the vulgar idea of God was no better than in the countries round about, just as it would no doubt be possible to find some ignorant people in our own land with even grosser notions of God than many of the heathen have. But those who know their Bible cannot be deceived by such fallacies, for they at once think of the innumerable passages in which Jehovah God of Israel is spoken of not as God of Israel only, but of the whole earth, and of the universe; such passages as those that speak of Him as having made "the heavens and the earth and all that are in them," as "from everlasting to everlasting God," or as "inhabiting eternity." Surely a tribal god would not need quite so much space!

It is the custom among these same people, while admitting that the Hebrew prophets and many of their saints were inspired, to assert or insinuate that it was the same kind of inspiration as is found in the great men of other nations. Suppose we try a simple test of this. If there is any production of very ancient times which, more than another, might lay claim to the inspiration of genius, it would be the poems which have been ascribed to Homer. Solomon was a man of genius undoubtedly, but no literary critic would think of putting him alongside of Homer. When earthly things are spoken of, the Greek is clearly in advance of the Hebrew. When heavenly things are spoken of, how completely is the order reversed! Compare their conceptions of God. We shall say nothing of the multitudes of gods and goddesses which come trooping into Homer's story in season and out of season, for it might be thought enough to say that the Hebrew nation was monotheistic, and the Greek polytheistic. How that difference came about would still remain a question; but leave that aside. Take Homer's conception of the supreme God, the mighty ruler of Olympus, and as such, the ruler over all. When Thetis wings her flight from the Plains of Troy to snowy Olympus, she finds the great Jupiter gone to Egypt to a dinner party, and before she can tell him what has happened she has to wait a longer time for his return than it would take a Cook's tourist to make the same journey now. Of course, modern astronomy makes it quite impossible to believe in such a god as the Jupiter of Homer, but it only illustrates the amazing reach of thought which led Solomon to say of Jehovah God of Israel, "Behold, the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee."

As so often happens, what is intended to discredit the Bible and do away with its inspiration is the very thing which exalts it more than ever to those who take the trouble to think. It might be no very great marvel for a man of literary ability in our day to write about God in the majestic strain of these magnificent passages in the Old Testament, for he has to inspire him all the wonders of Nature which modern investigation has disclosed; but the miracle is that men who knew nothing of all this could do it, and not only so, but do it far better than it can be done by the very big men of our day who know all about these things. Let us take as a specimen Isaiah xl. 12-18. That was written, remember, by a man who never heard of spectrum analysis, who did not know the velocity of light, who had not the least conception of the extraordinary magnitude and the immeasurable distance of the heavenly bodies, a man who actually did not know of any world bigger than the earth on which he lived, and not only so, but had not the least idea that the earth was anything like as large as we now know it to be—so narrow, so very narrow were his ideas of the universe; and yet when he speaks of the

God of the universe he speaks of Him in strains so exalted that not one of us who know all about these modern discoveries could come near it, if we were to try our very best. What does that mean? Genius? Yes, perhaps; but more: it means inspiration—inspiration of a very different kind from that which thrilled the lofty poetic soul of Homer when he wrote of gods and men.

There is another unparalleled glory in the Bible representations of God. Side by side with these magnificent passages, in which are set forth His infinite majesty, there is usually some tender touch which reminds us of His fatherly care and love. The two truths are continually set over against each other, so that the one may properly balance the other; His infinite greatness on the one hand, His minute attention on the other. There has always been a tendency to sacrifice the one to the other which the Bible alone has been able to counteract. Those who are strongly impressed with the infinity of God as seen in Nature are apt to lose their faith in His fatherly care; while those who have, like the ancient Greeks, made the gods to dwell on earth, have lost the sense of the divine infinity and eternity. But see how the two things stand side by side in the sacred scriptures: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit." There are many such passages in the Psalms, of which we shall only quote two: "Sing unto God, sing praises to His name: extol Him that rideth upon the heavens . . . A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation" (Ps. lxviii. 4, 5). "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; He giveth them all their names. Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; His understanding is infinite. The Lord upholdeth the meek" (Ps. cxlvii. 2–6).

Does not this striking combination of thought about God commend itself to us? Does it not commend itself even to the most modern sense of the fitness of things? We feel as we read it, or hear it read, that there is no incongruity. The notes struck are very different, but how beautifully they harmonise! The music of Homer's Olympus no longer finds response in the modern mind and heart. But when David or Solomon or Isaiah takes you up into his heaven, what is written of the God of Israel is as heavenly in its music, as celestial in its tone, as impressive in its effect, as it could have been three thousand years ago.

It would seem, indeed, as if the progress of modern science had been such as to give more and more emphasis, richer and larger illustration, to these two great truths concerning God, which to the shallow mind seem incompatible, but which to those who think, and are possessed of true and pure feeling, are in fullest harmony. The telescope has illustrated the one, the microscope the other. The progress in the two directions, out to the infinitely large, into the infinitely small, has gone on hand in hand, as if to keep the balance true. As worlds upon worlds, systems upon systems, star galaxies beyond star galaxies, have been discovered to our astonished gaze, what fitter words to express the growing emotion than this very utterance from the days of scientific ignorance: "Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee"; while, on the other hand, the microscope does not allow us to forget that God indeed dwells on the earth, that His care descends not only to the hairs of the head, but to the tiny cells which make up the structure of each single hair; and just as with the increasing power of the telescope there has been a growing enlargement of our conceptions of those heavens which declare the glory of God, so the more powerful the microscope the more marvellously delicate and intricate has been found to be the structure of objects which to the naked eye appear quite simple. And even the most powerful microscopes have been left far behind, for investigation has discovered to the mind what was impossible to exhibit to the eye, a quite inconceivable intricacy of mechanism in the molecules which unite to form the structure, and in the still more recondite atoms which constitute the molecule. Lord Kelvin says that if a drop of water were magnified so as to appear of the size of the earth (diameter 8,000 miles), the atoms of which it is composed, magnified on the same scale, would not be so large as cricket balls. And now we read that the phenomena of the newly discovered radium prove that the atom, the smallest particle of matter hitherto thought to exist, is not the smallest after all, but is made up of myriads of still smaller particles. And the same inconceivable intricacy is believed to exist in all substances, even the commonest and apparently the simplest. And yet there are people who think that man is too small and inconsiderable

a creature for God to take notice of or pay attention to!

Not only has modern science illustrated each great thought about God separately, but it has in a marvellous way combined the two, just as we find them combined in our text, and in these other beautiful passages of scripture we have been quoting. For the spectroscope has come, and has given the opportunity of investigating not only the great masses of the heavenly bodies, but the very molecules and atoms of which they are composed; and behold, they are found to be the very same in their nature as those with which we are familiar here on earth, thus making it evident that it is the one God over all Whose glory is seen in the limitless abysses of space with their innumerable worlds, and in the invisible atoms of which we are told it takes millions to make up the smallest speck the human eye can discern.

And these infinitesimal atoms are all marshalled and arrayed with the same regularity and faultless precision which we find in the movements of the planets and the stars. If God so marshal the infinitesimal atoms, why should it be thought a thing incredible that the very hairs of our head should be numbered? And when we see this marvellous combination of attention to the largest and the smallest, how entirely reasonable and most credible is the assurance of the prophet: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

And now may we not say that in the marvels of modern science we have not only an illustration of the infinite power of God on the one hand, and of His infinitesimal care on the other; but a suggestion of that delightful relation of friendship with us which is so beautifully revealed in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ? We are quite aware that the very idea is scorned by some of those who count themselves exceedingly scientific; but if they would only think, they would find in the very faculties which they use to put God far away the proof that it is His intention that we should be very near Him. It would be said, no doubt, that man's kinship is not at all with a supposed God above him, but with a real ape beneath him. Well, apes do wonderful things—for apes. We have heard that they can do a little counting, to the admiration of onlookers. They have some kind of thinking faculty evidently. How far do the thoughts of an ape go? Do they go very much beyond his dinner and his cage? Or take the dog, which is, perhaps, a better specimen; or the elephant. Does it not strike you as a most marvellous thing that a creature so small, apparently so insignificant, as man, with so much on the physical side of his nature that seems akin to the lower animals, should have the power to think these great thoughts, to traverse in fancy this immensity of space, to weigh the planets in scales, and the suns in a balance, to measure the velocity of light, and enter into the hidden secrets of the atom? What does it mean? A slow development out of the counting of an ape? Nonsense. It means that God has made man in His own image, after His own likeness, to enter into His thought, to trace the working of His hand away out into the infinite of the immense, away into the infinite of the small, aye, and away up to the infinite of the holy and the pure. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding." Not the smallest doubt of it. Every new discovery in science confirms it. God has evidently made man to take him into His confidence. He has given him powers to fit him to be His friend. It is no vain question to ask, "Will God in very deed dwell with man upon the earth?" He will, if we will let Him; He will dwell with us, and prepare us to dwell with Him. It is sin that hinders, and the Son of God has been manifested to take away sin, and to bring this message in the Father's name to all who will forsake their sins and follow Him: "I call you friends." There is manifestly a basis for such friendship in those wonderful powers by which we can traverse the limitless interval between the infinitely great and the infinitely small, enter into the Divine thought of the star galaxy, enter into the Divine thought of the almost unthinkable atom. All that is wanted is to be set in right relation to Him spiritually, so as to reach that purity of heart and holiness of life without which it is impossible to please Him. And this we have from Christ. Through Him we have access to the Father. Through Him we receive the atonement. And, our sins forgiven, we receive His Spirit to dwell with us here on earth and prepare us for dwelling with Him in heaven, there to continue our study of these glorious works of His, which in their limitless extent will afford scope even for the labour of eternity.

The Makers of Modern Christianity.

CHRYSOSTOM: I.—THE PREACHER—ANTIOCH.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

WHEN Nectarius, the Archbishop of Constantinople, died in the September of the year of grace 397, great were the speculations among the citizens of the magnificent Eastern capital as to who was to be his successor. The archbishopric of "the new Rome" in many respects, during that feverishly religious age, was the most dignified, and in some respects the most influential, office which a subject of the Emperor of the East could aspire to. Not merely over the churches and clergy of the metropolitan city was he supreme, but he exercised an authority, none the less great because it was somewhat undefined, over very many of the dioceses of the Eastern Empire—the Metropolitans of Alexandria and Antioch, alone among the Oriental prelates, being absolutely outside his broad sphere of influence. The Archbishop of Constantinople ranked among the highest of the imperial officials, but differed from the most powerful of these great functionaries in that he was irremovable, the sovereign will of the autocratic Emperor was powerless in the presence of the Archbishop; only his own deliberate act, as in the case of Gregory of Nazianzus, or the solemn decree of a General Council of Oriental bishops, could dethrone the Metropolitan. Nectarius, when he passed away, had filled the high office for some sixteen years with quiet dignity and acknowledged credit. He had been called to the post as a layman, when advanced in years, having previously held a distinguished civil appointment. He was a statesman and a man of the world in a good sense; ever splendidly hospitable, and, although no theologian or orator, he was fairly respected, and men looked up to him as a wise and thoughtful administrator of the Church in a difficult and harassing period. Many an ambitious prelate and churchman eagerly desired to succeed him, and in the months following the death of Nectarius, Constantinople became the scene of various and even of discreditable intrigues. Among the intriguers, Theophilus, Archbishop of Alexandria, who has left behind him a dark and evil reputation, was prominent, Theophilus being desirous that the important post should be filled by one of his own officials, a certain Isidore.

At this time in the position of favourite and chief minister of the Emperor Arcadius, the son of the great Theodosius, was the Eunuch Eutropius. This Eutropius was all powerful in the councils of the state. His had been a strange career. He had risen from the lowest and most degraded position which a slave could occupy, to the highest post in the state, and, when Nectarius died, was the chief minister.

Burningly ambitious, utterly unprincipled, rapacious, selfish, unscrupulous, an able and accomplished schemer, history only relates one good and noble deed carried out by him during his tenure of almost absolute power—absolute in good truth, for Arcadius, the weak and

a creature for God to take notice of or pay attention to!

Not only has modern science illustrated each great thought about God separately, but it has in a marvellous way combined the two, just as we find them combined in our text, and in these other beautiful passages of scripture we have been quoting. For the spectroscope has come, and has given the opportunity of investigating not only the great masses of the heavenly bodies, but the very molecules and atoms of which they are composed; and behold, they are found to be the very same in their nature as those with which we are familiar here on earth, thus making it evident that it is the one God over all Whose glory is seen in the limitless abysses of space with their innumerable worlds, and in the invisible atoms of which we are told it takes millions to make up the smallest speck the human eye can discern.

And these infinitesimal atoms are all marshalled and arrayed with the same regularity and faultless precision which we find in the movements of the planets and the stars. If God so marshal the infinitesimal atoms, why should it be thought a thing incredible that the very hairs of our head should be numbered? And when we see this marvellous combination of attention to the largest and the smallest, how entirely reasonable and most credible is the assurance of the prophet: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

And now may we not say that in the marvels of modern science we have not only an illustration of the infinite power of God on the one hand, and of His infinitesimal care on the other; but a suggestion of that delightful relation of friendship with us which is so beautifully revealed in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ? We are quite aware that the very idea is scorned by some of those who count themselves exceedingly scientific; but if they would only think, they would find in the very faculties which they use to put God far away the proof that it is His intention that we should be very near Him. It would be said, no doubt, that man's kinship is not at all with a supposed God above him, but with a real ape beneath him. Well, apes do wonderful things—for apes. We have heard that they can do a little counting, to the admiration of onlookers. They have some kind of thinking faculty evidently. How far do the thoughts of an ape go? Do they go very much beyond his dinner and his cage? Or take the dog, which is, perhaps, a better specimen; or the elephant. Does it not strike you as a most marvellous thing that a creature so small, apparently so insignificant, as man, with so much on the physical side of his nature that seems akin to the lower animals, should have the power to think these great thoughts, to traverse in fancy this immensity of space, to weigh the planets in scales, and the suns in a balance, to measure the velocity of light, and enter into the hidden secrets of the atom? What does it mean? A slow development out of the counting of an ape? Nonsense. It means that God has made man in His own image, after His own likeness, to enter into His thought, to trace the working of His hand away out into the infinite of the immense, away into the infinite of the small, aye, and away up to the infinite of the holy and the pure. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding." Not the smallest doubt of it. Every new discovery in science confirms it. God has evidently made man to take him into His confidence. He has given him powers to fit him to be His friend. It is no vain question to ask, "Will God in very deed dwell with man upon the earth?" He will, if we will let Him; He will dwell with us, and prepare us to dwell with Him. It is sin that hinders, and the Son of God has been manifested to take away sin, and to bring this message in the Father's name to all who will forsake their sins and follow Him: "I call you friends." There is manifestly a basis for such friendship in those wonderful powers by which we can traverse the limitless interval between the infinitely great and the infinitely small, enter into the Divine thought of the star galaxy, enter into the Divine thought of the almost unthinkable atom. All that is wanted is to be set in right relation to Him spiritually, so as to reach that purity of heart and holiness of life without which it is impossible to please Him. And this we have from Christ. Through Him we have access to the Father. Through Him we receive the atonement. And, our sins forgiven, we receive His Spirit to dwell with us here on earth and prepare us for dwelling with Him in heaven, there to continue our study of these glorious works of His, which in their limitless extent will afford scope even for the labour of eternity.

XUM

The Makers of Modern Christianity.

CHRYSOSTOM: I.—THE PREACHER—ANTIOCH.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

WHEN Nectarius, the Archbishop of Constantinople, died in the September of the year of grace 397, great were the speculations among the citizens of the magnificent Eastern capital as to who was to be his successor. The archbishopric of "the new Rome" in many respects, during that feverishly religious age, was the most dignified, and in some respects the most influential, office which a subject of the Emperor of the East could aspire to. Not merely over the churches and clergy of the metropolitan city was he supreme, but he exercised an authority, none the less great because it was somewhat undefined, over very many of the dioceses of the Eastern Empire—the Metropolitans of Alexandria and Antioch, alone among the Oriental prelates, being absolutely outside his broad sphere of influence. The Archbishop of Constantinople ranked among the highest of the imperial officials, but differed from the most powerful of these great functionaries in that he was irremovable, the sovereign will of the autocratic Emperor was powerless in the presence of the Archbishop; only his own deliberate act, as in the case of Gregory of Nazianzus, or the solemn decree of a General Council of Oriental bishops, could dethrone the Metropolitan. Nectarius, when he passed away, had filled the high office for some sixteen years with quiet dignity and acknowledged credit. He had been called to the post as a layman, when advanced in years, having previously held a distinguished civil appointment. He was a statesman and a man of the world in a good sense; ever splendidly hospitable, and, although no theologian or orator, he was fairly respected, and men looked up to him as a wise and thoughtful administrator of the Church in a difficult and harassing period. Many an ambitious prelate and churchman eagerly desired to succeed him, and in the months following the death of Nectarius, Constantinople became the scene of various and even of discreditable intrigues. Among the intriguers, Theophilus, Archbishop of Alexandria, who has left behind him a dark and evil reputation, was prominent, Theophilus being desirous that the important post should be filled by one of his own officials, a certain Isidore.

At this time in the position of favourite and chief minister of the Emperor Arcadius, the son of the great Theodosius, was the Eunuch Eutropius. This Eutropius was all powerful in the councils of the state. His had been a strange career. He had risen from the lowest and most degraded position which a slave could occupy, to the highest post in the state, and, when Nectarius died, was the chief minister.

Burningly ambitious, utterly unprincipled, rapacious, selfish, unscrupulous, an able and accomplished schemer, history only relates one good and noble deed carried out by him during his tenure of almost absolute power—absolute in good truth, for Arcadius, the weak and

slothful Emperor who slumbered on the throne of the East, allowed himself to be guided in all things by his favourite Minister of State. This one good deed was his selection of a successor to Nectarius. It seems that Eutropius, with all his ambition and selfish designs, still preserved some reverence for Christianity; he has even been described as a religious man—perhaps "superstitious" would better describe his character—and that, somewhat shocked and dismayed when the knowledge of the base intrigues to secure the appointment to the archiepiscopal throne was brought to his ears, he induced Arcadius, the Emperor, to cut the knot of the many intrigues by designating a successor to Nectarius, and by insisting upon the immediate consecration of the object of his choice. Arcadius allowed Eutropius to name the future Archbishop. Constantinople and the whole of the East were astonished when a priest of the distant Syrian city of Antioch was presented for consecration to the Archbishop of Alexandria. Though he was in Constantinople, working for his friend Isidore, sorely against his will, under a pressure which Eutropius knew well how to exert, Theophilus consented to consecrate the imperial nominee.

Eutropius had lately been in Antioch, and in the course of his visit had heard John the priest preach in the great cathedral of the Syrian city. John of the Golden Mouth * (Chrysostom) he has been lovingly called. Never had he listened before to such winning, moving eloquence, and when the disputes as to the succession of Nectarius had become a great scandal, the Minister of Arcadius remembered the warm bright eloquence of the Antiochean preacher, and how greatly he was admired and beloved in his own Antioch, he determined that this John and no other should sit on the proudest episcopal throne of the East.

But when he appeared in the stately Constantinopolitan Basilica, men asked curiously who he was, and what was the life-story of the strange-looking man who had taken the place of the magnificent Nectarius. The personal appearance of John was mean and insignificant, short of stature and sickly-looking; bald, and poorly clad. There was, indeed, no beauty in that small bowed form which could win the favour of the citizens of a city so fastidiously devoted to everything which pleased the eye. But very quickly the unlovely face and homely dress of the great orator was forgotten, and the vast Church of the "Holy Wisdom" (St. Sophia) was crowded as it had never been crowded before whenever John of "the Golden Mouth," the new Archbishop, preached. The simple life-story of John Chrysostom soon was told and retold in every circle of the capital of the East.

He was born at Antioch some fifty years before his appointment to his great office, A.D. 344 or 347. His father, who died when he was still quite young, was a distinguished civil servant of the Empire. His mother, Anthusa, placed him in the school of the famous pagan teacher and rhetorician Libanius, once the friend of the Emperor Julian. Full of admiration for the pure and beautiful life of this Anticchean lady, Libanius, the illustrious pagan orator and apologist, is said once to have publicly and regretfully alluded to Anthusa before one of his crowded audiences in these terms: "O immortal gods of Greece, what women there are among these Christians!"

John became the most distinguished of the many pupils of the famous Libanius—so distinguished, indeed, that the great master designated him as his successor in his school of rhetoric, and sadly mourned over the loss of so brilliant a pupil, when John forsook his studies and devoted himself to Christian letters, especially to the interpretation of the sacred Christian writings. Like many other of the young earnest men of that age, the brilliant scholar was attracted to that stern, ascetic life led by so many of the more earnest of the followers of Christ, believing that only by the practice of the most austere self-denial, the higher life pleasing in the eyes of the Divine Master, could be led. John wished to withdraw himself entirely from the society of men, and would have thrown in his lot with one or other of the companies of solitaries who were beginning to throng the deserts in the neighbourhood of Antioch, had not his loving mother Anthusa besought her son not to leave her alone. It was a strange passion, this total abnegation of self, this flying from the haunts of men, their business and their pleasures; this choice of a life of intense mortification, of long fastings, of ceaseless prayer, of utter solitude. But it was a passion which took possession of not a few in that first age, when Christianity had become the religion of the Empire. Many believed that thus, and only thus, could the Divine Master be truly served. The religion of Jesus, since it had ceased to be an unlawful cult, had become

* There is some little doubt when this now familiar term was given to the famous preacher. Some question whether it was really applied to him in his lifetime.



"His mother besought her son not to leave her alone."

—so it seemed to many a devout soul—too easy a profession; the world had entered into the sanctuary hitherto strictly guarded by a relentless persecution, and had polluted it; they must fly from the world, and in silence and in secret work out painfully and alone their salvation. They forgot the touching, pathetic words of their Master in His solemn prayer, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." It was an unnatural school of thought which possessed so strange an attraction for men like John Chrysostom, and which produced, it must be confessed, many insane enthusiasts; but at the same time, after a period of stern and rigorous training, it gave back to the world a few really great men. John of Antioch was one of the latter.

For some time the young enthusiast remained with his mother; but in his home-life he withdrew from all worldly occupations and relaxations, spending his whole time in study and in prayer, practising the most rigid austerities, and sleeping upon the bare ground. Probably his mother, Anthusa, soon died—she is not mentioned further in any of the writings on various theological questions put out by the ascetic scholar at this period of his life; indeed, he seems to have quite withdrawn from the city, and to have dwelt as a solitary in the desert wastes of Eastern Syria. The awful austerities practised by him at this time ruined his health, and laid the foundation of his subsequent frequent and painful illnesses. Returning eventually to Antioch, he was ordained deacon by Meletius, the loved Archbishop, who had watched and admired the long soul-strivings of the brilliant scholar after holiness; this Meletius desired to enlist for the active work of the Church the services of such an athlete of Christ as he was conscious existed in the scholar and ascetic John. A consciousness too, of his great powers evidently influenced the young scholar; and a feeling that he was wasting these powers in the somewhat selfish austerities through which he was painfully working out his own, *not* his brothers', salvation was gradually awakened within him. So he returned to active and public work for the Church. Flavianus succeeded Meletius in the Antiochean bishopric, and appointed John "of the Golden Mouth," who had at length been finally ordained to the priesthood, to the office of principal preacher of the great Antioch Cathedral.

It was largely during this period of his life, extending over many years, that the world-wide fame of Chrysostom—for by this name the great orator has been generally known—was virtually won. He preached unweariedly, twice every week he tells us, sometimes oftener. The greater part of those sermons which make up the voluminous works of Chrysostom belong to these years of his life at Antioch. No writings that we possess throw such a flood of light upon the life of that age as do those brilliant eloquent and luminous Homilies of the greatest pulpit orator the Catholic Church has ever possessed. It is true that we seek in vain, in this great *répertoire* of Homilies, the carefully reasoned-out discourses of a Gregory of Nazianzus, or of an Athanasius, on grave doctrinal questions; not that by any means the preacher of Antioch neglected such teachings. Still, the leading characteristic feature of Chrysostom's Homilies was their practical character. He dwelt upon the life which his hearers were leading; on their temptations, their repeated falls, or their well-grounded hopes and fears. He painted for them again and again, with every form of vivid and pictorial illustration, the home and the family life, the public and city life, the seductions to which the rich were ever exposed, the sorrows and woes, and, above all, the real compensations of the poor. The latter phase of existence he always dwelt on with a deep sympathy and intense love. No preacher that ever lived has found the key of the hearts of the poor as did Chrysostom.

Again, his knowledge of the Bible was profound, and his power of exposition of the Divine Word simply matchless. "Week after week it was his custom to go through some book of Holy Scripture, verse by verse, clause by clause, almost word by word, endeavouring with all diligence and patience to ascertain the exact meaning of the passage before him, to place it clearly before his audience, and to base his practical exhortations upon it."

With rare and winning eloquence he attacked the vices for which Antioch was too famous; he painted the luxurious existence of the great, their palaces of porphyry and cedar; he sharply condemned the enormous expenditure on the circus and the splendid and costly shows; he held up to scorn the false and enervating luxury of the wealthy ladies of Antioch, with their retinues of eunuchs and slaves; he gravely reproved the pride of the philosophers, with their affectation and their singular dress. No class was spared, neither age nor sex.

And it must be remembered that the men

and women whose lives were so severely criticised and censured by Chrysostom were not pagans brought up with the favourite Epicurean doctrine ringing in their ears, "Eat we and drink we, for to-morrow we die;" but were Christians by name and profession, followers of the Teacher of Galilee, listeners to the words of the disciples Paul and Peter, James and John. As we read his sad and bitter denunciations of the life led by so many of the avowed disciples of the Man of Sorrows, we catch sight of *some* of the reasons which induced not a few of the noblest souls in that luxurious, and too often selfish, society, to seek a purer air in the solitude of the desert; the reasons which persuaded so many sad-hearted men and women to throw up the contest with the world, and in solitude and silence painfully to work out their own salvation; but we feel now these were wrong.

The luxurious life, the lavish expenditure of the fashionable wealthy ladies of Antioch perhaps has never been equalled, certainly never been surpassed in any age. In some of the wealthier families as many as two or three thousand slaves ministered to the wants—or, rather, swelled the pomp of these haughty Roman Provincials. Nor, as Chrysostom tells us, were they always kind or considerate to their hosts of dependents, who worshipped, strange to say, alongside their imperious mistress or master. With terrible scorn the great preacher paints the stately procession of one of these great ladies to church in a chariot all glittering with gold ornaments, drawn with four white mules richly caparisoned, and accompanied by a long train of eunuchs and slaves. Then he dwells with scathing eloquence on the dress of these "Christian" leaders of Antiochine Society, on their costly tunics of silk, embroidered with gold, and glittering with gems; their very earrings costing sums of money which would long nourish a multitude of the poor and destitute; the very embroidery which gleamed on their costly robes, Chrysostom tells us, often positively depicting scenes from the Gospels they professed to love and to reverence. Another day he would inveigh with passionate fervour on the curious, but alas! too common, practice of the ladies of the great city who loved to spend hours in painting and enamelling their faces, in trying to make their eyes brighter, and their hair most attractive and showy. Sorely did these toilet devices vex the simple and honest soul of the ascetic teacher. He would tell them such acts were a positive profanation of God's fair handiwork; that by such false means their beauty was even marred rather than enhanced.

Nor did he spare the men of his city—the foppish, over-dressed, golden youth; the middle-aged and old men of Antioch, with their shoes all worked with gold and precious embroideries, who spent their substance on their houses, on walls inlaid with coloured marbles and delicate ivory, on rooms lit with windows bright with curious and costly coloured glass. He rebuked the excessive cost of their wasteful and lavish entertainments, with the guests' couches of ivory, of silver, and even of gold; with the priceless vessels on their tables. He would scornfully allude to their libraries of books written in letters of gold and colour, with the precious parchments carefully folded up in gorgeous and beautiful coverings, *but rarely read.*

And all this—reproaches and exhortations, reminders and remonstrances, heart-searching questions, expositions of the Holy Books such as never had been heard before, at once luminous and convincing, repeated with an endless variety of illustrations and picturesque imagery—went on week after week, sent forth in that wondrous penetrating voice which has won for this matchless orator his well-known title of "Golden Mouth." His popularity with all classes and orders in Antioch, the second or third city of the East, was measureless, and increased as years followed years. No better examples of the rare power and versatility of Chrysostom's preaching, no more striking or impressive instances of the power of his wonderful eloquence over the souls of men and women, can be cited than the collection which has come down the stream of time of his so-called "Homilies of the Statues." The strange circumstances under which he preached these memorable sermons were as follows:—

In the year 387 the edict commanding the levying of a new and somewhat burdensome, and as it seemed, to the Antiochians, arbitrary tax, was promulgated. A dangerous uproar among the excitable population followed the imperial announcement. It was no carefully planned revolt, simply a sudden impulse; but, in the course of the tumult, stones were thrown, and the sacred statues of the Emperor and his family were insulted, some being defaced, some thrown down. Among these was an equestrian statue of his father, and an image of his dead, but still tenderly loved wife, the blameless

Flaccilla. No sooner had the senseless mischief been perpetrated than the excited citizens saw what they had done, and they dreaded, and with good reason, the vengeance of the all-powerful Emperor Theodosius, whose passionate disposition was well known. Antioch looked for a terrible punishment, and the leading citizens trembled for their lives and property, and the masses looked on to the impoverishment and desolation of their loved city—its baths, its theatres, its gardens. A searching inquiry was ordered to be made; all the civic privileges were suspended; the baths and theatres, where so large a portion of the life of the inhabitants was spent, were summarily shut up, and numbers of noble and illustrious citizens were arrested, some of whom the terrified magistrates, over-zealous to show their fervid loyalty to the insulted Emperor, cruelly put to death. It was an awful trial-time for Antioch. No man felt his life safe, or his property secure from summary confiscation. Desolation and mourning brooded over the beautiful city; worse things even were expected. The aged and infirm Bishop Flavianus undertook the long journey to Constantinople personally to intercede for guilty Antioch; while Chrysostom, the Preacher, summoned the dismayed and terrified citizens to meet him in the vast Basilica. Almost daily for twenty-two long and harassing days, after earnest prayer and supplication, the great Christian orator *talked* to Antioch. These sermons, preached during "the terror," are known as "The Homilies of the Statues." The crowds were enormous. They hung on his words; only in the great church did they feel safe, only there did the dread cloud of terror which hung over the hapless city seem to lift for a little season. Chrysostom spoke, men say, as he had never spoken before. Every day he struck some new note. Now it was resignation, now it was comfort and hope; perhaps, after all, the mighty Emperor would listen to their venerable Bishop, and would forgive the cruel insult; now it was a passionate exhortation to trust in God, and to throw themselves body and soul on the Eternal Pity; now his words took a loftier tone, and he would bid them, should the cloud of terror pass from them, order their lives anew and dedicate their remaining years to nobler things, to a truer hospitality, to a more generous almsgiving, to a higher conception generally of the solemn duties of life. "The Homilies of the Statues" are indeed a matchless monument of history and of sacred eloquence, and give us a far-reaching conception of the manners and customs of the age, of the limitless power of the Emperor, and, above all, of the mighty influence which Christianity had won, alike in the hearts of the people and in the Cabinet of the sovereign.

For the intercession of the aged Bishop was successful, and the injured Emperor forgave all; the prisoners were released, the confiscations were cancelled, the forfeited privileges of the city were restored, baths and theatres and gardens were once more unsealed, and the great and beautiful city breathed again, for it received a full free pardon.

SONG OF A ROSE.

O THAT we might live our life out like the rose,
Which on all that draw her nigh her grace bestows,
That is sweet from first to last,
And through sunshine, rain, or blast,
As his life is who the source of sweetness knows!

How fair are e'en the shadows of the rose!
For their darkest but a deeper red disclose.
O might our hearts' shadows be
But a clear intensity
Of Love's colour, that with heavenly passion glows!

When we wither, might we wither like the rose!
For so daintily her beauties she foregoes,
That when all her leaves are shed,
Yet their fragrance is not fled,
But rewakes whene'er the wind of memory blows.

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

THEIR SUMMER AT THE COTTAGE.

A Complete Story by Katharine Tynan.

THE cottage stood by the side of the road. It was very old, but someone had modernised it without spoiling it. Creepers had covered the addition, which comprised a little kitchen, a dining-room, an upstairs bedroom, and a bath-room, so that its newness did not show itself outside. The upper windows, back and front, looked over an enchanting stretch of country.

It was on the crest of a hill. In front the woods and park-lands melted away into blue distance. At the back, just a field away, there ran a chain of valleys suddenly deep and fringed with woods. Beyond the valleys were lower hills; beyond the hills the sunsets. The sunsets were magnificent. To Annie Wray life at the cottage seemed principally a panorama of sunsets.

She had come to the cottage ill. She and her sister Barbara had been obliged to work for their bread in London; Barbara had gone out decorating tables, advising as to furniture and hangings, arranging flowers, sometimes shopping for those who had no leisure to shop for themselves. She had made quite a little *clientèle* among the big houses of the square which was near their flat in a block of workmen's dwellings. It was such a comfort, said the mistresses of the big houses, not to have to leave everything to the servants. Many a compliment Barbara had of them as she stood drawing on her gloves to go, after her work was done. She had a dimpled, delightful face, the brightest of the bright. She found the discomforts of the flat something to laugh at. The noisy children, the quarrelling, gossiping women, the cats, the concertinas, even an occasional stumbling step on the stairs at night.

Not so Annie. Annie was delicate and nervous. Nerves seized on her while Barbara was out to such an extent that even in broad daylight she was afraid of the loneliness of the little dusty, garish rooms. She painted delightfully in water-colours. Now and again she had been fortunate in selling a picture; but she could not paint in those nervous days. She could do nothing for the nameless depression, the fear that haunted her.

At last Barbara found out her sister's state, concealed from her as long as possible. She called in a doctor—a clever young man, who sat in a far more expensive house than he could afford waiting for the fortune which he was sure was on its way to him. The sitting was figurative. As a matter of fact, while he waited for the people of the square to find him out he worked incessantly among the poor people, "to gain experience" he said when someone praised his charity.

He looked more than once at Barbara unobserved as he talked of the patient.

"Can you get her to the country?" he asked. "We have no drugs in the pharmacopœia equal to the sun and the air. She has house-nerves and town-nerves. Only the fresh air will set her straight."

As it happened, the solution of the problem was at hand. The sisters owned a cottage in the country, left to them by their Aunt Kate several years back. Aunt Kate had kept house there with a spinster like herself, who had gone on renting the cottage at an infinitesimal rent after her death, since the nieces did not want it. Only a few days before Miss Summerfield had resigned the tenancy of the cottage. Her relations had decided that she was really too old to go on living alone, and had carried her off to be looked after for the rest of her days.

When the notification had reached Barbara she had said: "Who on earth is going to give us ten pounds a year for it now?"

She looked at the doctor's face, and then at Annie's with a quick flash of illumination, which made her prettier than ever.

"There is the cottage," she said; and then, explanatorily to the doctor, "We happen to own a little country cottage. Within the last few days it has been left on our hands."

"Excellent!" said Dr. Maurice Egerton.

"But your work, Babbie? What is to become of your work?" Annie cried out in distress.

"I shall find work to do, never fear," said Barbara, smiling and dimpling till Dr. Egerton thought he had never seen anything quite so pleasant.

They still had Aunt Kate's tiny legacy—about a hundred and forty pounds—intact, kept care-

XUM

fully for a rainy day; so they had some provision for the time in which Barbara would be casting about her for a way to make an income at the cottage.

Annie Wray would never forget in all her life that change to the cottage from the workmen's dwellings. The first morning at the cottage the sun, low yet over the dewy fields, shone in her eyes at four o'clock—for the flitting took place in June.

"Oh, Babbie, Babbie!" she cried. "Look at the dear sun! Do you remember how breathless it was in the flat? Oh, how good it is to be alive!"

This from Annie, who a few days before had not had the courage to live, so many stealing shapes of fear came upon her from every side.

They had not yet explored their demesne, but they were too happy to sleep; so they lay awake talking, and presently Barbara got up and lit the fire and made tea, and then they dressed and cooked their breakfast, and ate it with a great appetite, and all the time Barbara was flashing her glances about the place, saying that here she would set up her bookcase, and there would be the very place for Annie's easel, and so on.

They had brought a little store of provisions with them over-night, enough to last them for the time in which they should be finding out the resources of the place.

"They are sure to be few," said Babbie, "at six miles from a railway station. I foresee that we shall have to be our own universal providers."

"Hens!" cried Annie eagerly.

"And a goat," said Babbie. "Goat's milk is so good in tea."

"And vegetables," said Annie.

"And fruit," said Babbie.

"Oh, how sweet it is!" cried Annie. "I smelt the lilac all night in my dreams. Is that a sweet briar hedge over there? And I am sure I see a clump of lavender there among the long grasses."

"I must find a boy to help me to clean up the garden," said Babbie.

"We shall be able to keep it ourselves," said Annie, "once all the rubbish is cleared off. Do let us get out and see what there is."

The additional furniture was not to come for a day or two, but the cottage was already plainly furnished, and had been thoroughly cleaned out by the good woman from the village whom Miss Summerfield had left in charge. She had received them last night, and had promised to return in the morning to cook their breakfast and give them information as to how they were to get a small handmaiden, and other matters. But Mrs. Jones was not due for a good hour yet, and the hour was given up to exploration.

The front garden was the flower garden, although the flowers were now almost extinguished by weeds and the encroachment of their wild brethren. There was a little path, with an arch of flowering trees above it, going down to the small gate that opened on the grassy road. Opposite the gate there was a delightful coppice.

As is the way in such cottage-gardens, gooseberry and currant bushes grew among the flower-beds. They were covered heavily with fruit. In a country where every cottage had its fruit-garden and orchard there was no temptation for the fruit-loving urchin, and the houses were scattered and far apart.

Standing at the gate and looking back, Annie cried out in an ecstasy over the beautiful colours of the tiled roof. Already there was a glow in her cheeks. Her eyes were happy.

"Dr. Egerton would not know you," said Babbie, "if he could see you now."

They went round the corner of the house, and came upon a little railed-off place with outhouses. There was a house with a copper and an open fireplace, apparently for laundry purposes. There was a little stable of two stalls and a coach-house. There was a kennel and a hen-house on wheels, and an open cowshed.

"Presently we shall have a cow," said Babbie, "and a pony and governess cart. But at first we must be content with a goat and fowls. And now let us see what there is in the orchard," for there was a tangle of low boughs across the palings.

They opened a little gate and went in. It was going to be a great fruit year. Pear and apple and plum trees hung with the little fruit, and the ground was covered with strawberry plants, and the plants with fruit already well formed.

They went from one thing to the other, discovering, and crying out in delight.

When they had come round to the side of the house, where was a secluded lawn with an arbour and a dial and an empty pigeon-cote, and a cool clear well in one corner, they saw a great farmer's waggon lumbering by the gate.

"That will take my fruit and vegetables to market," said Babbie. "Oh, yes, it will. You

will see how I shall arrange with the farmer. He won't be able to refuse me."

"How fast you go," said Annie, looking at her sister's bright face. "I am going to paint you, Babbie. Just stand as you are, watching that flight of birds. How lucky that I would not be parted from my paint-box."

She ran off, and Babbie smiled happily. "The cure begins to work already," she said.

When Mrs. Jones arrived with a red-cheeked, black-haired daughter, who she said was as sharp as a needle, and whom she proposed for the cottage servant, she was amazed to find that the young ladies had already breakfasted, and that one was painting the other out of doors.

After an unusually prolonged silence, during which Babbie's face had been brightening and darkening much as you may see the meadows when the wind passes over them, she suddenly announced that she was going to give tea and strawberries to cyclists and other travellers, "for," she said, "it will take time to put the garden in order, and we must begin to earn money at once."

"Won't it be rather horrid?" asked Annie doubtfully.

"Not a bit of it," said Babbie briskly. "We'll only get the quiet sort here. It's too far off the beaten track for the other sort. Those who come here will know we are ladies, and behave accordingly."

There was someone who did not approve of this plan, and that was Dr. Egerton.

He had kindly seen to the transference of such furniture as the girls wished to keep; and on the afternoon of its arrival, while the packing-cases still blocked up the garden-path and the rooms, and the carrier had just departed, who should turn up but Dr. Egerton?

He came into the sitting-room, upon which the cottage door opened, and found Babbie just attacking the first packing-case courageously with her chisel.

"I thought you'd want a man," he said calmly, "so I've cycled down. Let *me* have the chisel. I should like to know how you proposed to move the things when you had got the cases open. Why, Miss Annie! This is surely not my patient? What have you done with the nerves?"

Annie looked up at the fair-haired young giant with the kind, merry eyes.

"I left them at the flat," she laughed with an archness which suddenly brought out a likeness to Babbie.

"You'll have some tea?" said Babbie.

"When I've earned it," he replied laughing. "Now, have you a screwdriver?"

For the next two hours Dr. Egerton worked like a navvy, and by the time he had got the heavy furniture in place he was quite ready for the hospitable tea which Annie had been looking after while Babbie helped at the unpacking. It was tea eked out with eggs and strawberries and cream, crisp lettuce and honey and hot cakes.

It was during the unpacking process that Babbie told the doctor—they had become as intimate with the doctor in a few weeks of acquaintance as they would have been with anyone else in as many years—of her scheme.

"All sorts of bounders will come," he said. "I don't like to think of it."

"No, they won't," said Babbie stoutly; "and if they do we shan't serve them."

"How are you going to refuse them?"

"There will be always Fairy at hand."

"Oh, Fairy. I had forgotten Fairy. By the way, I have not made his acquaintance yet."

"Imagine forgetting Fairy!" said Babbie. "He is the most precious of our possessions."

At this moment Fairy made his appearance. He was a phenomenally ugly, absolutely amiable young bulldog, who had been presented to Babbie by one of her rich London clients at parting, since he had manifested a devotion to Babbie from the first time of their meeting.

"Now, isn't he beautiful?" said Babbie, dropping on one knee and lifting the dog's fore-paws to her shoulders.

"Excellent," said the man grimly. "You've only to put him in front of the cottage and the cyclists won't come. How are you, Fairy, old chap?"

Fairy wagged his tail in a friendly manner, and looked more unmitigatedly ruffianly than ever.

"Ah! I'm glad you have Fairy," Dr. Egerton said, with an air of relief. "The only drawback to the cottage was its loneliness. Fairy is as good as a man any day."

"Better," said Babbie, looking up at him audaciously.

The days went by like a dream of peace at the cottage. The goat had been added to the establishment, and after a time had been supplemented by a second. Babbie had learned to milk, and was the sweetest milkmaid in a pink print frock; and the fowls had been purchased, and were doing all that could be expected of them in the way of laying eggs.

XUM

They had discovered the village shop by this—a shop out of a picture-book, made all of wood, and scrubbed inside to an immaculate whiteness. It adjoined a tiny, old-fashioned house—was built on to it, in fact—and the shop was shut till you tinkled at a bell, and then the old woman or her granddaughter would come and open the door and serve you. The little shop held an incredible number of things, from bacon to boots, patent medicines to reaping hooks. The house and shop were situated just at the edge of one of those deep valleys, so deep and sudden that the little garden was bounded by the tree-tops of the valley, and, looking over the white palings, you looked down through a feathery green world of waving leaves.

Babbie had interviewed the farmer who owned the big waggon. He had agreed to carry her fruit, when she should have it, to Covent Garden, whither he sent his own strawberries every day. Soon after midnight those strawberry days they would hear the waggons lumber by.

By this time also they had got the front garden clear of its weeds, except for a wild space in one corner which Babbie had fenced off for the goats.

"Next year we must have a Kerry cow," she said, "although I shall be sorry to part with Nannie and Jinnie. But goats are always bad for gardens."

They prepared for the cyclists by setting tables covered with a snowy white cloth just outside the door of the cottage. On these they laid out their plates of strawberries, their strawberries in punnets, their jugs of cream and castor sugar, the teacups, and the other requisites for a pleasant tea-meal.

Babbie had taste, and a portion of Aunt Kate's legacy had consisted of a quantity of china and delft of all sorts. It was easy to select teacups which should be pretty without being too valuable to entrust to casual hands. A set with roses entwined with blue ribbons meandering all over it was the ideal thing. And since the roses had come on in the front garden now, a big bowl filled with roses always made the centre-piece of the pretty table.

Although their grass-lane only made a loop from a busy road, returning to it again, it was surprising how many cyclists went by from morning till night. And after Babbie had put out her tables and her little sign, their numbers seemed to increase very rapidly.

They were a quiet class of cyclists. The rowdy ones must have kept to the main roads. And Babbie noticed that the same people seemed to return again and again. Many ladies came, many men of all ages. Babbie began to take an interest in her guests, and to be pleased when they became regular customers.

After the strawberries there were raspberries; and Babbie was beginning to look forward to the time when her stock would consist of plums and apples. By this time Fairy was pretty well known to the people, and it was seldom necessary to rebuke him for frightening off customers. Indeed, lying in the trellised porch, with the twilight of the little parlours behind him, and all his teeth showing on the outside of his mouth, he became rather an attraction, and condescended to be fed on the hot buttered griddle-cakes which were such a favourite part of the feast with the cyclists, till his mistress felt bound to interfere before his figure should be altogether ruined.

Doubtless Babbie in her print frock brought nearly as many customers as the strawberries and cream. She was proud of the businesslike figure she presented with her trim little leather belt, and the pocket in which she carried money. It was impossible not to be pleased looking at Babbie. Only Dr. Egerton seemed a little morose about it when Babbie adopted her best business manner towards him, clinking all the coins in her pocket; and she seemed to take a mischievous, half-fearful delight in making him frown, by the businesslike way she would pass his tea, and slice him his pink slices of ham, and set his eggs and griddle-cakes before him, when he paid them one of his many visits.

Once his eye kindled at her.

"I won't have you at the beck and call of every man that passes the road," he said. "I won't have it, I tell you, Babbie."

Then Babbie glided away from him in a frightened fashion; and a mild, be-spectacled cyclist, turning in at the gate at that moment, was alarmed by Maurice Egerton's frown much more than he would have been by Fairy's smile.

Annie took no part whatever in the business arrangements of the cottage. She had gone back to her painting, and seemed to find endless subjects for it, and never any lack of inspiration. To her there never was such a beautiful country before.

It was beautiful indeed, although the songs of the birds were over, and the yellow fields of August, the heavy foliage of the woodlands, had succeeded the tender beauty of the country as first they knew it. It was a very hot summer:

but what did that matter in a country intersected by field and wood-paths, so that one need hardly ever take the glaring high-road.

Annie had traversed most of those field-paths for miles in every direction. She had grown so strong now that nothing seemed to tire her. She had sent up some pictures to the dealers who had sold pictures for her before. She had adorned every blank space of the cottage walls with others, and the pictures added to the beauty and attractiveness of the cottage, and were greatly admired by some of the lady cyclists who were permitted to penetrate its interior.

But Babbie had taken fright at these long excursions of her sister in the loneliness of the fields, and had insisted that she should take Fairy for protection and companionship.

"As for me," said Babbie, "I shall not want him. I have Amy." Amy was the little maid whom her mother had described quite accurately as being as sharp as a needle. "And you know, Annie, that there is not a quarter of an hour in which a cyclist does not come up the road. I shall be perfectly safe."

The nearest neighbour to the cottage as the crow flies was Squire Unwin of the Court. The coppice opposite the cottage gate, the green parks with the deer in the glades, belonged to him.

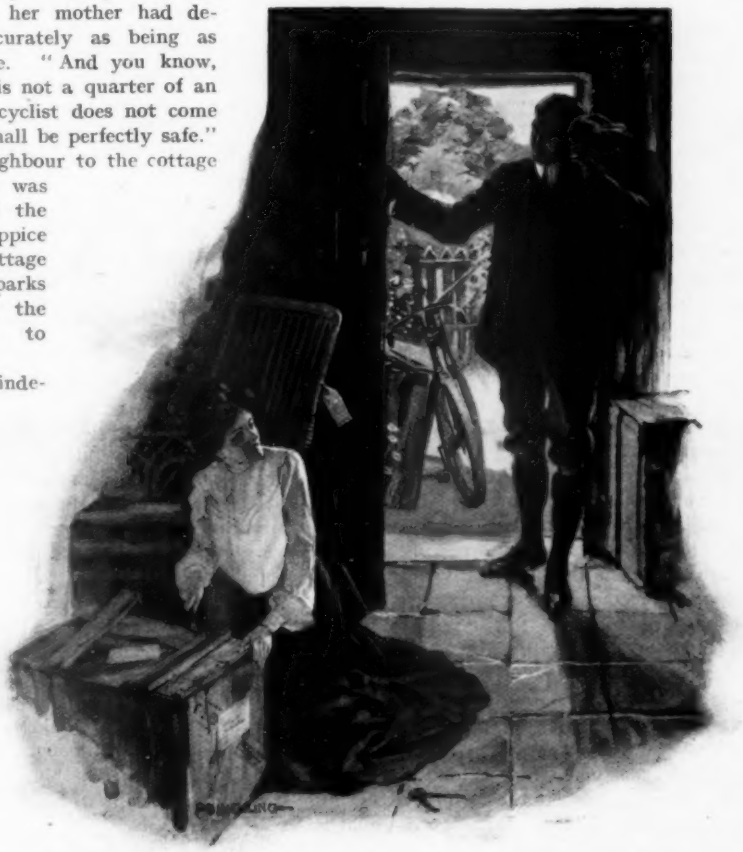
Mrs. Jones, indefatigable gossip, had told them of Squire Unwin, who had married very young and lost his wife, and lived retired with his little boy in a solitariness which some people resented as morose, ever since his loss.

The two girls had seen him at church, in the big Unwin pew, with the golden-haired child by his side, and Annie had thought him interesting. He had rather a sad face, and his brown hair was streaked more thickly with grey than his years gave warrant for.

"He was greatly attached to his wife?" Annie said to Mrs. Jones.

"Now that's the odd part of it, Miss," the gossip replied, wiping the soapsuds from off her arms—she was engaged in doing the weekly wash for the cottage. "They do say that Lady Hilda, poor soul, wasn't his choice at all, although he was hers. They were cousins, and his father was bent on it, and her father was bent on it, and the poor lady herself was bent on it. Still, he mourned her as though he did truly love her."

"I pass his gardens every day," said Annie irrelevantly. "I am so obliged to him for his



"He found Babbie just attacking the first packing-case."—*p.* 879.

roses and pinks. I say a thanksgiving to him every time I pass."

Mrs. Jones only stared in wonder. The eccentricities of the young ladies were beyond her.

"It won't be so pleasant in winter," Maurice Egerton suggested to them. "Your thoughts will turn townwards in winter."

"Not mine," cried the girls in chorus.

They were not afraid of the winter, when the cottage should close its ever-open door, and they must have fires, and there would be books to read, and Babbie would be preparing her small estate for the early vegetables with which she was going to earn money.

"You will have to keep indoors, Nancy," she said. "But for the gardener there is hardly a day of the year that is not outdoor. There will be frosty days too, and pink and lavender skies, and silver stars and orange sunsets. In the winter one has such a renewal of energy; one feels that one can do anything."

But the winter was yet far away; still it was golden summer weather.

One day, after many weeks of heat, a sudden thunderstorm and heavy rain drove Babbie and her tables indoors. She was not frightened about Annie. Annie had gone to sketch some old houses in a little village which one came upon in the middle of fields. She would have found shelter from the storm.

The sun had come out brightly, and she was just setting the first of her tables back again when she was startled by a rough voice almost at her elbow, and turning round she saw a most particularly villainous-looking tramp. With a shock of terror she noticed his close-cropped hair, and concluded that he had just come out of jail.

"What do you want?" she asked, controlling her terror with a great effort.

"There's a good deal 'ere I'd want if I 'ad time," he said, his small eyes peering into the cottage, "but, as it 'appens, my dear, I've a pressing engagement this arternoon, so if you'll just 'and over to me that little purse o' yourn, and whatever other little coins you 'appen to 'ave in the 'ouse, I won't give you any more trouble, my dear."

Babbie looked helplessly towards the gate, where no cyclist appeared. Doubtless the storm had sent them into shelter for the time being. She was alone in the cottage, except for Amy, a child of fifteen. What good would it do her if Amy was to come?

"Come, 'urry up," the tramp said violently. "There ain't no one comin' to 'elp yer. 'And over the swag."

"If you'll go quietly," said Babbie, very pale, but very gentle.

She was unhooking her treasured little leather bag from her waist. As it happened it had a good deal of money in it, for the morning had been a good one. She was horribly conscious too of a small store of gold laid away in a bureau in the little parlour. How often she had resolved to open a bank account and be done with it.

The ruffian emptied the contents of the bag into his own pockets.

"Come," he said, with a grin, "this is all very well for a beginning. About ten bob altogether, I should say. Now you've somethin' else—somethin' better nor ten bob to give me for a keepsake. A few pounds laid away, a bit of joolery——"

Would no one ever come? There had been days, indeed, when a pause had occurred in the stream of cyclists like one of those mysterious pauses in the most congested traffic. She began to tremble. The fellow saw his power to terrify her, and delighted in it as the cat delights in the torture of the mouse.

"Come," he said. "Such a pretty little dear will 'ave its pretty ornaments. Just fork out, my girl; give me a kiss, and I'll be going."

She uttered a faint scream then. Would God send no one—no one to help her? What would Maurice Egerton feel if he knew of her danger?

"If you're going to make a row," said the tramp brutally, "I'll slit your weazand for you."

Then he saw the incredulous relief in her face, and turned about quickly. A tall man with a child on his shoulders was standing looking in at the little gate. He seemed to take in the situation at a glance, for he put down the child very gently, and leaped the gate without the formality of opening it.

"What's this? What's this?" he cried, spluttering with anger, and shaking the tramp, whom he had caught in the act to fly, much as a terrier shakes a rat.

Babbie recognised with amazement Squire Unwin, though she could not have imagined the transformation wrought in his face by the energy of anger. His blue eyes were flashing, a colour had leapt to his cheek, his brow was splendid.

"How I wish Annie could see him!" was, oddly enough, Babbie's thought.

"What has he been doing? Has he frightened you?" asked Squire Unwin, shaken by his own anger. "Has he robbed you?"

"Only a few miserable tanners and browns, Guvner," whined the tramp. "I'll give it back if ye'll let me go this time."

He was turning out his pockets as he spoke, and the heap of coins fell on the gravel-path.

"Is that all?" asked the Squire, still shaking him. The question was addressed to Babbie.

"That is all," she said.

"Then go," said the Squire, flinging the ruffian from him; "but remember that I shall put the police on your track as soon as I can get to the village."

The fellow went off at a long, shambling trot, and the Squire turned to Babbie sharply.

"You shouldn't live here alone," he said.

"But I don't," protested Babbie. "My sister lives with me, and Fairy, and Amy."

"Where are they all now?"

"Annie, my sister, is out, and Fairy is with her. Amy is only a child; it was no use calling her."

"Ah, well! I'm sorry you were frightened," said the Squire, suddenly kind. "If you will stay here alone, you must have a very good watchdog. But I am forgetting. Come here, Roger. I wanted to ask shelter for this little boy. I'm afraid he is very wet. We were caught in the thunder shower. Would you take him in—he is not very strong—and do what you can for him while I return to the Court for a carriage and a change of clothing?"

"Oh, poor mite!" cried Babbie, her face softening and brightening. "Fortunately, we have a big fire. I shall just wrap him in blankets in front of it. Indeed, he is drenched through. I shall leave the thanks till afterwards."

"You will keep the door shut while I am away?"

"I shall keep it shut, and shall only open if the result of my scrutiny through my peephole is to show me a most unexceptionable cyclist."

The Squire went off briskly, and Babbie took the little boy to the fire and pulled off his wet clothing. The sky was overcast again, and there was a rumble of thunder.

"I wish Annie were in," she said to herself. "There will be no customers this afternooon."

Almost at the moment she heard the welcome little three knocks with which Annie announced herself when the door of the cottage was shut against her, and, having wrapped the little boy in a blanket and set him up in the corner of Aunt Kate's big, roomy sofa, which she had drawn near the fire, she ran to let her in.

Annie also had been caught in the rain, so that she had to change and let down her curling soft fair hair to dry. She was delighted with Roger, who was a quaint, gentle, ethereal-looking child, with beautiful manners.

Babbie had explained to her hastily the things that had happened, and how Squire Unwin had left the child.

"I shouldn't have taken Fairy, indeed I shouldn't," said Annie in pangs of contrition; "and, do you know, Babs, I believe I met the man in the wood? He gave Fairy an uncommonly wide berth."

It was Babbie's turn to cry out.

"I am so thankful you had Fairy," she said fervently. "And now, are you hungry, Roger? We are going to have a famous tea."

She left Annie and Roger curled up by each other on the sofa. Annie had found an illustrated edition of Hans Andersen, and was reading the Ugly Duckling for Roger. She had got into a thin woollen gown, pale blue in colour, the loose sleeves of which fell away from her round arms. All her hair hung about her face, and, as naturally-curling hair will do in damp weather, it crinkled and curled wildly.

> "Hair such a wonder of flix and floss,
> Freshness and fragrance, floods of it too."

"Let me stay with you," said Roger. "I don't want to go home when father comes with the carriage. You have no idea of how lonely it is at the Court when father is not with me—what long, long evenings they are when Nanna goes down to the servants' hall, and I am left alone in bed, and the shadows come on the wall and ceiling. Now in these little rooms where one can see everything, I never should be afraid."

"Dear little heart," said Annie, "the shadows come here too."

"But I should not be afraid of them," said Roger, with gentle obstinacy. "I shall ask father to let me stay, and to-morrow you shall finish the Ugly Duckling for me. I think this is much nicer than fairy-stories."

The afternoon had come over in clouds and rain now. There was little fear that they would be disturbed by the cyclists.

Roger sat up in the corner of his sofa eagerly watching the preparations for tea. Amy had got leave to go home and see her mother, and Babbie was getting the tea herself, bringing in now a basket of beautiful raspberries, the last

of the season, again a plate of hot buttered cakes to stand before the fire.

The scene was a pretty one when Squire Unwin stood and looked at it unseen. As a matter of fact, he had tapped patiently several times at the open door of the cottage, guarded now by Fairy, and had not been heard; so, guided by the delightful, unusual sound of Roger's laughter, he came deprecatingly through the little parlour, glancing with quick appreciation at one or two water-colour studies on the wall, along a little passage, and was standing holding his hat in his hand at the door.

Roger was chattering away at the top of his voice, giving his quaint impressions of men and things in the freest possible manner. The narrative was punctuated by peals of soft laughter from Annie, which had so exhilarating an effect on Roger that he had to laugh too.

"And if I hadn't been an only child," said Roger, "there'd be two of me. And just fancy all the fun me two could have with that other of me."

Then he looked up and saw his father.

"Please, father," he said, "I want to stay here. You've no idea of how lonely it is when there's only one of me; but Annie's nearly as good as two of me, and I should teach her to play cricket."

Then Annie sprang up, and stood blushing, with her grey eyes dark and mysterious in the shadow of her hair. And while she listened to the Squire's apologies for having entered without knocking Babbie came in with the teapot, and they were soon perfectly at home. The Squire drank a preposterous number of cups of tea, and Roger made havoc with the raspberries and griddle cakes.



"They were soon perfectly at home."

"I never saw him eat like this before," said the Squire, pleased and puzzled. "He generally has a very poor appetite."

"It's because there's only one of me," said Roger. "And please, father, may I stay here to-night?"

"It would really be the best thing," said Babbie, looking at Roger, with her bright head on one side. "Oh, no; it wouldn't be any trouble. He is a dear little lad. I should just put him to bed straight out of his blankets."

So it was settled, and the Squire went home

without Roger; and some time later, Roger, fast asleep and rosy, was carried off to bed in the little upstairs room in the gable, where the two sisters slept.

After he was in bed, the two sat and talked over the fire.

"What will Dr. Egerton say?" asked Annie, "when he hears about that tramp? I know he will be dreadfully angry. Can't you imagine just how he will look, Babs?"

Yes Babs could imagine it.

"I'm afraid he will say," said Babs with her eyes down, "that the cottage is too lonely for us. He has been so against the cyclist teas. I'm afraid he'll say we must give those up, and keep our door shut and barred if Fairy is not on the premises. Half the charm of the cottage would be gone if we could not always have our doors open."

"What will you say, Babbie, if he insists on things?"

"I'm afraid I must obey him," said Babbie, with a shy laugh; "he is very domineering."

"So long as he doesn't want us to leave the cottage. Oh, I couldn't leave the dear cottage. It would break my heart to go back to town," cried Annie, with terror in her voice.

"We shan't do it then," said Babbie soothingly. "See all the cottage has done for us! It has really made you a strong girl. You were never strong before."

"It was only the town was the matter with me," said Annie. "I am a *desperate* country lover, Babbie."

The next day and the next day and the next day Master Roger refused to leave his new friends. His father was in distress, but Roger had never been coerced, by his father at least, and had never needed it, having been always gentle and reasonable, as only delicate children are. He made his conditions loftily.

"If Annie is my Nanna I will go home with her," he said.

It was an absurd *impasse*. Day after day the Squire came to fetch Roger, and Roger refused to go. Presently it came to be understood that Roger was paying a long visit to the cottage. So he roamed happily with Annie in her sketching excursions, and, as his father invariably accompanied them, Fairy could stay at home and look after Babbie and the cottage.

Every day the Squire asked Roger when he was coming home, and every day Roger responded firmly that he was coming when Annie would come as his Nanna.

"I shall have to carry him off in his sleep," said the Squire one day.

"You mustn't do that," said Annie anxiously. "I'm afraid he would take it badly when he woke up. We love to have him."

"But you can't keep him for ever. And I am as bad, wasting all your time. When is that picture to be finished? I am going to buy it, you know, before it is hung in the Academy."

"How many more of mine are you going to buy?" asked Annie.

"Every one," said the Squire firmly. And then—"My dearest, won't you come home to me and Roger? We are such a lonely pair. I think I want two of me as badly as ever Roger did."

"After all," said Annie, that night when she and Babbie sat with their hair down, discussing the wonderful things that had happened, "the cottage was heavenly in summer. Do you remember the nightingales when we came first? and the glow-worms lighting their little lamps in the green dusk? But it would be another thing in winter. We are going to take Roger to Italy for the winter. And what did Dr. Egerton say? Anything new?"

"He said that the cottage would be damp in winter. Practice is coming to him, and presently he hopes to move into the Square itself. But we shall keep the cottage for week-ends, and to lend to our friends."

"You have settled it all, then?" said Annie, staring.

"Did you think no one was to settle things but you?"

"I am a selfish wretch. Oh, how glad I am, Babbie. Of course, I knew it would come."

"And I knew it would come. I think we have understood each other all along."

"And you won't hate going back to town?"

"I love the town," said Babbie demurely, "except just for week-ends, when I love the country."



Nine Hours in the Country.

W.E. Tickner '05.

By D. L. Woolmer.

"WE could not afford to go away to stay this summer holiday," said my old nurse, now no longer in service, but with a home and husband of her own; "but we did manage to go out once or twice for the day. On one afternoon we went to 'Ighgate Simetery and saw the old people's graves. On another, my 'usband went on a 'earse to Walton-on-Thames. Our landlord, who is an undertaker, had to take a coffin down there, and he offered my 'usband a ride."

And this was the idea of a treat for a respectable couple. The imagination of one of the liveliest nurses who ever brushed the hair of a set of restless children, and sweetened the discipline with tales—comic, romantic, and original—had been dragged down by matrimony into the depths of prosaic realism. Truly the French find some justification for the statement that their English neighbours take their pleasures sorrowfully.



"LONDONERS LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE COUNTRY."

"Let them take their pleasures in their own way," says the superior cynic. "Some folks like apples, some like onions. Those who like onions have a right to indulge their idiosyncrasies, though it may reduce them to tears. There is nothing the poor delight in more than a fine funeral. Though debt and starvation stare them in the face,

they will find money to insure their children and old parents, and they often spend the whole of their insurance grant in mourning. The parade and publicity seem to assuage their grief as nothing else can do."

All this may be true enough, but it has its pathetic meaning. Ignorance of the sense of innocent enjoyment is not bliss. The class of poor who struggle to earn a weekly wage and live within it often illustrate the proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Men, women, and even children, in crowded districts grow familiar with death, which often shares their living room. Necessity rends the veil which wealth and culture draw over its ghastly accessories. A visit to a cemetery is sometimes their nearest approach to a country excursion. The excitement of doing honour to the dead brings a change in the dull routine of daily work, and they find afterwards a morbid satisfaction in recalling every gloomy detail. Many sons and daughters of the city, especially those who grew up twenty or thirty years ago, scarcely know what wholesome recreation means. It brings them one step towards the discovery to transport them, if only for a few hours, into the country. But it is seldom that anything less than a personally conducted excursion will tempt a street-bred race beyond the province in which their days and nights are passed. If they are induced to sacrifice a day's earnings in order to take an independent trip, it will generally result in disappointment. The power to appreciate Nature is not of rapid growth. They know nothing of the delight of basking in the sunlit solitude of some rolling downs, conscious only of the enchanting music of birds and breezes; whilst poetry, stored away in memory's cabinet, floats through the mind. It has not been given to them to watch the glory of a cloud float over a golden hill and follow its dark shadows with snatches of Milton's verses and Handel's music, or to compare it with Constable's pictures. Even rustics, born with some gifts to appreciate the country, if early transplanted into the town, strike root so deep that ideas of their childhood's home only live on in pleasant dreams. These dreams are often rudely dispelled by an effort to realise them.

As grey hairs began to increase on a cobbler of my acquaintance, his mind reverted to the scenes of his youth. He resolved to visit them and to introduce his sons to their grandfather's cottage. How they longed and planned and saved up for the excursion! Their holiday only reached its initial stage. An early train took them out of town, an early train brought them home again. The window of one of the most dismal cellar kitchens in Dingico framed the cobbler's bent head and active elbows long before duty demanded. His laugh rang out at his own expense as he described arriving in the country in the rain. He and his sons had not known what to do with themselves; so, like old caged birds given the chance to use their wings, they fluttered back to the place they knew as home. A man of this sort may find a funeral diverting, and a ride on a hearse exhilarating; but, thrown on his own resources in green pastures, he is as completely lost as a town mouse would be if let loose in a harvest field. Accustomed to its own holes and corners, its own dainties of the larder, its own excitement of dodging the domestic cat or laughing at the domestic trap, it has little in common with the simple-minded field mice.

With no familiar landmarks—no "Goats and Compasses" to give them the points of the compass, no "Suns" but the glorious orb above to direct them, no "Wheatsheaves" to fix their locality but the innumerable shocks dotted over the hills—the poor town-bred strangers are apt to wander hopelessly astray. Country cousins, clinging to each other amid the traffic of the Strand, and finally taken under the lofty and paternal care of a policeman, may be an amusement to Cockneys, but the laugh is on the other side when Londoners lose themselves in the country. *Rus in urbe* is not more at sea than *urbs in rure*.

So it proved when kind-hearted novices determined to open the gates of Paradise to some hard-working Westminster women. The plans, if they could have been carried out, left nothing to be desired. All would have been well if the organisers had grasped the fact that a vanguard and rearguard were necessary to marshal the troop. They imagined that a body of intelligent persons, who made no trouble of street crossings and enjoyed the railway journey, could manage to follow their leader from the country station to a private park, where they were invited to spend the day. It was also supposed that one of the most practical, who wanted to fulfil a morning engagement and join the rest later, would be quite equal to act on clearly written directions. Five of the party, who lagged behind the rest, roamed about fields and lanes for hours, and the elders were worn out when they reached their destination. The conscientious woman who decided on duty

first and pleasure after had a story of travel to tell when she arrived, hungry and tired, to find tea over and the rest of the party preparing to return home. She had spent the whole afternoon in various trains, chiefly at the expense of the railway company. But *experientia docet*. Disappointments of this kind seldom happen more than once in the same place. A mortified half-resolve never to have another excursion generally melts into a superior decision to profit by past mistakes. And so each year increases forethought and lessens the chance of casualties.

Before the Education Act made school compulsory the children's treat was a benefit to society. It encouraged good conduct and regular attendance. It serves the same purpose now for Sunday schools, and remains a popular institution. It is unnatural to think of the rising generation cramped up in narrow alleys and of their playgrounds being limited to asphalte courts. The good-hearted well-to-do cannot contemplate the idea without a wish to give them, for one day at least, a chance to fill their lungs with untainted air, their senses with sweet scents and sounds, and their minds with pictures of green fields and pleasant memories. The children, with all the world before them, going forward with unknown capacities buttoned up in their small jackets, to meet a future teeming with unknown possibilities, are recognised as a trust. How or why they get a holiday matters little to them; they live in the present. Their parents, who learnt in schooltime the pleasure of a day in the country, have not let this lesson slip with many others into forgetfulness. If an outing for old and young together—a combination which economises time and funds in very poor districts—is open to them, they are willing to pursue the study farther. For one day the mothers will lay aside the burdens of their families, even the trivial round of scouring, and the common, but very wearisome, task of preparing food. For once they will be cooked for and waited upon; for once they will forget the wash-tub, the charing, the struggle to make both ends meet, and cool their tired feet on green grass. Though the open country recedes before the town, and longer journeys involve greater cost, the red-letter day celebrated by the annual excursion arrives as surely as the summer. The last inquiry is answered, the last ticket is given out, the last explanation—forcibly delivered, though generally misunderstood—that "infants in arms" being admitted with their mothers does not mean a free pass to two or three toddlers, the last tear of unsuccessful candidates is wiped away, and the last leg of the responsible conductor of the party leaves *terra firma* and follows its fellow into a railway compartment.

Off at last. The train, from the appearance of the windows full to bursting, the living freight's capacity for enjoyment replete to overflowing. Shouts and cheers meet with return salutes of various kinds. Good-natured sympathisers left behind wave handkerchiefs, newspapers, or anything handy in reply. A porter with only a mop and pail makes a fine demonstration, producing a circle of spray that sparkles like diamonds in the sunshine. For it is June, and the season of school treats has begun, but is not far enough advanced to make the officials weary of them. After the first half hour, the noise begins to subside. Hunger and drowsiness assert themselves over excitement. Breakfast was lost in expectation, the night broken by dreams of missing the train. In the case of the girls the hindrance seemed to arise from their hair. A multiplicity of plaits or a superabundance of curling pins would catch in everything. Preparations of this kind are part of the voluntary suffering which completes enjoyment. The vanity of the boys is generally satisfied with decorations of paper frills, pink, blue, green, and white. They revive memories of old-fashioned ornaments for the fire-stove. The little ones slumber contentedly in their teachers' arms or leaning against their shoulders. The corner seats are filled with hunched figures under nodding heads, and the wakeful moments occupied with paper bags, in which careful mothers have screwed up biscuits or scraps of unfinished breakfast. The elder boys and girls enjoy the windows. As in a company of children of a larger growth, there is generally one to explain and descant upon the mysteries of the unknown scenes which rush past. The ever-recurring question, "What's that?" never fails to find an answer, though it may be wide of the mark. The golden beauties of a potato field are ascribed to weeping willows, straw stacks are little houses. Statements of this kind are very rarely challenged. It is remarkable that children, quick to answer questions on botany or in object lessons, fail to recognise the originals of illustrations when first presented before their eyes.

The stamp of town breeding is evident, negatively in ignorance of natural history, and

positively in tastes and habits. They hail with joy a London organ-man who, with an eye to business, has taken a holiday on his own account. He has no occasion to grind for his living to-day. The money for a "halfpenny turn" is readily paid in advance, and hour after hour his hackneyed tunes mingle with the din of penny trumpets and other cheap instruments of music. The organ-grinder's most powerful rival is a gipsy with Aunt Sally and cocoanuts. Some successful winners sell their cocoanuts to advantage without loss of time. One boy's aim is unerring. The wide-awake gipsy soon detects him as a company promoter. He has accepted fees of a halfpenny to throw for clients whose eyes or hands are less steady and clear. He is ordered to retire from the competition; but the transaction has been so successful for him that he is regarded as a hero.

The dark side of street training displays itself again and again in sharp practice. Greed and cunning cannot be passed over and excused. They are the outcome of unnatural sharpness, which is itself the inevitable result of circumstances. Underfed children are driven by hunger to strive and manœuvre for themselves. Their misdirected ingenuity and their ear-splitting music may be only the outcome of an inborn craving to produce something, if only a noise. The inclination for artifice and the taste to handle a harp and organ are as old as Jubal and Tubal-cain, and want diverting into a safe course, rather than suppressing. Teachers, and other grown-up persons equally endowed with ingenuity, find a safety valve for exuberant spirits in constant exercise and active employment. The mothers disregard the noise with placid philosophy; but at the sight of a pond they ruffle up like hens with broods of ducklings. They know that no prohibitions, no warnings of danger, no threats to tell the terrible but absent fathers, will keep the boys dry. The chance of bathing, however black the water may be, is not to be lost.



OFF AT LAST.

The tired women, free from present anxieties, mostly desire nothing more than to sit under the trees and talk together. A few younger ones are willing to be children for the time being, and patronise a swing and a skipping rope. These diversions are chiefly kept going

by men and women whose stooping, shrunken figures tell of life spent in close offices, factories, or sedentary employments. In spite of enjoying scant leisure, they are the backbone of the Sunday school. Their pale, tired faces never fail to meet the children in their classes, and light up, as they teach them, like wintry clouds in the sunshine. It is patent that all taste for recreation is not starved out of them. As these persons bob slowly up and down, two or three together in the revolving rope, they look youthful with enjoyment.

"Don't hurry me, lady. I don't get the chance to pick grass more than once a year," pleads a factory girl, who prefers to wander amongst the hedgerows and lingers at the risk of being left behind. She knows more of the pleasure of picking grass than many of her comrades; some "hands" have never been out of London in their lives. Happily this state of affairs bids fair to improve. Factory Girls' Holiday Funds bring a change of a few days or a few weeks within the reach of thousands. Their own letters show with a force beyond the compass of fine literature what the rest and variety mean to them.

"I never thought to see the country again!" This ejaculation bursts from a venerable lady with memories. "Would I like it?" The answer finishes off with a sudden expansion of the old face, and then it becomes a question whether the bubbling feeling will overflow in smiles or tears. The wrinkles take a new direction as the grannies abandon themselves to enjoyment. They trust to the promise of friends to arrange everything for them, to lift them in and out of the brake if necessary. To sit in a garden and bask in the surroundings, to live in the past and enjoy the present, is enough for them.

Old people are as diverse as the young, but one thing they possess in common—experience. The lovely and the unlovely, the peaceful and the peevish, look at the life which lies behind them with different eyes; but it is their own, to contemplate, idealise, and explain.

> "Be the day weary or be the day long,
> At length it ringeth to evensong."

And the evening chimes or curfew bell often seem more musical than others, for there is more time to listen to them. The day spent out of London also draws to a close, and the evening light seems to suit the old people, who wait in quiet content for the summons to return home. Some nod drowsily, some moralise, and repeat with new feeling the hackneyed saying, "God made the country, man made the town." Now and then the more serious and thoughtful murmur allusions to a "heavenly land," or scraps of verses learnt in childhood, for Nature's composing influence is upon them. Some few, whose greater originality and intelligence, or superior birth and education, award them the distant respect of their neighbours and the doubtful privilege of loneliness, draw together. One of this number, aged somewhere between eighty and ninety, approaches another, sitting beside her, with an attempt at sociability.

"Are you comfortable, ma'am?" she inquires politely.

"Yes, ma'am, I thank you," replies the other octogenarian, outdoing the first in old-world courtliness of demeanour. "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, ma'am."

"My name, ma'am, is Hawker. You must think of 'pedlar,' and then you will remember it."

The new acquaintance progresses favourably. It transpires that both the old ladies are well connected, and are not therefore quite at home with their neighbours. One of them possesses that hall-mark of gentility, a piano. It is as old in fashion as her costume and manners, and neither she herself nor anyone belonging to her can play upon it; but it serves as a sideboard where bits of china and other family relics stand with their broken sides turned to the wall. The other old lady had a piano once, and its history leads to a story, sad but common enough. It ran away, like all other furniture with the right number of legs, because drink invaded the home. Confidences flow apace. Something in the quiet scene opens the cabinet of memory.

"I see the quality is wearing bonnets something like I used to wear when I was a girl, only they don't put them on quite the same. How well I mind washing and starching them, and hating to do it because they all belonged to the country. I never saw the town until I married, and many's the time I have wished that I had never seen it at all."

"Ah, ma'am, you may well say that if you were brought up in the country. But young folks will get to London if they can."

"That was just me. I was a widow with three little children when I was twenty-six, and I had to work for them, too. I mind once when I had done my job of shirt-making, and had to carry it home across the park, I was so tired that I rested my back against a tree and

cried like a girl. I should have lost heart many times if I had not had a beautiful dream."

"A dream, ma'am. Tell me about that."

Heads draw closer together, and the quavering voice becomes solemn.

"I dreamt there was nothing but clouds above me, and then I saw a great hand stretched out to me through the grey. It was the most beautiful hand I ever saw. When I woke I thought it meant that God had beckoned me, and that I was going to die and leave the children, and there would be nothing for them but the House. When they were in bed next night and my work was done, I went down to see an old couple who lodged in the room below and had been kind and friendly to me, and told them all about it. I asked them to look after the little ones if I were took off sudden, and I burst out crying again. I think I can see those two now sitting by the fire. The old man was quiet a minute; then he said, 'Look here, my girl; you are wrong about the meaning of that dream. It was all to tell you that the hand of God would be over you and the kids. You will be able to keep them until they can keep themselves, and by-and-by they will keep you.' Well, I took heart again, and it has all come true. My son makes me an allowance, and he would never let me want for anything."

One dream and one scrap of autobiography leads to another, until it is time to start for home. The evening finds the party back in familiar scenes. If, in contrast to fields, lanes, and gardens, the streets and courts seem closer and narrower; if, compared with the smell of hay and hedgerows, the perfume of oil shops, gin shops, fried fish shops, and stale vegetables seems more noticeable, the revellers, being refreshed in body and mind, are more able to resist the depressing effect. Food for day dreams and imagination strengthens that inner being, which is liable to grow faint under the pressure of sordid environment. A glimpse of new scenes has awakened new senses and old associations. A softening impression that friends are kind, that the world is fair, and that God the Father above created it to be a good place, steals into hearts apt to harden from neglect. Perhaps words glibly spoken of the hope of eternal rest have gained new meaning from the experience of a calm, still day. It may be that the vague idea of a better world has taken shape and colouring from the innocent enjoyment of passing nine hours in the country.



"TWO OR THREE TOGETHER IN THE REVOLVING ROPE."



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–XXIII.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, heiress of an old Huguenot family, is being educated in the famous Abbaye-aux-Bois. Her school friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, marries the Duc de Maillebois, and at the wedding Yvonne meets Réné, the young Chevalier de Beaumanoir. They are mutually attracted to each other, and their friendship ripens into love. They meet again at the Palace of Versailles when King Louis receives the Doge of Genoa. Yvonne's guardian, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, abruptly removes her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to his own house, where reigns an atmosphere of worldliness and frivolity. Mdlle. de la Féronniere is a great heiress, and no effort is spared to make her become a Roman Catholic, and to compel her to marry her cousin, Adolphe de Vaudreuil. She is driven to extremity by the Abbé de Chaylus. Then follows the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the persecution of the Huguenots, and Yvonne disappears. Meantime Réné de Beaumanoir has sailed from Toulon in command of *La Topaze* to redeem captives from Barbary. M. de la Forêt, the Huguenot pastor, goes with him to offer himself in exchange for one of his own people. Adventures with the Dey of Algiers follow, and M. de la Forêt completes his sacrifice. Réné has a narrow escape, and returns post-haste to Paris as soon as he lands.

CHAPTER XXIV.



"MY poor Réné! What a strange and deplorable adventure! To think that François, our most trusted messenger, should reach Toulon ere you sailed, only to meet with that terrible mishap, so that it was all of no avail!"

It was the young Duchesse de Maillebois who spoke. She sat by her brother's side, in her own particular chamber, hung with green tapestry in a quaint design of children and birds. Candles in silver sconces threw a soft light around, while the cheerful glow of a great wood fire played on the painted ceiling.

He had told the story of his adventures, of his perils by sea and land; and, above all, the weird tale of the messenger's loss of memory, which had only returned to him as he stood once more on the threshold of his master's house.

"It was a cruel delay when every moment was so precious," cried Réné; "but at last I am here, and together we will find her. Have you told me all that you learnt from old Madelon? Is it possible that Mademoiselle Yvonne can have disappeared, and left no trace behind her?"

"Alas! yes; that is precisely what has happened," replied his sister. "My first thought was to go boldly to Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and insist upon an answer. But Henri would not hear of it; he warned me that it would only put dear Yvonne's enemies on their guard. Moreover, a week later Madelon found their house deserted, and we learnt that they had gone to Blois, where Monsieur had been summoned in haste, to return to his official duties. He is Deputy-Governor, I believe."

"Can I see Madelon, and question her myself?" he inquired.

"Unfortunately she is beyond your reach. On the occasion of that visit to the Hôtel

Vaudreuil, she seems to have received some mysterious message from the concierge, and I greatly fear that she must have been lured away—Heaven knows where—for I have had no news of her since."

"Then up to this moment you have no clue to help us, Gabrielle?" he asked, with a growing feeling of dependency.

She shook her head. "Alas! none whatever. Yet I have done my best, and never rested in my pursuit. Her uncle's first aim is to secure Yvonne's fortune, therefore before he marries her to his son she must become a Catholic. To compass this, she will doubtless have been placed in some strict religious house, and I have already found a pretext for visiting most of the convents in Paris and the neighbourhood."

"Your name has, I presume, assured you a courteous reception, my dear sister; but I do not think they would reveal to you the secrets of the prison house."

"Ah, Réné!" she sighed. "If you knew how warmly I have patronised every good work, what alms I have bestowed, the shameless way in which I have made love to every abbess and *tourière* and *portière*, you would pity me. Yet still no trace of my dear Yvonne!

"Once, indeed, I heard of a mysterious lady closely secluded with the *Visitandines* of the Rue St. Antoine; and I gained admittance to her cell, to find that she was only a friend of that poor Madame Guyon. In my despair I even carried my search to the Couvent des Pénitentes, Rue Grenelle St. Honoré," she added in a lower voice. "With a *lettre de cachet* you know that anything is possible!"

"Yes, indeed!" replied her brother, with a shudder. "We must dare to face the worst. If you have visited convents in vain, what say you to the Bastille?"

"What a terrible thought!" cried Gabrielle. "The mere terror of it would be enough to kill a sensitive girl of tender nurture," and she looked up with brimming eyes.

"Yet I am haunted by this spectre of fear, and I cannot rest until I have laid it," was the sad rejoinder. "In old days my father knew the Governor of the Bastille well, and I trust that he will befriend me so far as to tell me the truth. I will go to-morrow, before my heart fails. I cannot rest, or despair would overwhelm me. If this fails, I will seek out Adolphe de Vaudreuil and wring an answer from him at the point of the sword."

Some dim memory recalled to Gabrielle that the man was a noted duellist, but she checked the word of demur which trembled on her lips. There was no other way.

Betimes, on the morrow, the Chevalier de Beaumanoir found himself before the grey walls of the Bastille. The massive towers which seemed to rise above him in cold defiance, the great barred doors strengthened with chains and iron gratings, the vigilant body of guards and warders, all smote him with a sense of helplessness. It needed a stern effort on his part to penetrate into that grim abode of desolation.

Yet in truth he met with no obstacle, and the manner of his entrance was strangely easy. It so chanced that the Governor was at leisure that morning, and the name of Beaumanoir awoke sunny memories of the past and of his old friend. He gave a courteous welcome to the young officer, who was surprised to find such a cheery, ruddy-faced man in the position of head gaoler. After a brief exchange of compliments came the awkward question:

"What can I do to serve you, Monsieur le Chevalier? It would give me much pleasure, to do so for your father's sake."

Now Réné had passed a wakeful night in trying to frame some excuse for this visit, but the ways of diplomacy and deception were so unfamiliar to him that he paused for a moment, and found no words to reply. He looked up in the Governor's face, which was so open and friendly that it inspired confidence. On a sudden impulse, he told him the whole story of his eager, half-despairing search.

"Ah, Monsieur," he added, "you will pardon this bold step, and tell me if, indeed, Mademoiselle de la Féronniere is within these terrible walls."

"You have my deepest sympathy, Monsieur de Beaumanoir, and I will give you all the information in my power. We will search the register, in which is entered the name of every prisoner, with the date of his arrival, the name of the special tower in which he is confined, and the number of the chamber. But I trust that your alarm is unfounded, for I cannot believe that such an arrival as that of the lady you seek should not have attracted my special attention."

He touched a silver hand-bell, and his secretary brought in a massive volume bound in black vellum, and after spreading it open on the table before him, stood aside awaiting further commands.

"No; it is as I thought," said the Governor,

after a time, as he looked up at his young friend with a smile "There is no such name in the index. You may be thankful to escape that worst certainty, for it may indeed be too often said of those who enter here that they leave all hope behind."

"How can I thank you for your kindness, Monsieur?" exclaimed Réné, who had listened in breathless suspense.

"Now that you have ventured amongst us, my friend, there is much to interest you in this ancient fortress; and it will be something to boast of, in the days to come, that you have seen the inside of the Bastille.

"Monsieur Noirfontaine will be your guide, and I bid you God-speed, with my warmest sympathy in your welfare and success."

Beaumanoir gladly accepted the offer of so rare an opportunity, and took his leave with ever-growing wonder that so genial a man could be found to occupy so sombre a post.

The young secretary who led the way, with a great bunch of keys hanging at his girdle, felt something of personal pride in acting the part of host to such a stupendous and gruesome dwelling. He first conducted his guest up a narrow, winding staircase, to the summit of one of the high towers, from whence there was a bird's-eye view of the whole.

"You see, Monsieur," he observed, "that the entire castle is closed in by a deep, wide moat, which is our outer defence."

"Yes; it would be no easy matter to cross that," said Réné, to whom, even at a distance, rose the horrible stench of the water which putrefied below.

"Then you notice that all these massive towers are united by thick walls, enclosing two large courts. Each tower is eighty feet high, with four storeys, and has its special name. Thus here is number one, the Tour du Trésor; next to us is number two, De la Comté; and so forth.

"There are dungeons at the base below the



"'There is no such name in the index.'"

level of the ground, some quite dark—horrible dens, Monsieur, for the very worst criminals.

"Ah, you happy people outside, you have no conception what long imprisonment means, even when there is no torture!" and he shuddered.

"Come with me; I will show you one of the cells for solitary confinement, which was lately occupied for nigh on fifteen years by a man of high rank."

Silent with growing dismay, the visitor followed, down steep stairways and along endless dark corridors, until at length his companion paused and held up his lantern.

"Ah, yes, this is number seventy-nine."

The key grated in the lock, and the heavy double doors swung slowly open. The air was heavy and oppressive, and the light within, which came through a narrow loop-hole, was so dim that for some minutes it was difficult to distinguish anything.

Réné felt his heart grow chill at the thought of the hapless captive who had been immured for so many long years in this miserable hole, and of whose ultimate fate he did not care to inquire. He looked round the cell. There was a low pallet, a table, a basin, a brass candlestick, and a wooden chair, and in a dark corner of the rough stone floor, lay a broom and a tinder box.

"Poor man, what a terrible doom!" he sighed. "Death must come here as a welcome release."

"You may well say so. Ah, I could tell you strange stories of the many devices, by which the unfortunate prisoners try to kill time. I have heard of some who trained spiders, of others who spent those long weary hours of solitude in measuring the dungeon again and again, in counting the iron studs on the door, in pouring water from one dish to another, in arranging and re-arranging a few faggots of wood; and, last resource of all, in pacing with measured tread, up and down, backwards and forwards, like a wild beast, in his lonely cell."

"Poor souls!" cried young Beaumanoir, and his eyes filled with tears at the thought that Yvonne might have nearly escaped such a fate.

"May the Lord have mercy on them and count this to their credit, that for them the days of purgatory may be cut short!" he added, below his breath.

After this they were passing on through a long corridor, when Monsieur Noirfontaine raised his hand in token of silence, and whispered:

"We must make no sound here, for yonder is the prison of the 'Man of the Iron Mask.' He has been here for close on twenty-four years, and has never been seen, even by his special warders, without that black concealing mask fastened on with a padlock."

"Who is he?" was the low, eager question.

"Ah, if I knew and were to breathe his name, it would be at the sacrifice of my own life. He is a man of noble mien, I am told, and is treated with profound respect; but his keepers have orders to despatch him instantly if he uncovers. It is one of those dark mysteries which will never be solved," he added below his breath.

This was the last and the strongest impression, which Réné carried away from that memorable visit to the Bastille. For many days he was haunted by the weird remembrance of all that he had seen.

It had been a fruitless expedition, so far as his search for Mademoiselle de la Féronniere was concerned, but his soul was filled with thankfulness that it should have been so. His task was still all before him, for Yvonne was as far off as ever; yet at least one load of anxiety was lifted from his heart, for he could not think of her as a captive in that terrible place without a thrill of horror, even before he had crossed the grim threshold; but now the dread of such a fate for her was maddening.

Nothing now remained but to seek out the De Vaudreuils at Blois, and learn the truth from them, or perish in the attempt.

CHAPTER XXV.

MEANTIME, Yvonne. Where was she? We must go back to that memorable day, of late October, which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The pale, grey light of dawn was dimly stealing over the high roofs of old Paris, until it smote the lattice window of Mademoiselle de la Féronniere's chamber in the Hôtel Vaudreuil. She was watching the first glimmer with wistful eyes, and vaguely wondering what suffering and humiliation the coming day might have in store for her.

The long, close confinement and meagre fare, the solitude and anxiety, preyed upon her health, and she passed a wakeful night.

Again and again there rose up before her the vision of that last painful interview with her uncle, when she had firmly and irrevocably rejected his final offer, and registered a solemn vow that she would never change her faith nor accept Adolphe de Vaudreuil as her husband.

Since that hour the girl had been kept a close prisoner in her room, closely guarded even from the friendly interest of her cousin Louise, while the faithful Madelon had not been suffered to approach her. Twice a day Rosalie, Madame's maid, had brought her bread and water, and rendered in silence a scant measure of service.

What would be the end of it all? she asked herself, with a curious feeling of aloofness, as though the question concerned someone else. Did the Marquis de Vaudreuil think to frighten her and starve her into submission, or was he, in cold blood, awaiting her death that he might inherit her estates?

Strange weird visions and fantastic waking dreams would, unbidden, haunt the girl in those long, silent watches of the night. She remembered the antique-ring, her most precious possession, which she had given into Madelon's care that she might send it to the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, as a last resource, in token of her urgent need.

Had the hour come for this final, desperate appeal? And, ah, if so, could she ever dare to hope that it would reach him?

In fancy she saw a white dove bearing the ring, and flying southward with outspread wings. Yet danger was at hand; for above, in the calm blue sky, there hovered a fierce bird of prey, a hawk whose piercing gaze had scanned his victim from afar. Of a sudden he swooped down with deadly aim; already the silver plumage was ruffled and blood-stained, as her gaze was fixed on it with the fascination of terror.

Hope died within her, when she caught sight from afar of an eagle, who clove the air with swift, strong flight. The avenger was at hand, but would he be too late to save? And then, alas! what would it profit the hapless dove that vengeance should be wreaked on her destroyer?

Ah, what sound was that? The dim echoes of distant strife, the din of battle in the air?

No, this was no fancy; it was nigh at hand—a creaking in the lock of her chamber door, which was stealthily opened. Was this some new form of persecution? A cry of dismay trembled on her lips when she caught sight of Rosalie, who crept in with noiseless, slippered feet, bearing a lantern in her hand.

"Oh, Ma'm'selle!" she whispered. "You are awake? It is well. You must rise in haste and make ready for a journey. And there must be no sound to rouse suspicion in the house. Monsieur awaits you."

"What, at this hour?" exclaimed Mademoiselle de la Féronniere indignantly. "Bear word to your master that I will attend him later."

"I dare not delay, Ma'm'selle. It would but anger him to no purpose. My orders are to bring you at once. There is a carriage awaiting you in the outer courtyard."

"What evil plot is this? If I am to be carried hence, at least let it be openly, in the light of day, after due farewell to Madame and my cousin Louise."

"I pray you, be guided by me, Ma'm'selle," pleaded the maid. "Resistance will not serve you, for no one dare cross the will of Monsieur, and if you go not willingly he will use force. Dress quickly in your warmest garments, for the early morn is chill to travel in. Believe me, I would help you if I could," she added in a kindly tone, for even her frivolous heart was touched by the cruel persecution of one so gentle and patient.

Yvonne understood. She was absolutely helpless; and, after all, any change could hardly be for the worse. So she thought, poor child, in her ignorance of the dark places of the earth, where sin and cruelty have their habitation.

Having once made her decision, she wasted no time in futile regrets or idle protest, but nerved herself to face the task before her. She rose at once, and put on her simplest clothes, the plain black gown which she had brought from the convent and treasured as a reminder of those peaceful days. As she made her brief, hurried preparations for this sudden journey she could not fail to notice that she was closely watched. This gave a new turn to her thoughts, and reminded her that if she could carry away any money or jewels, they might be of priceless value in the dark, unknown future.

She took advantage of a moment when Rosalie's attention was engaged elsewhere, to take from under her pillow a small, embroidered satchel, which contained most of her treasures. This she had put ready, several days before, when some vague idea of flight had occurred

to her, only to be promptly dismissed as impossible.

"Can I not see Madelon for one moment?" she asked, when all was ready.

"Alas! no, Ma'm'selle," was the reply. "There are spies in the household, and it would be more than my life is worth to suffer you to meet her; but I will give her your farewell, or any message."

"Tell her what has befallen me, and bid her remember!" She dared say no more, for she felt that she was in an atmosphere of treachery.

"Give Mademoiselle Louise my tender greeting," she added; "and pray her ever to keep a kindly thought of her unfortunate cousin."

As they reached the open door there were sounds below.

"Come quick, Ma'm'selle!" gasped Rosalie in abject terror. "I hear the voice of Monsieur, and his step on the stair. He is growing impatient; we have tarried too long already."

Closely muffled up in a long grey cloak and hood, Mademoiselle de la Féronniere followed her guide down long, dark passages and winding stairs to an old part of the house which she had never seen before. It was too dark to distinguish anyone; but she knew that her uncle had joined them, and as they reached a low, narrow entry, he took the lantern from Rosalie's hand, and dismissed her with curses on her slowness and stupidity. Then he caught Yvonne by the shoulder, and half led, half dragged her across the inner courtyard to an arched gateway, where a hired coach waited on the other side.



"'You must rise in haste and make ready for a journey.'"

Whispered orders were given to the coachman, and the next moment the girl was lifted from her feet and roughly thrust into the chariot; someone sprang into the seat by her side, and she knew by the rumbling and creaking that they had started.

For awhile there was silence, then there sounded in her ear a voice like a frost.

"All my kindness and persuasion have failed to move you, Yvonne. It only remains to see what stern discipline and severity will do. To carry out this most thoroughly, I have here a *lettre de cachet*, signed by the King."

There was a pause, and the girl held her breath, but spoke never a word. Presently Monsieur de Vaudreuil continued in a changed tone:

"Listen to me, child. Even at the eleventh

hour there is yet time ; and deeply as you have sinned, mercy still awaits you. One word of penitence and obedience from you, and a life of happiness, of wealth, and luxury awaits your future."

"I cannot speak that word, Monsieur," was the low, firm reply.

"Then you have sealed your fate for ever, and your blood be upon your own head. Henceforth I wash my hands of you, and sterner guardians will do their worst," was the firm reply.

After that there was silence. Thus began the fateful journey.

Slowly they made their way over the rough cobble stones of the narrow streets, where the tall, spectral houses peered down through the dusk

But already the grey tide of light had swept over the sleeping city, and now the rosy finger of dawn was beckoning weary men and women out to their labour. On every side there were signs and sounds of waking life, and from the stately church towers overhead the hour chimed on many bells. As they drove out through the city gate, they were challenged by the town guard, who demanded to see the safe-conduct. As the officer peered at the paper he muttered the names aloud :

"Monsieur Robert Lange, wool merchant, of the Rue St. Antoine, and his daughter, Antoinette Lange." A piece of gold was slipped into his hand, and he made a sign to the coachman to drive on.

Outside the walls, the open space was crowded with sheds and hucksters' booths for some coming fair. The road was deep in mud, and very slow was their progress as they jolted over the ruts, until at length they came to Villeneuve le Roy, where the horses were baited and the travellers broke their fast.

By this time the sun had risen high in the heavens, and before them lay stretched out, like a long white ribbon, the highway over which they had last driven, on the eventful day of that regal, splendid fête at Sceaux.

What a change had come over her fortunes! mused Yvonne. That had been their high-water mark, when in the heydey of prosperity, flattered and admired, she had played her brief part as a queen of society.

Ah, but another memory awoke, deep and tender, and she dwelt with passionate emotion on that halcyon day. Then it was that she had met Gabrielle once more, and had heard from her the latest news of Réné, and had received the message of his undying love. And now, alas! how the scene had shifted and the cup of earthly happiness had been dashed from her lips.

She was a wretched prisoner, friendless and forsaken, hurried away from all that made life dear, threatened with the most cruel persecution, and destined to be buried alive in some dreary dungeon, where she would never see the light of day again.

Since the Fête de Sceaux a cloud of brooding silence had severed her from her friends, and the gates of Paradise were closed against her. Never had Yvonne more need of the sparkling courage which had not failed her yet in her darkest hour.

Now it so chanced that as the lumbering coach rolled out into the open country, leaving far behind the close, pestilential air of old Paris, the girl seemed after a while to breathe in fresh life, and her spirit rose to face the coming ordeal. Also, to her surprise, when they drew up here and there at some tavern door by the wayside, she found herself treated with consideration, and called "Mademoiselle Lange," and food was set before her—the best mine host could supply—with only the whispered warning from her guardian that she must keep her hood closely round her face.

She wondered whether this was not a device to throw any possible pursuers off the scent, and this she thought the more likely when she heard her uncle repeat the story of his being a wool merchant from Paris, and speak of her as his daughter returning to her convent school.

This he did in a marked way when he found himself compelled to put up for the night, at no greater distance than the little town of Étampes. He had been compelled to do so after an angry wrangle with the driver, who swore that his horses could not go another step, and threw out dark hints of the risk in travelling by night on those lonely country roads.

Monsieur de Vaudreuil cursed his ill-luck, and in the same breath his folly, in not bringing some of his serving men as an escort ; but he had no choice, and was forced to put up at the "Lion d'Or" for the night.

Secrecy was so plainly his object that a flash of hope passed through the mind of Yvonne. Surely, if he so feared pursuit, there must be someone who still took an interest in her fate, and from whom he sought to hide this clandestine journey.

XUM

Suddenly the girl thought of Louise, who had always been her friend; the crippled daughter of the house, who from her sick chamber learnt all that happened, and whose keen intelligence was a match for her father's craft.

Réné was far away on the distant seas; a barrier of silence had risen up between herself and her old schoolfellow Gabrielle; with all her devotion, old Madelon was a servant, poor and without influence. If help were to come to her in her extremity, it would be through her cousin Louise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE night had closed in gloom, a sky grey with heavy clouds; but the morning dawned glorious in rosy light, and a smiling world, flooded with sunshine, welcomed the travellers as they started betimes from the inn at Étampes. After a night's rest the horses jogged along with fresh spirit, and the grumbling driver had recovered his temper, and saw that his interest lay in serving the whims of his master for the time being.

To Yvonne, who had so long been an unwilling denizen of the great city, closed in by tall houses which almost shut out the sky, it was joy only to breathe the sweet air of the country after that polluted atmosphere. The girl drew a quivering breath of delight as her eyes rested on the hedgebanks by the wayside glistening with dew-drops, on the fertile meadows, the yellow hay-stacks, and the cluster of red-roofed cottages here and there, with little children playing on the threshold.

Stretching out beyond them, lay the straight white road, with tall poplars on either side showering down the gold of their autumnal foliage. For the moment Yvonne almost forgot whither it was leading her as she looked out across the fields to the distant villages, each with its church spire, white in the sunlight, pointing heavenward.

She was free to dream undisturbed, for her uncle no longer took the slightest notice of her when they were alone. He had unfolded a bundle of plans and accounts and was deep in their study. Of a truth, he had chosen a most congenial occupation, for it was the schedule of the broad estates in Poitou which had been entrusted to his care, and of which he was planning to rob his orphan ward by legal sequestration of a heretic's goods and chattels.

The thoughts were as far asunder as heaven and hell—of those two who sat in silence, side by side, during the long hours of that jolting and rumbling, as the heavy coach lumbered on its way.

But all things come to an end, and the day was far advanced when they arrived in sight of a broad, shining river, on whose reedy banks uprose the famous city of Orleans, with its towers and turrets, and ancient castle frowning down on the grey ramparts below. Here they drew up at the courtyard of a tavern in the Place du Martroy, opposite a statue of Joan of Arc; and on the swinging sign-board above the door was painted a rude picture of the warlike maid.

Monsieur thrust his head out of the coach window.

"Look to it, you fellow, that we have fresh horses within the hour, for it is my set purpose to make the last stage of our journey this night."

The man mumbled assent, and meantime the landlord stood in the arched gateway, with a beaming face

"Will it please Monsieur to descend? Here we can offer you good fare, and fresh wine of a vintage not to be matched in Orleans."

The travellers had scarcely alighted, when at this moment a burst of loud laughter, accompanied by the sound of jovial voices, came through an open door. De Vaudreuil drew back disconcerted.

"Can you give us a quiet chamber for our supper?" he asked, in a tone of authority. "I am Monsieur Lange, a merchant from Paris, travelling with my daughter, who is in delicate health."

"Ah, Monsieur, I have all you can desire, if you will condescend to follow me," was the reply, as with an obsequious bow mine host led the way through the inn parlour, where some young gallants in riding costume were sitting at a long table.

He hastily ushered the new arrivals into a mean inner chamber, scantily furnished with a bench or two and a deal board on trestles, laid out with earthenware platters and pewter goblets; while the rafters of the low ceiling were black with smoke. But a savoury smell of cooking was wafted in from the kitchen beyond, and made amends for much to the hungry guests.

The landlord of "La Pucelle" knew from

long experience that, after many hours on the road his customers were not wont to be over-fastidious, and he could always insure their content with the special vintage of which he was so proud. Still, he made his humble apology.

"I am indeed distressed, Monsieur, to offer you these humble quarters; but we were not warned of your coming, and, as you see, the best *salle* is already given up to M. le Comte de Cluny and his followers, who do but dine here and bait their horses, for they ride to Versailles to join the court."

"Then we bourgeois may stand aside and wait the pleasure of these fine gentlemen!" rejoined the latest visitor, with a shrug of the shoulders and twinkle in his eye. "Well, see to it, man, that you give us of your best, and serve us promptly, for we, too, have a journey before us. Ah! I wish my legs were astride a saddle instead of being cramped in that wretched box," he added to himself.

"You shall have no cause to complain. Monsieur Lange. My wife has a fat capon, wellnigh done to a turn already, and I will bring you the flask of wine myself."

He was as good as his word, and Yvonne and her uncle were enjoying an excellent meal, when suddenly there was a clatter of iron hoofs on the paved yard, and a horseman dashed up to the door. He seemed to be in terrible haste, for before he had time to alight he demanded in a loud voice, somewhat breathless from fatigue:

"Can you give me any tidings of Monsieur le Marquis de Vaudreuil? Has he alighted here or passed this way?"

In a flurry of proud excitement mine host bustled forward to the entrance. Surely his tavern was becoming mightily aristocratic, a house of call for all the nobles of France!

"M. le Marquis has not arrived here yet; but I make no doubt that he is on the way," was his complacent reply, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all his customers.

As that first cry reached him, de Vaudreuil sprang to his feet, for he recognised the voice. What shrewd mischance was this? How had it happened? Who could have set the pursuer on his track?

He turned with a flash of rage on the startled girl by his side.

"This is your doing, Yvonne! Curse you for it! But it will not avail you; I vow that you shall rue the day!" and he clenched his hands as though to strike her.

She rose to her full height and faced him with a clear, unfaltering challenge of brave eyes, while her voice rang out like a low-toned bell.

"You wrong me, Monsieur. I had no knowledge of your plot. How then could I betray it?"

Then of a sudden she paused, and a questioning look crept over her face, for some instinct told her that Louise might have done this.

But the change of mood passed unheeded, for her guardian had caught words, repeated aloud in a tone of awe by the landlord.

"An urgent summons from his Majesty the King, did you say?"

Monsieur de Vaudreuil hesitated no longer. In another minute he had pushed his way through the group standing by the inn door, and with an imperious gesture drew the messenger aside.

"Ah, Monsieur! Heaven be praised! I have found you!" cried the man in joyful surprise, which changed to dismay when he saw his master's face distorted with rage.

"What means this, Pierre? Why have you dared to follow me? Who sent you hither to spy on me?" he asked, hurling forth the angry questions like a challenge.

"It was Madame, who bid me haste for my life, and spare no cost, and rest not night nor day till I came up with you!" the poor fellow blundered out, sorely aggrieved at this scant welcome after his weary ride. "There came a letter for you from the King, with his own seal."

"Spare me this long preamble, and give it hither at once," said the Marquis, holding out his hand.

"But, Monsieur, they said the letter itself was too precious to send," he stammered. "I might be robbed on the way, like as not, riding alone. So Ma'm'selle, I mean Madame, broke the seal, and said it was of desperate urgency and you must return to Paris on the instant."

The unlucky Pierre spoke the words as if he were repeating a lesson His master turned upon him in wrath.

"Do you expect me to believe this cock-and-bull story?"

"See here, Madame has written," he cried, and after fumbling in his pouch pulled out a



"'I had no knowledge of your plot. How then could I betray it?'"

crumpled note. There were just a few scribbled lines :

"Come back, Monsieur, at once. The King has need of you.—Your obedient wife, to command, "OLYMPE DE VAUDREUIL."

Never had Monsieur found himself in so difficult a position, and he inwardly cursed his wife for a silly fool. But that was no new discovery, and brought him small comfort. Why, in the name of Heaven, had she not sent a copy of this precious letter, if she was too nervous to trust it out of her hands ?

What if it were indeed urgent, and the King had some immediate and all-important commission, with which no one but himself could be entrusted.

All the world, of course, believed him to be still in Paris, and he knew that his Majesty was not one to brook delay. Oh, if he were not hampered by that girl, who had plagued him enough already by her obstinacy !

Then a sudden thought struck him. This man who had been sent from home was steady and trustworthy, and had been many years in his service. He must have guessed much already. Why not confide in him altogether ? It was in an altered tone of friendliness that he spoke.

"Listen, Pierre. There are travellers within on their way to Paris who ride through the night. If I can secure a fresh horse and take the journey with them, it may save me at least four-and-twenty hours, and I am heartily weary of that lumbering coach.

"But in that case I must leave Mademoiselle in your charge. To-morrow morning, when the horses have had a night's rest, you will escort her in the hired chariot to St. Pierre, on the road to Blois, to the Convent of the 'Filles de Marie,' in the Rue du Mail. It is but a matter of some twenty miles, and I will give you a letter for the Mother Superior. Remember that here I am known as Monsieur Lange, a merchant from Paris, and the lady is my daughter. Be cautious and discreet, and you will earn no niggardly reward."

"Monsieur, I am at your service to command, and you will not repent your trust."

Like all serving men, he knew the value of a secret.

Having once made up his mind, M. de Vaudreuil found no difficulty in carrying out his plan. The Count de Cluny gladly welcomed so useful an addition to his escort ; and the landlord's wife, a buxom, good-tempered woman, readily promised to take the utmost care of Mademoiselle until the morrow, when she would continue her journey.

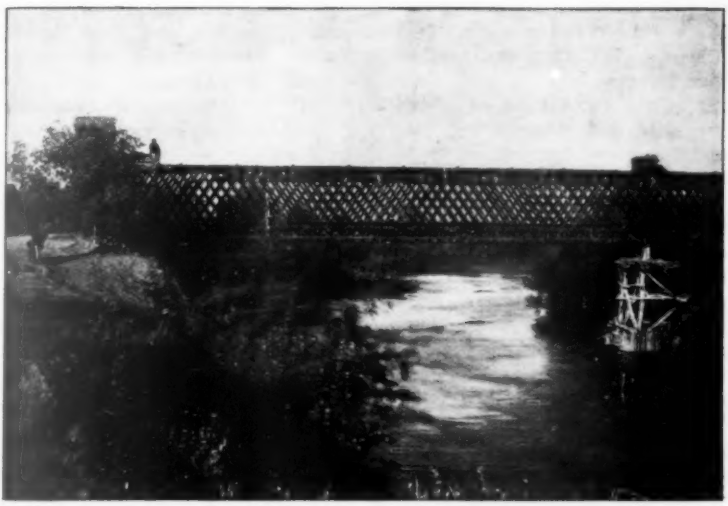
[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.]



ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

By the Rev. Dr. J. G. McPherson, F.R.S.E., Minister of Ruthven.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Bonfils.)



THE BRIDGE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF JACOB.

NO river in the world is more spoken of by mankind than the Jordan. No river attracts so many pilgrims from distant lands. This is not because it is a river of the world, like the Thames or the Tiber; not because of its overflowing phenomena, like the Nile; not because of the beautiful scenery on its banks, like the Abana and Pharpar, "lucid streams." But because the Jordan is the symbol of the spiritual birth of man and his entrance into heaven, the scene of Christ's baptism and the crossing to the Land of Promise.

In itself, apart from the associations of the Holy Scriptures, the Jordan is anything but attractive. It is a colossal trench, from 600 feet to 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. There is a miniature of the awe-striking ditch in the stream that glides along in inky repulsiveness a hundred feet under the precipitous rocks from Novar in Ross-shire to the Cromarty Firth. Here and there, at the fords, the water is nearly on a level with the surrounding tree-decked land; but otherwise it is far from being attractive.

Four streams dispute the honour of being the source of the Jordan; but really all that now surrounds these must have been once a huge marsh, and it is now very difficult to trace the real Jordan source. Captain Newbold, by careful observation, with the help of the Arabs, found one stream that was never dry: it runs past the ruined walls and forts of Banias. The streams are fed by the rains that glide down the slopes of Mount Hermon or by the melting snows that rush with wild impetuosity through the deep-cut ravines; and ultimately they settle for a time in Lake Huleh. There is an old Roman bridge over the stream at Banias. Swollen with snows, the stream shows to advantage its dizzy cataracts; at other times its deep rock-hewn bed is comparatively tame. There is, however, a curious cavern in the cliff which has for centuries drawn ascetics to worship there. It was also one of the chief dwellings of the Baalim. The Greeks afterwards were fascinated by the inspiring associations, and dedicated it to Pan. There, shortly before the birth of Christ, Herod built a temple of white marble in honour of Augustus, deifying the Emperor by placing his bust beside that of the Grecian god. Soon the place got the name

of Cæsarea Philippi, as it was embellished by Philip, the tetrarch of the district. Cæsarea, however, was again replaced by the name Paneas, pronounced by the Arabs Banias. Strange is it that at the place where a heathen god and a vain man were worshipped the very God-Man and His disciples took refuge till He planned His world-redeeming work. It was there that Christ made the first clear confession of His Divine Sonship.

The shore of the little Lake of Huleh is thickly surrounded with swamps and jungles of the papyrus reed, well described by MacGregor in his brilliant boat excursion with his *Rob Roy*. From the south end of the lake the Jordan descends into the Great Rift in one almost continuous cascade, falling 680 feet in nine miles. Already has the river received its characteristic name, "The Descender." Then it recovers itself, and has a smooth flow, before entering the Sea of Galilee. Six miles above the confluence the river is, as here represented, crossed by "The Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob," on the main route between Galilee and Damascus.

The Sea of Galilee was once the "focus" of all the life and industry of Palestine. Nine important towns were built on its shores, and prosperous villages crowded the neighbouring plains. The surface of the sea was constantly crowded with fishermen's boats, whose heavy "takes" were preserved and sent to Jerusalem. The rich resources of the place attracted representative men from many quarters, and these supplied our Lord with a many-minded audience to initiate His grand world-spreading gospel. On the shores Christ delighted to walk and meditate. There He spent a very large part of His ministry. He walked on its waters, and "the wavelets rippled His benign words to listeners on the shell-studded shore. Indeed, the Sea of Galilee is the very cradle of the Gospel.

Imbued with the glorious associations of the narratives of the evangelists, travellers of our day are disappointed with the loneliness of the place. After having been the favourite haunt of the Founder of Christianity, it is now the picture of desolation. Not a white sail glisters in the sunset; nothing but ruins stud the shore. It is now only haunted by its own great memories. But the late Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan noticed one redeeming feature amid the sombre loneliness—the pilgrimages there



A CURVE OF THE JORDAN.

for the beautiful scallop-shells. "It is the symbol of that which has drawn all hearts to this sacred shrine and made it the most loved of all lands. We put it to the inner ear of the soul, and we hear the murmur of all the centuries of Christian civilisation in its depths. It seems to whisper to us, amid all the changes of time, of the Kingdom which cannot be moved, and of the hope that maketh not ashamed."



SHEPHERDS FORDING THE JORDAN.

The Jordan then commences its main descents and meanderings. Between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, into which it throws its waters, Lieutenant Lynch passed down twenty-seven rapids, which he calls threatening, besides several minor rushes. But in the sixty-five miles of its course the river traverses about two hundred miles. The valley varies in breadth from three to fourteen miles. On the right bank are the mountains of Galilee and Samaria, from 800 to 1,500 feet in height; on the left bank the flat-topped hills of Gilead rise to 2,000 feet, only broken by the valleys of the Yarmuk and Jubbok. The long, narrow vale expands twice—at Bethshan and Jericho—to the features of a plain.

Professor George Adam Smith, after careful observations, repeatedly made, considered that the whole of the valley of the Jordan might be cultivated through time. "The heat is of a forcing-house. Wherever water comes, the flowers rise to the knee, and herbage often to the shoulder. By all the streams there are brakes of cane and oleander." Yet the undrained swamps breed malaria. The unhealthy jungle harbours wild animals, and snakes appear at every turn.

Down this broad valley there curves, with often beautiful sinuosity, a narrower bed, perhaps 150 feet deeper. Again the bed of the river appears quite normal, with fords to secure the safe passage from one side to the other. The banks are mostly of white marl; tamarisks are choked with tangled bush; the annual "swellings" generate the rankness. Looking south from the highland, the river appears like an enormous green snake.

In the centre of this disease-breeding hollow, the Jordan forms a ditch as deep below the level of the Levant as are some coal-mines. "Dead drift-wood is everywhere in sight. Large trees lie about, overthrown; and the exposed roots and lower trunks of the trees are smeared with ooze and slime."

Valleys, "well watered everywhere," are generally the attractive sites for cities; but few are found in the valley of the Jordan. Jericho was a very flourishing region under the Roman rule, for they knew how to irrigate and cultivate. Palms once abounded in some places; corn, balsam, and flax were sometimes to be found; the Crusaders welcomed the sugar-cane growing near Jericho. Solomon cast the bright brass vessels of the temple in the clay of the Jordan. Why, then, are so few towns found on Jordan's banks? Because for nine months of the year the heat is intolerable, and vegetation is soon burned up, unless constantly irrigated, though refreshing dews are sometimes heavy. Professor Smith found the heat opposite Jericho 104° in the shade. Accordingly, the Arabs dwelling there are a sickly race. They are nomads by nature, and contemn agriculture. Yet Dr. Robinson found their horses, cattle, and sheep fattening on the rich pasture; while large herds of black buffaloes luxuriated in the deep mire of the marshes—doubtless lineal descendants of the "fat bulls of Bashan."

As in all rivers of the same magnitude, while deep enough to prove a formidable passage in time of war, there were shallows in the Jordan, where at times it could be forded on foot. Abraham must have crossed it, though of early days only the passage of Jacob is mentioned. Next it was crossed by Joshua over against Jericho, at the head of the descendants of the same Jacob. Moses saw the Promised Land, and gave directions for Joshua as to the passage which he himself was not permitted to make. The river was unusually full of water at harvest-time, when the overflow took place. All are familiar with the account of the miraculous crossing.

The lower fords, nearest to Jerusalem, were frequently of great service to the people. David passed over one to fight the Syrians, and again in his flight to Mahanaim. Somewhere near this Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal to the river's bank, when the fearless prophet smote the waters with his mantle and made the dry land appear for their safe crossing. From the chariot of fire, that bore the Baptist's prototype to his heavenly rest, the mystic mantle fell on Elisha. With this the new prophet again smote the waters, and they divided to let him pass over in safety.

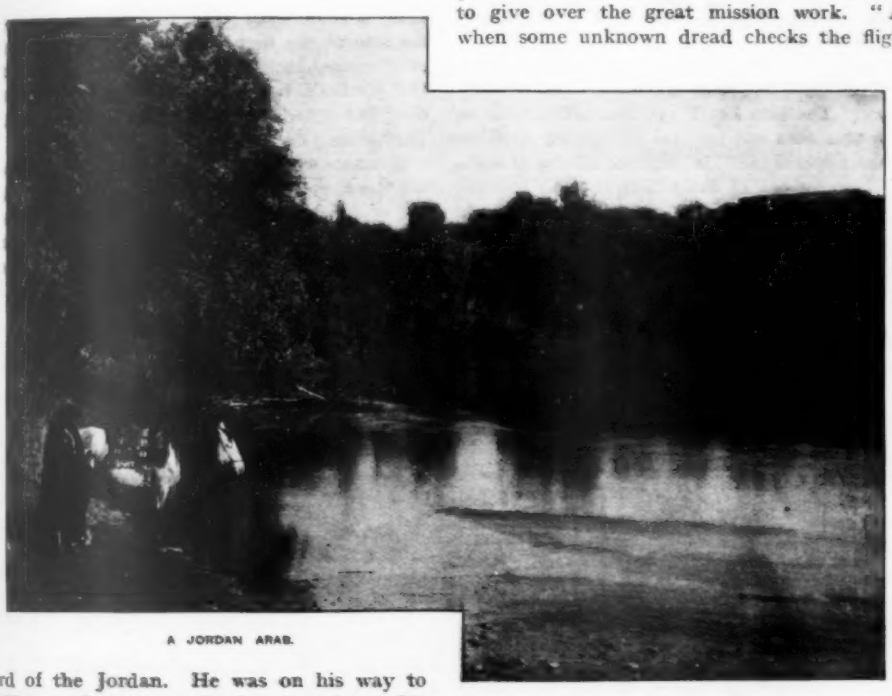
As Elisha was in Samaria when Naaman, the leper, consulted him about his loathsome disease, the washing for purification in the Jordan seven times must have been at a ford higher up than that east from Jericho. It was by this upper ford also that the Syrians fled after being routed by Elisha's intervention. There, too, the sons of the prophets were erecting dwellings of wood, when the axe of one cutter fell into the river, to be miraculously recovered by Elisha. Such a startling incident as an iron axe floating on the waters of the Jordan would be long remembered by the chosen people.

John the Baptist commenced his peculiar functions at the lower ford. Here he was near the wilderness of Judæa. The preacher of repentance thundered forth his warnings. As Dean Farrar graphically puts it: "In the tropic noonday of that deep Jordan valley, where the air seems to be full of a subtle and quivering flame—in listening to the howl of the wild beasts in the lone night, under the lustre of stars that seemed to hang like balls of fire in a purple sky—in wandering by the sluggish, cobalt-coloured waters of that dead and accursed lake, until before his eyes, dazzled by the saline efflorescence of the shore strewn with the wrecks of death, the ghosts of the guilty seemed to start out of the sulphurous ashes under which they were submerged—he had learned a language, he had received a revelation, not vouchsafed to ordinary men—attained, not in the school of the Rabbis, but in the school of solitude, in the school of God."

All thronged to listen to the winged words of the terrible denunciator. The wilderness was uncultivated and untenanted, stretching from Jericho and the lower ford of the Jordan to the shores of the Dead Sea. Wild beasts were not yet extinct in the reed beds that marked the "swellings of Jordan"; yet from every quarter of the country the people thronged to catch the accents of the Elijah-like voice. Strangely, they saw that the weirdly clad enthusiast was in earnest, and many felt their consciences painfully stinging; and since he had chosen baptism as his symbol of their repentance "they were baptised of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." And the lower ford of the river was most convenient for the sacred rite.

XUM

In all probability the scene of our Lord's baptism was at a ford further up the river. For it is recorded that our Lord came from Nazareth in Galilee, in the north, and not from Jerusalem in Southern Judæa, to be baptised of John. And the very careful observer, Dr. E. S. Ffoulkes, is strongly of that opinion. John was moving northward on his missionary enterprise, arriving at Ænon and Salim in the north-east corner of Samaria, not far from a



A JORDAN ARAB.

ford of the Jordan. He was on his way to Galilee, perhaps to make inquiry about his cousin (six months younger), whose path he was divinely opening up for the missionary work of the world. Certainly he was making for the seat of Herod's jurisdiction, by whom he was doomed to be executed for his fearless denunciations of the king's scandalous life At the same time, our Lord was coming south from Galilee to see the Baptist, who had, by the marvellous reports about the preacher's success, stirred up in His breast, as He wrought at the carpenter's bench in the despised village of Nazareth the martial spirit for the redemption of mankind. The prominent text of the Baptist, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," roused up His missionary energies with such living enthusiasm that He used it as His own first text in preaching to the world.

The two—Christ and John—met halfway, by some divine guidance; for

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough hew them how we will."

The countenance that flinched not at the sight of tyrannical kings and treacherous Pharisees was strangely subdued before the presence of the Master, to whom he was soon to give over the great mission work. "As when some unknown dread checks the flight of the eagle and makes him settle with hushed scream and drooping plumage on the ground, so before the royalty of inward happiness, before the purity of sinless life, the wild prophet of the desert becomes like a submissive and timid child." Yet he was privileged to baptise, with the water of Jordan, Him who was afterwards to baptise with the Spirit.

What a world-inspiring sight must that have been to the onlookers of the performance of the sacred rite. The two descended into the waters of the Jordan; and there the glorious sign was given that the Messiah had come. The Holy Spirit—dove-like—hovered over the Saviour's sacred head, and the Father's voice from the opened heavens lovingly proclaimed

to the assembled people the Divine approval of the world-saving mission: "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

Well did the people know that it was in the waters of Jordan that Naaman's leprous body was cleansed by the prophet Elisha; and that here the gift of the Holy Spirit was transferred by Elijah to his successor. The only river of Israel had thus been the means of symbolising the washing by water and the gift of the Spirit. But now that sacred stream had been made everlastingly famous by the baptism of the God-Man.

Near the place where the Jordan discharges into the Dead Sea there is the Pilgrims' Bathing Place. The late Dr. Hugh Macmillan tells us that this does not impress the visitor with its scenic appearance. It requires all the absorbing associations of Holy Scripture to impress upon him the fact that this is more than a commonplace river. "There was," he says, "a line of poplars and willows fringing the banks, and the young, bright green foliage was the only hint of colour in the universal gloom."

The delightful gurgling sound of the brook Cherith, near Jericho, breaks the monotony of gloomy silence. Yet in the morning sunshine a splendid view may there occasionally be obtained. The Dead Sea glitters in the south; the commanding mountains of Moab, round the dome of Nebo, stretch out across the Jordan. Northward extends the Jordan valley, with mist-clad mountain ranges hemming it in on both sides. One's feet tread on the site of the first altar to God in the Land of Promise, built with the stones taken from the Jordan's bed when the Israelites crossed over unscathed under Joshua's leadership with the blessing of their dead Deliverer.

I cannot close this paper without emphasising the fact that it was the pioneers of America—a country unheard of during Scripture ages—who first navigated the sacred Jordan and gave the vivid and graphic accounts of their experiences there.
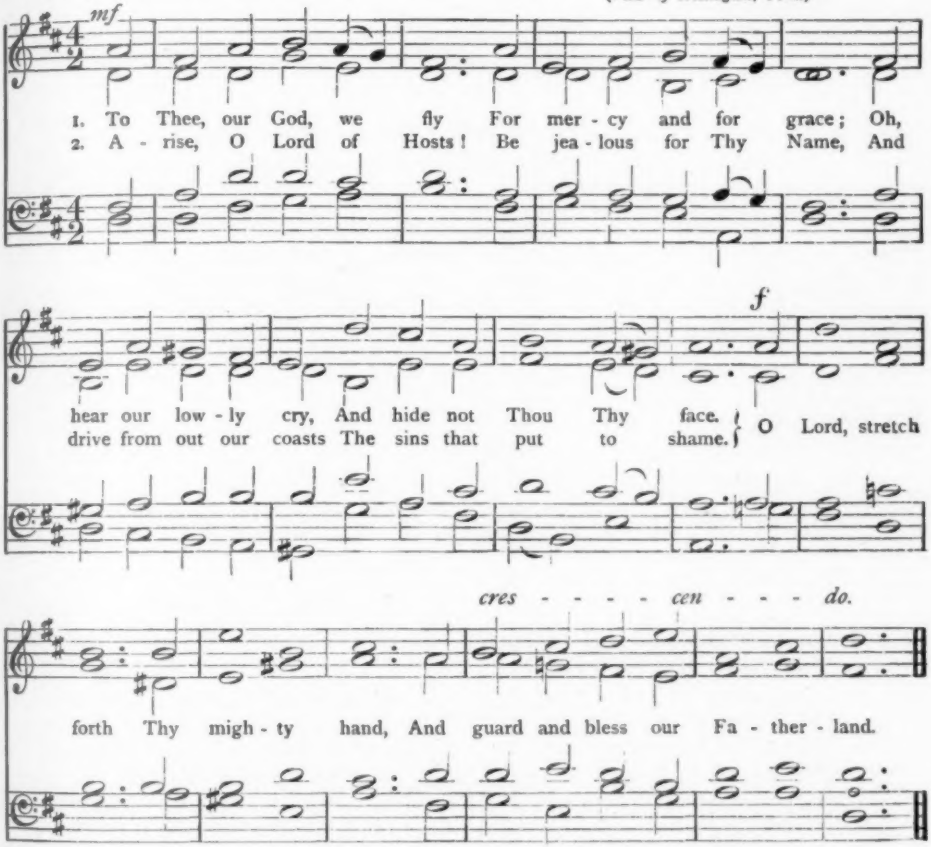


ONE OF THE FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

"To Thee, our God, we Fly."

Words by BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus. Oxon.
(Vicar of Healington, York.)



3. Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, etc.

4. Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
O Lord, etc.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF PENITENCE.

By the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, M.A., Canon of Norwich, and General Superintendent of the Church Parochial Mission Society.

"Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight."—PSALM li. 4.

A WELL-KNOWN contemporary preacher has observed in one of his most interesting sermons that this is not a penitential age, and surely this witness is true. Some of us who have been long engaged in evangelising work cannot help contrasting the moral phenomena of to-day with those which obtained a quarter of a century ago in this respect. It was then a much more common thing to see people completely broken down under a sense of sin, and exhibiting every sign of spiritual distress—sometimes even of anguish of heart—under the convicting influence of the Holy Spirit. To-day these indications of profound contrition and spiritual distress are much more rarely to be witnessed; and it is the exception when we notice anything much more marked than that serious regret for the past, which is the necessary condition of all hope for the future.

When we seek to discover the causes of this change, a good many different explanations present themselves to our minds, each of which may have had something to do with bringing it about. To begin with, possibly we are more affected than we know by current theories of evolution. I am not discussing now whether these are true or false, but merely indicating what I conceive to be one of the effects of these speculations so widely diffused throughout modern society.

As long as man regarded himself as something nearly approaching a fallen angel, it was natural that a sense of shame and degradation, on account of sin, should powerfully affect him. When, on the other hand, he looks upon himself as a highly improved and developed animal, it would seem to be equally natural that he should congratulate himself on his moral elevation over his brute ancestors, even if he may admit that he has not yet attained to an ideal condition. It may, perhaps, be said that the masses do not study evolution, and are therefore little likely to be affected by such considerations; but we must remember that the masses are influenced by what they read and what they hear; and that some such feeling as this is prevalent in the literature of the day, and in the conversation of cultured people, can, I think, hardly be denied.

In the next place, we may refer to the diminution of crime and the general improvement of morals, as contributing to the same result. We are very far from being what we ought to be, but we are a good deal better than we were; and we are full of hope for better things still in these respects, as education becomes more universal and legislation confines our national temptations within narrower limits. There is also the hope that social and sanitary reforms may in the future do more than they have done in the past towards elevating the moral tone.

But when we have made full allowance for the effects of each of these causes, we shall probably be very far from feeling that we have discovered an adequate explanation of the fact that we are considering. There is another cause which we need clearly to recognise, in order that we may the better be on our guard against it. It is my firm conviction that this indisposition to recognise the exceeding sinfulness of sin is chiefly

due to a subtle atmosphere of unbelief which pervades modern society, and influences, more than they are themselves aware, multitudes of people who are very far from being professed sceptics, or even doubters.

All conviction of sin must depend upon our belief in the existence of God. Apart from this, there may be faults or indiscretions, or defects or excesses or wrong-doings towards our neighbours, but sin there c nnot be, unless there be a God to sin against and a divine law revealed as the measure of our sin. The disposition of sceptical thought in our own time has lain chiefly in the direction of doubt of the Divine Personality. Intelligent doubters will admit, with a great philosopher who has so recently passed away, Herbert Spencer, that there must be a force behind all phenomena to which these themselves are due; but, inasmuch as this force lies beyond all sense-perception, we can know nothing about it, and therefore can stand under no moral obligation towards it.

Hence it is as impossible to sin against it as it would be to sin against the laws of Nature. If we fly in the face of Nature's laws we know that we shall suffer for it, but we are not on that account overwhelmed with penitential distress. If I fling myself from a cliff I may count upon broken bones and other injuries, even if I am fortunate enough to escape with my life. I have trifled with the great law of gravitation, and I shall have to rue my folly; but, whatever I may suffer as the result of this, I shall be conscious of no compunction, no penitential regret directed towards that particular law of Nature which I have defied.

Similarly, there can be no sense of compunction or penitential distress towards this mysterious power in the background of all being, not even if I am assured that it "works for righteousness," still less if I know nothing about its moral qualities. Now I am persuaded that many people who would be far from accepting this agnostic position with respect to God are yet sufficiently affected by it to lose to a great extent that keen sense of Divine Personality upon which all deep conviction of sin must depend; and hence they are devoid of any feelings of contrition, and indeed seem almost incapable of experiencing them.

But it may perhaps be questioned whether it is altogether desirable that we should have such a deep sense of guilt, and be thus weighed down with penitential distress at the thought of our follies and shortcomings, as well as our actual transgressions. To such an inquiry, from the Christian standpoint the answer cannot be doubtful. A shallow and superficial estimate of sin must necessarily induce carelessness of life, and thus contribute to deterioration of character; while, at the same time, it must rob the soul of that intense gratitude towards God for His pardoning love, which must ever be the source of all true spiritual devotion. Once we begin to look upon sin as a mere trifle, God will become unnecessary to us. We can afford to dispense with His divine intervention when we so little dread that which is His opposite; nor will there be any occasion for us to love much, because we have had much forgiven, if we do not believe that there is *much* in our lives that needs to be forgiven.

We conclude, then, that a deep sense of sin and a true contrition is one of the most important conditions of all satisfactory spiritual experience; but having said this, we must carefully guard ourselves against being misunderstood, as if we were making a *sine quâ non* of certain religious "frames and feelings."

Far be it from us to lay undue stress on mere emotional experiences. These must always be, to a great extent, a mere matter of temperament. Some people are much more easily moved to tears than others, and sometimes those who seem to feel least really feel most. Nor need we torment ourselves by examining and scrutinising our own feelings in this respect. Our wisdom lies rather in exposing ourselves to those influences which may induce a true and deep contrition, however it may express itself. Of course, it is the special work of the Holy Spirit to bring about conviction of sin, and we may trust Him to be ever ready to do the work that specially belongs to Him. It is for us to inquire how we may co-operate with Him in this respect by exposing ourselves as fully as possible to His sacred influences.

When we ask the question, How may we hope to induce such a sense of penitential distress at the thought of our sins as shall dispose us to value God's pardon, and (as one of our mission hymns well puts it), "to hate what we deplore?" the answer to our inquiry is surely implied in what we have had occasion to say about the cause of this so common defect.

If the loss of the sense of the Divine Personality militates more than anything else against true penitence, then we shall best contribute to bringing this about, so far as this lies with us, by such a presentation of the Divine Personality to our minds as shall bring out in strong relief the contrast between God's

dealings with us, as an actual living Person, possessed of sensibilities similar in kind to our own, though probably much more delicate, and our dealings with Him.

We need to see sin in the light of God's personal love to us, and to regard it as a personal outrage against that love, if our hearts are to be moved to true contrition. "Against Thee only have I sinned!" exclaimed the Hebrew monarch as he lay prone in the dust before God, sobbing out his heart-broken confessions. This was the point to which the Holy Spirit led him. His atrocious crimes against man seemed to him to be engulfed in a vaster and even more heinous offence against God.

His bygone life passed in review before his remorseful gaze. He saw himself once more a shepherd boy, singled out by a divine choice from amongst his peers, and raised as by the hand of God to high estate. He thought of how he had been delivered in those early days from the lion and from the bear, and from that still more terrible antagonist the gigantic Philistine. He thought of all his sufferings through the implacable animosity of Saul, and of how God's faithfulness and truth had delivered him from them all. And then there came the appalling contrast between all this unmerited goodness and the cursed sin that had indeed given occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme; and with that contrast a sense of base ingratitude that crushed and humiliated his soul, nay, a conviction of heartless treachery that made him loathe himself. And thus, "out of the depths" of self-despair he stretched his hands towards the mercy-seat.

And have we no similar contrasts to dwell upon? If God be our Father, what has been our response to His fatherly love? Have we forgotten Him days without number? While He has been surrounding us with privileges and favours, have we been drawing upon His bounty only to grieve and disappoint Him? Has His Holy Spirit followed us with persevering assiduity, only to be resisted and repelled over and over again, until we fairly marvel at His patience in that He still pursues us with the pleadings of His love? Have we wilfully preferred our sins and worldliness to His divine call, and turned away from Him to cling to the very things that He would fain save us from?

And, most of all, have we done despite to a Saviour's dying love? Have we been amongst the passers-by to whom His Cross has appealed in vain? and has His plaintive voice of sorrow, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" fallen in our case upon deafened ears? Have all His sorrows and pains, His anguish, His loneliness, the very breaking of His heart for us, appealed to us in vain? Have we, as it were, trampled His blood under our feet, and thrust aside the hand that pressed upon us the blood-bought gift of everlasting life?

Against Thee only—against Thee, Thou Father of love—against Thee, Thou unwearied Spirit of grace—against Thee, Thou great hero and victim of our race, the glory of our manhood, and yet the most despised of men—against Thee, and against Thee only, have I sinned. Ah! it is when we realise this that sin becomes truly loathsome, and the heart that it had made as adamant, yielding to the melting influence of triumphant love, becomes that "broken and contrite heart" which that same love that has made it what it is can never despise.



AT THE FOOT OF THE PILLAR.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIMEON STYLITES.

By the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, M.A.

FULL forty feet above the road the Stylite, or pillar-man, stood perched on his dizzy platform. From his vantage he could see far into the country on one side, and into the distant town of Antioch, at the foot of the hill, on the other. Worn by his fasting, tanned and shrunken by exposure, with a great chain fastening him to a post in the centre of the platform, he looked like some giant eagle in captivity.

He seldom looked deliberately at the view, regarding any such useless amusement as a snare to draw him away from the contemplation of heavenly things; yet his many years on the pillar-top had given him an unconscious power of taking in everything that went on below.

Even when he stood up all day on the Festivals of the Church, with his arms stretched up motionless to the sky, or when he knelt in meditation, with his head bent to his knees, his sense of observation told him of everything that passed in the road beneath.

It was the ninth hour of the day, when it was his custom to speak to those who came to consult him, or to preach to the crowds which gathered to see him. On the hill-side a tribe of Arabs had pitched their tents, having journeyed from the Armenian plains to visit the shrine of the Christian anchorite whose name was reverenced amongst their nation. They sat in their white *burnouses* in a circle round the pillar, surrounded by a second crowd of people from the neighbouring town, who had come out of motives of curiosity.

Simeon rose from his prayers with difficulty, and advanced to the edge of the platform. The people stood up.

"Are there any priests of God who desire to speak to me, the unworthy?" he asked. No one replied. "Are there any from the Emperor or the magistrates?" he continued, for it was well known that Leo himself consulted Simeon on affairs of state.

Again no one replied, and the Stylite thereupon addressed himself to the waiting crowd. There is no need for his address to be given in detail. He who runs may read of it, and many others, in his life by the historian Antony, who was his disciple. He spoke to those wild Arabs of One who was God, and yet not a far-off and awe-inspiring Deity to be propitiated, but One who, having made the world, left not the world alone, but had entered it Himself to taste, nay to drink deep of the cup which every man must take. A true Son of Man, sympathising with brother-man, and at the same time a God, able to help His creatures, ever ready to hear them, ever pouring out His water of life to fill their dry, desert wells.

As he concluded, a chariot driven furiously down the great road that led from Seleucia, the port of Antioch, swung into the midst of the crowd. The horses, brought to a sudden check, reared back upon their haunches as the people scattered right and left. The Roman gentleman, sitting in the car, called to his driver to lash them on, with an impatient oath; and the driver brought his whip sharply across their foaming flanks. They sprang forward again; the crowd veered and wavered; a woman, with a child by her side, screamed, as the little one tripped and fell in the very path of the chariot.

In a moment it would have driven over her body, when a young man flung himself at the reins, and stopped them within a foot of the child.

"Shame on you, Æmilian," he cried. "Are you so put to it that you must run over women and children?"

Æmilian swore at his opponent. "Out of the way, Eulogius; out of the way." By all the god – the saints, you shall pay for this. I am on Imperial business."

"You are free to go on, my lord," answered the younger man, releasing his hold as the mother snatched her child away.

Æmilian, for some private reason evidently exasperated, seized the whip and cut fiercely at Eulogius's head. The latter only saved himself by a quick leap out of range.

"In the name of the Saviour," came the Stylite's voice, hoarse and thunderous, "Æmilian, Sub-Prefect, what scenes are these, for

this pillar, and for me? Go gently, or it shall go hard with you. Have I no influence—— ?"

Æmilian looked up with a frown, and let his whip fall to his side.

"Your pardon, Father," he said. "I—I forgot myself."

"It is no uncommon thing," said the girl who, separating herself from the crowd, had run to Eulogius' side.

"Ah, the lady Eunice," said the Roman. "I was not aware that the fortunate Eulogius had two champions—again. May I have the honour of driving you back to Antioch, lady ?"

The girl drew back with a quick flush. "It pleases Æmilian to jest," said the other man with a quiet contempt.

A snarl escaped the Roman's lips, but he checked himself as the Stylite, ignorant of their conversation, broke in upon them.

"Peace ?" he said. "That is well. Now, my lord, tell us the news. What brings your chariot red-hot from the harbour ?"

"I have not time to tell the tale now, holy Father," was the reply. "The Emperor's army has been defeated in Africa ; the Arian rebels have won the day. But there has been treachery."

A deep groan escaped from the crowd, and even Simeon's eyebrows met in a deep frown.

"And how came you, Æmilian, to know at Seleucia what happened in Africa ?" the Stylite asked.

"A trireme brought the news," said Æmilian. "Here are documents——"

"Send them up to me," demanded Simeon peremptorily, throwing from the pillar a long cord.

"Your pardon, Father," Æmilian said, perturbed. "I am to take them at once to the Council of the town."

"What ?" thundered Simeon. "You refuse ? Am I not to know ? Will not my advice be sought ? Very well, then ; the Emperor shall know that Æmilian——"

"Nay, nay, Father," said the Roman, with some agitation. "If—if—I may have them later to-night, with your comments, that shall serve. We will wait—we will wait."

He drew a bundle of parchments from his breast, and quickly fastened them to the cord. The Stylite placed them within the little shelter like a sentry box, which the Emperor had insisted on building for him on his platform, while Æmilian drove off, and the crowd dispersed, buzzing over the news.

The Stylite spent some time on his knees, reading the papers with dim eyes. They told a dismal tale. A punitive expedition sent by the Emperor to Alexandria had failed ; the general in command, Basiliscus, had disappeared ; there seemed no doubt that monies levied for the support of the army had been diverted as bribes to the conspirators, in league with the enemy. A complicated story to unravel, but the basest treachery plain through it all. Its effect on the people would be felt in scarcity of corn, which was drawn very largely from Egypt. Its effect in Antioch Simeon could not gauge. One thing was evident : the 1,000 talents drawn as war-tax from Antioch had gone with the rest of the bribe.

Two nights later, Simeon, meditating in the darkness, was startled to hear the unmistakable sound of sobbing at the foot of the pillar. It was very dark, and he could discern nothing below ; but the hour was late for anyone to be out of the town, and after listening a moment he called out.

"Who is there ?" he cried. "Fear not. Is it to tell me of some grief you are here ? Speak, I am awake."

"It is I, Father," answered a voice from below. "I, Eunice, the Prefect's daughter."

"I know you, maiden. I have seen you here in the daylight often with—with—Eulogius."

"Yes, Father. It is for him I weep. He is my lover, and yesterday he was accused of conspiring with Basiliscus——"

"By whom, lady ?" asked the Stylite, with sudden interest.

"By Æmilian, Father. He has been tried and condemned. Æmilian showed letters in proof. And—oh, God—he is to be executed to-morrow, unless——"

Her voice broke, and she gave way to uncontrollable sobbing. Simeon waited a little. "Come, child," he said at last. "What is this 'unless' ?"

"Eulogius and I are betrothed, Father. We made our *provisio* before the Bishop two months ago. But Æmilian also desires me, and he has offered to save Eulogius if I will consent to marry him."

"And you ?"

"I could not do it. Oh, I could not. Not even to save Eulogius."

"I am right glad to hear you," said the Stylite. "Now listen, child. I have the means to save Eulogius, maybe. (God be praised," he added to himself, "that I did

not send back all the parchments to the Council.") "Go to your father," he continued aloud, "and tell him that I must see him to-morrow morning at all hazards before the execution. Tell him I conjure him by his loyalty to the Emperor, to the Lord——"

"I cannot, I dare not, Father."

"What?" The hermit's tone expressed his supreme surprise. "Why not? What have you done?"

The girl began to weep again. "I could not let Eulogius die," she said, "so I bribed my tiring-maid——"

"Hush! Speak softly. I am quick of hearing," the hermit interrupted. The girl sank her voice. "Eulogius is in my father's prison," she continued, "and my maid has been sporting with one of the jailors. I bribed them both—it was easy—to give Eulogius the opportunity of escape. The message I sent to him was that he should meet me here. I meant to ask for your protection for him, Father."

It had come to be a recognised thing that any accused person might claim the shadow of the pillar as sanctuary, and Simeon saw the girl's plan at once.

"So I dare not go back to my father," Eunice continued. "By this time he must know all. That is what is killing me with suspense. Why has not Eulogius come? He should have been here an hour ago. Ah! what is this?"

There arose a confused noise of shouting from far down the road. From his vantage the hermit could see the flickering of torches in motion as the bearers ran.

"Keep still, girl," he called. "In a moment we shall know."

The noise came swiftly nearer. One man's voice singled itself out above the rest. "Catch him, you hounds. Quick, or you will be too late! Shall I flog you into speed?"

A dim, panting form slipped through the darkness to the base of the pillar. "Sanctuary, Father, sanctuary!"

It was Eulogius' voice, faint and trembling, Eunice flung her arms about him, and drew him into the shadow. The pursuing soldiers came up, halting within arm's throw of the pillar. Æmilian, behind, blind with rage, screamed at them to drag him away, to attack him where he stood. He even flung his spear, which struck the pillar with an angry clangour.

"Æmilian, Æmelian!" Simeon's voice rang out. "Again you would profane this spot with blood. Touch this man at your peril. Move but one step nearer, and I will call down God's curse——"

The superstitious Roman was not proof against the hermit's threats. He had heard the strange stories of Simeon's power.

"He is a malefactor, Father," he cried. "Escaped even now. He is to die at sunrise. He had a fair trial. Had it not been that I suspected that he might be set free, and kept watch myself outside the prison, he would have got safely away."

"As it is," said Eunice, advancing, "you have set upon him with your men and wounded him sorely, but he is safe—safe from you now."

Æmilian started at the sudden appearance of the girl. "You have heard this girl's story, doubtless, Father," he cried; "but I demand my rights. Let him be escorted back to the prison."

"God's rights come first, my son," said Simeon quietly. "Stay you here and guard him, if you will; but he shall not die till I also have adjudged his cause."

In vain Æmilian pleaded, blustered, threatened. With a decision that was almost fanatical, Simeon held to his word, and the Sub-Prefect was forced to content himself with setting his men to guard the pillar until daybreak.

Eulogius and Eunice sat, shivering, with their backs to the pillar. The girl insisted on throwing her cloak round his shoulders, for he had escaped with but little on. So they sat there and whispered and prayed, while the hermit up above, deep in contemplation, stood watching for the dawn.

It came at last and shone upon the haggard and weary faces of Æmilian and his men. His two victims lay asleep, worn out.

The hermit was upon his knees, and none dared interrupt him. At last he rose, and advancing to the edge of the pillar, he bade Æmilian catch the ink and parchment which he was sending down upon his cord.

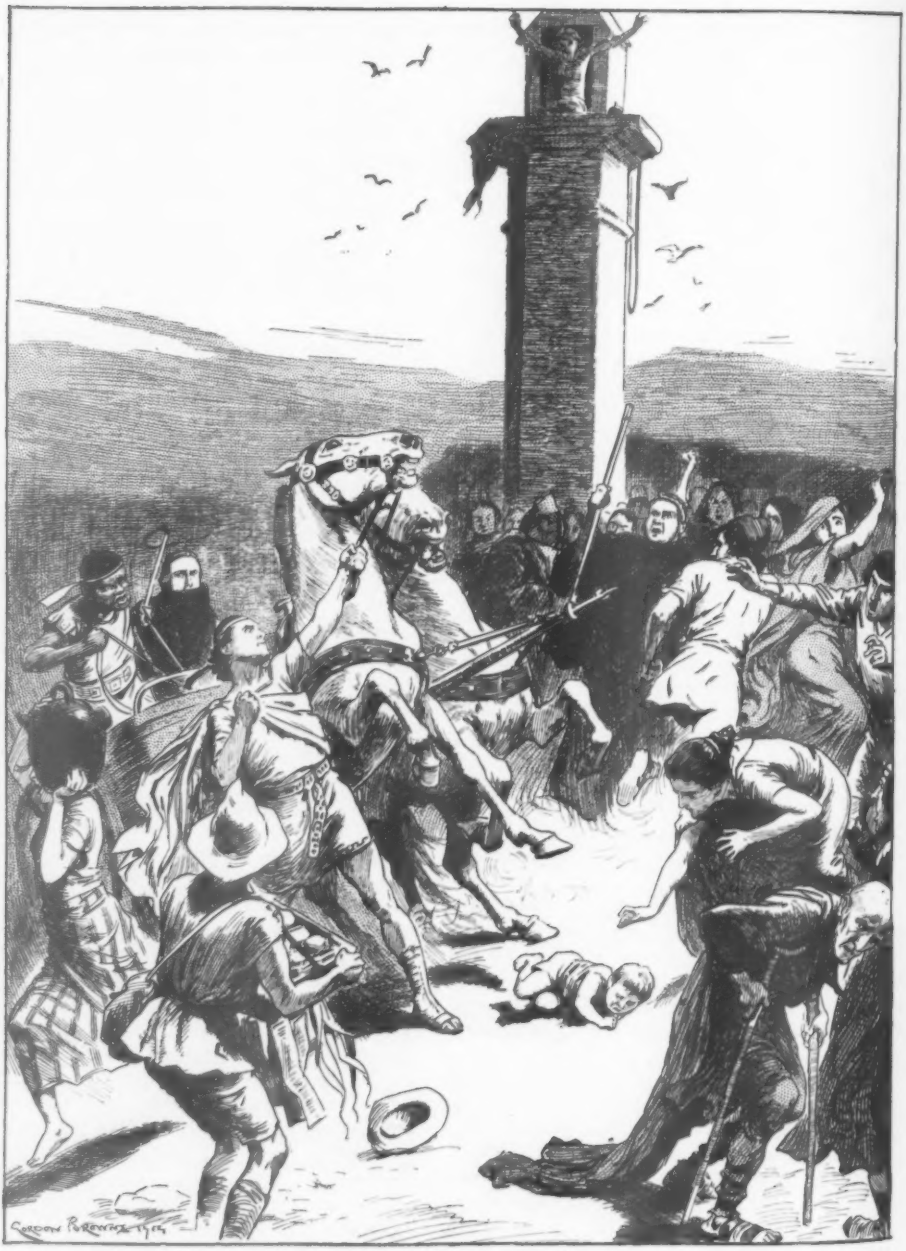
"My hands are numb with cold," he said. "I cannot write thus early in the morning. But the matter is urgent. Take pen and ink, and follow my dictation. Write, '*To the Prefect.*'"

"To the Prefect, Father?" Æmilian asked. "Can I not send a man?"

"Write my message," was the reply, "and then send you a man with it. Write."

Æmilian did so.

"*Eulogius, condemned to death for conspiring*



"A young man flung himself at the reins."—*p.* 913.

with Basiliscus, hath claimed sanctuary of the Pillar. Æmilian guards him till your arrival. Come hither at all speed, and let me hear also the grounds upon which the charge hath been made."

"Letters in his own handwriting, Father," Æmilian said, looking up.

"Indeed?" said the hermit composedly. "Then add, '*Bring with you, I beg, the letters and other proofs of his guilt, with a sufficient band of men to take him back with you if your justice prove also God's.*'"

The letter finished, Simeon ordered Æmilian to send it up to him to sign. The Stylite read it closely, with imperturbable face, and, signing it with cramped hand, returned it to the Sub-Prefect, who despatched it with all speed to Antioch. Again, without a word, the hermit turned to his prayers.

The minutes went slowly by, but they passed in silence. Eunice awoke with a little cry, realising quickly her situation. At her voice Eulogius leapt to his feet, as the Prefect, her father, accompanied by his men, galloped to the foot of the pillar.

Simeon explained the situation briefly. "Now," he said, "in the name of the God of justice, I stand here to listen to the charges on which this man was condemned."

The Prefect drew out the incriminating letters. "These were found in Eulogius' house," he said. "They are evidently rough drafts of others sent to Basiliscus. Read them for yourself, Father."

The hermit received them and scrutinised them carefully. "They are in the handwriting of Eulogius?" he asked.

"They are forgeries," Eulogius broke in. "Forgeries intended to ruin me."

"Silence," said the hermit. "Take pen and paper, and write as I dictate. '*I aver on my honour as a Christian man that I have never been in league with Basiliscus.*'"

Wondering at the command, Eulogius did so, and his document was sent up to the Stylite. Again the hermit peered at the writing; then, advancing to the edge of the pillar, he uttered a sentence which startled all who heard it.

"Æmilian," he asked, "will you confess your guilt, or shall I bring it home to you?"

Æmilian's hand flew to his sword with an oath. "Guilt?" he exclaimed. "I?"

"You!" said the Stylite, as the Prefect's men slipped quietly round the accused man. "You are guilty of conspiring, first of all against Eulogius, who stood in your way; you are guilty also of treachery to the Empire."

"'Tis false, false. I deny it. You have no proofs."

"The proofs are here," said the hermit solemnly. "With your own hand you have condemned yourself. 'Basiliscus' you have spelt thrice with a 'contract.' In these traitorous letters it is so spelt; in the message you wrote to the Prefect here you spelt it so; in these forged letters again it comes. But Eulogius here, writing equally unconsciously, has spelt it in full. I have no doubt that there are other similarities; but for the present '*Basiliscus*' condemns you."

So sudden and unexpected was the catastrophe that the wretched man had nothing to say. His lips moved; he half uttered some word, but it died unintelligible upon his tongue. Within a minute he was guarded, and in custody.

Then, and not till then, the hermit spoke again. "Eulogius also is prisoner," he said. "Deliver yourself up, my son, till justice, formally administered, shall set you free. And, Prefect, here is a daughter for you to guard until you can hand her over to another who loves her well. She will be a willing enough prisoner, eh, lady Eunice?"

Then as the advance guard of men set off, bearing the wretched Æmilian in their midst, and Eulogius, hand in hand with his lady, followed joyfully with the Prefect, the hermit stretched a solemn hand over the little company.

"Prefect, Prefect, take my words—nay, the Master's words—in your mind as you try yonder unhappy man: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' . . . . As we forgive, as we forgive," he murmured, as he sank down upon his knees and remained there—a lonely, gaunt effigy in bronze against the full, hot glare of the risen sun.

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JULY 17TH.—**Asa's Good Reign.**

Passage for reading—*2 Chron. xiv.* 1—12.

POINTS. 1. A reformation of religion.
2. Peace and prosperity.
3. Prayer followed by victory.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Religion Revived.** A baronet was one day examining the works of the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Bacon, and observed a bust of the great preacher, Mr. Whitefield, among them, which led him to remark, "After all that has been said, this was truly a great man. He was the founder of a new religion." "A new religion, sir?" replied Mr. Bacon. "Yes," said the baronet. "What else can you call it?" "Nothing new," was the reply; "but the old religion applied with new energy, and treated as if the preacher meant what he said."

The Blessing of Peace. At the close of the war (1812) some of the chief officers of the United States were in the city of New York on a dark afternoon in February, when the ship was sighted which was bringing back the commissioners from what was feared was their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any news from the vessel reached the city. Expectation had become painfully intense, when a boat touched the wharf, and it was at once known that a treaty of peace had been signed. Those who first heard the glad news rushed in breathless haste into the city to tell their friends, shouting, as they ran along the streets, "Peace! peace!" The cry was re-echoed from street to street, so that the news spread with almost electric speed. The whole city was in joyful commotion. Torches were lighted. Shouts of "Peace! peace!" were everywhere heard. For peace means prosperity, and prosperity brings happiness.

Victory or Death. Before the decisive battle of Bannockburn, an abbot, placing a small altar on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish Army. He then passed along the ranks, exhorting the Scots in a few forcible words to fight for their rights and liberty. The Scots kneeled down. "They yield!" cried King Edward. "See, they implore mercy!" "They do," said one of his generals; "but not mercy from us. On that field they will be victorious or die." (*Sir Walter Scott.*)

JULY 24TH.—**Jehoshaphat's Reforms.**

Passage for reading—*2 Chron. xix.* 1—11.

POINTS. 1. The King takes reproof rightly.
2. Religion revives under his influence.
3. Judges are instructed as to their duties.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Reproof and Its Application.** A clergyman once talking with a nobleman who swore profanely in conversation, expressed satisfaction in the thought that there is a God who judges the world, and will hereafter make retribution to all according to their works, "and will, my lord," he added, "make a difference between him that sweareth and him that feareth an oath." His lordship answered: "I thank you, sir, for your freedom. I understand your meaning, and will try to make a good use of it." The clergyman answered: "I have also to thank you, my lord, for saving me the most difficult part of the discourse—namely, *the application.*"

Influence for Good. In a country churchyard in England a little white stone marks the grave of a dear little cottage girl. On the stone were chiselled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"

Love of Justice. While Athens was governed by thirty tyrants, Socrates, the philosopher, was summoned to the Senate House, and ordered to go with some others to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way that they might seize his estate. Socrates flatly refused, and added his reasons. "I will never," he said, "willingly assist in an unjust act." The chairman of the Senate sharply replied, "Do you think, Socrates, to talk always in this high style, and not to suffer for it?" "Far from it," he said. "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly."

JULY 31ST.—**Omri and Ahab.**

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xvi.* 23—33.

POINTS. 1. Omri's great wickedness.
2. Ahab's disastrous marriage.
3. The country flooded with idolatry.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Qualifications for Wickedness.** A gay young fellow who boasted of his vices was

expatiating one day on the qualifications necessary to form a perfect and accomplished libertine. Having finished his tirade, he turned to one of the company present, who seemed to take his remarks very gravely, and whom, therefore, he wished to insult, and asked him his opinion. The gentleman very drily replied: "It appears to me, sir, that you have omitted two of the most important and necessary qualifications." "Indeed! And pray, what may they be?" "An excessively weak head and a thoroughly bad heart." The rake was silent, and soon afterwards left the room.

A Wife's Influence. "Rebekah," said a dying husband to the wife who bent over him in remorseful agony, "I am a lost man. You opposed our family worship and my private prayers. You drew me away into temptation, and led me to neglect every religious duty. I believe my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my everlasting ruin." Truly terrible in eternity will be the re-union of those who helped each other on the downward road.

Multitude of Idols. There were many idols in one of the Polynesian islands. But a native teacher was beginning to make his way in setting forth the true and only God. The people came to him one day, and asked him to throw their gods away, because if they remained, the people would, out of fear, give offerings to them. So he began at one end of the island, and went on to the other end. He found 215 stone gods, and it took him two days to break them up. There were three stones larger than the others, which were supposed to be superior gods. The teacher took some of the food lying in front of one of these. The people cried out, expecting him to fall down dead. There was one god for about every five of the people.

AUGUST 7TH.—God Taking Care of Elijah.

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xvii.* 1—16.

POINTS. GOD'S PROVIDENCES.
1. Punishment of an idolatrous nation.
2. Care of His servant Elijah.
3. Blessing on a believing widow.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **No Difference in Judgment.** It was my lot to be in the great Chicago fire. As the flames rolled down the streets I saw the great and rich fleeing before the fire with the beggar and the thief. All were alike. It was like the Judgment day. Not the mayor nor the mighty men could stop the flames. All were on a level then, and many who were worth hundreds of thousands were left paupers that night. So it was with the Deluge. Noah's ark was worth more than all the world. So it was in Ahab's time. King and steward, rich and poor, were all affected. It was God's judgment for sin, and not till the people repented did the rain come. So will it be in the Judgment day. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the ungodly and sinners appear?" (*Moody.*)

Interposition of Providence. In the time of the Commonwealth many ministers of the Church of England were ejected from their livings. One of them, being pursued by enemies, sought refuge in a malt-house, and crept into the kiln. Immediately afterwards he observed a spider fixing the first line of a large and beautiful web across the narrow entrance. By the time the web was finished his pursuers came to search for him. He heard one of them say, "It's of no use to look in there. Look at that spider's web. The old villain could never have got in there without breaking it."

Living by Faith. In Bristol, the founder of the great orphanage continued to live without any regular income, yet God never allowed him nor his orphan children to want. Sometimes it happened that there was no money left, and all the provisions in the house were gone—a trying state of things indeed. But help always came. They put their trust in Him, and were not confounded.

AUGUST 14TH.—Obadiah and Elijah.

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xviii.* 1—16.

POINTS. 1. Obadiah fears God.
2. Befriends the people of God.
3. Believes the Word of God by His prophet.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Influence of the Fear of God.** A weary day had been passed in visiting a wretched neighbourhood. Its scenes were sad and sickening. Famine, want, drunkenness, and other sins were all reigning there. But a surprise awaited us. On opening a door, we stepped into a comfortable room. Its walls were hung with prints; the furniture shone, and a bright fire was dancing merrily over a bright hearth. It was an oasis in the desert. We whispered to one another, "Surely the fear of God is in this place. This must be the home of those who fear God." And so it proved to be. (*Dr. Guthrie.*)

Timely Charity. At a corner of Russell Square an old woman had for several years kept an apple-stall. Standing at the window one very wet day, Judge Talfourd observed the poor old woman in her usual place, crouching down, wet through with the pelting rain. He hastily put on his coat and hat, rushed off into the rain, bought an enormous gig umbrella, and placed it triumphantly over the old woman. "Wasn't it a glorious thought?" he was heard to say. "The thing actually covered her and her apple-stall, too."

Reward of Faith. Sir W. Napier one day in his walk met a little girl sobbing over a jug she had broken. She, in her innocence, asked him to mend it. He told her he could not mend it, but would give her sixpence to buy a new one if she would meet him there at the same time the next day, as he had no money with him. When he returned home, he found an invitation waiting for him which he particularly wished to accept. But he could not then have met the child at the time appointed; so he declined the invitation, saying: "I could not disappoint her; she trusted in me so implicitly."

XUM

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONER.

ONE of the most successful Temperance missioners now before the public is the Rev. Leonard M. Isitt, of New Zealand, who is at present on a visit to this country. When he was here a few years ago he produced a very deep impression, and attracted



(Photo : Eden.)

THE REV. LEONARD M. ISITT.

large audiences in all parts of the country. Mr. Isitt has recently led a crusade in Chelsea, under the auspices of the Children's Protection League, and the meetings have been presided over by the Bishop of London, the Archdeacon of Middlesex, and other distinguished personages. One marked feature of Mr. Isitt's orations is the wealth of illustration which he brings to bear upon the Temperance argument; "from grave to gay, from lively to severe" is the keynote of his style. He is an ardent and convinced prohibitionist, and, while recognising that an old country cannot immediately reform its legislative methods, Mr. Isitt is not slow to point out, from his own experience, in how many ways the Colonies furnish examples of the first importance for an effective dealing with the thorny problems of the evils of intemperance. As becomes a Christian minister, a deep religious fervour gives force to his appeals, and he has the great encouragement of winning over large numbers of thoughtful and earnest people, who would scarcely be affected by the conventional Temperance meeting. For reviving the work, and giving a fresh impetus to the movement in populous places, Mr. Isitt is certainly the man for these times, and, as his knowledge of the Temperance cause has been gained in many parts of the world by direct personal observation under the most favourable conditions for obtaining facts at first hand, he is in the position of being able to present the case for total abstinence with a freshness which is quite delightful. We advise those who have not yet heard him to take an early opportunity of doing so.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE'S TESTIMONY.

We have received many gratifying letters with regard to the reprint of Archdeacon Wilberforce's powerful contribution to our columns, "Why I am an Abstainer." The distinguished position of the writer as Chaplain to the Speaker, and Canon and Archdeacon of Westminster, apart altogether from his magnificent services to the Temperance movement, give an especial value to his remarkable testimony. The pamphlet is published at 1d. per copy, and supplied in quantities of 50 for 2s. 9d., and 100 copies for 5s. Orders may be given to any bookseller, or sent direct to the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Company, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C. As the large edition is almost exhausted, early application will be necessary. Workers who want to do something practical during the holiday season should lay in a supply of Archdeacon Wilberforce's testimony for distribution during their rambles in the country and at the seaside.

THE LICENSING BILL.

At the time of writing it is quite impossible to forecast the fate of this important measure in Committee. A forest of amendments has to be dealt with, friends of the Bill as well as its fiercest opponents being responsible for many suggested alterations. The leading Temperance organisations have left no stone unturned to influence Members of Parliament; while the many large and representative demonstrations in all parts of the country must have done much to "spread the light" among the general public. It is needless to say that "The Trade" is well taking care of its own interests; but there is a growing conviction among Temperance people that an eminent statesman was not very far astray when he said that, if the State does not throttle "'The Trade,' 'The Trade' will soon throttle the State."

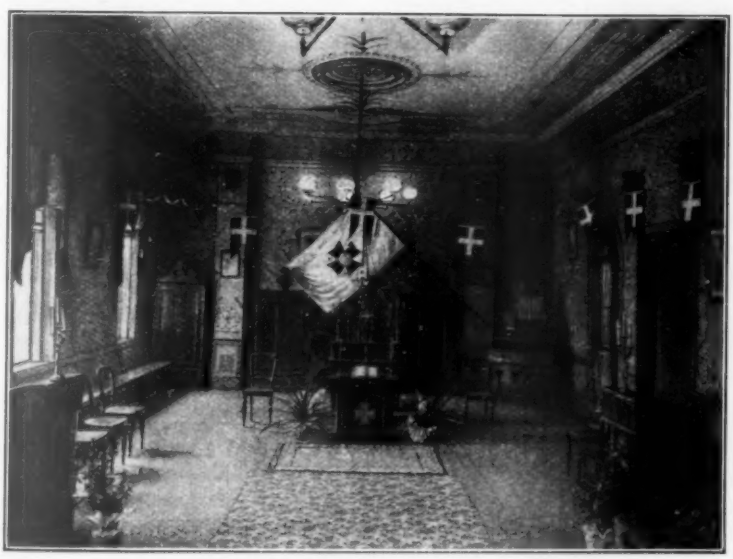
A NOVEL CRUSADE.

In a popular seaside resort, which for the present shall be nameless, a few of the leading members of the local branch of the C.E.T.S.

have put their heads together to improve the internal and external appearance of the local refreshment rooms. They have quietly visited the various houses and pointed out to the respective managers the importance of smartening up the houses inside and out. Offers of growing plants in pots have been made, and in the case of one establishment a complete refurnishing of new cups and saucers and plates has been provided gratuitously, conditional upon the proprietor paying for a new rig-out of spoons and knives and forks. No doubt an eye will be given to the tablecloths, a very dismal feature of many refreshment rooms; but, after all, the main thing is to see that the persons in charge really understand the making of a cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa, for although the accessories are important, the "refreshments" themselves in too many cases need improving.

A DANISH TEMPLAR LODGE-ROOM.

We give an illustration of a Good Templar Lodge-room at Svendborg, Denmark. The picture shows the lower end of the apartment, where the Vice-Templar sits when the lodge is in session. In front of that officer is a small altar, on which is the Bible. It will be seen that at each of the officers' tables there are candles, which when candidates are brought into the room are lighted, even although the apartment is illuminated by a dozen or more gas jets. The candles, however, explain a curious custom of the Danes, as illustrated in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," in which the genial Bishop, who is entertaining an escaped criminal at his table, gently reproaches his housekeeper for not bringing out the extra silver candlesticks with lights in honour of his guest! So in the Good Templar Lodge-rooms, in special services, when new candidates are being welcomed, or distinguished visitors received, the candles are always lighted in their honour and extinguished when the ceremony of introduction is over.



GOOD TEMPLARS' LODGE-ROOM AT SVENDBORG, DENMARK.

PROGRESS IN THE ARMY.

According to recent returns collected by the Army Temperance Association, there are now 26,171 total abstainers in the Army in England, and 24,000 in the Army in India. One of the most gratifying features of the work is that about one-third of the recruits sign the pledge soon after enlisting. A large percentage of officers are active members of the Temperance Association, and their excellent example is a powerful factor in popularising the work in the ranks.

ANOTHER ABSTAINING BISHOP.

The correspondent to whom we supplied some time ago a long list of teetotal Bishops must add another name to the number. The Right Rev. St. Clair Donaldson, the new Bishop of Brisbane, is an abstainer, and takes a keen interest in the Temperance movement generally. While he was Vicar of the parish of St. Mary-of-Eton, Hackney Wick, he had one of the largest and best worked Bands of Hope in the diocese of London.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Only Two Hours.

IT is one of the latest boasts of Western Canada, towards whose welcoming and fertile shores so many emigrants from our bleak island are tending, that she now sets the standard in corn for the whole world. The superiority of her grain is stated to be due to the singular fact that during the most critical agricultural months of the year she is blessed with two hours' extra sunshine every day over all other corn-producing countries. What would "two hours' extra sunshine," in the way of kindness and good deeds, do for the ripening and mellowing of the Christian character? How much would "two hours' extra sunshine," in the way of additional work for missions, on the part of churches and individuals, do towards the great ingathering of that spiritual harvest of the world, for which the fields are already white!

How Little Have I Served?

SOME time ago, before military reforms had become the order of the day, an officer wrote: "The life of a British officer consists in trying at all times to get leave of absence, and in this pursuit I have not been wholly unsuccessful." It is a poor boast that we have been enabled to shirk work in life, and one that nobody would like to make upon his deathbed. Rather we should try to be so serviceable that we shall be missed when we die. We are to bear one another's burdens, and not to put our burdens upon others. Let us not try to discover how little, but how much, we can serve as Christian soldiers in the war in which the Church Militant is engaged.

Caught up from the Crevasse.

"WE were about to rope ourselves together," says an Alpine climber, "when the apparently solid snow gave way, and I found myself flying down between dark walls of ice. Suddenly my fall was arrested by my becoming jammed into the narrowing crevasse; my knees pressed against the opposite side of the chasm, my heels resting on a ledge of frozen snow. Some fifty feet overhead appeared amid the darkness a round bright blue spot, my only glimpse of the upper world. My companion's voice called down into my living tomb that he would seek help from a hut not far away. Fearing I might fall further, I cut with my ice-axe two hand-holes in front of me, and then began with a large penknife to pick holes on each side of a projecting knob of ice, through which I passed, and knotted tightly, the loose end of the rope which happened to be round me. This device might, I thought, uphold me, should all other supports give way. But at this moment sounded down the call, 'Help is near!' and there, far above in the bright blue space, hung a little black cord, moving rapidly down—truly a messenger of life! There yet remained the peril of my being drawn upwards ere I could unfasten my own rope from the ice projection, and for a few moments I was in imminent danger of being dragged asunder; but, free at last, I shouted, 'Now, now!' and was quickly safe above on solid ground." In this thrilling story I read a striking allegory. How truly is each human soul fallen deep down away from God, in Whom alone is life; and helpless, as that traveller in the crevasse, are we to lift ourselves into safety, light, eternal life. Like him, we often cast out grapplings of our own devising to preserve ourselves, as we hope, from perdition; but, alas! how often, unlike him, we cling on to these, regardless of the only true salvation—deliverance which must come from above. Nor can any human help, however sympathetic, however spiritual, raise us from death to life, any more than could that friend alone help the fallen traveller. Only the strong cord of Christ's redeeming love can save us. The song of the ransomed, begun on earth, never ending in heaven, will be: "He sent *from above*," "He took me out of the horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock."

No Hair-Splitting Charity.

WHEN they were making one of the temples in the Japanese town of Kyoto, the ropes used to move the huge wooden beams were unable to bear the great strain that was put upon them, and broke. Thereupon the women of Kyoto all sent contributions of the hair of their heads. These were made into ropes that were strong enough to do the work. The writer has seen the great coil of them, which is kept at the temple as a memorial of the women's self-sacrifice. It is easy, if one has money, to write a cheque for charity, but to give time and

trouble costs as much as it must have done to these heathen women to part with their hair. Think of this, British Christian women, and do something similar.

Clear Shining after Rain.

"What a disappointment, and after such an expenditure of time, and toil and money!" I exclaimed, as there burst forth a thunderstorm, with a deluge of rain. We were keeping high holiday in Havre, where an international competition of fire-engines was arranged, bringing crowds of visitors from all the country round. Streets and squares and public buildings were gaily decked; the main thoroughfare of the city with special elaborateness and brilliancy. Innumerable archways of evergreens, spangled with lamps of every hue, spanned the broad street. Alas! on the day when the actual illumination was to take place, this terrible storm at noontide threatened to mar the whole. "All those pretty lamps must be destroyed," I remarked, for my last experience of such a scene had been in Shanghai, where the Chinese lanterns dropped one after another from their festoons, soddened quickly by the heavy rain. "Do not be disquieted; the lamps will be all right," my friends replied. "The globes are of celluloid and absolutely waterproof, and are furnished with electric lights." In fact, when the storm passed over and evening fell, out shone the gay lights with a brilliancy which no storm, wind or heavy rain could dim. The thought arose in my mind, how blessed would it be were our spirits thus illumined by a brightness which earth's chances and changes cannot affect! So it should be, so it may be, for each one into whose heart has shone "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." That heaven-sent current is beyond the reach of all earthly influences, however stormy, however depressing. Linked on by simple faith to "the true Light," "the light of life," *our* light will shine steadfastly before all men, to the glory of our Father in heaven; aye, and in blessed contrast to the ever-waning lights of time, that heavenly radiance will "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

An American Boy Preacher.

The congregation of Bethany Free Baptist Church, of Whitman, Massachusetts, is one of the most numerous in this town, and worships in one of the largest edifices in this section of the State, but is led by a seventeen year old boy, who, perhaps, has had as varied an experience during his short life as any preacher filling an American pulpit. Edward Hersey Brewster was called by the congregation after hearing him preach what was considered the most eloquent sermon ever delivered within Bethany's walls, but at the age of five he was appearing in public in theatricals. Since then he has seen service as a messenger boy, carrying telegrams and other missives. After discarding the uniform of the messenger, he gave readings from Shakespeare, Byron, and other authors at the age of twelve years; while as a boy in knickerbockers he was preaching sermons at the age of fifteen years. The young preacher is a descendant of one of the noted Puritan elders of New England, William Brewster. His parents were in such straits that, as already stated, when but five years old, he found employment as a child-actor, appearing at several of the principal theatres of the United States. He might have continued his stage career, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would not permit him to remain on the stage, and he left it after two years of this life to attend one of the public schools of New York. Again poverty forced him to find an occupation, and he donned the messenger's uniform; but while thus engaged he found time to pursue his studies, and, the attention of one of the prominent New York pastors being attracted to him, again the boy's life was changed, and for a time he was employed as a bank clerk. His ministerial friend also interested him in the Young Men's Christian Association, and here young Brewster apparently found his calling. He not only attended the meetings,



(Photo: Burrell and Co., Brockton, Mass.)
MR. EDWARD HERSEY BREWSTER.

but induced his friends and associates to join the Association, and when his talent was discovered was frequently called upon to lead meetings and to speak. It was but a step from this work to that of an evangelist, and the boy missionary, as he was called, conducted

revival services and camp meetings during one summer in New England, some of which were attended by thousands of people. It was this work which led to his call to the pastorate of the Bethany Church, and although he has been preaching from its pulpit less than a year, such interest has been manifested in him that the congregation has already considerably increased. So interested are the church members in their young minister that arrangements have been made to pay his expenses for a course at Harvard University, in order that he may have the advantages of a college education. He will continue to act as pastor, however, during this time. In addition to his ability as a speaker, Mr. Brewster is also a notable athlete, and at the Young Men's Christian Association sports has won many medals as a result of his prowess in running, jumping, and other feats.



A TEMPLE TO THE CHINESE GOD OF WAR.

To the God of War.

ABOUT the beginning of the Christian era, the land of Sinim was harassed by warfare. The history of China tells how the bloody sword of the great general Kwante won him distinction. As a reward of valour, his grateful nation deified him after his death. Since the time when the Prince of Peace appeared in great humility, and the tidings of peace spread ever westward, Kwante has been worshipped in the Far East as the God of War. He is the head of the military, just as Confucius is the head of the gentry, of China, and one of the most popular gods of the pantheon. The great religions of China are Confucianism and Taouism, which are indigenous to the country; and Buddhism, which was transplanted from India. The Chinese Mars is properly a Taouist deity; but, like many others, he appears in the temples belonging to all three creeds, for they have been dovetailed together. Chinese records declare that in 1856, when the southern provinces were torn between the armies of Insurgents and Imperialists, Kwante appeared in the sky and turned the tide of battle in favour of the defeated Imperialists. For this service the Emperor promoted him to the same rank as Confucius. There are now 1,600 State temples dedicated to the honour of Kwante, in which the Mandarins worship twice a month, besides thousands of smaller temples. The knife used in executions is kept within the precincts, and the executioner worships the God of War on replacing it after his ghastly work is done. The province of Hupeh, with its neighbour Kuei-chow, has been described as "The Chinese Switzerland."[1] This part of the midlands has a fertile soil covered for tens of thousands of acres with the poppy blossom—white, crimson, purple, and pink—very lovely to the eyes, but a deadly curse to the nation. It is estimated that in the four provinces of Hupeh, Kuei-chow, Sze-chuen, and Yunnan, six-tenths of the arable land are given over to poppy culture. It has driven out the cotton, mulberries, sugar, rice, beans, wheat, and other grain. The granaries have been, therefore, left unfilled, and poverty and suffering have ensued. No other foreign invader has so rapidly taken possession of the country, and probably no warfare has occasioned so much death as the poppy. It is stated that 160,000 suicides in China are due

annually to indulgence in the vice of taking opium. So powerful is this enemy of God and the empire that the Prince of Peace only can turn the tide of battle in favour of righteousness in its struggle with moral weakness.

"The Quiver" Order of Honourable Service: Distinguished Members.

SINCE our last list was published two more members have been added to the roll of Distinguished Members, admission to which is granted only to candidates who can show a record of continuous domestic service in one family of at least fifty years. The names of the latest recipients of badges and certificates of membership are—

Name.	*Address.*	*Years of Service.*
ELIZABETH BISHOP LONG	Kenton, Exeter	60
MARY WARDLE	Swinton, nr. Manchester	67

In reply to numerous correspondents, the Editor begs to remind his readers that the enrolment of candidates for THE QUIVER Order of Honourable Service is suspended in all classes except that for Distinguished Members, whose qualifications are stated above.

Old Laws for New.

WHEN we examine some of the obsolete laws of our English forefathers, we cannot help being occasionally sorry for their lapse or their repeal. When we visit the average public athletic field while a big game is in progress, we feel that a statute of James I. against swearing (unfortunately, only to be in force "till next session of Parliament") might advantageously be revived. Nor, on such an occasion, would the reinforcement of the law of good Queen Anne against betting come amiss. We have all been saying lately that we eat too much, so we shall admire the enactment of Edward III. that, except on feast days, no meal might consist of more than two courses, "and if any man choose to have sauce for his mess, he well may, provided it be not made at any great cost." Grooms and craftsmen might only eat fish or meat once a day. In 1349 work was made obligatory on idlers; and it became illegal to give money to a beggar. We can imagine that our latter-day multitude of swearers and gamblers and gluttons and loafers and mendicants and triflers would find something remarkably uncongenial in the drastic rigour of those iron times.

Round the World for a Rhyme.

IN a prosaic age, when we are told that people do not care for poetry, it is refreshing to find an occasional instance in contradiction. An unsigned article in THE QUIVER for April, 1903, was prefaced by a few lines from a beautiful poem by Deas Cromarty, never published in book form. One of the quoted stanzas ran:

> "Athens kept her Parthenon,
> Egypt had her Sphinx of stone—
> Gaunt stood Golgotha, alone!"

These words so haunted the mind of a lady, a subscriber to this magazine for twenty years, in Georgia, U.S.A., that she wrote for the poet's name to the American publishers, who forwarded the request to the English house, who passed it on to the right quarter, from which it was sent to the anonymous author of the article. The author dispatched the required reference to the inquirer in Georgia, U.S.A., and from her received a note of thanks in the English Midlands. "The poetry of earth is never dead."

Don't Run it Fine.

A CHORISTER who had been asked from a distance to sing at a harvest festival in a country church last autumn found it convenient to cycle to his destination. It was (for a wonder) a bright and rainless evening, and he enjoyed his ride. But it struck him as strange that, when, after a dozen miles or so, he got within earshot, he only heard for about five minutes the faint ringing of the bells across the hills, and then there was an ominous silence. The truth flashed upon him: he had mistaken the time of the service by half an hour—7.30 for 7—and though he put on frantic speed the choir had been long in their places on his arrival, and the psalms had begun. Perhaps in this simple misfortune there is a parable. As our friend told us his story, we thought how often men and women "mistake the hour" in their spiritual life. The world is pleasant, and any season will do for repentance, and the last fact which they will believe is that they have grown (or can grow) old. And when at last the darkness has fallen, and the unmistakable warning has come from the frontiers of eternity, who shall say whether it may not be too late, and the doors may not be shut, and there may be no part left for them in that festal song which is sung in the courts of heaven by the redeemed?

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from April 29th, 1904, up to and including May 27th, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* Mrs. L., 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £3, £2 10s., £2, 10s., 10s., 2s. 6d.; B. S. M. (Glasgow), £1; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct: "Alpha," £1; W. B., 10s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East:* "An Old Ramsay Reader," 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

97. By what means did Asa, king of Judah, seek to reform the religion of his country ?

98. What covenant did Asa make with the people in order to stamp out idolatry from the land ?

99. What reward did God give to Asa to encourage him in his righteous work ?

100. In what way did Jehoshaphat, the son of Asa, continue the good work of religious reform commenced by his father ?

101. What other reforms did Jehoshaphat make to improve the condition of his people ?

102. What unfortunate alliance did Jehoshaphat make which was the source of great trouble to his country ?

103. In whose reign did Samaria become the capital of the kingdom of Israel ?

104. What prophecy of Joshua was fulfilled about this period ?

105. With what evil act did Ahab, the son of Omri, commence his reign ?

106. What prophet was sent to warn Ahab of his evil ways ?

107. What widow is mentioned as being amongst the few who still worshipped God ?

108. Who was Obadiah, of whom we read so much in the reign of Ahab ?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 829.

85. St. Matthew says the angel (or messenger) came down from heaven. (St. Matt. xxviii. 2.)

86. When they met Jesus they fell down and worshipped Him. (St. Matt. xxviii. 9.)

87. "Go tell my *brethren* that they go before Me into Galilee ; there shall they see Me." (St. Matt. xxviii. 10.)

88. It was commonly reported that the chief priests had given money to the soldiers to say that the disciples had stolen the body of Jesus. (St. Matt. xxviii. 15.)

89. To preach the gospel to the whole world, and not to the Jews only. (St. Mark xvi. 15.)

90. They were to have the power to cast out devils, to speak with new tongues, to lay hands on the sick and they would recover. (St. Mark xvi. 17, 18 ; Acts x. 46 ; St. James v. 14.)

91. To obtain a remission of taxation and freedom from the personal service demanded of the people by King Solomon. (1 Kings xii. 3, 4.)

92. Jeroboam, a servant of Solomon, whom he appointed to superintend the building of Millo, and who was chosen by God to be the first king of the kingdom of Israel. (1 Kings xi. 26, 27, 31.)

93. The overbearing conduct of Rehoboam, who threatened to become more severe than his father King Solomon. (1 Kings xii. 13-16.)

94. The setting up of golden calves as objects of worship at Bethel and at Dan, and making anyone a priest who was not of the family of Aaron. (1 Kings xii. 28-31.)

95. Because he was afraid, if the people went to Jerusalem to worship, they would turn against him and kill him. (1 Kings xii. 27.)

96. The people being anxious to keep the Feast of Tabernacles (or . harvest festival), Jeroboam ordained a feast on the fifteenth day of the eighth month similar to that of the Feast of Tabernacles, which was on the fifteenth day of the seventh month. (1 Kings xii. 32, 33.)

SPIRITUAL DIFFICULTIES.

IN connection with this magazine we are inaugurating a New Department which it is hoped may be found helpful to many Christian people who are from time to time troubled with moral and spiritual difficulties. We do not contemplate dealing with the objections of professed sceptics, but rather with the conscientious perplexities of those who find themselves, either continually or occasionally, faced with some critical problem of faith or conduct. To all such we offer a cordial invitation to state their difficulties (as briefly and as plainly as possible), in order that we may place such statements in the hands of some experienced and sympathetic adviser in spiritual matters, who will, of course, hold all such communications in the strictest confidence.

All correspondents must give their names and addresses to the Editor, as a guarantee of good faith, but their names will not be published. The Editor reserves the right to insert in THE QUIVER *any such questions or replies as may appear to him of general interest ; but he does not undertake to publish, or even provide replies to, every inquiry made.*

As THE QUIVER *goes to press several weeks before the date of publication, inquirers will understand that some delay in the publication of answers is inevitable, but those whose difficulties are of an urgent nature may, subject to the provisions above mentioned, and in every case to the discretion of the Editor, have a reply sent to them by post on their enclosing a stamped and fully addressed envelope for that purpose.*

XUM

LAUNCHING OUR FIRST MISSION BOAT.

AMONG the Editor's correspondence one day soon after the May number of THE QUIVER was published was a letter from a lady, in which she said: "I am enclosing a cheque for £25 for one of the Children's Mission Row-boats mentioned in THE QUIVER for this month. I should be obliged if the boat may be named *Mildred*, in memory of my little girl, and if it should be required in the North of England I should be glad for it to be used there."

We have had the greatest pleasure in accepting this offer, and *The Quiver No. 2* will bear the name of *Mildred*, in loving remembrance of the little one who has not lived to take part in the children's collection for these boats, but whose memory will be kept fresh by the boat bearing her name, consecrated to the service of carrying the Gospel to the sailors.

The first list of subscribers to the fund, which we publish this month, not only includes this touching memorial gift from an English home, but shows that our appeal has already awakened a response from across the Atlantic, for we acknowledge at least one contribution from a reader of THE QUIVER in the United States.

It is probably too soon to expect to learn many of the results of the collections which are being made by our readers for THE QUIVER Fund. But the holiday season will be upon us when these lines reach most of our subscribers, and as the exodus to the coast begins we would ask our readers to remember the need of those who go down to the sea, not for pleasure, but to earn their bread, often at the risk of their lives, and always in the face of dire temptation afloat as well as ashore.

Already the first of THE QUIVER Row-boats is at work, and we are happy to be able pictorially to chronicle

The Launching of "The Quiver No. 1"

at Blyth, Northumberland, on May 31st last. The little craft is a credit to her builders and to THE QUIVER, and everyone who saw her as she slid into the water was agreed that she was admirably fitted to help forward the good work on the Tyne which is being done by that practical and true friend of the sailors, the Rev. S. Hewitt Fullerton, the Chaplain of the Mission at South Shields. The actual ceremony of launching was performed by Miss Fisher, daughter of a well-known North of England shipowner; but it was preceded by a bright little open-air service, conducted by the Rev. C. E. James, Vicar of Blyth, and attended by two of the chaplains and other local clergymen and friends of the Mission. The beautiful launching prayer will, we are sure, find an echo in the heart of every QUIVER reader:

"O Thou that sittest above the water floods and stillest the raging of the sea, accept, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the supplication of Thy servants for all who shall in this vessel cast the Bread of Life upon the waters. In all their ways



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

"THE QUIVER No. 1."



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE LAUNCHING OF "THE QUIVER No. 1" AT BLYTH.

enable them to serve Thee, and by their example to set forth Thy glory throughout the earth.

"Watch over them in their going forth and their coming in, that no evil befall them nor mischief come nigh to hurt their souls. And so through the waves of this troublesome world, and through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, bring them of Thy mercy to the sure haven of Thine everlasting Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

These solemn and beautiful words having been spoken, Mr. Fullerton gratefully accepted, on behalf of the Mission, the boat which was to be dedicated to work upon the Tyne, and called upon Miss Fisher to speed the craft upon its career.

What of the work in which *The Quiver No. 1* is to take part? There is need on the Tyne for three new boats, but so far we have only been able to give one. Five hundred men a day pass through the Seamen's Institute at South Shields, and in this and two other Institutes not far short of 300,000 visits in the year give Mr. Fullerton and his helpers the opportunity of speaking a word in season and of holding out a helping hand in that manly, practical fashion which is the surest way of winning the confidence of the sailor.

Who will help? The difficulty is not to find points where help is needed, but to reach the means to furnish the help. The problem is not to find the station where the next boat is needed, but to get the money quickly enough that the call shall not go by unheeded. Collecting cards are offered to one and all by the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The following is a first list of contributions, comprising those amounts received up to and including May 31st:—

	£	s.	d.
The Proprietors of THE QUIVER	25	0	0

ADULTS' SECTION.

Anonymous Contributor, per Missions to Seamen (conditional on the raising of the balance of the cost of a launch)	150	0	0
H. G. B H.	1	1	0
F. J. C.	1	1	0
Mrs. Talbot-Crosbie	2	0	0
C. H. Whereat	0	5	0
Miss Fuller	1	0	0
"Friend" (North Tawton)	0	10	6
Nellie Williams	0	14	0
Miss Kerrick Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Coppin	0	10	6
Mrs. F. A. O'Donoghue	1	0	0
A. Yarrow (Sandwich)	1	0	0
A. M. S. (Skipton-in-Craven)	0	10	6
J. Duncan	0	5	0
M. F. M. (Birkenhead)	0	10	0
Walter Grovestock (Northampton)	1	1	0
Miss F. A. Munby	0	5	0
L. W (Belfast)	0	6	0
"Fay"	5	0	0
E. J. (Grange-over-Sands)	0	5	0
S. Summers	0	15	0
Alex. Baker (U.S.A.)	1	2	6
Miss D. G. Waddington	0	10	6

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

E. T. C.	25	0	0
Miss F. Wells	0	10	0
A Yarrow (Sandwich)	0	15	0



A WELCOME VISITOR.

(From the Drawing by Percy Tarrant.)

WISE MEN AT PLAY.

SKETCHES OF THE BRITISH CHAUTAUQUA.

By F. M. Holmes.



CHAUTAUQUANS ON THE SLOPES OF CADER IDRIS.

THEY are merry folk, the British Chautauquans. The thirst after knowledge which is supposed to possess them does not parch their good spirits, or cause their love of honest fun to flag.

The memory is still fresh among them of Dr. Clifford playing musical chairs, and of the delightful way in which for the nonce he became one of the jolliest of big boys.

Only a foolish or a churlish person would grudge the learned divine his hours of play, and from what we have heard about him we gather that one reason why he is so much beloved by some good folk is the great geniality with which he can enjoy the lighter side of life and enter into its wholesome recreations.

Another Chautauquan will tell you of the jokes which that "grave and reverend signior," Dr. McClure, of Mill Hill School, poured forth on a coach drive to the famous show-place, the Devil's Bridge, near Aberystwyth. Dr. McClure may be described without offence as "The man who must be obeyed," and the faculty of enforcing obedience is undoubtedly an admirable one in the head of a great public school; but, away on a holiday with the Chautauquans, he can be as jocular and genial as any of the boys he rules so well in the days of term.

If you, watching your opportunity, bring forth a joke which you have carefully treasured to set the proverbial table in a roar, be sure that Dr. McClure will have something to cap it; and if you quote a homely proverb by way of making a remark when you do not know what else to say, you must not be surprised if he raps out a funny parody.

Thus, if you declared, with no doubt quite singular appropriateness to the conversation, that a bird in the hand was

worth two in the bush, he would probably reply with solemn gravity that a hair on the head was also worth two in the brush.

Chautauqua, too, reveals the Rev. J. R. Wood in a new light. To observers of public affairs he is known as an ex-President of the Baptist Union and the hard-working pastor of a large church in North London, but somehow you never connect him with music.

Yet at the Chautauqua he bursts forth into anecdotes of Handel and of Mendelssohn, and, with Madame Lizzie Owen to render solos and a Welsh choir to swell the chorus, the fortunate Chautauquans find themselves in possession of musical sessions which rival any number of ordinary seaside concerts.

Moreover, few may think of the eminent Wesleyan, the Rev. C. H. Kelly, as an entertaining story-teller concerning the deeds of reformatory boys. But Mr. Kelly has been for some time in touch with a large institution as chaplain, and more recently a visitor to one of his Majesty's prisons in a similar capacity; and he tells tales to the Chautauquans.

In listening to his experiences we realise that he, at all events, has grasped the great principle of discrimination. He can distinguish between the weak, the foolish, the misled, and the downright bad. Some, alas! are indeed really bad, but others belong to brighter grades of human character.

A boy several times ran away from the reformatory, and was brought back and punished. After one of these escapades he was seen by Mr. Kelly, and we can imagine the keen look of mingled kindness and firmness with which the chaplain regarded him.

"What a stupid boy you are!" he said, in a tone not suggestive of contempt, but rather of banter with the bite of truth in it. "What causes you to run away?"

"Well, ye see, sir, they keeps thinkin' I will, and keeps a-watchin' of me, and a-tryin' to prewent me."

"And so you run away to beat them?"

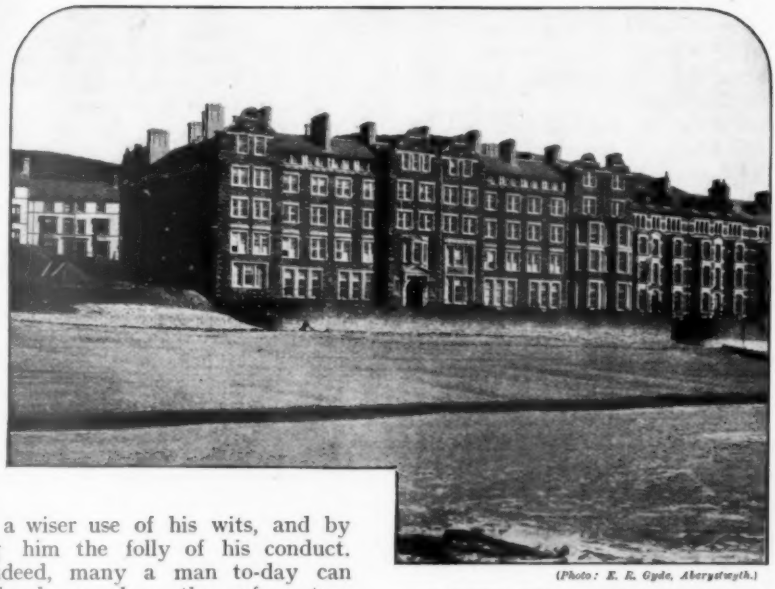
"Yes, sir."

He evidently delights in pitting his wits against those of his masters, just as some burglars, it appears, revel in the excitement of playing their skill against all house-guards and detectives.

Mr. Kelly soon settled this boy by inspiring



"EXCURSIONS ARE ABUNDANT."



(Photo: E. E. Gyde, Aberystwyth.)

ALEXANDRA HALL: A HOSTEL FOR THE CHAUTAUQUANS.

him to a wiser use of his wits, and by showing him the folly of his conduct. But, indeed, many a man to-day can bless the hour when the reformatory cut short his career of crime, and the firm but kindly chaplain prompted him to a wiser and a better course.

Here is Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, telling stories of the deep-sea fishermen he knows so well. Arriving one day at a certain fishing port in a storm, he found a ship showing signals of distress, and a rescue boat preparing to save her. But, to the surprise of all on shore, the vessel changed her signals, declaring that help was not needed. The captain, anxious to avoid expense, and thinking he could save himself, refused the offered aid, and the result was, alas! disastrous. Yet he could have been saved, if he would—a striking illustration of a phase of human nature.

And here is Mrs. Charlotte Benham, well known throughout the country as an organiser of girls' guilds. She has interesting experiences of her own to relate.

One miserable day she was alone in a railway carriage, expecting a solitary journey, when suddenly the door opened, and in trooped four women. Three were evidently grumblers. Everything was wrong with them—husbands, children, weather, and the hard times.

But the fourth was different—quiet, cheerful-eyed, and sweet-voiced. The marks of care and hard work were visible on her face, but she lulled the baby at her breast to sleep, and cheered the child at her knee.

"Never mind, Bobby," said she. "Father will meet us at the station."

Everything about her was restful, yet cheerful.

Mrs. Benham had found a topic for her speech, or a subject for her next article, and the moral of her story is so obvious that it does not need pointing out.

The British Chautauqua is an assemblage of persons who unite a certain amount of study with a large amount of holiday-making, and season both with a liberal supply of pleasing social intercourse. They enjoy, in fact, a sort of co-operative holiday, but a holiday, the promoters would declare, having a distinctive character of its own. It aspires to be educational as well as social, and religious as well as recreative.

Nevertheless, according to English custom, it fully recognises individual liberty, and attendance at lectures is not compulsory, while the holiday aspect of the gathering is ever kept to the fore, and fully emphasised.

It arose in this way. About ten years ago, an English gentleman connected with the Baptist denomination, named Mr. Percy C. Webb, formed the idea of adapting the American institution known as Chautauqua to British habits and customs. His sister, Miss Beatrice M. Webb, of Hampstead, has joined him as honorary secretary, and the

Rev. John Bradford, of Leytonstone, as honorary co-director, and these three, by their unfailing energy, good spirits, and great capacity for management, keep the organisation flourishing.

Now Chautauqua is the name of a lake in New York State, on the shores of which a summer school is wont to gather every August, and a system of home reading is maintained among the members throughout the year by means of correspondence.

The word is, of course, Indian in its origin, and signifies a bag-purse, tied in the middle—a shape which, it appears, is the form of the lake. Yet this meaning is now in danger of being entirely forgotten, and a new signification has arisen, denoting a society arranging for a particular kind of holiday with a certain amount of home study.

The home study which has been pursued by some of the British Chautauquans is the study of the Greek Testament. Almost every day during the holiday a Greek class is held by the Rev. Thomas Williams, B.A., of Aberystwyth, who conducts his lectures so attractively that he would make his pupils in love with the language if they were not so already. Attendance is quite optional, but a considerable proportion avail themselves of the opportunity and maintain the study throughout the year by correspondence.

What is the use of learning Greek? To which question Mr. Williams replies with a smile. "A worthy but ignorant man asked that question once," said he, "and added, 'The Apostle Paul did not know Greek.' The good man had not the slightest idea that Greek was the original language of the New Testament. Perhaps he thought it was written in Welsh, which has been said by some to have been the language of the Garden of Eden!"

A large proportion of the Chautauquans are engaged in tuition, and certain of the lectures are evidently intended more particularly for Sunday school teachers—as, for instance, Professor Agar Beet's addresses on "Theology in the Sunday School," and the Rev. J. C. Carlile's on "Organisation in the Sunday School" and "The Teacher's Magnetism."

Mr. F. F. Belsey, sometime President of the Sunday School Union, gave one afternoon an illustration of his blackboard lessons. Mr. Belsey is evidently an enthusiast for the use of the blackboard in Sunday schools. He goes down to the school of Whitefield's Mission in Tottenham Court Road an hour before the commencement, and draws beautiful pictures with coloured chalks on the board.

Here is a story he told the Chautauquans, as an illustration of his lessons. A certain king had four horses which he wished broken in, so that he could drive them in his chariot on his approaching birthday. Two were ginger-bays and were named respectively "Ira" and "Lingua"; the others were black, and were called "Cor" and "Corpus."

The trainer began with Cor, and, having got her fairly tractable, took her out with Corpus, and these being gently but firmly disciplined, were presently harnessed with the ginger-bays, so that on his birthday the king was able to drive them with ease in the procession. This story, elaborated with some care, is seen to be an allegory, Cor being the heart of man, Corpus the body, and Lingua and Ira the tongue and the temper. Once get the heart right, and the others will follow.

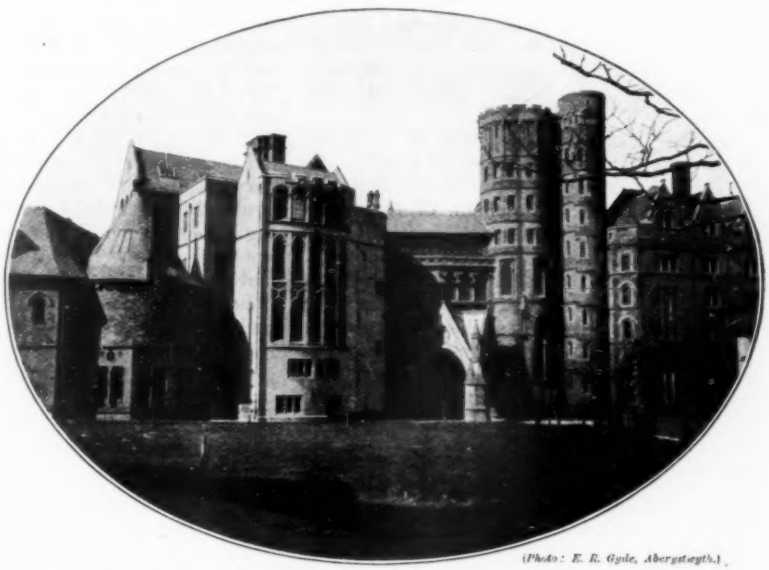
Mr. Belsey had prepared a series of pictures for his impromptu audience, but the house porter gravely cleaned



CHAUTAUQUANS AT LAMPETER.

them away, and he was left at the hour of commencement with a very blank blackboard, though he kept a smiling face. His feelings must have been akin to those of Thomas Carlyle when he heard that his manuscript of the "French Revolution" had been burnt by a maid-servant.

In accordance with the idea of rendering service to the Sunday school worker, Mrs. Benham was to give a demonstration on teaching a girls' class, and Mr. Robert Cameron, M.P., was to speak on effective religious teaching to the young; while along similar lines would probably be the Rev. J. Ross Murray's lectures on the Bible in Shakespeare and in Milton, or Dr. Monro Gibson's lectures on the visions of Zechariah, or the discourse by Dr. Edward Judson, of New York, on Browning's religion. But subjects called secular are also included—as, for instance, a series by Dr. McClure called "The British Citizen."



(Photo: E. E. Gyde, Aberystwyth.)

WHERE THE LECTURES OF THE CHAUTAUQUA ARE GIVEN: UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, ABERYSTWYTH.

Several places have been visited for the summer holiday, the Chautauquans first favouring Pwllheli in North Wales, and afterwards gathering at Edinburgh, Saltburn, Folkestone, and Barmouth. At last they appear to have settled themselves down at Aberystwyth, a charming seaside resort on Cardigan Bay. Here are sea and sands, rocks and mountains, with opportunities for any number of delightful excursions. But, further, the Alexandra Hall connected with the University College of Aberystwith affords a most suitable boarding house for two or three hundred Chautauquans, and the College buildings themselves offer an admirable place for the lectures.

So, when the students fly away for the vacation, the Chautauquans appear in their stead. They take the Alexandra Hall for practically the month of August, and though during term it is the residence for the women students of the University College, yet its doors are open to all Chautauquans of both sexes and of any age during this month.

Lectures, however, occupy a comparatively small part of the time. Social gatherings find a place, the Mayor giving a reception one week and Chautauqua entertaining the Mayor and friends in the town on another occasion. Moreover, excursions are abundant, one being arranged for nearly every day. The Rev. G. Eyre Evans, who knows Cardiganshire like the palm of his hand, is usually the leader on these expeditions, which are made by road and rail, and by that old-fashioned conveyance called "Shanks's mare."

One of these excursions leads deep into the heart of the Welsh hills to Strata Florida, the ruins of a once magnificent ecclesiastical structure, now known as "The Westminster Abbey of Wales." Here lie buried the unconquered princes of Wales, and, excavations having been made, the tombs, together with much tesselated pavement and many beautiful architectural remains, have within the last few years been cleared.

The name is almost certainly the Latinised form of old Welsh words, "Ystrad Fflur," and from the Abbey probably went forth the monks to hospices on the surrounding mountains—hospices which in the old days would be of eminent service in this part of wild Wales. Tradition has it that the monks built the original Devil's Bridge, which, so far from being a mischief and a device of the Evil One, has been of incalculable benefit to mankind in crossing the almost inaccessible gorge of the Rheidol.

Another enjoyable excursion is to Lampeter College. The authorities kindly invited the Chautauquans to the building and entertained them to luncheon in the beautiful grounds. The College, with which some distinguished churchmen have been connected in the past, can boast an excellent library, rich in literary treasures, and stands in the midst of delightful scenery. Yet another trip winds round the coast to Barmouth and the estuary of the Mawddach, and the mountains rising peak above peak beyond. Of course, the Devil's Bridge—called more respectably Pont-y-Mynach, or the Bridge of the Monk—figures in the programme, both by coach and by the new narrow-gauge mountain railway; and the neighbourhood of the bridge is so rich in beauty and in delightful mountain scenery that many persons could visit the lovely spot repeatedly and find in it a never-failing charm.

But, indeed, the Chautauquans are ready to ramble all over wild Wales, and wicked snapshots might be taken of teetotallers and divines picnicking at "Black Lions" and "Red Dragons," these being well-conducted and old-fashioned inns of the remote countryside.

People who do not know Chautauqua may easily mistake its character. It is evidently a delightful holiday party, affording pleasing opportunities of acquiring knowledge, as well as of enjoying recreation. But its spirit is, in the main, the spirit of honest merriment and of wholesome fun, and the fact that some members return to its gatherings year after year shows how greatly it is appreciated. "Never mind, old chap," says Mr. Evans to a Dutch member who is very dull on the closing day, "cheer up; it is only forty-eight weeks to the next Chautauqua."



(*Photo: E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.*)

A GENERAL VIEW OF ABERYSTWYTH.

THE ORDEAL OF ALICE LORRAINE.

By Morice Gerard, Author of "The Tenant of The Grange," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN CARDEREL laughed.

"You are not used to hills like these, Miss Lorraine?"

"No, indeed! I thought we had hills in Surrey, but they are gentle inclines, while these are precipices. And what a rate you go down them."

"Alice! you must not talk to the driver so much. He will attend to you and not to the horses. I don't want to take a sudden leap into the Lynn, a few hundreds of feet down, if you do."

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Challice; I am a very careful charioteer, as you know. I hope I can attend to Miss Lorraine and the horses as well. The greys know the road perfectly, and I can trust them to respond to every turn of my wrist."

John Carderel certainly looked master of the situation. Sitting up high on the four-wheeled dogcart, he handled the reins with the unerring instinct of a perfect whip. By his side sat Alice Lorraine, who was on a visit to her aunt and cousins at Lynton. At the back were May Challice and her brother Arthur.

John Carderel and Arthur Challice were partners in a first-class firm of solicitors, with an office at Barnstaple as well as at Lynton.

It was the August Bank Holiday. An expedition had been planned for the day to the Doone valley, as both the partners would be free. Carderel was thirty years old, five years senior to Arthur Challice. The girls were almost of an age. Otherwise they afforded the greatest contrast to one another. Alice was tall and very fair, with a *svelte* figure; May shorter, with dark eyes and hair, and an olive skin.

Alice Lorraine soon shed her initial nervousness, and began to enjoy herself to the full. Some rain had fallen during the previous night, sufficient to lay the dust. Now a soft heat haze was in the air, not enough to hide the landscape, but sufficing to give it an air of mystery, and to make the distant line of Exmoor appear a limitless beyond.

Carderel turned and looked at the beautiful girl, when the greys rounded a corner of the road. On each side were the most lovely trees; to the right they scaled the steep bank almost to the sky-line, to the left they descended precipitously to the deep-flowing Lynn, which could be heard gurgling and tossing against the boulders far below. John had anticipated appreciation of this lovely view, unsurpassed in England. He turned, and found it clearly written in the forget-me-not eyes of the girl by his side.

Carderel did not say anything. He just looked his fill, not at the landscape—he was familiar enough with that—but at Alice. He took in the red-gold of her hair, in rebellious order under her picture hat; the classic outline of her nose, lips, chin, and contour generally; the dainty setting of her head on her shapely shoulders. She was looking away, half turned, partly absorbed by the landscape, partly listening intently for the song the river was chanting from its leafy hiding-place.

John Carderel looked. As he looked his face grew a little set, a suggestion of pain came into his grey eyes, a spasm affected his heart. He had for a fortnight been learning a lesson without knowing it. Now the consciousness of it burst upon him, as truths will sometimes. He would have preferred ignorance; instead, he had knowledge. He would rather this thing had not been, infinitely rather. Yet it was there.

John Carderel loved this girl with all the passion of a quiet, almost stern, self-contained nature. His was no gentle affection, to be lightly altered, or turned on one side. It was like a mountain torrent, sweeping obstacles in the way before it, yet held rigidly within its banks. John had a strong will and a deep nature.

He had fallen in love with this cousin of his

partner, this visitor from Surrey, unconsciously. He had never dreamt of it until the citadel of his heart had been taken by storm. There had been no suggestive preliminaries, no dallying on the threshold. He had seen Alice Lorraine almost every day of the two weeks which had elapsed since her arrival by the comical little toy railway which brings the tourist world to the border town of Devon. Yet no suspicion of the truth had come to him until this moment.

When it did come it was absolutely unwelcome. There was something about Alice which seemed to lift her immeasurably above the ordinary plane of feminine humanity—a completeness, a dignity, a grace as majestic as it was sweet and entrancing. He thought her the very antithesis of Wordsworth's definition of a woman to be loved and wed :

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

There was nothing of this about fair Alice Lorraine. Yet John Carderel loved her, knew that he loved her, as she sat by his side that August morning. What was he, he asked himself bitterly, that he ventured to lift his eyes so high ? A plain man—strong and stalwart, it is true ; but quite, unmitigatedly plain. A country solicitor, with ample means, but still only that, as his ancestors had been before him, certainly for a hundred years. The Lorraines, he knew, held their heads high in the social world. Sir Geoffrey Lorraine, Alice's father, was a Judge of the High Court. The Challices had given him briefs at the outset of his career, when he went the Western circuit. The old-fashioned firm of lawyers had helped to lay the foundation stones of the future judge's palatial building. In return the barrister had married the attorney's sister. The latter had become a Lorraine, and had practically ceased to be a Challice. So that the intercourse between the two families had been merely formal and nominal until this summer, when an invitation somewhat hastily given was unexpectedly accepted. Neither was this the only, or chief, obstacle to any declaration of love on his part. Carderel considered himself tacitly engaged to May Challice. Not a word of actual love-making had ever passed between them. He was in no way bound, except by his own high sense of honour. That held him, however, as much as any legal obligations would have done.

May Challice, he knew, looked to him as her future husband. The rest of the family regarded the affair, likewise, as a foregone conclusion. What could be more satisfactory and appropriate ? The partners would be more closely allied than ever. For years John had been a sort of older son in the Challice establishment. That May did not dislike him she had let him see in a hundred ways. Whether her heart was deeply stirred, or not, he had no means of judging, lacking, perhaps, the key. It was only now that he reviewed the situation for the first time. He chewed the cud of reflection, and found it bitter in his mouth. Many men would have been satisfied that no compromising words, no overt acts, bound them to the sacrifice. Of these was not honest John Carderel. An implied understanding was as obligatory in his court of honour as any pledge.

Yet he winced. Whichever way he looked he faced a thorny path. To break with May was unthinkable. To marry May, loving Alice, as now he knew he did, was well-nigh unbearable. Yet the latter was the course he meant to pursue.

John was thirty ; yet had he never looked love of woman in the eyes before. Now that it came it acted as an illuminant of enormous brilliancy and radiating power. It showed him himself : it showed him life. Hitherto he had never understood either.

Love painted a most beautiful landscape in glowing colours. Honour shut the gate, and double-locked it, saying, "You must never enter there !"

Now he knew that he was an instrument of music, finely tuned, but upon which only one hand could play. Those fingers must never touch the keys. The notes that might have vibrated in fullest measure must be dumb. He knew now what love was, what he was capable of doing and suffering for the one who alone could speak to his very soul. Yet nothing of this must be his.

Some men would scoff and call this quixotism. To Carderel it was simply honour.

Alice Lorraine half turned. She became conscious of his look. Perhaps it expressed more than he knew, certainly more than he intended. A faint blush, which deepened as it went, commenced at her beautiful ears and gradually overspread her face.

Rather a sharp voice from the back of the dogcart said :

"We have the greatest confidence in your driving, John, and in the integrity of the greys ; but don't you think they did take

that last corner rather fine? It is a great responsibility—the whole firm of Carderel and Challice in one trap, not to mention two poor women—eh, Cousin Alice?"

"I am quite content to trust myself," Alice said, "to Mr. Carderel's driving."

John steadied the horses, which it must be confessed had got rather out of hand. As he did so, the words last spoken rested in a dull sort of way on his brain. Did they mean much or little?

When he ventured to look again the blush had faded; Alice's face was a shade paler than it had been before. That was all.

It said much for Carderel's strength of character that he was able to go through that long day in the Doone country as if nothing distracted his wonted serenity.

They lunched at the well-known farmhouse hostelry at Malmsmead off country fare, ham and eggs. Then they went up the Doone valley. Alice was fresh from the re-reading of Blackmore's famous romance. She was walking with Arthur Challice. She appealed to the latter for sympathy, and was met with caustic scepticism.

"'Lorna Doone,'" Arthur remarked. "Have you been reading it again, cousin? Rather spun out, but nevertheless an excellent book."

"I am so glad you like it."

He laughed. "You did not let me finish my sentence. An excellent book for the tradesmen of Lynton and Lynmouth, and livery stable keepers for miles round; for folks who sell tea and light refreshments. It brings shoals of Americans here every year. I don't like them myself, but they spend money. I must admit that."

Arthur was strolling along with his hands in his pockets. Alice took refuge in silence; but it was "pain and grief" to her. At last she said:

"Is that all you can see in the book?"

"Oh! there is nothing specially the matter with the story; but when Blackmore called it a 'romance' he spoke the truth. Is there anything here in this very pretty—I grant you that—but quite homely landscape which suggests Carver Doone and all the rest of them? Why, you can walk into the valley and out of it as easily as you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

Alice after this talked on different subjects. Arthur Challice, with his scalpel of commonsense, had dissected her body of romance. Later she appealed to Carderel, and found much more sympathy.

"It is the fashion here," he said, "to run down Blackmore. I suppose it is the inevitable reaction from having the book so much talked about. Nevertheless, I believe in it, allowing for the change of times, customs, and climate."

Alice stooped and gathered a fern from the very brink of Bagworthy Water. Her attitude showed her shapely grace of form.

"I shall always keep these ferns—I hope they will live—in memory of the most beautiful place I have ever seen, and the happiest day I have ever spent."

She looked up suddenly, and met John Carderel's gaze fixed upon her with such a sad, hungry look she never forgot it.

In a moment he had banished it all from his face. He had reassumed the mask we all wear, at any rate in public.

Had Alice Lorraine overheard one or two remarks May Challice had confided to John's ears as they walked up the Doone Valley, she might have had a key to the look she had observed. May had said, "I should not be surprised if cousin Alice leaves us soon. In fact, I wonder she has stayed so long."

"Why?" he had exclaimed. "She seems to be happy here, and enjoying herself particularly."

"Ah! but," the girl answered, "when there is a special attraction elsewhere, even places like this are at a discount."

"But Miss Lorraine is not engaged. At any rate, she does not wear a ring."

"There are such things as tacit engagements," May suggested.

John Carderel was silent.

CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT passed. Alice Lorraine showed no signs of being in a hurry to depart, a condition of mind which May had evolved out of her inner consciousness. She was daily drawn nearer to grave John Carderel. His strength of mind and character attracted her. There was a virile fibre running through his nature, which instinct told her was rare. In addition, there was a sympathy of outlook between them, an accordance of taste in little things as well as in great, which made for friendship, at any rate, if for nothing more.

May Challice saw this growing appreciation on the part of her beautiful cousin. It chafed her spirit, and robbed her of her habitual good

temper. At the same time it surprised her. She could not understand John's appreciation for Alice, nor the latter's feeling for him—if, indeed, it existed, of which she was sceptical for a long time. May thought him ugly. She quite acquiesced in the match as advantageous in every way for herself. It would give her a first-rate establishment, more than ample means, and a position second to none in their social world. The acceptance of John Carderel as a husband was a necessary part of a whole. She quite appreciated that fact. Nevertheless, when she went out anywhere with him she would always feel a sense of apology. She would be the wife of a man plain to the verge of ugliness. The apologetic attitude on either side is not a commendable ingredient in matrimony. Nevertheless, she was far from welcoming the idea that anyone else should displace her in the position she had regarded for a long time as indisputably her own.

One night May went into Alice's room in her dressing-gown. The maid was brushing her mistress's hair. It fell in a beautiful cascade about her shoulders. When her cousin entered Alice dismissed the girl, taking the brush into her own hand. May talked of various things, waiting her opportunity. Presently she said :

"I shall want you to come and visit us again, cousin."

"Of course ! I have had a very happy stay, and the place is simply lovely."

"I mean on a special occasion. Of course, you know John Carderel and I are to be married some day."

The brush had stopped. After a pause it went on again.

"I did not know you and Mr. Carderel were engaged. I congratulate you. He is——"

"As plain as they make them, and as good. Yes ; I know his virtues and his defects. We are not engaged in so many words ; but the affair was arranged, I believe, in our cradles. At any rate, I was in mine. John was, I expect, a grave, good boy at the time who ate no taffies * and eschewed marbles. He is ten years older than I am."

That night Alice faced her own feelings, and decided that the only thing left for her to do was to return to her Surrey home. John Carderel had come into her heart to stay. To see him daily, under existing conditions, was torture. Distance and time were the only allies the brave girl could summon to her aid.

She announced her intention the following morning to Mrs. Challice, and, in spite of some polite opposition, adhered to her determination to leave the next day.

"If you really must go," May said, "we shall have to make our expedition to-day to the sands between Lee Abbey and Lynmouth. It is a case of now or never."

Alice had been very anxious to take home some shells and seaweed as mementoes of her visit ; but other expeditions had come in the way hitherto. Now her wish for mementoes had passed. She had got one which would last her the rest of her life. Nevertheless, she hailed the proposition with satisfaction. It would, at least, keep them out of the way of John Carderel. Perhaps May had thought so, too ?

An early lunch was arranged, so as to give them a longer afternoon. They went down to Lynmouth by the cliff railway. It was a glorious day. The tide was low. The long line of breakers, far out towards the Welsh coast, gleamed white and glistening in the sun's rays.

Neither of the girls was in sympathy with the bright environment. Alice had to summon all her courage to keep up appearances. She failed, of course, to deceive her companion. As regards May, the reaction had set in. She had carried her point of separating these two who, she knew, loved one another. Now she was asking herself, Was the game worth the candle ? For, after all, though she wanted to marry John Carderel, she did not love him. The thought that someone else had won him touched her to the quick. Vanity and jealousy, not love, were the levers of what she had done.

They went along the beach until the sands were reached, where, alone in this district, the rarer shells are to be found. Here they separated. May had armed herself with a novel in which she was deeply interested. Alice was glad to be alone with her own misery, to be able to shut herself off from the companionship which, most of all at that moment, galled her spirit.

Mechanically she looked for shells for awhile, scooping up the sand and sifting it for the smaller specimens. Thus she wandered on past a headland. The sun was hot. She had slept but little the previous night. Up by the side of the cliff was some sloping sand in a shaded corner. Alice rested here, and before she was aware had fallen asleep.

A couple of hours passed. She awoke with a start. The sky was overcast. Rain was

* Devonshire for sweets.



"There were arms about her, but they were human enough."—*p.* 942.

beginning to fall; a few drops, the precursors of a shower, falling on her face and neck, had been the cause of her rousing.

Alice jumped up. The breakers, no longer flecked with sunlight, but dark and ominous, had come up close to her. The tide, which runs very rapidly on this coast, had already covered all the sand of the little bay while she had lain asleep. She was girt in by a ring of waters. Escape round either headland was now impossible. She looked at the cliff, which rose three hundred feet above her. To attempt to scale it was out of the question.

She shouted again and again. There was no answer, except a mocking echo from the rock behind her, and from the screaming of the gulls circling over head.

The highest of the advancing waves drove her back. Still they came on. Now she could retreat no further. The sea, hungry for its prey, shut her in; the solid red sandstone was at her back; the tide surged about her feet, her ankles, her knees; her clothes began to swirl about in the water; she had to cling to a friendly ledge to save herself from falling headlong. In the distance a steamer was taking its leisurely course, the passengers and crew little dreaming of the tragedy being enacted near them that August afternoon.

Alice faced death. She prayed, and as she did so a great calm settled down on her spirit. The bitterness of parting from those she loved —one most of all, who was not hers—the fear of death which had gripped her heart, all this left her. She seemed lifted up in an ecstatic vision. The steamer was gone. What did it matter? The rain fell on her face. She did not heed it. The air seemed full of angels, hovering round her, ready to bear her up in their arms——

Yes, there were arms about her; but they were human enough, and virile. John Carderel lifted the fainting girl up into a boat, in which were May Challice, now bitterly contrite, and two fishermen.

May had been absorbed in her novel. When she roused herself the tide was nearly at the full. The headland round which Alice had heedlessly wandered was already shut in. Unless her cousin had gone back, which seemed improbable, she was in the most dangerous spot on the whole coast, where May knew that more than one visitor had been drowned.

What Alice had passed through was nothing compared with May's agonised feeling, as she ran back along the beach towards the boats in the little harbour. It was her gross carelessness which had brought this about. In addition, there was the sense of the wrong she had done, magnified tenfold by her conscience in this hour of peril.

John Carderel had been waiting for the girls on the beach. Seeing May running, with breathless apprehension written clearly on her face, his quick intuition had guessed the cause. Scrambling into a boat, they had started back at once at such a pace as perhaps no other boat on that coast had ever attained. John had forced the rowers along by the dominance of his own spirit.

Had it not been for him, Alice Lorraine must inevitably have been drowned.

In the afternoon of the following day John Carderel called at the Challices. In the morning May had written him a very contrite letter, full of self-accusation and of affectionate regard for these two, whom she had striven to separate, now brought together by the touchstone of peril. To Alice she had told all, and had fully convinced her that of real love, the true marriage bond, she had none for her brother's partner.

May met John in the hall. He greeted her with both hands. Her eyes were charged with unshed tears.

"You will forgive me, John? You do not know what I suffered during that terrible time, what I have suffered since. She is an angel. You are a very lucky man!" She smiled through her tears.

"May," he said, "we have always been the best of friends. We will always be that, and more."

So he passed into the room where Alice lay on a sofa. She had not slept through the night after her terrible ordeal. During the day she had been drowsy. When John came and stood over her Alice's eyes were closed. She was in a sub-conscious state between sleeping and waking. It seemed to her that she was in the middle of a beautiful dream, that a strong hand was leading her through the fairy palace of life.

Suddenly her eyelids lifted, and she saw Carderel bending over her. Then, without a word, he took her into his arms. His face was lit up. The plain man was made beautiful by his great love.

"I am very happy," she said. Then she looked at him shyly. "Are you—John?"

He knelt down by her side. His lips were very close to hers.

"I did not believe there was anything like it in the world."

THE ROMANCE OF PHILANTHROPY.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

SAVE for the watery glint of an occasional swinging lamp, the narrow streets of Paris, with their high, over-reaching roofs, would be dark upon a moonless night of the early seventeenth century. The rain lashed the pavements, and flowed into the evil-smelling kennels, as a young man made his way dauntlessly through the storm. His acute ear caught a human wail, keener, though feebler, than the groaning of the shutters in the wind. He beheld a harridan skulking upon a doorstep, with a child upon her lap, whose little limbs she was twisting into shapes of horrible deformity, that she might coin money from casual compassion. The wayfarer scourged the wretch with such words of fire as flamed easily upon the lips of Vincent de Paul, and tenderly conveyed the tiny victim to a rough house of shelter. It is hardly too much to say that from this horror, blazoned on the imagination of a loving and righteous man, arose the present care in civilised countries for helpless and ill-treated infancy. Through Vincent's influence, Louis XIV. was persuaded to establish the first Home for lost children in Paris.

Our next French picture has a widely different scene, but the same hero. The sun was shining on the golden sands of Marseilles as Vincent de Paul met an aged woman, who was weeping bitterly. To gratify a private spite, her son, upon whose earnings mother, wife, and children were dependent, had been seized for a galley-slave. An idea came to Vincent as he knelt down and prayed beside the fettered and miserable prisoner, whom he had sought out and tried to comfort. By his tears and the charm of his address, he won over the master of the galleys to allow him to put on the liberated slave's chains. As the rowers were known by numbers, not by names, personal identity did not matter.



"TENDERLY CONVEYED THE VICTIM TO A ROUGH HOUSE OF SHELTER."

For several weeks Vincent was fastened to the oar, and learnt the hard labours and terrible cruelties that such crushed creatures were forced to endure. Inquiries made by his friends led to his eventual rescue; and it is cheering to be able to add that the freedom of the man in whose stead he had suffered was presented to him as a boon. From the public indignation kindled by the fearful tale which Vincent had to tell, came a vast amelioration of the condition of galley-slaves in France.

Diverse in creed, nationality, and character, Vincent de Paul and John Howard, who lived about a hundred years later, were united by that message of "deliverance to the captives" which must always be divine. There is much that is romantic in the career of this eccentric reformer of the prisons of the world. His wretched health, his morbid scruples, and his lifelong diet of vegetables, with a little bread-and-butter and tea, stand in strange contrast with the fact that, amidst the filthiest plague-dens of England and the Continent, he seemed to bear a charmed life, and that on one occasion, when his ship was attacked by Barbary pirates, he dominated the frightened captain and crew, rammed a cannon to the muzzle with nails, and let fly to such good purpose that the corsairs sheered off. It may not be generally known that Howard had great repute abroad as a doctor. A Turk, whose daughter he cured at Constantinople, offered him a fee of nearly a thousand pounds, but he would only accept a handful of grapes from the grateful father's garden. It was his skill in medicine, rather than his passion for prison reform, which really brought Howard to his death. At Cherson, in Russia, he was induced to attend a fashionable young lady, who was sick of a fever. The summons was urgent, the night wet and cold, and he had to ride to his patient upon a dray-horse. Some sort of infection caught him at last. He soon afterwards died, fifteen hundred miles from home, with the wish upon his lips, "Place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." This was a singular end for one of the foremost figures in Europe—a man to whom monarchs had listened, who possessed the gratitude of millions, and whose funeral was one of the most magnificent of his generation.

Prosaic in their actual working as must be many of the big modern organisations for the alleviation of poverty and pain, some of them have their misty beginnings upon the borderlands of romance, where the mythical and the actual meet. As we survey his sepulchre in the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, or look upon the imposing pile of his hospital, our thoughts travel back to that Rahere who is first heard of as a layman, at the wild court of William Rufus, and who is asserted by some to have been a minstrel and a jester. During a pilgrimage to Rome he fell ill, at that still notorious haunt of malarial fever, the legendary burying-place of St. Peter and St. Paul, and vowed on his recovery to build that hospital "yn recreacion of poure men," of which St. Bartholomew is said to have designated Smithfield as the site. Seven hundred years later the Royal Free Hospital owed its conception, we are told, to the circumstance that a surgeon saw a poor, destitute girl lying upon the steps of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. She was friendless, a stranger to London, and died unrecognised; but the popular grief for her sad plight had a beneficent and far-reaching result. The locality of another great hospital is connected with one of the loveliest stories in English history, for it was the cross at Charing, which Edward I. erected in memory

> "Of her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
> Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
> Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
> Sweet as new buds in spring."

"Men shall remember ever," sang Mortimer Collins in one of his less-known lilting lyrics, "how the King loved Eleänore."

It is interesting to remark that three of the greatest fiction-weavers of all time have irradiated certain aspects of British philanthropy with the glamour of their genius. The Charterhouse, which Fuller called that "masterpiece of Protestant English charity," has been immortalised by Thackeray in "The Newcomes." It was there that Colonel Newcome said "Adsum" when his name was called for the last muster. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that a friend of the writer's, the present Vicar of Littlemore, who is an old Charterhouse boy, took Thackeray to call upon the "Poor Brother," from whom the idea for this famous character was almost certainly derived. The Charity House of Richard Watts at Rochester, founded in 1579, to lodge for one night "six poor travellers, not being rogues or proctors," forms the motive of one of the Christmas books of Charles Dickens. A Yule supper is given to the company by a host (probably meant to be the novelist), who makes up the seventh traveller, and the toast he proposes is: "Christmas Eve, my friends, when the shepherds, who were poor travellers too,

in their way, heard the angels sing 'On earth peace, good will toward men.'"

Sir Walter Scott, in "The Fortunes of Nigel," has drawn an incisive and elaborate picture of George Heriot, the splendid goldsmith and money-lender, from whose munificent bequest Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh was reared. While not beyond reproach in his private life, "Jingling Geordie," as James I. is made to dub him, had large ideas as to the responsibilities of riches. The consort of James, Anne of Denmark, once owed him as much as forty thousand pounds; so Royalty made him jingle to some tune. "For the wealth God has sent me," Scott represents Heriot as exclaiming, "it shall not want inheritors while there are orphan lads in Auld Reekie." Many a poor Scotch student has had cause to bless the jingling of this grand court jeweller's guineas.



"SAW A POOR DESTITUTE GIRL LYING UPON THE STEPS."

What romances, if they were not mercifully hidden behind silent lips, or beneath sad and shameful graves, could be written, during the two and a half centuries of its existence, of the Foundling Hospital! The zeal of these successors of Vincent de Paul was occasionally greater than their discretion. It was disastrously decided, for instance, at an early period, to accept any child that might be presented. One hundred and seventeen infants were the result of the first day's open doors. To this unfortunate experiment belong many curious tales. Parish authorities, sometimes with the connivance of a brutal father, would rob a weak mother of her new-born child to rid themselves of the cost of its keep. A most undesirable and frequently fatal trade was established, as far as three hundred miles from London, of conveying children for admittance. A father, on trial at Monmouth for the murder of his infant, which had been found drowned, proved that he had given a guinea to a travelling tinker on condition that the child should be deposited at the Foundling.

A fellow, with five babies in a basket, fell into a drunken sleep on a common, and in the morning three out of the five were dead. Only one out of a party of eight children who were brought out of the country reached Hatton Garden alive, and the survivor owed its life to the despairing mother, who fed it at intervals as she followed the waggon on foot. A suspicious-looking traveller from Yorkshire was questioned as to his freight at Highgate, and confessed, "I have two children for the Foundling in each of my horse's panniers. Once I used to get eight guineas for the trip, but now another man has set up against me, and has lowered my price." Even when the luckless atoms were not starved or murdered, the rapacity of their conductors often put them into the receptacle at the gate without a rag of clothing. There was an amusing consequence of this when a foundling, who had prospered in the world and had become a rich banker in the North, desired in his old age to learn his origin. The books of the institution, when overhauled, only bore witness to the extreme inadequacy of his toilet on admission.

We read such entries as these, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and we wonder what tragedies of a hapless mother's love or remorse may lie behind them: "A male child, about two months old, with white dimity sleeves, lined with white, and tied with red ribbon." Or, again: "A female child, aged about six weeks, with a blue figured ribbon, and purple and white printed sleeves, turned up with red and white." The clerk who made the following laconic entry does not give one the idea of being a sentimentalist: "A paper on the breast, clout over the head."

Notes have been found tied to the garments



"HE WATCHED THE UNREGARDING CROWDS FLIT BY."

of children, asking the country nurse to tell her name and place of abode to the mother. Mothers have attended baptisms in chapel to hear the name given, and have tried to preserve recollection of the features by frequenting the Sunday dinner. Before now a mother, who has come to chapel to return thanks for kindness to her dead child, has been informed that the object of her lamentation has a hearty appetite and is in a particularly flourishing condition.

Elements of the pathetic or the picturesque may be discovered in the initiation of many latter-day projects for the lightening of the burdens of human penury or woe. The earliest colony of mercy for the care of epileptics was started, about the middle of the last century, amid the primitive Germans of Westphalia. There is shown, beneath the boughs of a quiet beechwood, the grave of a peasant who had been blind for sixty years. This pioneer spent his dark life in journeying from village to village, teaching the people to pray; and in the days before railroads he adventured as far as Berlin, to intercede with the King for the despatch of some messengers of Glad Tidings. When the simple country folk learnt about the Master, they desired to do good as He did, and blind William Heermann received loving shelter in his old age from the colony which his prayers had created.

But there is no example of what might almost be called "the romance of prayer" which can be compared with the work which the late George Müller wrought in his orphan homes at Bristol. This extraordinary enthusiast certainly reversed most popular methods of charitable appeal, inasmuch as when his financial needs were sorest he

always refused to state his difficulties, either publicly or privately, lest such disclosure should argue lack of faith in God. The more straitened he was in his enormous enterprises the more reticent he felt he must be. Müller asserted that he could trace fifty thousand distinct answers to his special prayers. The dinner at one of his houses was once delayed for half an hour because there was no money to pay for the food; but a remittance came before the thirty minutes were up. "Our riches are in a bank which cannot break," was the light-hearted answer of a matron to an admiring visitor at a moment when there was not a penny in hand. And the visitor put down five pounds. We are assured that these deliverances, and many like them, are not romance, but reality; and we appreciate the homely hyperbole on Müller of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon: "That man gets from the Almighty just whatever he chooses to ask for."

"Yours in the Lord's service," replied Mr. William Quarrier, with a signature perhaps not quite as firm as it was forty years ago, when we wrote to ask him to tell us something about the rise of those extensive homes for destitute lads and lassies which are one of the glories of Glasgow.* Probably Mr. Quarrier did not read Latin, for one of his grandchildren, on being scolded for idleness, is reported to have answered his mother: "See how grandpapa has got on, and *he* never had any education!" But if he knew his Virgil, Dido's dictum, "I have suffered myself, and therefore I know how to help others," would have suited him well. As a fatherless boy, he used to drudge at pin-making ten or twelve hours a day for a shilling a week. He thought he must have been seven or eight years of age; but he remembered better that he had eaten no food for thirty-six hours, when he stood one afternoon on the pavement of High Street, Glasgow, and watched the unregarding crowds flit by. He was conscious that there then came into his forlorn and childish heart the first dim longing to do something, if God should prosper him in business, for wastrels as neglected as himself. What this noble Scotch shoemaker accomplished may be witnessed by those who will visit his homes, two miles beyond the Bridge of Weir.

Quarrier believed in the ministry of beauty more than did good George Müller; and his gabled orphanages, in their pleasant grounds with trees and lake, are fair as a garden of the Lord.

There is a piquancy in contrasts; the rich and aristocratic youth of England, in shining "toppers" and Eton jackets, by the slopes of Windsor, and street Arabs, parodies on civilisation, ignorant as savages, vicious and verminous, shivering beneath the old Adelphi arches, till the bull's-eye of the "slop" upon his beat remorselessly bids them move on. Quintin Hogg knew both sides of our national picture, and he did not spare the Rembrandt tints. When he left Eton, with every glowing prospect of the world before him, he felt as though he should go mad if he did not devote his best energies to the succour of these outcasts of humanity. He has told us how he herded as a shoeblack with shoeblacks, sleeping on barges or under tarpaulins, holding horses, or doing any odd jobs which might make him one with the boys.

From his first Ragged School, to which five pupils came absolutely naked, except for their mothers' shawls, grew by slow, but logical, degrees, the myriad-featured Polytechnic, with its fifteen thousand members. In that most successful centre of Christian help and service the President was found dead in his bath after a long day's toil at his chosen task. And when, within a few hours, the lads assembled for their Sabbath offering of prayer and praise, the eyes were closed that had so often shone with sympathy, and the heart of the friend of the friendless was still.

As we range over the many and varied deeds of charity and goodness which God has put it into the hearts of His people to do, and as we delight to realise that what is useful may be sometimes beautiful or romantic, our memories go back at parting to that happy manifestation of unselfish love which brightened one of the Redeemer's longest and weariest days, in hard and faithless old Jerusalem; when a certain poor widow, unknown and yet immortal, cast into the treasury those two mites which make a farthing—"all the living that she had."

* This good man has been called to his rest since we received his letter.



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XXVI.

The story opens in the reign of Louis XIV. Yvonne de la Féronniere, heiress of an old Huguenot family, is being educated in the famous Abbaye-aux-Bois. Her school friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, marries the Duc de Maillebois, and at the wedding Yvonne meets Réné, the young Chevalier de Beaumanoir. They are mutually attracted to each other, and their friendship ripens into love. They meet again at the Palace of Versailles when King Louis receives the Doge of Genoa. Yvonne's guardian, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, abruptly removes her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to his own house, where reigns an atmosphere of wordliness and frivolity. Mdlle. de la Féronniere is a great heiress, and no effort is spared to make her become a Roman Catholic, and to compel her to marry her cousin, Adolphe de Vaudreuil. She is driven to extremity by the Abbé de Chaylus. Then follows the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the persecution of the Huguenots, and Yvonne disappears. Meanwhile Réné de Beaumanoir has sailed from Toulon in command of *La Topaze* to redeem captives from Barbary. M. de la Forêt, the Huguenot pastor, goes with him to offer himself in exchange for one of his own people. Adventures with the Dey of Algiers follow, and M. de la Forêt completes his sacrifice. Réné has a narrow escape, and returns post-haste to Paris as soon as he lands. He searches for Yvonne, even to the dungeons of La Bastille, but she has been carried off secretly by her guardian, as she will not renounce her faith.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was, indeed, by a strange combination of circumstances that Mademoiselle de la Féronniere found herself alone in a posting tavern of the ancient city of Orleans. Ever full of suspicion, and a lover of crooked ways, Yvonne's uncle left her in ignorance of his intentions. She knew nothing of his return to Paris, or of her own destination, but had some vague idea that he was called away on private business and would resume his charge of her the next day.

Yet there was relief and joy in the thought that, even for a brief while, she would be free of his dreaded presence. She would be well guarded, of course, but even a change of gaoler was a gain. The young girl breathed more freely when she found herself in the little room which had been carefully prepared for her, with an assurance that it had an outside bolt. It was meanly and scantily furnished, and the only sign of pretension was a piece of faded tapestry, nailed up at the farther end. This caught her eye at once, and the landlady, who had ushered her in with a dim lantern, began hastily, in a tone of apology:

"Mademoiselle will pardon me, but the two serving wenches must pass through her chamber to their garret beyond. See; this is the little door," and she lifted up the tapestry to show it. "They will be nigh at hand if Mam'selle needs service in the night."

Yvonne made no demur, but when she had responded to a friendly good-night, and was once more alone, she had time to form her plans. It was quite plain that, if the maids slept in the inner room, the outside bolt would not be used, as they would have to rise betimes. So she resolved to sit up until the maids had gone to bed, and then barricade the door from

the inside. The moonlight was shining through the narrow casement; and as she leant out on the sill she could look down into the court-yard, now quiet and deserted since the guests had ridden away, save for a sleepy stable-boy, who closed the yard door with a bang behind him as he went out into the street beyond.

The girl smiled as the thought occurred to her that this must be an honest place where bolts and bars seemed so little in request. Then a sudden idea set the hot blood wildly throbbing, and she flushed scarlet in the darkness, all agape at her own audacity.

Was not here a way of escape pointed out to her by the finger of a kind Providence? What should hinder her from stealing out at daybreak through a sleeping house, to face the outside world, and make a bold stroke for freedom? She had all to gain and nothing to lose, for she knew that her kinsman had no mercy and that the worst awaited her.

The bold design once conceived, all the details seemed to map themselves out without conscious effort on her part.

First, she must quietly creep into that small pallet bed in the corner behind the blue-striped curtains, and feign slumber, to arouse no suspicion when the serving girls had to pass through her chamber. Never had the time passed so slowly. The clock in the church tower, which seemed almost over her head, chimed the quarters with relentless zeal, and was answered on all sides by the echoing bells, which jarred through the city as though it had nothing else to do but to keep time.

Still she listened in wakeful restlessness, until at length a faint sound caught her ear—a muffled tread on the stairs. Her door was softly opened, then closed again, and she held her breath as she heard the dull thud of slippered heels across the floor. A latch clicked and they were gone, for through the thin partition she could hear suppressed giggling and chattering for a while, until by degrees it died away and their heavy breathing assured her that they slept.

Then, after the emotions of the day, drowsiness slowly overcame her, and even the clanging bells rang out unheeded and had no power to disturb that peaceful slumber at the very crisis of her fate.

It was still dark when Yvonne awoke with a start to full consciousness; but the blackness had already given way to the dull grey of a cloudy dawn, and as she rose in haste and peered out of the garret window she could faintly distinguish high-peaked roofs and ghostly church towers through the mist.

She did not linger in the borderland between sleeping and waking, for there was not a moment to lose, and all the plans which she had made over-night rose sharp and clear before her mind. She carefully concealed beneath her simple black gown the precious satchel which contained all she possessed—this girl, who but a few days before had been a great heiress. She had thought of everything, even to the fact that her silver-grey travelling cloak had a lining of fine black camlet. This garment, worn on the reverse side, would be a complete disguise, shrouding her in nun-like fashion, with the hood closely drawn round her face.

Yvonne breathed a silent prayer, unlatched the door, and passed out. The landing was dark, and she had to feel her way along the wall until she reached the staircase, where the worm-eaten boards creaked beneath her feet and seemed to shriek the alarm at every step.

When she reached the ground floor, and trod on the uneven stone pavement, for a moment her heart failed her. In the pitch blackness she could distinguish nothing, and she had forgotten the way out. Only by groping about with the tips of her fingers was she able, after a while, to find the door and push back the heavy bolts with a grating sound which seemed loud enough to wake the sleeping household.

At length the girl drew a deep breath of relief, as she crossed the threshold and stood outside the door, which she managed to latch behind her, when the sharp yelp of a dog near at hand warned her that she was not yet out of danger. The sound smote her with terror, for instant discovery and pursuit might follow, and she knew not which way to flee. Fortune had favoured her so far that she had left the inn by the way which led into the open square, and, remembering that she must have driven in from the north, she resolved to turn her hasty steps in the opposite direction.

Only by slow degrees was a great purpose shaping itself in her mind—that her forlorn pilgrimage should have for its end and aim her own dear home in Poitou. Surely she was not forgotten there, and kind hearts would remember and be good to her. Yet, alas! at that moment she knew that it was far off and remote as heaven.

A leaden sky hung low and threatening, and the kindly mist enfolded her as she passed on

XUM

between tall houses, which stooped forward across the narrow street, almost touching at the eaves.

Already the world of labour was awakening; but, to her joy, the men and women she met gave her scarce a passing glance. Mostly slow of step and bent with the heavy burden of life, curiosity had died within them, and their dull eyes sought the ground rather than the faces of their neighbours. As a Sister of Mercy she would probably excite no notice, and in defiance of all caution Yvonne resolved, with a sudden impulse, to put her disguise, involuntary as it was, to the test.

A lad was coming up the paved street with a low milk cart drawn by two shaggy brown dogs. She picked out the smallest coin in her purse, and going boldly up to him she asked him for a drink of milk. The young country fellow touched his cap loutishly, and, filling a pewter bowl, handed it to her with a few words in unfamiliar *patois*, which she made out to be:

"*V'là, ma sœur*, you are welcome."

Never had she enjoyed anything so much as that simple meal, and as she went lightly on her way she could have sung aloud for very joy and triumph. But she had not gone far before a fresh alarm reminded her of her perilous position. A night watchman, shambling along with his bell in his hand, met her at the corner of a by-alley, and turned abruptly to stare after her, with a lowering brow full of suspicion. He was a gnarled old man, with small, vigilant eyes, and Yvonne grew hot beneath his peering gaze. Yet she had the courage to slacken her pace, and even pause for a moment, when she understood that it was but the man's dim sight He had thought to recognise a familiar face, and turned away disappointed.

The danger had passed, but it left her heart throbbing; and, looking up, she saw before her the magnificent carved porch of the Cathedral of Sainte Croix. The old sacristan had just unlocked the side door, and was fumbling with his keys. Moved by a quick impulse, she followed him, and the leathern curtain fell back heavily behind her. For a moment she stood faltering and uncertain in the great, dim silence; then, guided by taper lights burning before some shrine, she found her way to a secluded corner, where she could rest on the marble steps of a side chapel, hidden from view behind one of the great pillars.

The calm and stillness of that vast solitude was soothing beyond words to her troubled spirit; and as she sat there, shrouded in gloom, and gazed with wistful eyes into the fathomless shadows beyond, all the prayers and supplications of past ages seemed to echo around from those silent walls which had heard so much.

In her simpler creed the Huguenot girl asked for no splendid ritual, no mediating saints, no mitred priest in raiment of fine needlework and wrought gold to unlock the gate of heaven; but in some mysterious way she felt that hers was, in truth, no alien faith. The same eternal heritage of need and sorrow was her mortal heritage, she worshipped the same God, and here in His temple she cast herself before Him in abasement and passionate devotion.

When she raised her eyes once more the dim morning light had found its way through stained glass windows into the great cathedral, and she became vaguely conscious that she was no longer alone. A few shadowy figures were kneeling in prayer, scattered here and there about the aisles and side chapels, and there was coming and going, to and fro, behind the stone columns which protected her.

Presently she caught sight of a slow procession, passing up the broad central aisle, to the rhythm of a solemn dirge chanted by deep voices, the "Libera Me." Followed by a crowd of men and women, and even little barefooted children, it entered into the chapel behind the choir. Drawn by some involuntary attraction, Yvonne pressed forward, and saw the eastern light gilding the tall crosier, carried aloft and shining on the priest at the altar, as a bier, covered with a black pall, was lowered at his feet.

Then she heard a voice near her asking whose funeral it might be, and the whispered reply struck her with shuddering horror.

"Nay; this is no dead man's burial, but a living leper, who is cut off from the world this day and set apart for a death in life."

In a kind of stupefied trance the girl heard the whole thrilling office of the dead—the rich, full voice which intoned the words of invocation, the chanted responses, and the swinging of incense, when the waves of fragrant smoke dimmed the altar. She scarcely knew it had come to an end until she saw the congregation pass one by one before the bier, sprinkling the leper with holy water. Again the funeral procession was formed, and, with the cross still going in front of the priest in his robes, the bier was raised and borne down the church.

XUM

Moved by some instinct of awed sympathy, Yvonne followed from afar, too much absorbed in the interest of this tremendous drama to take thought of the risk of discovery to herself.

On it passed, that strange, inhuman procession, out through the great portal of the cathedral, where the carved Christ, with outstretched loving hands and pitiful eyes looked down, out into the cold, clear light of day. Onwards went the bearers, faltering beneath their living burden, through the narrow streets, where men crossed themselves and women with pale faces fell on their knees. Ever onwards, they moved across the bridge, by the poorest part of the town, to a remote and unfrequented spot, lying near the river to the south.

Here, at Olivet, the funeral procession drew up before a low hovel, the leper's future home, where he must dwell alone until merciful death should release him.

As the pall was removed, and he rose trembling from the bier, clothed in his leper's garb, the priest gave to the wretched outcast gloves, clappers, and a bread bowl. Then, to complete the fearful symbolism, he cast on the hut a handful of earth from a graveyard, and the "De Profundis" was chanted.

"Dead to the world, be thou alive to God!" said the priest.

"This is thy sentence of deprivation:

"Thou art forbidden to enter any church, or market, or abode of men.

"Thou art forbidden to walk with naked feet, or to go out of thy dwelling without thy leper's garment and thy clappers to warn all the world to shun thee.

"Thou art forbidden to wash in any river, stream, or fountain.

"Thou art forbidden to make any answer, if thou art spoken to in the streets, until thou hast taken note of the direction of the wind.

"Thou art forbidden to eat and drink in any company, save that of lepers like thyself.

"Thou art forbidden to touch a child or give him aught.

"And I bid thee know that when thou diest thy body shall be buried in this cabin, and not in holy ground."



"She picked out the smallest coin in her purse."

The priest, having spoken these and many other terrible words, planted a wooden cross before the hut, and hung on it a box for alms, into which everyone present cast his mite.

Then the door was closed on the leper, and he was left to his awful lot, while the people dispersed, the men with downcast eyes and the women sobbing, for who knew when a like fate might overtake them?

Meantime, Yvonne had lingered on the outskirts of the crowd, and when it gradually melted away she stood for a while irresolute

which way to turn; but at length, when the sound of footsteps had died slowly away along the path, she became conscious that she was not alone.

A lean, wrinkled old woman was crouched on the ground, rocking herself to and fro, and groaning in misery. Her faded hood had fallen back, and revealed her locks of scanty grey hair, which hung limp and uncared for. Years and sorrows had scarred her face with deep lines, and her eyes were dull and blurred with the bitter tears of old age, which had made furrows on her drawn, sallow cheeks. Her bare, withered arms were outstretched, with the elbows resting on her knees and the hands hanging stiffly forwards.

There was such an attitude of hopeless desolation about the whole figure that the girl's heart was touched to its inmost fibres.

As she came forward and stooped down by the woman's side, she caught the muttered words: "Oh, my son, my son!" And Yvonne knew that this must be the leper's mother.

No merciful unconsciousness had veiled from her eyes the last scene in that woeful tragedy. This daughter of the people had not fainted or fallen by the way, but with clear vision had drained to its last dregs the cup of agony. What a novitiate of long-drawn-out suffering must have been hers, leading up to this supreme moment of unutterable despair!

Yvonne's soul was flooded by a very passion of loving pity, and everything else in the world seemed to fade away into insignificance beside this poor creature's mighty need. Neighbours and friends all had turned away and left her afar in her desolation.

On this slight girl, a casual looker-on, a stranger of another creed, of another class, almost of another world, had fallen the burden of the Samaritan, when priest and Levite had passed by on the other side.

It was a bewildering revelation, even to herself, that the clarion call of duty should thus claim her instant obedience; that all thought of her own safety, of escape, of her distant home—all should be swallowed up in the overmastering impulse of charity.

One of that company, elect through all the ages, of waiting souls, she needed but to hear the Divine Word, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and thither straightway turned her willing steps.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE menace of the cloudy morning had been fulfilled, and the heavy mist had changed into a fine thick rain, which blotted out the distant landscape and seemed to enhance the dreariness of that lonely spot.

Yvonne de la Féronniere knelt down on the ground by the forlorn woman, still crouching at the foot of the cross, and pressed the cold, gnarled hands in her warm clasp. At the unlooked-for touch of sympathy the poor creature raised her eyes with the frightened, hunted look of some wild animal.

"Have you no one to care for you? Is there no friend whom I can seek?" asked a low, soft voice.

The leper's mother slowly shook her head and pointed with a trembling finger to the closed door of the hut.

"He was my only one; all the world to me!" she muttered, and sank back with a long, choking sigh.

"But you cannot abide here, my friend," persisted Yvonne. "Come with me. Together we will go to your home, and I will take care of you. Remember, you must live—for *his* sake!"

The words were spoken in a tone of authority which pierced the dulled brain. The woman made no resistance as she was gently raised from the ground and encouraged to lean on the arm of her new friend, whom she probably took for a Sister of Mercy. She was still shivering with the chilliness of misery; but instinctively she did as she was bidden, and led the way, with slow, uncertain steps, along the rough, tangled path by the river's side.

In silence they passed on beneath the bending willows and aspens quivering in the breeze, through rank ferns and dripping mosses, where the fallen leaves were too heavy with moisture to rustle beneath their feet. All was still and mute, save for the rhythmic wail of a moaning wood pigeon overhead.

For a while they followed the glimmering line of the river, seen through the branches; then they turned aside abruptly towards a thick clump of pollard thorn bushes. Here the girl could just distinguish a low, thatched roof, covered with thick, green moss and half hidden beneath clusters of wild clematis spread out like the tail feathers of a bird of Paradise. At the sight of her home the poor woman's



"Yvonne knew that this must be the leper's mother."

deadened senses painfully revived, and, drawn by the force of use and custom, she took a faltering step towards the door and lifted the latch.

Yvonne looked with wondering eyes at the grim interior thus abruptly revealed, though for the first moment she could distinguish nothing clearly, as a peat fire had been left smouldering on the hearth and the place was dense with the smoke of it. Never had she beheld so wretched a dwelling. The uneven floor, like the walls, was of beaten clay, discoloured and stained in great patches with damp. There was scarcely any furniture beyond a rough wooden table and bench, and in one corner a heap of dry leaves and bracken, which had plainly done service as a bed. On a rude, blackened shelf near the fire were a few simple cooking utensils, earthen bowls, and pipkins; while a big brown pitcher, half full of water, stood against the door. On the table were fragments of black bread and a bowl of milk—remaining, doubtless, from the leper's last meal, thought the girl with an involuntary shudder.

But she was quick to perceive that these familiar objects appealed to his mother as nothing else had done. Now that she stood once more face to face with her old life, the fountain of her speech was loosened, and her long stifled rage and despair at length found words.

"They tore him from me," she hoarsely cried, "my poor Charlot, who had never harmed one of God's creatures! Think of it, *ma sœur!* I only asked to care for him and love him to the end."

Choked with sobs, she paused for a moment, while Yvonne soothed her with soft, low words of sympathy.

"Tell me all. When did your son's iliness begin? Have you dwelt here long alone with him?"

"Alas! that I should have sunk so low as to come to this miserable place!" she cried. "I, Marie Lecroy, who had a good home and a good husband, and was famed all over Orleans as the best embroiderer for church work in the city! Who but I was chosen to work the figure of St. Peter for the new banner of the cathedral? Ah, *ma sœur*, you would not think it now!" And she held out her poor coarse hand.

"I, too, can embroider a little, and I love the work!" exclaimed the young girl with a bright smile. "You shall teach me, and we will sit together at our needlework and earn money that you may buy for your son all that he needs."

"But I can no longer see the fine stitches, for my eyes are blinded with many tears since the troubles came," moaned the wretched Marie. There was a moment's pause, then she could not resist the craving of an over-burdened heart to pour forth its sad story.

"First, my poor husband died. He was of the dyers' guild, but our Charlot would never be apprenticed to his father's craft, and ever loved to rove the world. So he went to sea in company with a foreign merchant, and in some foreign port he must have caught that fearful malady. Then he came home to me, a lone widow, and when I knew the truth I sought to hide it from the world as I nursed and tended him; but my neighbours had dark suspicions, and after a while no one would give me work to do, and when there was no more money to pay our lodging they turned us out into the street.

"We wandered about till we found shelter here, far away beyond the ramparts, but even in this hovel they could not suffer us to die in peace together.

"The poor fellow would creep out to the river's side, and loved to sit there by the hour, and watch the ferry passing across down yonder. But in an evil hour there crossed over in the boat one of the city bailiffs, and he took notice of my Charlot. Then someone laughed: 'Know you not that it is the poor leper?'

"Then the fat bailiff swore at the ferryman for suffering my son to abide there, and warned him that the dread of infection would ruin his trade. Heaven avenge us on that cruel man!

"The next day he came with two barber-surgeons, and they saw Charlot and muttered together and signed a big parchment. Oh! it was all done according to law—and then—you know the rest!"

"But was there no refuge, no home for such sickness, such as there is in Paris—the St. Lazare?" asked the girl impulsively.

"There is no leper hospital now in Orleans. Old Jean, the ferryman, was sore troubled, but he could not ward off the blow," murmured the hapless mother, as she buried her face in her hands and rocked herself backwards and forwards, sobbing in agony.

Yvonne made no effort to restrain that outburst of emotion. She was wise enough to know that those healing tears would but

relieve the soul from its crushing burden of grief.

From that hour began the young girl's life of lowly service. With full-couraged eyes she faced the task before her, and met it with a glad welcome. No labour was too wearisome, no petty household duties too menial, for this tenderly nurtured lady of a noble house. She fetched water in a pitcher from the river, gathered together sticks for kindling the fire, and swept and cleaned—not without a thrill of relief that all the poor leper's belongings, to his bed, his cup, and platter, had been removed to his hut.

Often when in the evening she poured broth into the two earthen bowls from the black pot which had been simmering all day over the fire, she thought with a smile how different it was from the cookery in which she had received such dainty lessons at the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

The bare upper chamber beneath the thatched roof, only reached by a sort of ladder from the living room, was henceforth her lodging. From the low, unglazed window she could look out on the glimmering line of the river, tinted like an opal in the moonlight, and crossed by dim, shadowy reflections. With wistful eyes she gazed into the far-off distance, which veiled all that she held dear; and the thought that Réné might be watching the same glorious silvery light on those Southern seas seemed to bring him very near, and to strengthen her longing heart with new-born hope.

But ere many days had passed there came a change of which she was slow to realise the grave import. Marie Lecroy, when the first violence of her passionate sorrow had worn away, gradually sank into a state of dull apathy and stupor. The shock of final separation, the shame and ignominy of that last scene when, before her very eyes, her death-stricken son had been banned by book and bell, and set apart in his living tomb—all this had been too much for the poor creature's endurance.

The poisoned shaft had pierced her heart, and when once all hope was quenched within her she fell a ready victim to the malarial fever ever haunting that low river side. She would spend long hours crouching by the fireside in gloomy silence, until there came a time when she had no longer strength to creep so far.

"Go, seek hunchbacked Jean; he will help," gasped the sick woman as she lay shivering on her pallet; then her eyes closed, and she sank back into unconsciousness.

In anxious haste Yvonne did her bidding, and went in search of the old ferryman, who had already befriended her in many ways, for without his help she could not have obtained the necessaries of life. He was her one link with the outside world.

In this hour of her extremity the young girl, awed by the sense of her own ignorance, looked up to the old man as an oracle. He told her of herbs and simples, which she duly prepared; but when these failed she listened with a doubting heart to the strange and gruesome remedies which he had to offer. He had his way, for she dared not demur in a case of life and death, but all was of no avail to poor Marie. She grew hourly worse, and, as the fever waxed, became wandering and delirious, until at length Yvonne, in despair, made one last appeal to her friend.

"Will you not fetch some learned physician from the city? I have money to pay him," she pleaded, for her little store was not yet exhausted.

But the hunchback shook his head, and put aside the suggestion with scorn.

"Believe me, she will but die the sooner for his nostrums. Her days are numbered, my poor Madame Lecroy—glory be to Mary and the saints!—for her heart is broken. I have seen death in many forms, and know the signs of his coming. Nay; it is a priest she needs, *ma sœur*, and when I cross the river again I will send word to the priest of Saint Eustache."

With a sudden impulse, the girl turned to him.

"You call me '*ma sœur*,' but I am no nun, as you think me, good Jean!" she cried. "What will you say when you learn that I am a Huguenot, a fugitive?"

"Hush, hush, Mademoiselle," he interrupted hastily. "Tell me nothing. I only know that you are an angel sent by God Himself," and with that he turned abruptly away and set forth on his errand of mercy.

Yvonne never knew how she lived through the long, grey hours of that night. It was a terrible ordeal to keep her lonely vigil and to watch by the sick bed when the sands of life were slowly ebbing away and she was powerless to save.

Again and again there came a pitiful cry of "Charlot, *mon* Charlot!" and as it echoed through the stillness of the night there sprang up in the girl's heart a wild desire to go forth

and fetch the leper to bid his mother a last farewell.

But, awed by the sense of her responsibility, she dared not leave her charge untended; and still the time passed, each minute an eternity, and no one came. There was no help on earth, but the gates of heaven were always open. As she knelt down by the sick bed and prayed aloud the sound of her voice brought a sense of human sympathy and comfort to the dying woman. She stretched out her hands yearningly, and looked up with shining eyes.

Then, softly at first and gaining courage as she went on, Yvonne sang one of those old canticles which had brought hope and strength to so many departing souls:

"L'ombre et l'obscurité
Couvrent sa Majesté,
Ses divins jugements
Sont les sûrs fondements
De son trône . . ." *

The girl had left the door open, forgetting all fear in the urgency of her need; but she was so engrossed in her service of song that she did not catch the sound of approaching footsteps until they reached the threshold; then, turning with a sudden start, she saw by the flickering rushlight that the priest had come. He was a big, portly man, with a ruddy, good-tempered face, a great contrast to the crippled figure of the old ferryman as the two stood together in the open doorway, with the first dim, grey light of dawn behind them.



"Stretched out her hands yearningly and looked up with shining eyes."

The young girl instinctively drew aside as the priest took his place by the death-bed—to him so familiar a scene—and began the last rites of the Church. But he was too late; already a grey film was stealing over the upraised eyes, the choking breath had failed.

Old Jean bent forward and raised the head; and as Yvonne caught sight of the drawn features, stamped with austere beauty by the ennobling hand of pain, she leant back against the wall, dazed and quivering.

The priest had ended his benediction to the departing soul, when he turned his shrewd, piercing eyes upon the young girl.

* "Clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the foundation of His throne."—Psalm xcvii. (Revised Version).

"Mademoiselle, I do not ask to know your secret," he said in a low, clear voice. "Yours has been a noble work of charity for this poor woman; but I heard you singing as I entered, and the words betrayed you."
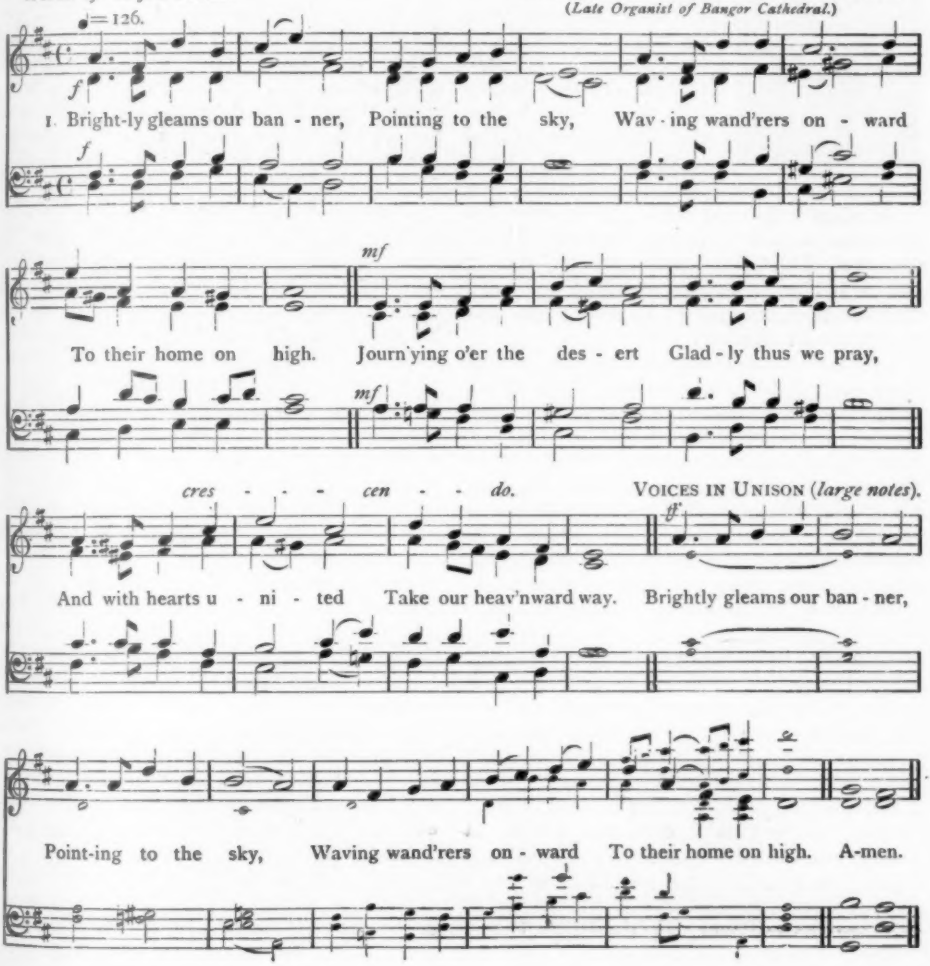
He paused, and she bowed her head in assent. The worst might happen, but she would not deny her faith.

"I am no bigot, and would serve you, if I may," he continued. "There are not too many of your sort on this earth. Now listen to me. You are in danger, and each moment the peril draws nearer, for death holds a pomp of its own and demands attendants. Strangers will come here in a few hours, and will look on you with curious, unfriendly eyes. Depart while there is time. My friend Jean will help you, and the river is a safe highway. Farewell, my child, and may Heaven shield you."

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.]

"Brightly Gleams our Banner."

Words by T. J. POTTER. *Music by* ROLAND ROGERS, Mus.D. Oxon. (*Late Organist of Bangor Cathedral.*)





"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—PSALM xc. 9.

WE have in this psalm a contrast between the eternity of God and the transitoriness of all created things. Before the mountains, before the foundations of the earth were laid, even "from everlasting to everlasting," He was God. With Him "a thousand years are but as yesterday." Man's days are but "threescore years and ten"; his life is like "a tale that is told."

What, then, is a tale? In what respects is it like the life of man?

1. A tale is the *product* of the imagination. Even what children love to call "true tales" need imagination in the teller and the hearer. Facts may be so presented to the mind that they produce no impression. The teller needs the gift of imagination if he is to put his facts vividly, in due proportion, and in such a way that they become real to the hearer. The hearer needs imagination if he is to receive the impression the tale is intended to convey. Is it not so in human life? We are told that "the old live in the past, the middle-aged in the present, the young in the future." And this is partly true. The old do largely live in the past; but in a green, vigorous, old age the present is by no means out of sight, nor does the future fail to bear its part in "the fever called living." God has mercifully so constituted us that we are always looking forward to something, otherwise life would lose its interest. I have known an old lady of eighty who built a new house for herself with the full expectation of living there long enough to repay the trouble and the cost.

Nor is it true that the middle-aged live only in the present. The man of business exercises his imagination—hard-headed, practical, unimaginative as he may fancy himself to be. We see it in such phrases as "a long-headed, a far-sighted man." The men who make their mark in politics and business are those who can see beyond the present moment. They do not forget the past and its lessons, nor do they fail to see that the present conditions the future.

As for children, they live largely in the region of the imagination. Shakespeare tells us that "the poet is of imagination all compact"; he "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Children are your true poets. To the little girl her doll is a living thing. She pets it or punishes it in the full assurance that it is pleased by the one mode of treatment and saddened by the other. To the little boy his rocking-horse is a fiery charger. Listen to children at play, and you soon learn that they live mainly in the region of the imagination.

Is it not true of us all that it is not the *facts* of life, but what we *think* of them, which makes the happiness or misery of our existence? You sometimes see a face that tells of indwelling peace. You cannot doubt that such a face belongs to one who has "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us" in "the gospel of the grace of God." Whoever, looking "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," learns to endure, lives in the region of the imagination, it is true, but not in an unreal world. We can only conquer evil, and find the help we need each hour, as we see by faith Him Who is the author and finisher of our salvation.

When I say that life, like a tale, is the product of the imagination, I only affirm that in its deepest depths life depends much more on what people call the imaginary than on what

they call the real. Religion would be impossible to creatures unendowed with imagination.

2. Again, a tale is a thing of *passing* interest. The most interesting story one ever heard or read becomes tiresome by constant repetition. There are, indeed, some stories which will bear repetition. This is eminently true of Bible stories; but we are all sadly conscious that we hear or read these stories without feeling as we ought their force, when they are very familiar, unless some fresh experience in our own lives brings to them new meaning. In the case of ordinary stories we know how stale they soon become.

So life loses its interest. Not always for ourselves. No doubt the keen, vivid interest of life when we are young dies down in some degree. Yet let me say, as one who has reached the psalmist's "threescore years and ten," that I find life full of interest, if a less exciting thing than once it was. My point is that no one's life interests those who survive him. Men take up a morning paper as they journey to their business; see in the list of deaths the name of a man they have known well, done business with, sincerely liked. How does it affect them? "Ah! poor So-and-so has gone! I thought he was beginning to fail. Poor fellow! I hope his family are well provided for!" Then the conversation turns on some topic of the day. Even in the case of men who have occupied a large space in public life how soon they are forgotten! The great poet, orator, politician, soldier, is remembered for a little, and then ceases to be of interest to his fellow-men at large. It is well that it should be so. Life would be intolerable if we could not forget, or at all events remember without acute pain, those who have passed away.

3. But let us notice next that, though a tale is a thing of *passing* interest, it is also a thing of *permanent* importance; for we cannot hear or read a story and be as if we had never known it. It may fade from the memory; but it has left its mark. We only seem to forget. It is this fact which imposes such fearful responsibility on those who have the gift of telling a tale well, either verbally or in writing. There are books which do untold mischief. I confess that I look with some degree of fear upon the present fashion of disinterring the facts, or supposed facts, concerning royal and other personages who lived very unedifying lives. People think they are reading history when they are doing little more than satisfying curiosity not of the highest type There teem from the press books which can do no good and can hardly fail to do harm.

It is equally true of human life that it is of *permanent* importance—to others, to ourselves. "No man liveth to himself." We are always doing good or harm. We carry with us a moral atmosphere. It is impossible to be neutral.

No one can tell how far-reaching will be the effects of his words and his works. There is only one way in which we can be sure that our lives will be a blessing and not a curse to our fellow-creatures. You would *do* good; you must *be* good. We have all known persons whose very presence brought with it a holy influence. They did not talk much about religion, it may be, but you felt that the love of Christ constrained them in all they thought and said and did. Alas! there are others who are a blighting force. How is it to be with us? If we are "led by the Spirit" we shall not "fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Each day, as it brings us nearer to the end of this life, will not only bring us nearer to "the life that knows no ending," but it will find us more useful, more influential, in "the work of faith and labour of love" to which God has called us; more fitted to enjoy the blessings of our Heavenly Home. To the true believer life is, indeed, like "a tale that is told," but it is a wholesome story with a happy ending.



MAMIE'S PRETTY LADY.

A Complete Story by L. G. Moberly.



HEY called her "our lady" in Paradise Court, the unsavoury slum which she visited weekly.

None of them knew her name, but her small, dainty figure was a familiar one in the court. She always dressed in the same way—in a well-fitting dark blue gown, serge in winter, linen in summer, and a simple dark blue hat to match her gown.

The colour became her; it emphasised the pure fairness of her face, the golden glory of her hair; and the costume was eminently suitable to the court, which for general dirt and disorder could scarcely have found a match in London.

Though none of its denizens knew her name, they knew where she lived, because she had told them long ago that in any difficulties they were to come to the address she gave them.

With the vagueness so characteristic of their class, they had thought no more on the subject; or, if they thought about it, they concluded that she had some employment in the house she named. It did not strike them as for a moment possible that it could be her own abode; it was in such a particularly grand neighbourhood!

"Which she's a lidy, every inch of 'er," Mrs. Pettitt confided to her neighbour Mrs. Marsh, both occupants of one of the Paradise Court houses; "but there's lidies what 'as to work same as me and you. Companion, I should say she might be, or governess maybe. She's a lidy, whatever she is."

Yes, she was a lady, whatever else she was; and the class of person who lives in the slums knows very well indeed the difference between real ladies and sham ones.

She was loved by all the people, but most of all did the children adore her, dogging her footsteps as she passed in and out amongst the wretched dwellings, and pulling softly at her gown sometimes for the pure pleasure of making her smile down at them.

The sweetness in her deep eyes, the fascination of her smile, won the hearts of the little ones; but perhaps none of the children loved her so well as did Mamie Barker, the only child of Josiah Barker and his wife. Josiah's work was of an uncertain and precarious order Sometimes he got a job, but more often he did not. He would have found it hard to explain the nature of his profession, because he did so very many things in the course of a year. In fact, as his wife was wont to remark, "Jo, 'e can turn 'is 'and to anything; 'e's a 'andy man, is Jo."

Poor Josiah had need to be "handy." He and his wife and Mamie would indeed have fared badly if he had not been an adept at odd jobs.

Mamie was the apple of his eye, the very deepest joy of his heart; and it was a matter of untold pride to him and his wife that "our lady" never failed to kiss the child's little face every time she visited their room.

Mamie's person was the only portion of the Barkers' possessions upon which they expended any efforts after cleanliness, and Mamie's face was generally clean and very sweet to look upon.

It must be confessed that the small room, which was the only home she knew, left very much to be desired; and no representations, even from the lady they loved, could induce Josiah and his wife to understand the advantages of fresh air and soap and water!

"Of course," she said once in apology for her *protégés*, "one must remember that it is not so easy for *them* to be clean and tidy as it is for us. I expect, if I lived in a third floor back, and had to climb three flights of stairs every time I wanted a single drop of water, I might find cleanliness more difficult of achievement than I do. Fancy having to fetch your water from the back yard at the bottom of the house, and having to keep all your possessions in one small room that you sleep and cook and live in! Oh! it is not so easy as good folks think for the poor people to be clean and tidy."

Well! it was true enough that the room of Josiah Barker and his wife was not always the pink of perfection; but little Mamie, the joy of her parents' hearts, was invariably as fresh and clean and sweet as a new-blown daisy.

She was not unlike those flowers, too, for in spite of the dark and dingy street in which she had lived all her little life, in spite of the

XUM

one room which was her only home, she had the dainty colouring of children living in more healthy conditions; and her blue eyes and curly yellow head, and soft pink and white cheeks made her a charming picture of a baby.

Nobody in Paradise Court evinced any jealousy because "our lady" showed a distinct partiality for Baby Mamie. All the neighbours made a pet of the child, which was not surprising when you realised her prettiness and her engaging little ways.

Ever since she could first take notice of anything or anybody, her baby heart had gone out to the lady who paid such regular weekly visits to her parents, and by the time she was able to use her small tongue her very first words were "Pitty lady," and "pitty lady" her friend remained to her as the weeks and months rolled by and she was able to say a great many more words, and had even learnt to combine words into sentences.

Her little face beamed with joy whenever the visitor's face appeared at the door. She would stretch out her soft dimpled arms, and cry happily "Pitty lady, pitty lady!" and she lavished a very large proportion of her affections on the friend whose sweet face and



"Josiah faithfully fed the fire."—*p.* 964.

golden hair seemed to produce a profound impression on her infantile mind

When Mamie added walking to her other accomplishments, she frequently formed one of the little band of children whose only playplace was the roadway, and who spent all their time out of school hours in sitting on the edge of the pavement, or playing weird little games of their own in the gutter.

Mamie was sent out by her mother in charge of some older child when Mrs. Barker was engaged in doing the family washing; and if the "visiting lady" chanced to come down the court when Mamie formed one of the little row on the kerb the child would clamber to her feet and toddle towards "her lady" as fast as her fat and rather uncertain legs would carry her.

Clutching with eager hands at the visitor's gown, and lifting adoring eyes to her face, she would chuckle softly.

"Pitty lady come to see Mamie. Mamie loves pitty lady."

It was in winter time that something happened which made Mamie's father and mother devoted slaves of their "visiting lady," and which taught them something they will never forget as long as they live.

The winter that year had been especially rigorous, but Josiah had managed to find even more odd jobs than usual, and want had not knocked at the Barkers' door.

But—so it seemed to the two parents—something far worse than want came to them, on a bitterly cold March evening, after a day of bitter north-east wind.

Mamie, now three years old, had been out in the street as usual, joining the other children in their games; but when her mother carried her indoors at tea-time she noticed that the child was flushed and heavy, and that her eyes were unnaturally big and bright.

Josiah noticed it too when he came home an hour later; and before eight o'clock, with that terrible rapidity with which a child falls ill, little Mamie was tossing and raving in delirium.

Josiah and his wife, ignorant as they were of sickness, realised that something must be very seriously wrong indeed to account for the hard, hurried breathing which smote upon their ears like a knell; and Josiah hurried out to fetch the nearest doctor, whilst an agony of fear and apprehension knocked at his heart.

When the doctor came to the bedside, and looked down into the flushed face and bright, unseeing eyes, he shook his head.

"She is as bad as can be," he said tersely, as he gave a few short directions. "There is nothing to be done excepting what I have told you," he added, when his orders were given. "I am very sorry, but there is nothing more we *can* do. What is she saying?" he asked, after a pause, in which the child's voice wailed unceasingly "Pitty lady, pitty lady. Mamie *does* want her pitty lady Please come to Mamie. Mamie does want her pitty lady."

"What does she mean?" the doctor repeated.

"She's a-talkin' about our lidy what comes to see us," Josiah answered, drawing a grimy hand across his eyes; "she's fair set on that lidy, poor mite. Calls 'er 'Pitty lidy,' she do. Wants 'er to come now; that's what she's talkin' about."

"Would the lady come?" the doctor asked. "It would be a great thing to quiet the child, if——"

He looked from the troubled baby face to the faces of the father and mother, who watched it with anguished eyes.

"She's wonnerful kind and that," Josiah said doubtfully; "but o' course it's arskin' a lot ter arsk 'er to come out of a cold night, and what we thinks is as 'er time ain't 'er own."

"You mean she is working in some way?" The doctor idly wondered who this visiting lady could be.

"We thought maybe she 'ud be a companion," Mrs. Barker here put in. "Not but what she's a lidy—there ain't no mistake about *that*—but some lidies 'as to work."

"Well," the doctor answered abruptly, having already more work than he well knew how to do, and being painfully aware that he could do nothing more for the gasping little form upon the bed, "if the lady would come it might quiet the baby, and that is a most important matter. I'll look in in the morning. Good-night."

The busy man was gone, and the husband and wife looked at one another.

"Could we do it, Joe?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"There ain't nothin' I'd leave *undone* fer Mamie," Josiah replied almost fiercely. "I'm goin' right orf now to the lidy's 'ouse. I can but arsk of 'er to come, and if she won't she won't, but there ain't no 'arm in arskin' of 'er."

* * * * * *

The footman who opened the door of the great house in Grosvenor Square stared at

the shabby man upon the steps ; for, although Josiah had put on his Sunday coat, washed his face, and plastered down his hair, he still looked to the servant in the doorway a very shabby person indeed

"What was it you wanted ?" the footman asked, after that comprehensive stare. "If you've come from the builders, you ought to have gone to the back door."

"'Twas the lidy I wanted," Josiah said humbly. The bigness of the house, the blazing electric lights in the hall, and the lofty manners of the footman overawed him.

"Lady, what lady ? Her ladyship's just going out, and——"

"'Twouldn't be 'er," Josiah interrupted eagerly. "What we was thinkin' was as it might be a companion or a governess lidy, maybe. 'Tis the lidy as comes down our court, a I come——"

"Look 'ere, there ain't no companion nor governess here. You've come to the wrong shop, and you'd best git—fast as you can lay foot to the ground. Companion indeed—pretty tales——"

"What is that, Giles ?" struck in a soft, clear voice that made the footman leap several feet into the air, and sent a throb of hope to Josiah's heart. "Please remember that *no one* who comes to the door is to be spoken to in such a way. Who is it ?" And in the interior of the hall Josiah caught a sudden glimpse of a wonderful shining vision, the like of which he had never set eyes on in all his life before.

He heard the abashed and discomfited footman making stammering apologies, then the soft voice from within saying, "Ask him to come in here and speak to me," and Josiah found himself inside the hall, where the lights dazzled him and the radiant vision seemed to dance up and down before his dazed eyes.

"Why, Josiah," said the voice he knew, "is it you ? I hope nothing is wrong ?" And at that moment Josiah's bewildered senses righted themselves, and he realised that the figure standing before him in gleaming white satin and shining diamonds was none other than the visitor to the court—Mamie's "pitty lady."

The footman had discreetly vanished into the back regions—where he was informing his fellows that "her ladyship didn't seem to know *her* place nor his, expecting him to be civil to a man off the streets"—and the little lady and Josiah were alone.

"Is there something I can do ?" she asked gently, when Josiah seemed to find a difficulty in making his wants known.

"I dunno as I oughter come," Josiah murmured, twisting his cap round and round with uneasy fingers ; "but me and Lizer we thought 'twas best I should tell yer—'bout—'bout Mamie."

The words ended in a little choke, and a startled look flashed into the soft eyes watching him.

"About Mamie ?" she said. "I hope there is nothing wrong with *Mamie*."

"She's terrible bad," the man answered shakily. "Took bad all of a sudden this arternoon, and doctor 'e don't seem to 'old out much 'ope, and the kid she do keep on callin' out for you somethin' shockin'."

"Calling out for *me ?* Oh ! why didn't you tell me so at once ? I will come directly—directly to her."

Josiah's eyes glanced sheepishly up and down her dainty form in its glistening robes. He recalled the footman's words, "Her ladyship's just going out," and, twisting his cap with renewed uneasiness, he stammered :

"I didn't oughter arsk yer to come. The gentleman what opened the door said as 'er lidyship was goin' out. I don't know if you're 'er lidyship, but—but——"

"Yes, I am ; but that doesn't matter," she answered, smiling into his troubled face and touching a bell beside her. "Even if I *was* going out, it would not prevent me from helping you now. . . Ask Marie to bring my long cloak directly, please," she said to the footman who answered her summons, "and whistle a four-wheeler. I shall not want the carriage at nine."

Josiah looked on in dumb wonder whilst the man sped away to do his mistress's bidding ; then he said awkwardly :

"I wouldn't ever a-come if I'd a-knowed you was—you was——"

"I am glad you came," she said more gently than ever. "I only want to help little Mamie to get better. I am glad you came."

"Doctor, 'e said if we could quiet 'er it 'ud do 'er good." Josiah answered, "an' there didn't seem no way to quiet her, 'ceptin' be fetchin' you."

Just then the maid and the cloak appeared, and two minutes later the amazed servants saw their mistress drive away in the cab, the shabby man upon the box having obstinately refused to go inside the vehicle.

Paradise Court does not go early to bed.

In spite of the cold, groups of people still hung about the doorways retailing the latest gossip, and there was a stir of excitement over the unwonted sight of a cab turning into the street.

"'Tis our lady," one said to the other; "and she ain't got nothin' on 'er 'ead." "She've come in a 'urry," quoth another. "Josiah's along of 'er; she've a-come to see Mamie, you mark my words."

She had a smile of greeting for them all as she passed into the house, but her tenderest smile and greeting were reserved for the little sick child upstairs.

Heedless of the shining garments she wore, with no thought for anything but the small, tossing form upon the bed, she sat down beside it, and said softly:

"I've come, Mamie dear. Your lady's come to see you."

The sound of the voice made the child turn her head restlessly on the pillow; her eyes gleamed feverishly; she threw out her arms with a pathetically pleading gesture.

"Please, I wants my pitty lady," she moaned. "Ask pitty lady to come to Mamie. I wants her. I wants her. Wants to sit on pitty lady's lap."

The disjointed sentences, the glassy, unrecognising stare of the child's eyes, went to the visitor's heart.

With a gesture of infinite tenderness she stooped over the bed and gathered the little restless form into her arms.

"There, there," she murmured softly. "Mamie's lady has come to her. Now Mamie must go to sleep like a good baby," and after wrapping her cloak warmly round the child she held her closely against her breast, whilst with her free hand she stroked back the ruffled yellow curls, and touched the flushed face with cool, soft fingers.

A sudden smile flashed out over the baby's face. She nestled down into the arm that held her, and a look of perfect recognition shone in her eyes.

"Mamie's pitty lady," she murmured happily. "Mamie's comfy now."

And in an incredibly short space of time her soft, regular breathing showed that the child was asleep.

Josiah and his wife stood, watching open-mouthed the extraordinary spectacle of the lady, in her beautiful gown, holding their baby in her arms and smiling down into the sleeping face; and once Josiah took a step forward and said huskily that they "didn't oughter keep the lidy no more now. Mamie 'ud likely as not sleep in bed."

But the lady uplifted a finger, and whispered:

"Hush! we must not on any account move or wake her. You and your wife keep up the fire and get a nap if you can. I am not going to let the child out of my arms till she wakes of herself."

And so through the long watches of the night she sat patiently in the high, uncomfortable chair, holding her burden carefully and tenderly, even though her arms grew stiff and aching with the tension, and her eyes were heavy with sleep.

Josiah faithfully fed the fire, but neither he nor his wife took the nap their visitor had suggested, and when the grey light of dawn stole into the room all three were sitting motionless and still, awaiting the baby's waking and the doctor's verdict.

Long before his usual time for paying visits to his patients, the doctor arrived—moved, perhaps, by a vivid recollection of the grave condition in which he had found Mamie the night before. He will never forget the sight that met his eyes when he entered the Barkers' little room. The parents, with worn and haggard faces, sat one on each side of the fireplace, and close to them, beside the bed, sat a woman, with a lovely face and deep soft eyes, dressed in a glistening satin gown, with the gleam of diamonds on her neck, and diamonds in her golden hair; a woman who looked smilingly up at him as though she were doing nothing uncommon, and said in a whisper:

"I think she is better. I do really hope she is better. We managed to quiet her."

"You have saved her life," the doctor said quietly. "She was wearing herself out, and you have saved her. She will do now. She can go back into the bed. You have saved her life."

And at that moment Mamie's blue eyes opened. She stretched herself, languidly, and lifted her arms to the lovely tired face bending over her.

"Pitty lady," she murmured drowsily, with a happy chuckle. "Mamie's pitty, pitty lady"

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

CHRYSOSTOM: II.—THE ARCHBISHOP—CONSTANTINOPLE, A.D. 397.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

WE have drawn the rough outline of the life-story of that somewhat insignificant-looking man, with his strangely piercing eyes, with their grave and sad expression, with work-worn features prematurely furrowed with frequent sickness, rather than with years. He was about fifty-two when he was almost forcibly, and sorely against his will, enthroned as Archbishop in the lordly Basilica of the great Eastern metropolis. It was indeed a surprising elevation for the Syrian preacher, to find himself of a sudden transported from his distant native Antioch, taken for ever away from the people he loved, to whom he had preached in hours of sorrow and of joy for so many years, and who in turn listened to him as perhaps no flock had ever before or ever since listened to a devoted pastor.

Constantinople, at the close of the fourth century, was the most important city in the world, as well as the most magnificent, and the responsibilities which belonged to its Archbishop were indeed tremendous. The Imperial throne was occupied by the eldest son of Theodosius, Arcadius. Less intelligent even than his brother Honorius the Western Emperor, he had spent the whole of his brief life amidst the splendour of an Oriental palace. A sleepy, dreamy man, not irreligious, but wholly insensible to the awful responsibilities of his exalted position, he lived entirely under the tutelage of his chief Minister and his beautiful Empress, and was ever wholly insensible to the stormy events of the age in which his lot was cast, and appeared quite ignorant of the pressing dangers which threatened the very existence of his mighty empire.

Eudoxia, the Empress, was a Frank, the orphan daughter of the barbarian General Bautho. When Arcadius was about to marry the child of Rufinus, somewhile the all-powerful Minister of Arcadius, a palace intrigue, conducted by the Eunuch Eutropius, then the Imperial Chamberlain, had attracted the notice of Arcadius with a picture of the beautiful Frankish girl. Arcadius willingly agreed to the substitution of Eudoxia for his betrothed wife, and so she became Empress. The assassination of Rufinus, who aspired to the rank of Emperor, was not long delayed, and Eudoxia and the Eunuch Eutropius became the virtual rulers of the East. The bringing of the saintly Chrysostom to Constantinople was the work of Eutropius, and, as we have remarked, was perhaps the only good deed which marked his tenure of supreme power; for on the death of Rufinus this Eutropius became the Emperor's chief Minister and adviser.

Alas! the training of John Chrysostom sadly unfitted him for the duties and responsibilities of his great office. The new Archbishop was a grave and devout ascetic; he had no sympathy with Court and public life; he was utterly strange to all the habits and customs of the great and wealthy; he was intensely conscious of the faults and shortcomings of the luxurious classes with whom he was daily brought in contact, but he failed to recognise much that was good and true in the many-sided life in the midst of which he found himself closely mixed up. Utterly unpractical, he condemned all the state and pomp of the brilliant Court and of the higher circles, and with an unsparing voice he bitterly reproved, and wished abruptly to change, all the manners and customs of the most splendid and magnificent Society in the world. All his sympathies were with the poor, the needy, and the sad. He praised and even flattered the masses with a praise and flattery which were often hurtful to the objects of his loving expressions, and at times even dangerous to the public peace; while he reviled indiscriminately, with all the power of his matchless eloquence, the lives and conduct of the great of the earth. No honest biographer of this true saint of God, while admiring with no grudging admiration his pure and saintly life, his undoubted self-denial, and his burning earnestness, but must at the same time deplore his utter want of tact, his lamentable lack of sympathy with the rich, the powerful, and the noble; his sad and grievous failure to influence in any real degree those circles of the capital of the East with whom rested all the power and authority of the empire. Such a man as Chrysostom, with his splendid eloquence, his great learning, his true

piety, his intense earnestness, *might* have done so much to leaven the manners and customs of the Court and the nobles of Constantinople; might have done so much, too, in the way of elevating and purifying the often sadly frivolous lives of many of the ladies and Society leaders of Constantinople.

The saintly monk-Archbishop began at once to put into practice his theories respecting the ascetic life of a stern simplicity, which he regarded as the one ideal to be aimed at. In his own dress and surroundings he resolutely acted up to his convictions. The stately way of living men had been accustomed to associate with the Metropolitan of the East was all changed; the plain and homely dress, the reduced retinue, the bare austerity of the Archbishop, the discontinuance of the lavish hospitality of his predecessor, surprised and disturbed the influential circles of Constantinople. He was never seen at Court; he renounced all the quiet influence of his great position, and devoted himself to his austerities and sweeping reforms. He even looked askance at the stately ritual of his Church. Everything that was in his power he sold. Rich and costly vestments, the priceless hangings, even some of the sacred vessels of gold and silver which adorned the stately churches of Constantinople, such as the Basilicas of "the Holy Wisdom," "the Apostles," and "the Resurrection," were disposed of, and the proceeds of the sales were devoted to hospitals and homes for the poor, the sick, and the needy—often, it is feared, with scanty discrimination. Nothing was spared that the Archbishop could put up to sale. The very pillars and precious marbles which had been gathered together for the decoration of the historic church of Gregory Nazianzus, the "Anastasia" or "Resurrection" Basilica, were sold. It is true that attempts were later made by his enemies to suggest a sordid and selfish avarice as the motive for this strange ignoring of all that was beautiful and dignified in ritual and worship, but they were, of course, indignantly refuted and easily disproved even in the darkest days of Chrysostom's subsequent misfortunes; and the verdict of posterity has ratified the contemporary acquittal of the noble-hearted saint of God: the memory of Chrysostom remains a precious heritage of the Church, absolutely white and stainless. It was ever God's poor he was thinking of; the wan faces of the friendless and desolate in the great city were the solitary objects of his tenderest compassion.

But while so full of sympathy, so ready to condone the faults and shortcomings of the masses who formed so vast a proportion of the dwellers of that capital of the East in which, to his surprise, he found himself suddenly elevated to so great a dignity, towards the great, the rich, the powerful, he behaved invariably as the stern monitor, the grave accuser—for these he could find no excuse; with their lives, with their trials and temptations, never could Chrysostom show the smallest sympathy. His Divine Master, the true friend of the poor, could look on the young rich ruler of the Gospel story, and, as He looked, loved him. Not so Chrysostom. The austere, ascetic monk, in his stormy career as Archbishop, with very rare exceptions ceaselessly scourged the higher classes of Eastern Society with his pitiless eloquence. He never found the key to *their* hearts; he never sought it. The Court of the wayward, the impulsive, the easily influenced Empress Eudoxia set the fatal example, and, as a rule, the Archbishop, one of the purest and most saintly of men, was at once detested and feared by the majority of the influential circles of the Society of the Eastern capital.

Many and striking were the scenes which are chronicled as taking place in the Cathedral of the Holy Wisdom (St. Sophia) when Chrysostom was Archbishop. The mighty church was densely thronged with all sorts and conditions of men and women whenever it was reported that the great orator was to preach. It was the usual practice in these great churches to separate the sexes, the women occupying large galleries, raised as in many modern churches, right and left of the centre of the nave. Chrysostom, whose voice, though sweet and penetrating, was somewhat low and weak, used to preach from a little pulpit placed on the choir screen, from what in a mediæval church was termed the rood-loft, instead of from the centre of the apse, as was the original custom. He was thus placed immediately in sight of the ladies of Constantinople, and at times he would pointedly address his reproaches to the members of the Empress's Court and other leaders of Society whose extravagance in dress, whose false hair, and other artificial devices to enhance their beauty or to conceal the ravages of time, were peculiarly hateful to the ascetic and austere Archbishop.

"O ye wives," he would pleadingly urge, "with what face can you exhort your husbands to generous almsgiving, when you consume the

largest portion of their means on the adornment of your own persons? . . . When they see you laying aside luxury, they will lay aside the love of gain."

The peculiar dislike of the Archbishop to all magnificence of apparel in the case of both sexes was apparently founded on a somewhat strange Biblical theory. Clothes, in his opinion, were a perpetual reminder, a memorial of man's fall from innocency; all dress was, therefore, to be as plain as possible. "Tell me," he would say, "ye who indulge in grandeur, ye who array yourselves in silk, and weave gold into your robes, why do you thus adorn your persons with these things, not discerning that the covering of dress was devised for us after the transgression? Dress was part, so Chrysostom argued, of the punishment of the Fall.

But there were evidently many of the congregations which crowded the churches of the capital who cared little for the things which excited the wrath of the austere Archbishop, for he drew charming pictures of the beautiful influence which good Christian wives exercised on the family life of the city, and dwelt with all the power of his bright, warm eloquence on the modesty, temperance, and kindness of the true Christian lady; all his pictures were evidently drawn from the life.

The student of St. Chrysostom can scarcely credit that Christianity had been the accepted religion of the Empire for only some eighty or ninety years, when he reads the great preacher's earnest exhortation to the rich landowners, urging them above all things to build churches and to maintain a resident minister on their lands. "There are many who own farms and fields, and who are anxious to build baths and courts for their mansions, caring little all the while for the souls of those who till their fields and serve them. No Christian," urged the preacher, "should own an estate which is not provided with a church." Very touching is the picture painted by this truest of Christian preachers, when he paints the blessings which flow from the presence of a faithful servant of the Master in a country village; the quiet, beautiful influence, the help given to the poor and needy, the words of comfort and of sublime hope spoken to the dying and the sick. "O rich ones, think of your reward in Heaven, for did not Christ say, 'If thou lovest Me, feed My sheep'?"

Very dramatic and startling were some of the scenes in the great Basilicas of the Eastern capital in the years when Chrysostom ruled the Church. To give a notable example of one of these. We have alluded to Eutropius, the powerful Eunuch who, as the Emperor Arcadius' Minister of State, ruled despotically over the Eastern Empire. This Eutropius had bitterly vexed Chrysostom by many of his arbitrary acts; among these he had taken away the privilege of sanctuary which belonged to Christian churches. Eutropius had numberless enemies. His measureless pride and reckless greed, and finally his insulting conduct to the Emperor, at last brought about his sudden disgrace. Driven from the presence of Arcadius, he feared immediate death, and fled from his remorseless enemies to the sanctuary of the Church, forgetting, perhaps, that he had, in one of the edicts of his government, cancelled the "sanctuary privilege." But the Archbishop did not repel the fallen Minister, whom he found clinging to the Holy Table while his enemies were in hot pursuit of their prey. Chrysostom bravely refused to surrender him, and for the moment the unhappy fallen Minister was left in peace.

On the Sunday which followed the fall of Eutropius an unusually great concourse filled the Church of St. Sophia to listen to the Archbishop, who had sheltered the doomed man so lately the second person in the Empire. The preacher took his accustomed place in the pulpit of the screen. The curtain which hung before the sanctuary was suddenly drawn aside, and the cowering form of Eutropius was seen clinging to the altar. Taking the fallen Minister as the text of his sermon, Chrysostom preached one of the most striking of his thousand Homilies. "Vanity of vanities," he began by saying, as he pointed to the cowering form clinging to the altar; "what are now the pomps and glories of yonder man's proud consulship?" (He had just been appointed to this, the highest dignity in the Empire.) "What of his splendid festivities? Where the applause which used to greet him? Where the crowds who used to flatter him? Where the crown and garlands? Gone—gone! One wild gust of wind has stripped the towering tree bare. . . . All his glories were but as visions of the night. Vanity of vanities! These sad words should be graven on all our walls, embroidered on our garments; they should be written on the market-places, by every wayside; above all, on every heart. . . . See, Eutropius," he went on to say, "the Church which you treated as an enemy has received thee. It is her glory to have afforded shelter



CHRYSOSTOM AND THE FALLEN EUTROPIUS.—*p.* 967.

to an enemy; the suppliant is indeed an ornament of the altar." Then, turning to the congregation—"What, this wicked creature *an ornament of the altar?* Hush! Remember the woman who was a sinner was suffered to bathe the feet of Jesus." Chrysostom concluded his memorable sermon by asking the people for mercy and forgiveness. He was listened to, Eutropius remained for several days perfectly safe in the sanctuary, under the guardianship of his former foe, so powerful was the influence of the Church and its chief pastor. Then the fallen Minister and Consul, for some unknown reason, quitted his haven of safety, was at once arrested, and shortly afterwards decapitated at Chalcedon.

The unwearied reformer was not satisfied with his denunciation of the dress and customs of the higher classes of the capital; he was also thoroughly dissatisfied with the way of life of not a few of the clergy. As the result of his searching inquiries, many were suspended from their functions. He was absolutely right in his zealous investigation, for grave disorders evidently existed; but his unbending harshness and uncompromising severity won for him numberless enemies.

Grave moral disorder evidently existed in the ranks of the ecclesiastics. The ascetic Archbishop, too, found fault with their love of luxurious living, with their covetousness and want of earnestness, but his way of reformation was not that of a loving father, but rather of a stern master, for his enemies were continually being multiplied.

Yet he was not always the severe, the pitiless censor, for in his letters and treatises, in the writings of his friend and confidant, Palladius, we catch sight of many earnest and devoted men among the clergy whom he loved and trusted; of circles, too, of noble Christian women, whose lives he admired with no grudging admiration; and, above all, of uncounted numbers of the poorer and humbler classes, all passionately devoted to the grave, stern man who ruled over the Church of Constantinople between A.D. 397 and 404—the grave, stern man who, they felt, loved them dearly, and who was ready to give up his life for their sakes.

The saddest feature in the career of Chrysostom whilst Archbishop was his failure to win the confidence of the Empress Eudoxia. Her friendship would probably have established his influence over Arcadius and his Court. At first his relations with the Empress were friendly, but the kindly feeling which might have ripened into a warm friendship soon gave place to mutual suspicion, and in the end to dislike and hate. Eudoxia bitterly resented the public attacks made by the Archbishop upon the ladies of the Court. We possess pictures of some of these leaders of Society, carefully drawn by the hand of Chrysostom's faithful friend Palladius. They appear in the pictures, not merely as devoted to dress, and as practising all the many devices adopted by the fashionable ladies of Constantinople to heighten their beauty, not merely as setting the example of an exaggerated luxurious life, but as using their high and influential positions about the person of the Empress to amass money by means of confiscation, of extortion, and iniquitous fines imposed by the Imperial authority. We must, however, remember that these saddening sketches of Eudoxia's circle were drawn by one who was bitterly incensed with the Court, and who wrote under the influence of the burning indignation aroused by the subsequent cruel persecution of his beloved master.

For Eudoxia herself, whose character is painted, too, in the darkest colours, a kindly biographer would have found many excuses. Raised suddenly from a quiet and undistinguished home to the dizzy eminence of Empress of the East, possessed of a rare beauty, with a weak and selfish husband, mindless and utterly frivolous, to guide her—had Chrysostom used gentler and wiser measures, he *might* have guided the impulsive and strangely tempted girl into the paths of a nobler life, and directed that passionate heart so greedy of pleasure, so aflame with wild ambition, into higher longings and purer desires.

At first she was drawn towards that grave, saintly presence, so different from anything which had hitherto come into her wondrous life-story, with its strange vicissitudes; but Chrysostom paid no heed to her attempts at friendship, and studiedly avoided her splendid Court; and thus the Empress soon regarded the Archbishop only as a stern, hard monitor, devoid of sympathy and human affection. The gulf between them, alas! widened. Eudoxia and her circle cared more and more for those things which Chrysostom abhorred; things frivolous and worse. The true but unworldly saint of God came to look on the brilliant, beautiful Empress as the most dangerous enemy to the peace and well-being of the great capital of the East, the city he loved so well, and longed so passionately to make purer and holier.

XUM

Mrs. Shepherd's Paying Guest.

A Short Story by Scott Graham.

I.

"I NEVER wish to hear the name of Steele again as long as I live!"

The words were uttered in an accent as bitter as themselves by a tall, graceful girl, whose hands twined and untwined themselves nervously as she spoke. Her pale cheeks and air of distress were not lost on the little curate who was her companion. Quite a commonplace little man, anybody would have said at a first glance, and yet a second look at his snub-nosed, blunt-featured face revealed a kindliness which, alas! is not commonplace.

But the sympathy in his wistful brown eyes evoked no gratitude from Connie Davenant. It was enough for her that he was Maurice Steele, whose very name she had good cause to hate.

"That I can quite believe," he returned very gently. "Oh, you have been shamefully treated! Don't think I extenuate what Charlie has done, in any way! But perhaps it is possible that some day you may need a friend, and if I could be of any service to you——"

But her trouble just then seemed heavier than she could bear, and she flung away from him impatiently. "Do you think I could ever come for help to anybody of the name of Steele?" she asked scornfully. "You are Charlie's cousin. That is *quite* enough!"

He turned away with a patient sigh, feeling he could do no good, and returned by the next train to Whitworth, thirty miles away, where his curacy was. He had wasted half a busy day, and spent some much-needed money in the vain hope of comforting a sore heart, only to feel that, on the whole, he had done more harm than good.

Meanwhile, Connie was lying face downwards on her bed, her whole soul crying out in that voiceless agony which denotes infinitely more pain than demonstrative tears. Seeing Maurice Steele, albeit he was a mere stranger whom she had only met once before, had brought back all the bitter sense of loss and humiliation which had been hers ever since Charlie Steele, her promised husband, had jilted her five weeks before her wedding day.

They had been engaged six years. Connie was now twenty-seven, and six of the very best years of her life, she bitterly reflected, had been wasted in an engagement to one so weak and unstable that sudden prosperity and the adroit flatteries of a designing girl had turned his head. Other suitors had perforce had to stand aside, although Connie might have married well more than once during those six years had she been as fickle as Charlie. And now, when her freshness was fading, she had nothing left to look forward to—nothing!

For six long years all her thoughts had been concentrated on Charlie. They had corresponded nearly every day, and it had delighted her to plan out a happy future, saying to herself that when she was married she would do this or that. Being an orphan, living with relatives who were not entirely congenial to her, it was delightful to look forward to being queen of her own little kingdom some day, with not a wish Charlie did not share. She heartily pitied all the girls who, poor things, had no hope of possessing adoring husbands and pleasant homes at some future time. She wondered how they could endure the tedium of existence on such terms; and now—all these girls might very well pity *her!*

Six long years! For Charlie, at first, was very poor—an Oxford coach, with nothing but what he earned by hard work. True, he had vague expectations from an uncle; but, as he

and Connie agreed, it would be very wrong to marry on those alone. He had luxurious tastes, and liked everything about him very comfortable; and then, suddenly, the rich uncle died, leaving a magnificent old place in one of the Home Counties, and money enough to satisfy even fastidious Charlie Steele, to the nephew he had scarcely noticed in his lifetime. The wedding day was soon fixed; but, first, nothing would do but Connie and her cousins must come to stay at Mulbrook Hall, to see the glories which there awaited the bride. As one more or less made no difference in that huge establishment, it was Connie's own suggestion, as she afterwards bitterly remembered, that Ethel Minton, her chosen friend and confidante, should go too. She required rest and change, and Connie was good-naturedly anxious that she should enjoy the luxuries so soon to be her very own. And propinquity did its fatal work. A few motor-car drives together, a few lingerings in the summer twilight, a few pathetic ballads sung as Ethel so well knew how to sing them, and Charlie came to his betrothed with a grave face, saying he knew now their natures had never been in sympathy, so, as there could be no prospect of happiness in their union, she was free! Free! And six weeks afterwards he had married Ethel!

Outside, the autumn sunshine made the face of Nature glorious; but Connie, writhing there, was only conscious of that mad desire to get away somehow, somewhere, out of the world, out of the body even, which comes to us all at times when the burden of existence seems too great to be borne. To have nothing to look forward to but grey, sunless years! Nothing to live for! Nobody to love! She had loved Charlie very dearly, for himself—not for the great possessions which had proved so fatal to her happiness; and for all she could see, her future life must be spent as it were in standing by the grave in which lay buried all her joy.

A tap at the door, and a decided voice requesting admission. Connie knew better than to refuse it, though when she turned, flushed and tear-stained, with rumpled hair, to meet the cold eyes of her widowed cousin and chaperon, Mrs. Ford, she was conscious of feeling like a silly schoolgirl

"I do wish, Connie, you would try to exercise a little more self-control," Cousin Jane began rebukingly, as she seated herself near the window. She was a good-looking woman of fifty, with a high nose and small, set mouth. "It's not a bit of use fretting; it only makes people laugh at you! At best, to be jilted is ignominious, and the only way is to treat it as a joke, as others do!"

In truth, it had added not a little to the sting that, in the small provincial town in which they lived, Connie's misfortunes were of necessity known to everybody.

"A change of scene would be the best thing for you, and all of us," continued her mentor; "so I've decided to let this house furnished, and go away for a year. It's time Aggie and May saw a little better society than there is in this dull neighbourhood; indeed, for my part, I shouldn't care if I never saw Westborough again."

The truth was, the anxious mother of daughters began to fear her girls, now twenty-four and twenty-six, would never find husbands there. They were not taking and attractive, like Connie, who, engaged though she was, never failed to arrest the attention of all the men who came to the house, as her duller and less adaptable cousins never did. She outshone them in every accomplishment and every game, as Mrs. Ford had often noticed with bitterness of spirit. Connie paid her a hundred a year for her board, or she would have had her *congé* long ago. As it was, Mrs. Ford had endured all in the hope that when Miss Davenant had married a rich man she would have Agnes and May to stay with her, and find them eligible husbands into the bargain.

A gleam of interest came into Connie's tear-dimmed eyes. "Indeed, Cousin Jane, I quite agree with you! I consider it an excellent idea to go away, and I can be ready as soon as you like."

"I have had a good offer for the house furnished," returned Mrs Ford, with a significant cough. "The girls would like to go abroad for the winter to some nice place—Montreux or St. Moritz Then, in the spring, we could go to London for the season, and have a gay time. All this will be very expensive, of course, and I am sure you will see—you will feel—that—that——"

She hesitated a moment, fumbling with the chain of her eyeglass. "Well! you are not a young girl now, Connie and I must tell you plainly I don't feel inclined to go trapesing about Europe with three young women at my heels! My first duty is to my own daughters. You have your own income, and can easily find some nice family to take you in. It isn't

always advisable for relations to live together," she added, with an acrid laugh, as she rose to go, having said her say.

And Connie, left alone, realised that her bitter cup was not yet quaffed to the dregs; but that, still smarting and sore from Charlie's base desertion, she must go out into the heartless world to find a new home for herself. Certainly she had never been very fond of Mrs. Ford, whom she knew to be selfish and time-serving; but her house had been her home for many years, and, after all, blood is thicker than water.

Her income was £130 a year, all told, and she would have to live on it now. Langley Lodge was comfortable, even luxurious; but £130 a year does not lend itself to a very splendid establishment, even for one. Poverty was to be added to her loneliness now, it appeared. And, recollecting the source of all her troubles, she cried once more in her bitterness of spirit, "I never wish to hear the name of Steele again as long as I live!"

II.

IDA SHEPHERD was a young widow of the "marry-again" type. Her appealing blue eyes, her soft, carneying voice, her artistically-disposed black draperies, were all so many man-traps, cunningly arranged to produce the most deadly effect. But she did not fall into the egregious mistake of most women of the Becky Sharp kind, and only lay herself out to conciliate men, whilst neglecting her own sex. On the contrary, she was invariably gushing to all women in good positions who were likely to be useful to her.

Connie Davenant was one of many who thought her a nice woman. They had met the year before at a hydropathic establishment at Harrogate, and learning that Mrs. Ford, of Langley Lodge, Westborough, was somebody locally, Mrs. Shepherd had been especially gracious to her party. This year they had unexpectedly met again, for Ida had scraped acquaintance with some other Westborough people, and had stayed with them some weeks. Her home was in a small seaside town called Cliffby.

On the day following Cousin Jane's momentous announcement, Connie and Ida met in the public gardens, and the widow, commenting pityingly on her young friend's haggard appearance, soon induced the sore-hearted girl to pour out her troubles. She must find another home, and very soon. What did Mrs. Shepherd advise her to do?

"'Mrs. Shepherd' indeed! Surely, considering what friends we are, you might say 'Ida!'" pouted the widow. "You poor child, I *am* so sorry for you! Of course, you can't stay at Westborough, and your best plan will be to come and share my little doll's house! Do come! It will be delightful! You shall do just as you like, and as to terms—why, I shall be satisfied with what you paid Mrs. Ford."

In an indiscreet moment Connie had allowed her dear friend to worm the amount out of her.

"I'm not in the habit of taking paying guests," continued the speaker; "but I'll make an exception in your favour! Cliffby is a most bracing place, and—yes, you really must come, and I'll take no denial!"

And she gave Connie a kiss so gushing that a stranger would have imagined she was generously offering her hospitality for nothing. Connie, sore after her experience of the world's unkindness, never stopped to reflect that she had never seen Mrs. Shepherd's abode, and knew very little about the lady except her own account of herself. She was only anxious to find a refuge for her weary head. She knew nobody at Cliffby, and that counted for much. So she consented to go and live with the fascinating Ida, paying her a hundred a year. Cousin Jane had already begun to prepare for departure; and if Connie had had any doubt in her own mind that her relatives considered her an ignominious failure, the cool way in which the Ford family now pushed her into corners, and left her out of all their plans, would soon have enlightened her.

Mrs. Ford being satisfied, there was nobody else at Westborough with any right to dictate as to Connie's future movements. Therefore her surprise and annoyance were extreme when one afternoon, as she opened the front door to go out, she almost tumbled over Maurice Steele on the doorstep, in the very act of ringing the bell. She flushed scarlet, and would have liked to retreat; but she was fairly caught, beyond all possibility of saying "Not at Home." She did not doubt that his visit was to her, as he had no acquaintance with the Fords.

"Pray, pardon my intrusion," he said very earnestly. "I should consider a few words with you a great favour. I won't detain you long."

She felt that to refuse would be undignified,

XUM

and so led the way to the little morning-room, where, without asking him to sit down, she faced him defiantly across the table. Her superior height was perhaps more consoling to her then than ever before, as she looked down on the little man, reflecting that he had a profile like a pug-dog, and that his feet and hands were

"It is. May I ask, is it against her you wish to warn me?"

"Yes. I know a good deal about Mrs. Shepherd. I have known her some years, and she is not a suitable companion for you; neither will you find it pleasant to live in her house. Meddling and mischief-making I detest,



"She faced him defiantly across the table."

out of all proportion to his size. He could easily read her hostility in her face, for she was a bad dissembler.

"I hope you won't think what I am going to say is an impertinence," he began, rather nervously. "I am sincerely anxious to serve you—to warn you——"

"You should have warned me before!" was her cutting answer. He saw what she meant, for he turned red, though he continued bravely, "I hear it is your intention to live with Mrs. Shepherd at Cliffby."

but I feel it my duty to say plainly that she is a person to be avoided."

"That is unfortunate, because, as it happens, she is my best friend! She is a charming woman, and as to social position, her father was an Oxford man and her husband an Oxford don——"

Maurice raised his eyebrows. "Oh, is that the version she gives of her history?"

"Yes, and I would not insult her by doubting it. Do you dare to insinuate she is an adventuress?"

The curate was silent. Men, as a rule, are unwilling to betray a woman's secrets, or whisper behind her back. He knew nothing absolutely discreditable concerning Mrs. Shepherd, though she was no fit associate for Miss Davenant. "Her origin was very humble," he said; "and she has only a very small house, and cannot give you the luxuries you have here."

"I don't care for luxuries; I only want kindness!" retorted she, with an angry flash of her grey eyes. "Pray, what possible right have you to interfere in my affairs, Mr. Steele?"

When she put it in that way, of course there was no more to be said. He turned away with a sigh, lest he should only make bad worse. He glanced back at her standing there, head high, cheeks flaming, and thought how handsome she was, and how blind his cousin Charlie had been to reject her sterling qualities for Ethel Minton's studied graces. "I don't think anybody ever made me feel such a pitiable little dwarf before," he ruefully reflected, as he trudged back to the station. He was only five feet two, and just then would have given almost anything to be as tall as Connie. An insignificant little man, with big hands and feet—that was his contemptuous estimate of himself. But the people of Whitworth, where he was highly popular as a preacher and amongst the poor, would have told quite another tale. "Little and good!" would have been the verdict of most.

Nothing now could have stopped Connie from going to Cliffby. The fact that anybody of the name of Steele wished her not to go was quite enough. She was not a romantic heroine, but only a very human woman who had been sorely wounded in her best affections, and for a time had lost the true proportions of things.

III.

IT must be confessed that when, arriving with a cab-load of luggage at the rickety gate of Kent Cottage, Cliffby, Connie for the first time beheld her future abode, her heart sank within her.

Mrs. Shepherd, who dealt in affected and sentimental language, had certainly always described it as "a bandbox," "a doll's house" or "her nest." Yet she had always contrived to give the impression of a charming little nook, smothered in climbing roses, and exceedingly comfortable. But Connie's first impression, as she entered the bare little red-brick house in a shabby back street, was that it was a dirty little den.

Cousin Jane, whatever her other shortcomings, was at least a splendid housekeeper, and Langley Lodge was as neat as a new pin. But as Connie followed her gushing hostess into the tiny drawing-room, the faded carpet of which appeared not to have been swept for a month, it seemed to her that not one single ornament or piece of furniture was whole, or had as many legs as it was properly entitled to. A red-armed charwoman alone appeared, for whom Mrs. Shepherd apologised, as she waved her guest into a fusty easy chair.

"I'm always having upsets with servants and Mrs. Pope is coming until I'm suited. She's rough and ready, but not bad—at any rate, I can't hear of anybody better just now, and no doubt we shall be very cosy, even if we *do* have to rough it a little! You won't mind, I'm sure, darling?"

Fine words, says a homely proverb, butter no parsnips. Connie was disposed to take the most lenient view of Ida Shepherd, but when she presently followed her up the creaking stairs into the small bedroom designed for herself, her heart sank still further. It smelt abominably stuffy, there were hardly two articles on the washstand that matched, no hot water was forthcoming after her long journey, and Mrs. Pope had not thought of unfastening the straps of the luggage, which had been dumped down on the floor anyhow. Tea (which tasted of onions) prepared her for the ill-cooked dinner served at seven by the charwoman, to which a dirty table-cloth and withered flowers were only too appropriate. Her hostess noticed how little she ate, and observed sweetly:

"You mustn't tak this for a sample, dear. Now you're here you'll help me with the housekeeping, and we shall get on swimmingly! You won't mind arranging the flowers perhaps, and watering the ferns in the drawing-room?"

Connie's reply was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Pope, who laid a dirty slip of paper beside the widow's plate. "It's the bootmaker," she explained. "It's eight and twopence, and he says it's been sent twice before, and if you don't pay to-night he'll have the law of you."

Mrs. Shepherd flushed, as she rummaged in all the corners of her purse. "How tiresome! I've paid such a lot of bills to-day, Connie dear, that I've actually left myself without anything for this ridiculous man! Absurd, isn't it, that

a lady in my position should be dunned for eight and twopence? You won't object to lending me the money till to-morrow, will you, darling?"

Altogether that was an instructive evening; and Connie went to bed with the firm intention of annexing a brush to sweep out her room on the morrow, if Mrs. Pope showed no intention of doing it. There was a big hole in the carpet, too, which she must mend if she did not wish to be tripped up. She pushed the so-called easy chair to one side, and there, beneath it, was a big black-beetle! A shuddering examination of other corners revealed further specimens of the genus, which she held in special abhorrence. As she vainly tried to find ease in her hard flock bed, she could not help thinking that, detestable as was everybody of the name of Steele, Maurice had not been altogether wrong in doubting Mrs. Shepherd's ability to make her comfortable. "But perhaps, when we get a good servant things will be better," she thought, with a desperate effort at optimism.

Next morning they went out to view the town, a pretty place enough. On the parade Mrs. Shepherd encountered an admirer, a certain Major Walsh; and in the pronounced flirtation which ensued Connie's very existence was forgotten. The widow made the largest of eyes at the Major, giving such plain hints that he was obliged to ask the ladies to lunch at the principal confectioner's; and they parted with the understanding that he was to come round to Kent Cottage in the evening. The house looked, if possible, dingier and dirtier than ever, when they returned to it; and after a slovenly tea and a worse dinner, the Major appeared, and speedily became absorbed in dummy bridge with his hostess. Connie was relegated to the atrocious piano, and would have felt sufficiently depressed and forgotten without the dismal recollection of the blackbeetles awaiting her in her horrible bedroom upstairs.

When the Major had departed, she asked whether there was good society at Cliffby, whereat the fascinating Ida shrugged her shoulders. "A set of starched old maids and gossiping widows!" she said tartly. "Nobody worth knowing! Major Walsh is only in apartments, for his health; and as for the women here, they're horrid cats!"

Which meant, as Connie afterwards discovered, that local society, which required something more than big blue eyes and a wheedling voice, declined to call at the Cottage. Besides the Major, tax-collectors and creditors demanding the immediate settlement of unpaid bills were the only callers. When these unwelcome visitors appeared, oddly enough Mrs. Shepherd had always either mislaid her purse, or just paid away her last five-pound note to the butcher. "*Would* dearest Connie mind—just for once?"

Truly, living in "a doll's house" was not without its drawbacks!

IV.

IT was three months later—a raw January morning. Connie was sauntering along the picturesque High Street, feeling so forlorn and wretched that but for the public place she would have liked a good cry.

By this time any lingering belief in Ida Shepherd was entirely dissipated, and she knew herself to be the dupe of a designing adventuress. Nay, worse, she was becoming absolutely frightened at her own position, for already the widow, on the strength of promises to repay her at an early date, had contrived to borrow over £80 from her guest to discharge various liabilities, and Connie's income, being strictly limited, did not admit of such inroads. She had hoped against hope that Mrs. Shepherd's specious promises would have been redeemed ere this, and that the merely temporary embarrassment due, as she grandiloquently asserted, to a dishonest solicitor, would come to an end. But now she seriously began to doubt whether her hostess really had any money at all. At any rate, none was forthcoming; and it was only to prevent the unseemly disturbances made by importunate creditors calling at all hours that Connie had consented to lend anything to Ida. In Mrs. Ford's clockwork establishment, where ready-money was paid for everything, such vulgar and degrading scenes as were almost daily witnessed at Kent Cottage were absolutely undreamt of. This morning, in reply to a cool request from Mrs. Shepherd that Connie would pay the water-rate, she had represented that the widow was heavily in her debt already, and refused to advance any more. Then the woman's true character came out. She flew into a violent rage, and heaped such a volume of coarse abuse upon her unfortunate inmate that the horrified girl fairly fled from the house.

If she could, she would never have returned



"'What does this mean?' Connie asked."

to the miserable squalor of Kent Cottage again. One incompetent servant succeeded another, after a grand dispute about unpaid wages; and comfort there was none. Connie had only remained so long because she had positively nowhere else to go. Cousin Jane and the girls were flourishing at Florence, and gave no hint of wishing her to join them; and in any case, until she saw some reasonable prospect of the return of her money, she must remain with Mrs. Shepherd, humiliating though it was to be thus, as it were, in pawn.

"Oh, if I only had a friend, a real true friend!" she sighed. She knew nobody at Cliffby; indeed, she would have been ashamed to encounter decent people as Ida Shepherd's paying guest. She had few relatives, and her chief friend at Westborough, Ethel Minton, had dealt her the cruellest blow one woman can give to another. The future had never looked so utterly black and hopeless, even in the first anguish of Charlie's desertion, as it did to-day. Nobody loved her, nobody wanted her, nobody cared how much she suffered, or what became of her!

And then it was that she encountered the gaze of a pair of wistful brown eyes anxiously regarding her. At another time she would have passed haughtily by, with uplifted head, as befitted her in presence of a Steele. But now the longing for somebody to talk to; somebody who had known her in her old life, and sympathised with her, or, at any rate, pretended to do so, was irresistible. She stopped and held out her hand to Maurice.

The little curate was equally surprised and gratified, for he had made sure of a cut direct. He could hardly speak at first, for she looked so thin and ill that she was only the ghost of the handsome girl his cousin had first introduced as his betrothed. "How is it you are here?" she asked, after a few rather incoherent remarks.

"My vicar, Mr. Lawrence, has been very ill;

and as the doctor ordered sea air he exchanged livings with the vicar of the parish church here, who wanted to be nearer London. As Mr. Lawrence did not wish to begin afresh, in a new place, without any of his old staff, I agreed to come with him for six months certain, and then remain or not as I choose to decide."

Maurice did not add that he had already been offered a living before leaving Whitworth, the Bishop of the diocese being unwilling to lose him; but loyalty to his old chief forbade him to leave Mr. Lawrence at this juncture.

Connie frowned a little. Her first spasm of cordiality over, she would rather that her humiliation should not be witnessed by anybody of the name of Steele. She had never dreamt of seeing him here, for she did not go to the parish church, which was frequented by the local aristocracy, but to St. Michael's, a little iron building which was nearest to the back slum wherein stood Mrs. Shepherd's abode.

"Don't, please don't, imagine I came here with the most distant idea of intruding upon you in any way!" he entreated, reading her transparent face. "I should not have spoken this morning, if you had not. I was very reluctant to come to Cliffby at all, and if you are likely to remain here, if my presence annoys you, I will leave when my six months are up."

It was impossible not to be disarmed by such utter humility. "You are too good," she murmured brokenly. Oh, how pleasant it was to speak to a gentleman again! Major Walsh, taking alarm, had fled from his too-impecunious charmer; and duns and tax-collectors had formed Connie's only masculine society for some time.

She never quite knew how it was, but after that she found herself talking to Maurice quite confidentially, though his name *was* Steele!

"I feel now, I ought to have warned you more definitely than I did against trusting Mrs. Shepherd," he said, when she had poured out her pitiful story. "I have known for years that she practically lives by her wits."

"But I naturally supposed that as the daughter of an Oxford man——"

"Let me tell you her history. The woman is an audacious impostor, who deserves to be exposed. As to being 'an Oxford man'—well, her father was a scout at St. John's when I was at Oriel, and, in the same sense that every cabman and railway porter born in the city is entitled to call himself 'an Oxford man,' he could do so, but not in the accepted sense. He had only one daughter, whom he educated above her station, and she gave herself great airs. She managed to fascinate a purblind, half-senile old Don, the oldest Professor in the whole University, and married him for his supposed riches. He died six months after, when it was found his fortune had all been muddled away in foolish investments, and she has since then chiefly lived on credit."

"What a wretched dupe I have been!" cried poor Connie, tears of mortification in her eyes.

"Nobody could possibly blame *you*. You have been the innocent victim of a designing schemer. I certainly wonder Mrs. Ford did not make a few inquiries before allowing you to reside with Mrs. Shepherd."

"She is in Italy now," sighed Miss Davenant. "Oh, I wish I knew what to do for the best!"

Eventually he proposed that he should walk home with her and see Mrs. Shepherd, and persuade her, if possible, to make restitution. Connie caught at the suggestion eagerly. Although he was a Steele, it was an infinite relief to have a man at her back to help her to subjugate her violent-tempered hostess. Probably she would give in when she was confronted with Maurice. At all events, he was now Connie's only hope, in spite of his nose being a snub, and the fact that the top of his hat was barely level with her chin!

V.

ARRIVED at Kent Cottage, they became aware of an unwonted stir. A furniture van stood outside, and several rough-looking men were going in and out, and storing away various articles inside the vehicle. But there was no sign of the fascinating Ida anywhere about the premises.

"What does this mean?" Connie asked of a man with a pint pot in his hand, who smelt like a stale public house.

"Ask the gov'nor," he grunted, nodding his head towards the drawing-room. There another man, rather better dressed, was giving directions about taking down the curtains, and to him she repeated her question.

"The reason of this, madam?" he returned rather shortly. "Well, I don't know whether you're a relation of Mrs. Shepherd or not——"

"Not the slightest!" interposed Maurice, most indignantly.

"All the better for you then, for, if you ask me, I say she's a slippery customer! I'm a creditor of hers, and some time ago she gave me a bill of sale on her furniture. And

as I've asked for payment in vain I'm taking these old rattletraps to sell for anything they'll fetch."

"But where *is* Mrs. Shepherd?" asked bewildered Connie.

"Can't say. Bolted, most probably! It won't be the first time she's done a bunk in a hurry! I'm told she owes money all over Cliffby, and has had summonses without end. I wish I'd never seen her artful face, myself. If it hadn't been that she told me she had a relation coming to live with her, a young lady with ever so many thousands a year——"

"She told you that?" cried Connie breathlessly.

"Yes; and like a fool I gave her two months' extension of time on the strength of it! I hear she has told the same tale all over the town, of a great heiress who would pay all her debts. She hasn't a penny piece of her own."

A great bumping on the stairs heralded the appearance of the slatternly servant, carrying a tin hat-box, and in an outrageous temper.

"This is a pretty go, miss!" she burst out, slamming the hatbox on the floor that she might forcibly thrust on some very tight gloves. "The bailiffs in possession, and Mrs. Shepherd gone off goodness knows where, and me with not a penny of wages since I took the place! May I ask what you call yourself? You're a friend of Mrs. Shepherd's, so it's certain sure you can't be a lady! And if I can't get hold of her, I'll have the law of *you*, for you must be as bad as she is, or my name isn't Gladys Evangeline Higgs!"

Connie interrupted the breathless tirade by taking out her purse. "How much is owing to you?" she said quietly. She was so used to similar scenes by this time—she, so lately the denizen of Cousin Jane's aristocratic abode—that she took it quite as a matter of course, though Maurice's hands tingled with a most unclerical desire to shake Gladys Evangeline Higgs for her impertinence until her teeth rattled in her head.

Payment of twenty-five shillings produced an astonishing change. Asked where Ida was, Gladys returned quite civilly that she had gone out soon after breakfast, and directly after a railway porter had come for some corded boxes which were ready in her bedroom. "I say, miss, it was all a planned thing," she added shrewdly.

What a fool, what a dupe she had been, Connie miserably reflected! But Maurice wisely gave her no time to brood over her misfortunes, but suggested she should instantly pack all her personal belongings, so that they might not be seized as Mrs. Shepherd's property.

Until she could form some plans, he proposed that she should take apartments, and recommended some which proved the pink of comfort and cleanliness. But Connie was uneasy at the thought that nearly £90 out of the modest hundred-and-thirty which must last the whole year had already been spent, and how to meet the deficit she did not know. At last she confided her troubles to Maurice.

"Why not try some occupation?" he suggested.

"I should only be too delighted, if I could! Oh, I do long to be of some use at last in the world!"

He well knew that work would be the best balm for her sore heart. "I think I know of the very thing—that is, if you are willing to stay in Cliffby. The matron of the Convalescent Home, Miss Maxwell, is a dear woman, but not so young as she was, and would be glad of somebody to write her letters, do the shopping, and assist generally. Board and residence would be given, but only a very small salary. But you are independent of that, and I'm sure you'd find the work very interesting."

And so it proved. Connie had found her niche in life at last, and she found it wonderfully healing to her own sore heart to help to lighten other people's burdens. She forgot Charlie, she forgot Ida—from whom, be it added, she never received a single word of apology or explanation—and in a few months the world looked a brighter place than she had ever thought it could look again.

Maurice did not leave Cliffby at the end of his six months' term. He seemed to like the place, and observant eyes noticed he had become very fond of paying visits to the Convalescent Home about tea-time, when he was likely to be invited to stay and have a cup with the matron and her assistant, in Miss Maxwell's pretty sitting-room. And he was always to the fore when any entertainment was got up for the patients.

He felt it a fearful piece of presumption when at length he ventured to ask Connie to marry him, seeing he was not in the least good-looking, and his name was Steele. But she had wandered amongst the thorns and briars of life long enough to considerably change her views on many subjects; and to-day she thinks her husband the handsomest man in the world—although his name *is* Steele!

XUM

The Law of Junior Right.

By the Late
Rev. Hugh Macmillan,
D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

IN the touching incident of Jacob blessing his grandsons we are reminded of a similar incident in his own experience. History repeated itself. In his manhood he, the younger son, knelt beside his blind old father's knee, and by base deception filched the blessing of the elder son from his brother Esau. Joseph had intentionally placed his sons Manasseh and Ephraim in such positions that his father, whose eyes were dim with age, might be led conveniently to place his right hand in blessing upon the head of the first-born and his left hand on the head of the younger lad. But this arrangement came in the result to be actually reversed, not accidentally, but of full purpose and design by the aged patriarch. He crossed his hands, so as to lay the left hand on the head of the elder and his right hand on the head of the younger. And, just as it was long before in his own case, he predicted richer blessings for Ephraim than for Manasseh. As it was said of himself at his birth, that the elder should serve the younger, so was it said by himself of his grandsons; for Ephraim was destined to be the greatest of the tribes of Israel, ruling them by means of Joshua, and leading their devotions for several hundred years in the sanctuary at Shiloh; and Manasseh, in common with all his brethren, yielded the supremacy to him and bowed the knee before him.

The old-world scene at Jacob's knee is interesting, not only because it is a remarkable prophecy of the future destiny of the Egyptian-born younger son of Joseph, but also because it is a striking illustration of a custom that was older than the age of the patriarchs. This custom takes us far away from the land of Egypt to the grassy pastoral lands of the north, and from a highly artificial to a primitive state of society. In Egypt the right of primogeniture had long been established among its early civilised inhabitants. The elder son invariably succeeded to the father's property, and the younger sons were portioned off and sent out into the world to push their own fortunes. Joseph had become so familiar with this law of inheritance in the foreign land where he had so long sojourned that he forgot that there had ever been any other; and he was displeased, we are told, when his father set it aside and exalted the younger son above the elder.

Not only was Jacob by prophetic inspiration to do this, but he was also constrained by the traditions of his people. In that land from which the patriarchs originally came the inhabitants wandered over the pastures with their flocks and herds. Their families assisted them in this nomadic life. One by one the elder sons married, and with a fair share of the paternal goods went away to distant pastures to found homes of their own, and to extend their possessions. At last, of the once large and flourishing household only the youngest son remained. He grew from infancy to manhood in the paternal tent, and helped to tend the flocks and herds; and when the infirmities of old age came upon the parents, and they could no longer attend to the affairs of the estate, he managed everything for them, ministered to their necessities, and soothed their declining years with affectionate solicitude. It was natural, in such circumstances, that the paternal inheritance should go to him who had so long guarded and enriched it. His elder brothers had houses and possessions of their own; they were far away; they had already received their patrimony. There was, therefore, no one to dispute his right of succession, or to interfere with his entering at once into full possession of his father's estate and carrying on the practical duties of it in his own name.

In this wholly simple and natural way originated the vesting of the rights of succession in the person of the youngest son, who remained longest and last with the father, and took charge of the paternal inheritance at his father's death. From being a long-established custom it passed into an expressly enacted law, which, in primitive communities but little removed from the old pastoral life, regulated the transference of all property. Throughout the East it still exists among the Mongolian races, and especially the Tartars, who migrate over the vast steppes of Central Asia with their horses and their herds. In Europe the law has survived from far-off times in localities remote from intercourse with the rest of the world, especially among the Ugrian tribes on the slopes of the Ural Mountains, in the ancient villages of Hungary, and in Slavonic communities. Under the names of "Maineté" and "Madelstad," or principal dwelling-house, many examples occur in Picardy, Artois, Hainault, Douai, Amiens, Arras, Lille, and other places in France and Belgium. In Friesland what are called "Theel-lands" are held under a system which prevents an unprofitable subdivision of the inherited allotment, the whole estate passing intact to the youngest son on the death of the father; and in Westphalia and the other Rhine provinces which were under the Saxon law all the members of the family acquiesced as a matter of course in the passing of the undivided inheritance to the youngest son, even if no portion was left to them, and the father died without making the usual will. In Switzerland and Germany the old custom still influences the feelings of the people, although it has ceased to be legally binding.

Primogeniture and junior right can both be traced to the most archaic types of society; but the difference between them was always this: that primogeniture was established in connection with the succession to the headship of the family, or the chieftainship of the clan; while junior right applied only to the succession to the paternal property. Although the father's estate descended to the youngest son, the eldest son always assumed his father's position, as the representative of the family, and the successor to the family honours. It was the eldest son, as head or chief, who prepared the funeral feast and performed the religious ceremonies connected with the burial of his father, which were always regarded as of the utmost importance. Along with the possession of the family estate, the youngest born son carried on the domestic religious rites at the ancestral hearth, for what he virtually inherited was the hearth of the homestead called "The Covert of the Astre," which was regarded as representative of the homestead itself and the portion of ground around it which belonged to the father. This prerogative of the youngest born has received in our country the name of "Borough English," which is a mere accidental name and does not show its Anglian origin. It arose from the circumstance that at Nottingham, in 1327, a French borough, where the custom of junior right was unknown, happened to stand side by side with an English borough where the custom existed, and this special case was afterwards made of general application. Indeed, the custom of "Borough English" prevailed where there was no proper borough.

In our own country it is in the Saxon or southern districts, and not in the midland and northern or Anglian portions, that it is chiefly found. The earliest settlements took place in the south-eastern districts, and then the communities sent forth their eldest members to form new settlements in the yet unconquered country to the north, leaving the youngest sons at home to take upon themselves the duties of the family and to inherit and perpetuate the paternal estate. In the county of Kent, which is the nearest to the Continent, where the custom extensively prevailed, it was even in Saxon times of remote antiquity. Besides the old law of gavelkind, according to which the land was divided equally amongst the sons, and, failing them, amongst the daughters, on the death of the possessor, there was before the Norman Conquest a modification of the custom by which the youngest son took the dwelling-place as an exception to the general rule of equal division. Throughout the whole county this form of the law of junior right prevailed. In Sussex also some 140 manors were inherited according to the rule of "Borough English"; in Essex, fourteen manors; in Norfolk, twelve; and even in Middlesex, the most civilised and modern part of the country, there were twelve manors that were held by a tenure of this most primitive kind. In the cluster of manors round London, such as Islington, Edmonton, Wimbledon, the succession was through the youngest son; and in other places near London the law of junior right was put in force if the land to be inherited was under the value of £5. If it was above this

value it was to be parted equally among all the sons. In Hampshire, where the custom is called "cradle-holding," a few instances occur; but through the large tract of country in Somersetshire known as the Manor of Taunton Deane, extending over no fewer than twenty-six parishes, the custom of preferring the youngest survived for a long time in a peculiarly definite form. In the Midland counties the four great Danish towns, Derby, Stamford, Leicester, and Nottingham, as well as the important borough of Stafford, and the city of Gloucester, were under the law in question governing the descent of freeholds.

A line drawn from the River Humber in the east to the Mersey in the west bounds the geographical distribution of this remarkable archaic custom. North of this line the usage is unknown. Although no modern instances can be found in Scotland, there is reason to believe that it was an ancient Celtic custom, existing in the northern districts; for in certain parts of Wales there is still a rule that the youngest son takes the "tydden," or dwelling-place. And the early age of majority in ancient Scottish law, guardianship ceasing and independence being attained at the beginning of the fifteenth year, which has always been a puzzle, may have had a Celtic origin, and may have had something to do with the custom of the youngest son taking the inheritance at his father's death; for in many instances the youngest son would be only at that tender age when his father died. The custom of junior right in nearly all the places I have mentioned has now only an antiquarian interest, for the feudal right of primogeniture has superseded it; but it is very extraordinary how a custom that goes back to an almost fabulous antiquity has survived until comparatively recent years, not only in remote localities where laws and manners are stereotyped, but even in the heart of our busiest centres of population, where the hurrying steps of the crowd speedily stamp out of existence the boldest landmarks.

It is a curious circumstance that in many of our best-known fairy tales, such as "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," "Puss in Boots," and "The Adventures of John Dietrich," whose authorship is lost in hoary and weather-worn obscurity, but whose charming Saxon simplicity of style and intense realism of narration makes them fascinating to every new generation, there is a marked preference of the youngest son, who does the cleverest thing and displays the highest virtues. "Puss in Boots" is especially suggestive in this connection. In getting, as the youngest son, the household cat as his share of his father's property, the owner gets, as it turns out, the most valuable possession, which gains for him, by its extraordinary skill and resourcefulness, wealth and rank sufficient to satisfy the most unbounded ambition. And it may be mentioned, as a curious coincidence in regard to the superiority of youngest sons, that the men of Kent, who held their properties by this peculiar tenure, claimed the right to fight in the van of the feudal army of England.

There are many other fairy stories of a similar character, belonging to the East, dating from a remote antiquity, and having in many cases a deep religious significance, which might be brought forward as illustrations of the law of junior right. But it is in the Bible that we meet with the most numerous and remarkable examples of it. The whole social fabric of the sacred Book seems to have been built upon this foundation. Although the privileges of birthright were as completely developed, and as clearly defined, and had the same importance and significance in the days of Abraham as in the days of Moses, we find, nevertheless, that it is most frequently the youngest member of the family who is chosen for distinction and privilege. The chosen people from Adam down to Isaac had not always descended from the first-born. Not to Cain, but to Seth, they traced their ancestry. Abraham, the youngest of his father's household, receives the Divine call; Isaac is made his father's heir instead of Ishmael; Jacob, the younger son, receives the blessing of the first-born; Joseph rises to higher distinction than any of his brethren; Jacob, as we have seen, on his death-bed lays his right hand on the head of Ephraim, the younger son of Joseph; Moses becomes the leader of the Israelites, and not Aaron; David, the youngest of the sons of Jesse, is selected to be the King of Israel; and his successor on the throne is Solomon, one of his younger sons. Jesus is descended, not from the first-born tribe of Israel, but from Judah, and becomes Himself the true first-born of many brethren, procuring for us the right of the first-born from God; and in the household of faith Paul, the youngest born of the Apostles, who laboured more abundantly than them all, and achieved the greatest success, illustrates the same principle. All these apparently exceptional cases seem to point back to a time when the

youngest was universally recognised as the heir of the family inheritance, and seem to be reversions to the older institution.

We thus see how God poured His revelation into the mould of human custom, and made the law of junior right to be essential to the welfare of society and the development of His own scheme of grace. It is good for the world that primogeniture should exist, but it is not for the good of the world that it should be made a rigid and inflexible rule, like the law of the Medes and Persians that changeth not. When, in the great epochs of the world, God passed by the elder sons and chose the younger to be the heirs of His promises and the fulfillers of His designs, He did not act capriciously. The election of the younger sons was amply justified by their future career. They proved their superiority to their elder brethren by the nobleness and usefulness of their lives. The purchase of the birthright from Esau for a mess of pottage gave Jacob only a nominal right to it. He had to show by his subsequent action that he was worthy to hold it. The reality of the birthright and all that it implied had to be acquired by stern struggle with circumstances, by a noble endurance of manifold sorrows, by the victorious triumph of faith over the besetting sins and weaknesses of his nature. The whole history of Jacob shows to us how through the discipline of God's providence and the dealings of His grace he was prepared to use the privileges and advantages of the firstborn in the manner which God intended; and it was solely because he showed himself to be the wiser and godlier man of the two—the true first-born—that Esau bowed down to him, and the elder served the younger.

And so it is still. The lot of younger sons seems at first sight to be a hard one. While the elder sons are destined to a life of ease and distinction within the safe and sheltered bounds of their inheritance, the younger sons have to go out into the world, and amid its hardships and temptations carve a future for themselves. It is hardly in human nature not to be envious of the prestige which birth confers, when the father's estate and the family title pass to the elder son, while the younger son is obliged to shift for himself without any of these advantages. But in many cases God has chosen for the younger son, not the worse, but the better lot. What Jacob gained by his hard struggle every younger son may gain. The annals of the race are full of the triumphs of younger sons. The greatest things done in the world have been done by those who have had no birthright privileges. Many a younger son has had reason to bless God that the birthright of inheritance and title had passed to the elder brother, while the birthright of hard work and noble self-denial and persevering industry was left to him. The elder has often lived to serve the younger, and his sheaf has bowed down before the ampler sheaf that has been reaped with greater toil. The world, too, has had reason in many cases to bless the selection. It has reared its cheaper souls in palaces and under glass, to produce stunted, barren growth; while its nobler souls have been left to grow in the shelterless open, exposed to all the winds of heaven, to blossom and fruit richly for mankind.



(Photo: T. Mayser, Streatham.)



The Pride o' the Morning

By Agnes Giberne

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XIII.

The story opens at Castle Hill, where Mrs. Keith lives with a young relative, Giles Randolph, who was left an orphan in childhood. Her own son, Colin, returns from a long stay on the Continent, and proposes to begin a career as a sculptor, to the mother's obvious but unexplained annoyance. Giles goes to Yorkshire to arrange, if possible, for his second cousin, Phyllys Wyverne, to pay a visit to Castle Hill. Her elder cousin Barbara and her grandmother, with whom they both live, are not anxious for the girl to see more of her relatives, but they have no good reason for refusing the invitation, which is accordingly accepted. Meanwhile Giles, attracted by Phyllys, pays another visit to the village of Midfell, where she lives, and is instrumental in rescuing her from a bog on the moors into which she has wandered in a mist. Phyllys arrives at Castle Hill, and, displaying great interest in Colin's art-work, gives him sittings for a bust, to Mrs. Keith's great irritation. One day she is sent to her hostess's room to fetch some silks and, going to the wrong piece of furniture, sees a portrait with a strong likeness to Colin. When Mrs. Keith hears that her visitor has seen this she is much agitated and, having extracted a promise from her of silence as to her discovery, she locks the portrait in a chest and throws the key into a pond.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF DUTY *versus* DESIRE.

GILES had not meant to ask Phyllys for that walk.

Reasoning with himself, after the studio scene, he had come to the conclusion that his duty was to hold for the present aloof, until he should see which way lay Colin's intentions. But when unexpectedly he met Phyllys on the stairs, when he read pleasure in her smile, his resolution melted like ice in tropical sunshine, and before he knew what he was doing the request slipped out.

And though he realised what his action meant, he did not draw back.

The evening passed without incident. Mr. Dugdale and his daughter came to dinner. Colin was not well enough to appear. Giles made futile efforts to carry out his morning's intention, and only succeeded in seeing and hearing nothing and nobody except Phyllys.

Through the long night following he had no sleep. Two wakeful hours he spent in bed; then he got up and dressed, and let himself out of the house, to walk fast and far in moonlight, fighting a tough battle.

He had to come to a decision one way or the other. The morning's resolution had now no force. Its failure only served to show more truly how things stood with him.

On arrival he had made his way softly into the studio, as was his wont, expecting to find Colin absorbed in his beloved occupation, caring for nought else, wrapped up in his efforts to reproduce in clay some form of beauty. He had been told that Mrs. Keith was out; he had taken for granted that Phyllys was with her. And when he stood within the studio door, it was to see, not Colin only, but Phyllys also; the two seated near together—Phyllys with downcast eyes and soft flush, a half-shy, conscious look upon the sweet face which *he* had never been able to evoke; while Colin's rapt gaze, and the light in those clear blue eyes, told the worst!

At the instant Giles's one sensation had been of furious wrath against Colin for daring to interfere with *his* aim, *his* love—wrath that he would have felt towards any man who should have dared to come after *his* Phyllys. Already in his secret soul he looked upon her thus.

XUM

But in the silence of his own room before luncheon, and far more in the dimness of the moonlit lanes at night, as he strode along, other counsels succeeded—other elements would not be denied attention. It was no simple matter of two men, both in love with one girl, waiting to see which she might prefer. The question really was, If Colin had set his heart on Phyllys, ought Giles to seek her at all? Ought he not at once to give up the thought of her?

As an abstract question, this carried no difficulty. To his own mind the duty was plain. If Colin loved Phyllys, the right thing for *him* was to step back, to leave the coast clear.

Years earlier, under stress of peculiar circumstances, Giles had made a definite resolve never to stand in the way of Colin's happiness, never to permit himself any joy, any pleasure, any good, which might re-act in the form of pain or loss for Colin. He had registered this resolve as a solemn vow in the recesses of his own heart. The resolve rose up and faced him, while he hurried through lonely lanes, restless and wretched, unable to see his way. Cold moonlight, flooding fields on either side, seemed alive with one word—"Remember!" Black tree shadows, lying in patches at his feet, echoed, "Remember!" The creak of a heavy elm-bough, swayed by the breeze, groaned, "Remember!" The cry of an owl in a neighbouring wood sounded the same solemn "Remember!"

He did remember! He would never forget the long agony, the heart-breaking misery, the awful double load of woe, which had culminated in that vehement resolve. If life should last a hundred years, each separate incident of those days would remain fresh and vivid in his mind to the last.

That he should ever in years to come, under any imaginable provocation, be betrayed into wrath with Colin had seemed to lie beyond the range of possibility. And until the day just ended he had not only shown no anger, but had never been tempted to show it. He had found it easy to preserve his self-control, to feel no annoyance about aught that Colin chanced to say or do.

Now the testing time had come. Now in one fell moment his resolve had broken down. Now, not only had he under sudden stress given way to violent anger, but his temper was not conquered, and he found his past resolution madly opposed by the full force of his own being.

He was free to draw back. He had not yet openly and avowedly sought Phyllys. Thus far he had been outwardly, to the best of his knowledge, no more than cousin and friend. Whatever he had felt at Midfell, he had not shown it. He would do *her* no wrong by retiring in favour of Colin, by giving him the first innings. He would wrong no one but himself. And in the light of that past, which to-day was keenly present to his mind, he realised that it was only right—a matter of simple justice—that he of all men should refuse to stand between Colin and happiness. The question was not, "Ought he?" but "Could he?"

As he walked and thought, he made up his mind that he would do the thing that was right, that he would carry out his early resolution, that he would endure the cost.

So during hours of moonlight, followed by darkness. But in the chill light of dawn, as he tramped wearily back to his room—tired, not with bodily exertion, but with mental strain—another spirit took possession of him.

He had meant to get off taking his walk with Phyllys. Better for him, safer and wiser, that he should not go. Yet when it came to the point he made no effort. He let things drift. He had the walk for which he craved.

Then, for yielding, he was the weaker, as for yielding one can hardly fail to be. A paralysis seemed to lay hold upon him, though his had always been reckoned a firm and manly will. And when at length he sat by her side, on the river bank, seeing nothing but the outlines of that slim, girlish figure and the sweet girlish face, he knew that, even for Colin's sake he could not give her up. He could not! There was a limit to what might be expected of a man, and this reached beyond the limit.

In so short a space of time she had grown to be everything to him—to be his love, his life, his all. One little month before she was but a name—Phyllys Wyverne, younger granddaughter of his old great-aunt, living in the wilds of Yorkshire. He was vaguely interested in her, as his heiress-presumptive, and supposed that one day they might meet again. She was a pretty and winning child, he recalled. But whether they met or not was of no particular moment. Then they met, and his life was changed. Now nothing in the world was of moment, except the one passionate overwhelming desire to win her for his own.

Give her up to Colin! See those two by-and-by husband and wife! Her sweetness all

for Colin! Her love, Colin's right! Himself, in measureless desolation!

He could not do it! The thing was impossible; the idea was preposterous.

Colin had been always dear to him, more dear than a brother. But beside this new absorbing passion, that quiet affection faded out of sight and became as nought. Not that he did not care for him still, but that Phyllys was everything to him, Phyllys filled his heart, Phyllys was his world, his universe.

True, even if he held aloof now, she might in the end reject Colin, and he would then be free to seek her. But of this he had small hope.

He also felt his own position with regard to Phyllys not unhopeful. She liked him, she was friendly, cousinly, even confiding. To persevere now might mean success.

And if success for him meant disappointment, unhappiness, perchance despair, for Colin! Again the past rolled up; again he saw his own resolve, and the causes which led to it.

"One may have strained ideas of duty," he muttered doggedly. "There is such a thing as common sense in the affairs of life."

Yes; and there is also such a thing as putting self aside for the sake of another.

This, too, he knew. But he saw once more her sweetness, and resistance collapsed. He acknowledged himself beaten.

CHAPTER XV.

OF A PAST EPISODE.

"So you are staying for some time at Castle Hill," observed Kathleen Alyn, with her gracious air of interest.

The two ladies were under a tree on the lawn, Mr. Dugdale having retreated, after tea, to a basket-chair and a book, within ear-shot. Giles had walked with Phyllys and Gordon to Brook-End Grange, and had stayed to luncheon. A business engagement now claimed him, and Mrs. Alyn would not hear of Phyllys going before six o'clock. Since she welcomed the delay, nothing remained for Giles but gloomily to depart alone.

"I'm afraid not. Mrs. Keith did ask me to stay longer, but Grannie gave leave only for three weeks." Phyllys did not hear her own sigh. "The days are going so awfully fast."

"You don't begin to feel home-sick yet?"

"No. Ought I?"

"It is natural that you should enjoy change. Midfell seems so out of the world."

"It *is* out of the world. It belongs to two centuries ago. Everything and everybody is half-asleep."

"So that even quiet Castle Hill seems almost gay by contrast."

Phyllys considered. "No, not gay, but awake—alive. One sees and learns here."

"You begin to know Giles and Colin by this time?"

"The one I don't get to know is Mrs. Keith."

"I doubt if Mrs. Keith knows herself. But Giles and Colin—I wonder which of the two strikes you on an early acquaintance as the finer character."

"Is it an early acquaintance?" Phyllys began to feel as if she had known them always. "But they are so unlike. One can hardly compare them."

"Colin is very popular."

Mr. Dugdale was peering over the edge of his book. "So is Giles among his own set. Which does Phyllys say she prefers?"

"I didn't say either," laughed Phyllys. "I like both, each in his own way.'"

"One feels so sorry for poor Colin," remarked Kathleen, and, as once before, the word annoyed Phyllys.

"I can't see why one should be sorry for him," she said warmly. "He is to be envied, not pitied. He is so much above ordinary men. I think he can very well afford not to be so—so——"

"Muscular," suggested Mr. Dugdale. "I see you rate a man's intellect above his biceps."

"Don't you?"

"Some do not, in this athletic age."

"But I do," decisively. "And Colin is a genius. That is a thousand times better than being able to walk thirty miles without feeling tired."

"Colin is to be congratulated. He has found someone to fight his battles." Mr. Dugdale lowered his book, and scanned Phyllys with quizzical eyes. She stood her ground, though not without heightening colour.

"I mean it. I would rather be a genius than anything in the world. Much, much rather than be rich and strong."

"Not that Colin fails in the length of his walks," murmured Mr. Dugdale. "It's rather in the extent of his mental exertions!"

"That was what I meant—that he cannot use his powers," put in Kathleen. "He has always been hampered by ill-health, ever since he was sixteen."

"Not before?"

"No. He was delicate-looking, but very wiry, and up to anything. Giles was the more robust in make, but Colin could outdo even Giles in endurance."

"Giles was not the more robust in their infancy," declared Mr. Dugdale.

"He was when I first knew them, father. But Colin had such spirit! He never flagged, and nothing ever ailed him, till that unhappy accident changed his life."

"What was the accident?" asked Phyllys. "No one has ever told me."

"Your grandmother must have heard at the time. You will hear no mention of it at Castle Hill. Mrs. Keith dislikes the subject, and neither Giles nor Colin ever allude to what happened. They were so devoted to poor little Elsye." A word from Phyllys made her add, "Did you not know that Elsye Wallace was killed then?"

"No. Please tell me about it."

"She and the boys were always together. It was pretty to see them—she like a little queen, and they her devoted knights. A lovely child, full of fun, yet always with that pathetic look in her eyes which you see on the memorial window. Quite unnatural, for there never was a happier being."

"But what was the accident?"

"They were at the seaside. Elsye had been poorly, and Mrs. Keith took her away for change with the boys. Rather unusual, for she has never liked Dr. Wallace, and I do not think she cared for Elsye. Still, it came about somehow—perhaps brought on by Giles. He was tolerably masterful even at sixteen, as you may imagine."

Phyllys assented.

"And he worshipped Elsye: it was adoration. Colin was very fond of her, but not in the same vehement style. One day they were on the cliff, and I suppose were playing too near the edge. Nobody ever seemed to know precisely how it happened, but Elsye and Colin fell over. There was a rough shingle beach below, with rock-boulders lying about. Elsye, I believe, slipped and dragged Colin with her; and Giles was just too late to save them. Elsye was undermost, and she never regained consciousness. Colin's head struck on a rock, and he was stunned; but at the time they did not think him so badly hurt. Everybody's attention was taken up with Elsye. She breathed for an hour or two, but died before her father could arrive."

"How dreadful for them all!"

"It *was* dreadful; all the more because one could not help feeling that the boys ought to have been more careful. When I saw them a fortnight later, Giles seemed all at once to have grown into a man—so grave and silent, so different altogether. Colin looked awfully ill, and we thought it was Elsye's death. We supposed that he was feeling it even more than Giles. But in time it came out that he was suffering fearfully from his head, and was making a desperate fight to keep about as usual, so that nobody might know. He soon had a complete breakdown, and was much worse than if he had been taken in hand at first. He had fallen with the back of his head against a boulder, and the doctors said that the front part of the brain had been badly jarred against the skull by the concussion; so there was double injury. For more than two years he was constantly ill, often kept for days in a dark room. The boy's patience was wonderful, and the pluck with which he would struggle to be well the moment he was a trifle easier! Of course, school was out of the question. He was hardly allowed to look at a book. Giles used to read to him when he could bear to listen, which was not for a long while. The marvel is to me that he has turned out what he is, considering his disadvantages. Still, there always is a something about him not quite like other men. He lives a life of his own; and he is so dreamy, so mystical, if that is the right word."

"He is a genius," remarked Phyllys, as if that explained everything.

"Public school life would have done his genius no harm. I wish he could have had it."

"He didn't model—then?"

"Mrs. Keith snubbed him whenever he began. He always was trying. Of course, as a boy, he could not take his own way as he can now. She tried him very much at times, made him ill when he might have been fairly well. The least worry always brings on his headache, and she can't help worrying. Colin somehow excites her, while she never minds anything done by Giles."

"My dear, she is a woman with a temper; but her material prosperity depends on her keeping straight with Giles," asserted Mr. Dugdale.

"Yet I have seen him furious with her, for Colin's sake."

"Is Giles a man with a temper?" suddenly asked Phyllys.

"I should hardly call him so," Mrs. Alyn

replied indulgently. "He is not touchy about little things—not quick to imagine slights or to take offence. But if once he *is* upset——"

She made a significant pause. Mr. Dugdale's book had risen to its former position, and he looked anew over its edge.

"My nephew Jack was at school with Giles. He once remarked that it took a jolly lot to put Giles into a wax. But when once, by combined and sustained efforts, that feat had been accomplished, Jack's expression was, 'My eyes! we fellows take care to be in the tree-tops, out of his reach.'"

"Yes, I suppose he *could* be angry," murmured Phyllys.

"But never with Colin," added Kathleen.

Phyllys was silent. She knew better.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF A VANISHED PORTRAIT.

"ARE you really better? I'm glad."

Phyllys spoke warmly. Dinner was over, and she and Mrs. Keith had quitted the dining-room, leaving Giles with Mr. Dugdale—this evening, as often, a self-invited guest. Mrs. Keith had gone to her boudoir, and Phyllys, entering the drawing-room, found Colin.

He had been three days invisible, prostrate with headache; and she had been told that he could not appear. Here, however, he was, leaning back in the deep armchair, close to the oriel window. He stood up when she came in, despite an eager "Oh, don't!" but was evidently glad to go back to his former position. She sat down, and scanned the ivory-tinted face, which rested against a crimson chair-back.

"Ought you to have come down?" she asked, as one hand was pressed slowly over the fair hair, its slender fingers perceptibly thinner for three days of starvation and intense pain.

"Thanks, I'm all right now."

"You won't work again yet?"

"Not just yet." His look baffled her.

She glanced at a book lying on his knee, half-open, his hand between the leaves. "Have you been trying to read?"

"Not much. There's a paragraph by Kingsley that I thought you might like."

"May I see it?" She took the book, and read eagerly aloud the sentence indicated:

"'Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the Fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with *all* your eyes. It is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.'"

Phyllys' eyes glistened, and her own face at the moment was very fair with thoughts evoked.

"I'm glad you've shown me that. Thanks very much. It is just what one wants to feel—to do. If beauty really is *that*, one can't possibly be wrong in loving it."

"One might rather be wrong not to value it," he suggested.

"But——" and a pause. "There are ugly things in Nature."

"Many things that we stamp as ugly are not so. Part of our condemnation is conventional. Part is due to our imperfect sight. We don't detect the exquisite finish, or the balancing of parts. What looks to us like ugliness may belong merely to roughness of outline, due to our blindness. Then, too, we fail to make out the true inwardness. The beauty of Divine handwriting may be there, yet the Key is wanting, and we can't translate into the vernacular."

"You wouldn't say that there is beauty in everything?"

"No. But there is an enormous amount more of it than men in general can see. It needs a trained eye and a brain awake. Form and colour are lost upon those who are Nature-blind and Art-blind. And for the most part you will find unlovely outlines—hardness and stiffness and angularity—in human conceptions, not in Divine."

"You once praised flat surfaces in sculpture," she suggested with quickness.

"Flat surfaces in sculpture and in Nature don't mean the rigid flatness of a sheet of iron. There are always delicate mouldings, roundings, the melting, so to speak, of one surface into another. Don't you see? Nature's divisions, like Nature's tints, merge softly by gradations. You don't find accurate squares and oblongs. And in a rainbow no man living can define where one colour ends and the next begins."

She smiled acquiescence. Colin's words had generally power to set her thinking. She did not know how rarely he opened out like this; how studiously was his true self hidden from the world in general. In Giles she saw the reserve of a man habitually silent; but she had not divined in Colin the deeper reserve of an apparent frankness which yet told nothing.

XUM

Once in a way he found it possible to be really frank with Phyllys; but she was almost the sole living exception. As a rule he never brought to the surface those things of which he thought the most, for which he cared the most.

He murmured another quotation: "'Nature is a poem written by God, and Art is man's translation of it.' I forget who said that. But if Nature is a Divine poem, the least we can do is to try to read it."

Phyllys repeated the words to herself, and considered them.

"I wonder whether all sculptors feel as you do?" she questioned presently.

"I was not speaking especially from the sculptor's point of view." His voice had altered, losing its earnestness, becoming indifferent. Without looking up, Phyllys knew that he and she were no longer alone.

Mrs. Keith had appeared, and it became evident that she was in one of her restless moods. She had not known that Colin meant to come down, and the fact of her own ignorance seemed to annoy her. She could not sit still, but fidgeted from chair to chair, talking in high-pitched tones without a break.

There was a draught from the oriel window, and would Colin mind its being shut? No, she really couldn't have any window open, it was so chilly. If he wanted more air, why did he not sit in the study? Mr. Dugdale would be in directly, and Mr. Dugdale was such a fatiguing person, particularly if one had a headache. *Her* advice had been that Colin should stay upstairs another night; but Colin never did take advice, as all the world knew; much better for him if he would.

All this and a great deal more was endured with a calm which Phyllys had earlier taken for unshakeable serenity. She knew better now. She had learnt to decipher the slight dent in his forehead, the slight pressure of his under-lip, the increased slowness of the soft dragging voice; and this evening, as she speedily saw, his self-control was more severely tested than usual from physical weakness.

But Mrs. Keith, whose one aim was to separate those two, to have Phyllys as a "close preserve" for Giles, saw nothing. She fidgeted, fussed, and talked till the door opened.

"Here they come!" And she started up. "Now we must have some music. I want Phyllys to play the Moonlight Sonata again."

Giles interposed curtly. "Not to-night. Colin can't stand it."

Colin frowned slightly. "Pray make no difference for me," he said. "If you do, I must decamp."

"But we don't want music. Nobody wants it. We all want to talk," urged Phyllys. "And I'm only too thankful not to have to play."

She greeted Giles with a smile, and he came to stand by her side, not speaking. She waited for him to begin, glancing from his tall, solid figure to Colin's thin outlines. Mrs. Keith was insisting still, energetically, almost loudly, on music. Phyllys played so prettily, and she and Giles loved listening. Colin would not mind, she knew.

"Of course not. Shall I get the sonata?" asked Colin.

"Nonsense!" There was a roughness in the *timbre* of Giles' voice which Phyllys had heard before, and it always took her by surprise; it was so unlike the voice she had learnt to know at Midfell. "Nonsense!" he repeated. "You must keep still."

Phyllys gave the speaker one reproachful glance, then turned to Colin. He was submitting, but not as if obliged to do so. There was a curious reticent dignity in his manner at the moment. She met his eyes—clear, blue depths, steady and penetrative, full of expression—and wondered whom it was that he recalled. The hidden picture flashed up before her mind, and she forgot the question of music, gazing at him.

Somebody else gazed also. Mr. Dugdale broke into an exclamation which might have been an echo of Phyllys' thoughts:

"Odd! there's that look again!"

"Isn't he like?" Phyllys all but said. The words were on her lips, when she checked them, remembering that she had undertaken never to allude to the picture, and that nobody except herself and Mrs. Keith were supposed to be aware of its existence.

Yet plainly Mr. Dugdale was aware. What could Mrs. Keith have meant?

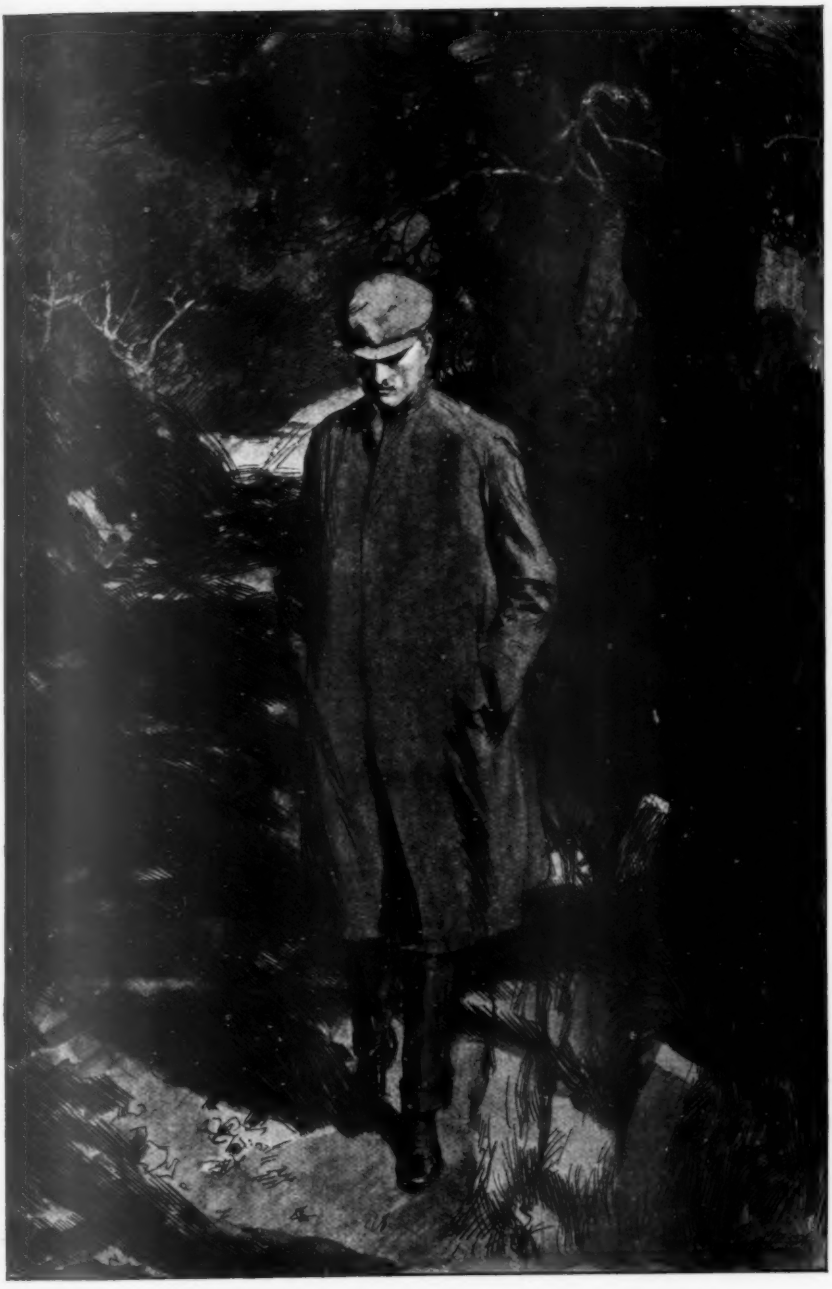
"Extraordinary!" continued the cool, cynical tones. "I've not taken a look at the portrait for ages, but my memory is good. Colin brings it back to me."

"I don't understand," remarked Colin.

"The Vandyke, of course—Giles's ancestor—in a corner of the gallery. Used to hang in this room once upon a time. You've developed a most astonishing resemblance to it."

Mrs. Keith stood listening, her face hard set, her fingers clutched about her fan.

"You had that fancy before," she said. "Utterly ridiculous and impossible!"



"Black tree shadows . . . . echoed Remember!'"—*p.* 984.

For once she made a mistake. Had she acquiesced, the matter might have dropped. Opposition made Mr. Dugdale eager to prove his point.

"We'll compare him with the original. Come, Colin."

Colin did not stir. "Another time," he suggested.

"Oh, ah! I forgot your head. Well, I'll take a look myself. Never can imagine why that painting should have been banished to the darkest corner in the house!" he muttered as he went—not the first time he had made such a remark.

He was gone a considerable time, and Mrs. Keith moved about restlessly, as if unable to sit still. Phyllys thought her looking old and haggard. The mouth had a drawn look. No further mention was made of music. When at length Mr. Dugdale returned, it was to say bluntly:

"Been moved again! Where, pray?"

"The portrait not there?" asked Giles in surprise.

"Not anywhere that I can discover. I've looked all round."

"But, of course, it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Keith, facing him indignantly. "It has not been moved."

"Not taken from that corner?" Mr. Dugdale gazed hard, and she met his gaze.

"Certainly not, unless Giles——"

Giles made a negative gesture.

"It is not there now," stated Mr. Dugdale in his most dogmatic manner.

"You are sure you have not overlooked it?"

"Come and see for yourself." The two went off, and Mrs. Keith sat down.

"How hot it is! I should like the window open!"

Phyllys started up, but was forestalled by Colin. He remained at the casement, as if thankful for the stream of outer air. Mrs. Keith moved again, wandering restlessly to the further end of the large room, and Phyllys asked in an undertone, "Why should Mr. Dugdale want to prove that you are like that picture?"

"I don't know." Colin spoke wearily, as if the discussion tired him. "I suppose, having once made the assertion, he is bent on showing himself to be in the right."

"You don't care whether you are like it or not?"

"Not a fig! Anybody may be like anybody. I've met a dog in a crowded street who looked at me with the very eyes of a worthy old aunt of mine. And an eagle at the Zoo was the counterpart in profile of an excellent Vicar. Why shouldn't I indulge in a passing resemblance to any old picture?"

She could not rival his indifference, and waited in suspense till the two came back, Mr. Dugdale saying triumphantly:

"Just as I told you! Vanished!"

"The picture gone? You really mean to say that it is not there?" Mrs. Keith drew near with amazed eyes. "My dear Giles! You must both be dreaming. Not there?"

"It is not in the gallery."

"But where *can* it be?"

"That is the question. We have to find out."

"Certainly you must find out," broke in Mr. Dugdale. "A valuable ancestral portrait can't be allowed to disappear."

Mrs. Keith gave an odd laugh, as if amused. "But, Giles, it is impossible. The thing can't have walked off of itself."

"No. To-morrow morning I must question the servants."

"The servants would not dare! And they could have no object in moving it."

"They might happen to know its value. Not that I suspect them. It is rather a question whether anyone has been in the house who might have walked off with it."

Her face lighted up, as with a brilliant idea. "Giles!" she exclaimed.

He waited.

"I remember now! That evening when we heard steps about the house! You can't have forgotten! When we thought a thief had got in."

Giles seemed half convinced.

"I've never noticed the painting since that day, and it seems that you have not either," added Mrs. Keith.

"I have not looked for it."

"It was in its place before. It is not in its place now. What other explanation is possible?"

"If it was taken then, I can't understand its not being missed sooner," objected Mr. Dugdale.

"Why should it be? Nobody has given it a thought."

Giles was silent, his mind only half-attentive. His glance had wandered to Colin, who was trying to decipher Phyllys' downcast face. She looked up, met his eyes, and blushed. Giles's sombreness increased.

"Great mistake its ever having been removed from this room," Mr. Dugdale declared.

"A mistake possibly, but a most natural one. The picture was utterly out of its place in a drawing-room. Mr. Penrhyn did not mind."

"Mr. Penrhyn never minded anything."

"At all events I acted for the best. One can't do more. Of course, I never dreamt of thieves getting to it."

"I shall not rest till it is found," said Giles.

In Phyllys' mind a thought had suggested itself. Was it possible that Mrs. Keith might be a trifle "peculiar" mentally—a degree "touched in the upper storey"? Could it be that she suffered from delusions; that she had herself hidden the lost picture, honestly believing it to be, as she had stated, the portrait of her own brother? Or were there *two* old portraits—the one of Giles's ancestor, stolen by a thief; the other of Mrs. Keith's brother, its existence unknown? In the latter case it would be odd that Colin should resemble both portraits, yet less odd than might appear at first sight, since one was the likeness of his own uncle.

"Poor thing!" mused Phyllys. "I dare say that is why Giles is so good to her, and hardly ever contradicts anything she says. And perhaps it is why Colin sometimes has to get the upper hand—not to give in too much."

One thing was clear—that Phyllys herself could not interfere. By definitely promising never to mention the existence of the picture she had seen she was debarred from saying anything.

The butler brought in a telegram addressed to herself, and she opened it with some trepidation, telegrams at Midfell being rare.

"Grandmother ill; come home to-morrow by early train," she read.

Her face changed, and she saw those around change also. That of Mrs. Keith might have expressed relief. Giles was silent, and he had the look of one who has received a blow. Was it her fancy that Colin's pale face grew paler?

Then she knew that Mrs. Keith was talking, was exclaiming, inquiring, protesting, advising, in a breath. Perhaps there was some mistake. Would Phyllys like to telegraph inquiries? It seemed such a pity to cut short her visit. She had intended Phyllys to stay at least another six weeks. There was a very early train, of course, if she *had* to go, but was it really necessary? One never could tell what telegrams meant, they were so curtly worded; still, it might not be anything serious.

"Grannie must be very ill, or Barbara would not send for me," Phyllys said gravely. She stood up, taking the decision into her own hands. "Could someone tell me the first train?"

"The 7.10," Colin observed.

"Is that too early for me to get to the station? Thanks. Then I will go by it. I had better put up my things to-night." She glanced from one to another. "I am so sorry. It has been a very happy time, and you have all been so good to me. But, of course, I have to leave."

She went quickly upstairs, and Mrs. Keith soon followed.

"Giles is looking out particulars for your journey," she said. "He will go with you to the junction, and will put you into a through carriage for the north. Your packing shall be done for you, my dear. It is early still, and you can come down for another half-hour perhaps; but, of course, you must get to bed in good time. We are all so sorry about this. I had written to Mrs. Wyverne to beg for a longer stay. No; I did not tell you. But you must come to us again some day."

Phyllys tried to listen. She felt curiously stunned; whether more at the thought of her grandmother's probable danger, or more at the abrupt need to leave Castle Hill, she hardly knew. The former she did not yet consciously grasp; the latter was a pressing pain. She dimly wondered why the pain should be so acute.

Mrs. Keith moved about the room, restless still.

"About that picture?" she said. "Odd, isn't it?"

She broke into a laugh.

"I could not help remembering," murmured Phyllys. "Of course, I said nothing, as I had promised."

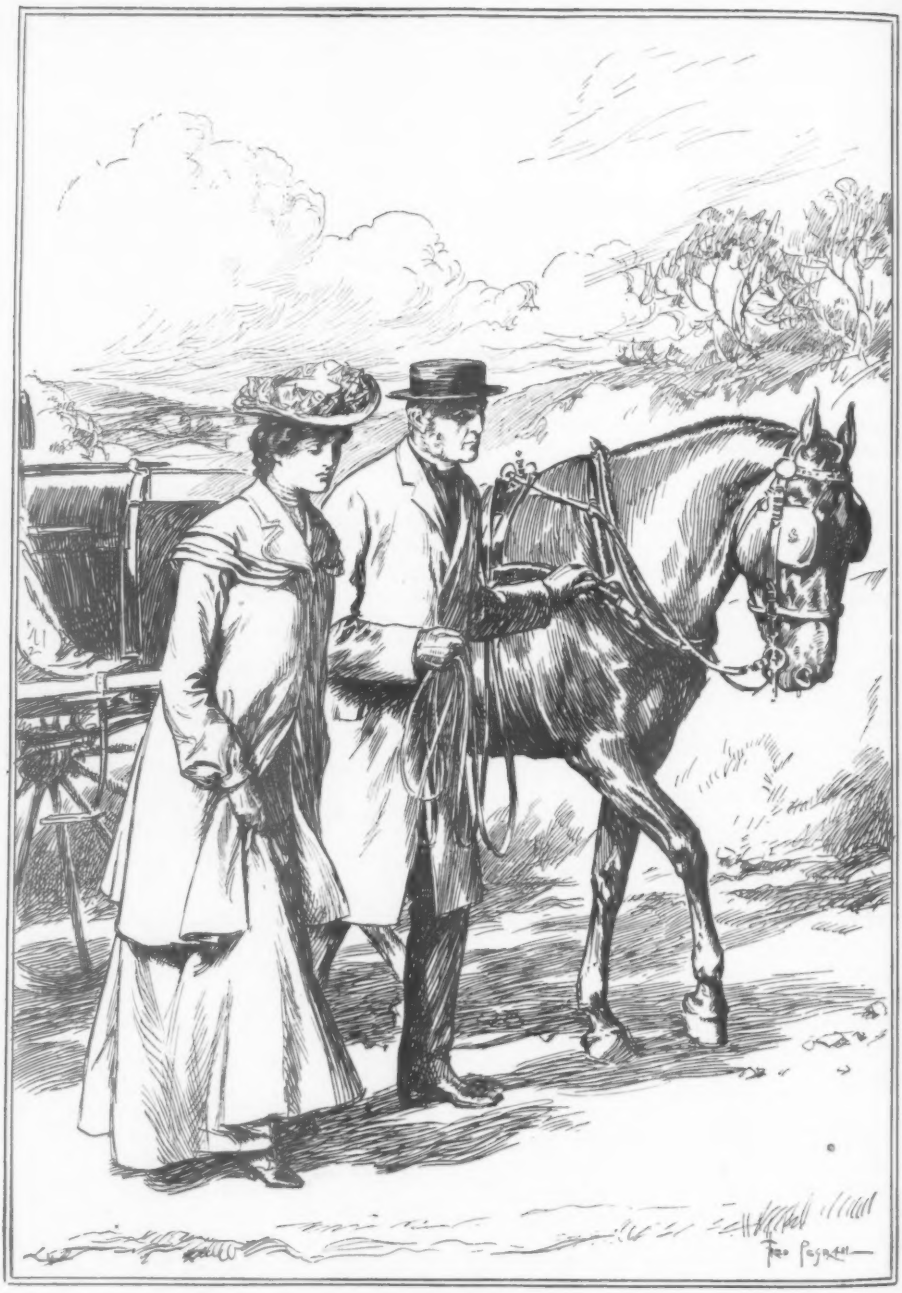
Mrs. Keith wore a look of astonishment, almost of perplexity.

"You could not help remembering—what?"

"The portrait I saw in your cabinet—the one so like Colin. Don't you know?" as Mrs. Keith seemed puzzled. "When I went to look for the piece of silk."

"My dear, how droll!" Mrs. Keith laughed again, rather loudly. "That you should think of the two together, I mean. It is quite comic. I am very glad you did not say what you thought, though, of course, you could not, because you had given your promise."

"No. I remembered."



"He offered no protest, and they mounted the stiff rise in silence."—*p.* 995.

"Besides, *that* is my own private affair altogether—the likeness of my brother, I mean. Dear fellow! how long it is since I saw him. But, as I told you, nobody knows of that picture, and it is worth nothing to anybody except myself. This unfortunate disappearance is another matter. The picture that we cannot find is a family heirloom by a famous artist, and is of great value—the likeness of one of Giles's ancestors. Mr. Dugdale's notion of its being like Colin is simply ridiculous. There is no likeness at all." Her cheeks had hot red spots, as if she were angry. "He is such a fanciful man, always imagining things. The resemblance that *you* saw is real enough, and only what one might expect. But this notion of Mr. Dugdale's: if it were less absurd, one might be annoyed at his persistency. But that is Mr. Dugdale all over. If once he says a thing, he sticks to what he has said for the rest of his life."

She paused for a moment.

"The loss of that picture is a real misfortune. Giles will never rest till he has found it. He has all the persistency of the Randolph nature. Not much chance of his succeeding, I am afraid, for the thief has had plenty of time to get rid of it—most likely has sent it to America for sale. But if you should ever be questioned, my dear—which is not very likely, as you do not even know the old painting—if you should be, please remember that there is no connection between the two things. You must guard yourself carefully, in talking about the family heirloom, not to allude to my brother's portrait—not to break your word."

Then she moved towards the door. "Now we will go down, and have a last little talk together."

CHAPTER XVII.

OF REVERSION TO A RUT.

BARBARA PRINGLE stood outside a small garden-gate in Midfell, interviewing her friend, Miss Robins.

"I felt it to be my duty," she was remarking, and grim resolution squared her jaw, perhaps auguring uneasiness of mind—"I felt it to be my duty to act. My grandmother has fretted quite ridiculously about Phyllys. The child never ought to have been allowed to go. Most undesirable influences! And the coolness of Mrs. Keith, asking to keep her another six weeks! Of course, Phyllys put her up to it. That was what made my grandmother ill yesterday. I telegraphed on my own responsibility. It seemed to be right."

"Unquestionably. Unequivocably," purred Miss Robins. "And really dear Mrs. Wyverne *was* very far from well."

"Yes; quite a sharp attack. At her age one never knows what it may mean. I did not mention what I had done till this morning's telegram told us when to expect Phyllys. By that time, of course, she was on her way."

"So she could not be stopped? How sensible!" declared Miss Robins approvingly.

"The fuss made with her at Castle Hill has been too absurd. Her head will have been completely turned. I wish I could have gone to meet her myself, but it was out of the question. When Mr. Hazel offered, one had to agree."

Meanwhile, Phyllys, reaching Garfield station, nearly ten miles off, looked out for some familiar face. If no "lift" were available, a cab would have been ordered; but those who owned vehicles at Midfell seldom failed to place them at the disposal of those who had none.

Nor was she disappointed. As the train steamed in, she caught a glimpse of the Vicarage pony carriage, then found herself face to face with the Vicar. His ruddy face was framed in soft grey hair; a shapeless wide-awake sat far back on his broad head; tan gloves of unknown antiquity were gripped in one rugged veined hand; the other was outstretched in welcome; and a beaming but embarrassed smile lit up his features.

"Well, little Pride o' the Morning," he said, using cheerily his favourite name for her, "so here you are! Bright and well, eh? We are glad to have you again."

"But Grannie?" she questioned anxiously.

Mr. Hazel, recalling his wife's injunctions—injunctions primed by Barbara—but forgetting exactly what he had been told to say, smiled perplexedly.

"Oh, ah! yes—to be sure, yes! She was rather ailing yesterday. Upset and out of sorts, your cousin said. They had to send for Mr. Jones, and he thought her——" The sentence died into a mumble. "But she is all right again to-day, so no need to worry your little head." Which was the very remark that Barbara had expressly stipulated should not be made. "Now for your luggage." And to escape further questioning he marched along the platform to the spot where her trunks lay waiting. The smaller could be carried with them; the larger was to be sent next day. Mr.

Hazel gave directions, and Phyllys stood by in silence.

She understood. His words had made all clear, bringing the truth before her in one sinister flash of revealment. She had been pale before; she grew now white to the lips.

It was Barbara's doing; Barbara had summoned her home, without need, without cause; Barbara had cut short her delight and happiness. But for Barbara's interference she might still be—might now at this moment be—at Castle Hill with her friends!

She saw the whole; yet at first she said nothing. She dared not say anything, dared not let herself go. So strong, so fierce, was the wave of resentment which rolled up in her heart that it all but had the mastery.

But she held herself in, following the Vicar, hearing the orders that he gave. She went out of the station by his side, listened like one in a dream to his remarks, and patted kindly her old friend the Vicarage "pony," so called, though really a fine cob, who lifted his head in pleased response at the sound of her voice. And all the while that great wave below the surface was surging to and fro.

It frightened her. She had never felt so wrathful. Hers was naturally a quick temper, quick to take fire, quick to burn itself out. "A flash in the pan," her father had laughingly called it. She had many a time been annoyed with Barbara, but never to this burning extent.

As they drove through the small town, calling at the post-office and at one or two shops, she was silent still, feeling rather than thinking, for her thoughts were in a maze of confusion. Pain was sharp. It seemed so hard that she should not have had to the end her little time of pleasure. The visit had meant so much to her!

And to have her joy cut short for nothing—absolutely nothing!—by Barbara's interference: she hardly knew how to endure it! Again and again that wave of passionate resentment all but mastered her.

Mr. Hazel, busy with the reins and with his shopping, did not at first notice that aught was wrong. Gradually it dawned upon him that the bright smile was lacking, the merry voice still.

He waited, as it was his way to wait; watchful, without seeming to watch. And not till they had left the town and had begun the first long, slow ascent after, did the storm that was raging find expression. He put some slight question to her. She turned a rigid face to him, and said in low, resolute tones:

"Then Barbara has cheated me out of my pleasure! Grannie has *not* been ill! There was no need for me to come home!"

Between the claims of truth and a desire not to compromise other people the Vicar was in difficulties. He gave a gentle jerk to the reins, and murmured indistinct words.

"Barbara is not nervous." Phyllys caught that suggestion, only to repudiate it. She sat bolt upright, looking ahead. "Barbara is never nervous."

Another murmur. This time she caught the word "mistake."

"No; there is no mistake. It is done on purpose. She knew how happy I was, how I wanted to stay a little longer; and she could not bear me to be happy. She loves to make me miserable. It is *her* doing."

The Vicar made no hasty rejoinder. He cast a concerned glance at the set face, commented silently to himself on the thunder-cloud overshadowing his "Pride o' the Morning," and chirruped to the cob. A fresh pull carried them on faster, till the increased gradient made slowness a necessity. Then he jumped out, lightly for his years.

"Take the reins, child."

"No." She was already by his side. "Cobweb has weight enough with my box."

He offered no protest, and they mounted the stiff rise in silence, the Vicar keeping up an easy, long-limbed swing, born of habit. No quickened breath troubled him, and the reins hung loosely over one wrist, or were flung upon the cob's back, a word sufficing for guidance.

Phyllys, deep in thought, showed no signs of fatigue, though this came at the end of a long journey. As they ascended, the widening view of distant moors, the rich tints of the fell over which their road led, spoke to her with the calming power which Nature has over some minds. Three times she forgot herself, standing lost in contemplation. Each time the Vicar halted, as if for Cobweb's sake, and the look which crept into her face gladdened his heart. A fourth time this happened, and she glanced towards him, smiling.

"I didn't know how lovely it was!" she said. "Must we hurry? There's plenty of time. I didn't know how dearly I loved it all. Those wavy lines against the sky! And the purples and greens—and the bracken!"

She remembered Colin's quotation, "Drink it in with *all* your eyes"—and into the words new meaning dawned. Eyes of the body, eyes of the mind, eyes of the spirit. Through the

eyes of the body, to the eyes of the mind; through the eyes of the mind, to the eyes of the spirit. Had Colin opened for her those inward eyes? She saw with them as never before. Nature around was as it ever had been; but for her it held fresh charms, fresh perfection, fresh meaning. She was enchained by the exquisite mouldings of the hillsides, the delicate fadings of one surface, one tint, into another. Each hummocked fell demanded hours of study. She would be able now to give the hours, and Colin had taught her how to use them.

Through the railway journey her thoughts had been much with Giles and the look in his face when they parted. Sorry as she had been to leave, her sorrow was of a composite nature, made up of many elements. She began faintly to see a contrast between him and herself; to realise the simplicity, the homogeneousness, of his mental make. She wanted many things—Castle Hill, Colin, freedom, art, fresh ideas, as well as Giles. He wanted one thing—herself. She perceived this, after a fashion, without grasping that his "want" meant something infinitely beyond mere "friendship"—she still used that word to denote the link between them. She had a sense, not yet definite, that Giles was giving her more than she could consciously give him. Her feelings towards him were mixed; his towards her were unblended.

Now, instead of thinking about him, she was thinking about Colin, recalling what he had said, studying old scenes in the new light of Colin's teaching, wishing she could be again in the studio with him—as at this moment she might have been, but for Barbara.

Uprolled another wave of anger, and the Vicar saw. He had known that it must return, that she was not yet victor.

She met his glance, and knew that her kind old friend understood. "Why are people allowed to do such things?" she asked abruptly. "Such a beautiful world! And *such* people in it!"

"Try to be fair, my child," he said—rather irrelevantly, some might have thought.

"But it is she who is not fair to me. She never was fair. It isn't, indeed, that I'm sorry to come back to you and Mrs. Hazel—or—to Grannie! It is the being made like this—forced!—without having any choice. She has no right; I am not a child now. And I did so count on the next few days—if it might not be more, just those few days. I was learning so much—oh, so much that was new and lovely! I wanted to learn more."

"Yes. But the lessons we want to learn are not always those that the Great Teacher sets us." He spoke in a natural, everyday tone; not as one preaching.

"It isn't *that*. It is Barbara!"

"It is always 'that,' my child—no matter how the disappointment comes."

"If she had explained, if Grannie really needed me. It is the being *made* like this that I hate. Wouldn't you, in my place?"

"Yes," he said at once, and her face grew softer.

"I'm glad. Then it isn't altogether wrong of me to be vexed?"

"No; perhaps not. But if I were you, child, I wouldn't waste too much time over your cousin's share in it. If she has wronged you, she has to be forgiven; and it is more dignified to overlook an injury than to show offence. People make foolish blunders, but one may generally credit them with at least a right intention."

"Ought one? Only, I'm so sure she *did* mean unkindness." Then, with a laugh of apology, "Perhaps I am as unfair to her as she is to me."

"That's good!" They were now moving on. "To see in oneself the possibility of unfairness is the first step towards gaining a fair spirit. Nine-tenths of the disagreements in this world—family, social, political, religious—rise from a want of fairness in judging others. We have too often one rule for ourselves, another rule for other people." He flipped off a dandelion-head with the tip of his whip. "One should be fair towards everybody." And he could not resist adding, "Even towards Miss Pringle."

Phyllys' eyes twinkled. She knew that her cousin and her cousin's friend were perpetual thorns in the Vicar's side, for whatever he did they opposed and whatever he said they contradicted. But he met their opposition in a large and manly way, and smiled at their contradictoriness.

"I'll try," she said. "I will really."

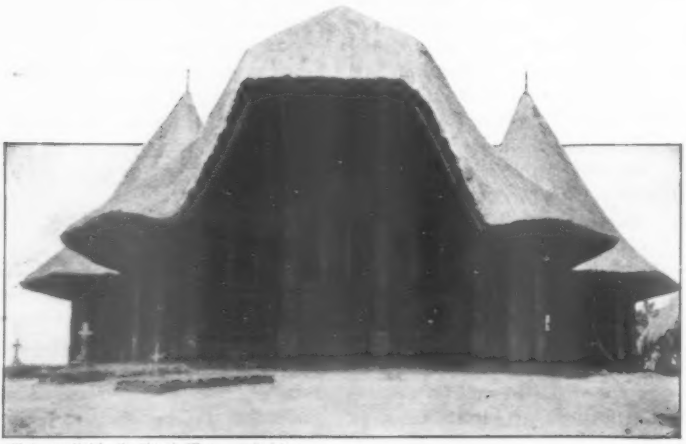
"She means well, child. Think the best you can of her, and make infinite excuses. That's the best plan."

"I *will* try," she repeated. And when they reached the cottage no trace of annoyance remained in her manner. Barbara had expected at least a storm in a teacup; and, though she would not admit the fact to herself, she was a trifle relieved.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.]

OUTPOST CHURCHES.

By D. L. Woolmer.



(*Photo supplied by the Church Missionary Society.*)

EAST END OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL, NAMIREMBE HILL, MENGO, UGANDA.

"LISTEN," says a venerable guide to a party of tourists standing under the dome of one of Italy's grand cathedrals, and he lifts up all that remains of a voice in a sort of chant. The rough, quavering tones are unpleasing to the ear; but as they cease an echo repeats them softly. Again and again the chant resounds on the marvellous fabric. As it rises higher it becomes more sweet and melodious, until ears are strained to catch one last refrain. The old guide has unconsciously illustrated a parable of Nature. In the moment of listening a tourist realises that although the noblest of earth's many voices is unworthy to reach the throne of God, the poorest and meanest when directed to Him grows heavenly in its upward flight.

Far away from triumphs of architecture, rough attempts to raise songs of praise familiar in the homeland resound through colossal columns of ice, grand beyond the chisel or design of a human sculptor. The same strains float through leafy isles of equatorial forests and melt above burning sandy plains. The evolution of first places of Christian worship—strange and diverse in character—may be traced in all its stages in the outposts of the Empire. An infant church has sprung into existence when two or three persons meet together for praise and prayer, perhaps in the open air, like the Pilgrim Fathers; it is clothed by pitching a tent, erecting a snow house, or some shed or shelter where God Who fills space can be worshipped undisturbed. A temporary chapel rises, and gives place sooner or later to a permanent building.



(*By permission of the Rev. C. W. Hattersley.*)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT ENTEBBE.

Each one is a landmark measuring the advance of the all-conquering and all-embracing Kingdom of Christ. The pioneers of the Gospel are often in advance of the bearers of the British flag, for they press into the very heart of heathen and hostile countries.

Uganda, the Switzerland of Africa, possessed a flourishing Christian Church before it became a part of Greater Britain. It was of rapid growth, for at the time when Stanley's book, "In Darkest Africa," appeared, few places more thoroughly deserved that adjective than a hill to the south of Mengo, the capital of Uganda. Even yet the spot is ghastly with bleached bones of miserable victims, barbarously murdered not more than twenty-five or thirty years ago. That mount of royal execution now looks upon another named Namirembe, meaning Peace-Conspicuous on the slope of Namirembe is a building which is the pride and delight of the Protestant Christians. The Baganda, as the natives of the country are called, have built for themselves a "great house to God's glory," the first brick church ever erected in the country. With the exception of the vane and lightning conductor, all the materials are the produce of their own soil. A fabric of golden reeds, woven together by their skilful fingers, lines the roof and overlays the Gothic arches and all timber above the walls. The first service was held in this church on June 26th, 1902, the day originally fixed for the Coronation of King Edward VII.



(Photo supplied by the Rev. C. W. Hattersley.)

INTERIOR OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH, ENTEBBE.

In January, 1902, the British Government officials and *employés* raised funds to build a church for themselves at Entebbe, the Residency, on the northern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The following May the first English service was held under its thatched roof, which is supported on bamboo pillars outside the walls. The low building, with seating accommodation for forty, is modest compared with the native cathedral. It was at first in a humble position of dependence on the Church Missionary Society for services. The congregation were desirous that the Rev. J. J. Willis, who came to their aid, should remain in charge of the Church, so the Colonial and Continental Church Society made a grant which enabled him to shepherd the white as well as the black sheep. Here are the English in the centre of the Dark Continent reaping benefit from the society founded a century ago for the evangelisation of Africa and the East.

The British flag waves from torrid zones to frozen seas, and in both climates corrugated iron houses of prayer claim its protection. That ensign is not equal to defend wooden churches from the army of insects that revel in the heat of the vertical sun; neither does its prestige impress hungry dogs when the frost king drives them in desperate hunger to devour walls of sealskin. Still it floats on, advancing into regions where aborigines are oblivious of the existence either of a Union Jack or of a map on which the land where they hunt the polar bear is painted red

In 1899 the Rev. Canon Pilot, Inspector of Schools in Newfoundland, discovered that, stretching away to the north of Rama, the most northern of the Moravian settlements in Labrador, along a coast line of five hundred miles, barren, bleak, and desolate in the extreme, were scattered at least 1,000 Eskimo to

whom the saving grace of Christ had never been preached.

The same summer a clergyman in Newfoundland, the Rev. Samuel Stewart, of Belfast, Ireland, accompanied the Hon. Captain Blandford, who was in search of new fishing grounds, to Ungava Bay. Whilst the ship remained in the bay, Mr. Stewart daily lived on shore with the natives. He found them, unlike the better-known aborigines of the more southern districts, fully the height of Europeans, some measuring over six feet. Some who acknowledged to having eaten their own children in times of starvation, and others accustomed to engage in fights often ending in bloodshed and death, entertained him in heir hovels. They were invariably gentle to him, however fierce amongst themselves, and they begged him to stay and teach them. The only director of the conscienee that these dirty, oily, degraded specimens of humanity had ever known was the Angekok, the high priest of their god Torngak, who, like other witch-doctors, exercised a cruel tyranny over them. Eager, wondering natives listened to the white stranger who, by the aid of an interpreter, one of their countrymen from South Labrador, talked to them, preached to them, and prayed with them. The first Christian service ever known in the district was held in a *tupek*, a sealskin tent, which is the Eskimo's summer residence.



(Photo: S. H. Parsons, St. John's, Newfoundland.

THE REV. S. STEWART, IN HIS ESKIMO DRESS.

Ungava Bay is said to enjoy ten months of winter and two of bad weather. The heat of the brief summer is often sufficient to make mosquitoes a positive torment; but it is quickly over, and then the natives build themselves snow houses. Their architecture is on the model of a beehive. The entrance, just large enough for the inmates to crawl through, is protected by a porch similar in shape, which affords a shelter for the dogs. The window is glazed with a sheet of ice. When the ice in the bay gave the ship notice to quit or suffer the penalty of one year's imprisonment, Mr. Stewart returned to Newfoundland to offer himself to the Bishop as a missionary to the Eskimo of Ungava Bay. He counted the cost. He must live in hovels like theirs, eat the same food, be content to regard bear as a great luxury and fox as a delicate morsel. He must, above all, face the fact that when landed on the wild shore he would see the ship disappear, taking with it all chance of communication with the outer world for at least a year, possibly two. During that time he would never see a white face. The ice prevents navigation in the bay except during the summer; sometimes for two seasons the frozen gates remain sternly locked. None of these considerations moved Mr. Stewart from his resolve, and when it was known in England the Colonial and Continental Church Society guaranteed £300 a year for a mission to Ungava Bay and Battle, two places which represent to Labrador what Dan and Beersheba meant to Palestine. On August 15th, 1900, he left the shores of Newfoundland. The bergs which stand as sentinels at the sea gate of Ungava Bay permitted him to pass in; the steamer landed him and hastened away; and the ice barred the entrance behind her. The land of mystery, where the great Torngak is supposed to reign supreme, was closed against all intruders. When it opened in the summer of 1903 Mr. Stewart emerged to report himself and his work. His little Church consisted of twelve baptized and consistent Christians. Many more were asking for baptism, but they were on probation. The reality of their faith had to be tested by their conduct. It is no light thing for men and women described as "half animal, all uncivilised and brutalised by idolatry," to show themselves worthy of the name of Christian. But the members of the first Church at Ungava Bay have given

evidence of the transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they exercise an influence over the outsiders. The solitary missionary pledged himself to return to them as soon as the icy gates of Ungava Bay should re-open. He sailed for Fort Chimo on June 9th.

"It is the first time we have heard such news. Why did not white men tell us before?" inquired an Eskimo woman in Blacklead Island, a whaling station in Cumberland Sound, when in August, 1897, the Rev. E. J. Peck landed and told her of a God of love and a Saviour. It is not easy to explain to a person who has never seen a tree nor conceived the life of a white man at home that everyone is not equal to bear seventy or eighty degrees of frost and other hardships that an arctic climate involve. The islanders were so anxious to hear more that tent-to-tent visitation did not satisfy them. They sewed forty sealskins together, stretched them on a frame, and set up their first church. Old provision boxes and a few boards formed the seats, two lamps were suspended from the roof, and a slow combustion stove made all comfortable. The Eskimo proved regular attendants and diligent students. Scarcely a child in the island was absent from the first meeting when the missionaries offered to teach them. In a short time out of an average of forty-five on the roll, thirty could read and had a fair knowledge of the leading facts of Scripture history.



(Photo supplied by the Colonial and Continental Church Society.)

A "TUPEK," IN WHICH WAS HELD A SERVICE IN UNGAVA BAY.

November came in with snowstorms, which swept the island with terrific force. The ice-bound sea relentlessly cut off the Eskimo's avocation of seal-fishing. Hard times for man, hard times for dogs had come. The silence of the frozen night was broken with howls of hunger. At last matters reached a climax, and the endurance of dogs found its limits. Howls grew into a deafening chorus of growls and barks of canine warfare. The pale moon shone dimly, and in its light the missionaries discerned about a hundred hungry animals on the roof of their tabernacle. They



(Photo supplied by the Colonial and Continental Church Society.)

CANADIAN PIONEERS GOING TO CHURCH ON A BOB SLEIGH.

had discovered that church was good to eat, and were tearing it to pieces and fighting for the scraps. The defenders of the church were soon on the spot, and in the sharp battle that ensued they were victorious and drove off the dogs. They patched up the holes with old bags and bits of canvas. The church which now stands there is covered and lined with canvas, a present from friends in England. And now Mr. Peck feels that Christianity has such a hold on the Eskimo of Blacklead Island that the time has come for him to leave them in charge of a younger man. In order that he may

working men with small sugar farms, who were so short of money that they had absolutely none to spend on materials for rebuilding. In anticipation of a visit from the Bishop, they cut down timber, sawed planks, carted it, and set up and roofed a new and superior building, and it stood above the parched ground firmly on its piles with windows open, but ready to close if needful, all in the space of eight days. In less than a week after the congregation had met together for their first service in the new church a gracious rain fell and the disastrous drought of the previous months was at an end.



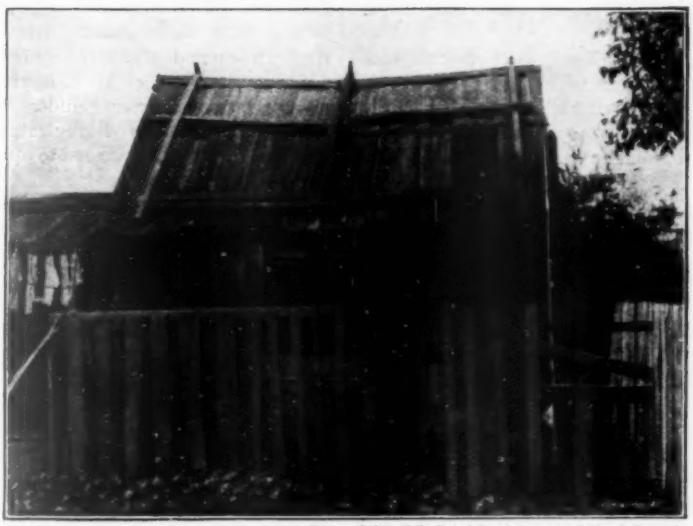
(By permission of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.)

ST. ANDREW'S, DOW'S CREEK, THE CHURCH WHICH WAS BUILT IN EIGHT DAYS.

rest? No; only to press farther north, and plant a church eighty miles within the arctic circle.

In sharp contrast with native churches are the neat British-workmanlike houses of prayer, set up by independent settlers who take their own ways and ideas with them to the Colonies. St. Andrew's, Dow's Creek, North Queensland, for instance, partakes of the character of the square-shouldered church building committee who stand erect at its entrance—erect as workmen who have no need to be ashamed. If this church boasts of no traditions and makes no pretence at picturesque effect, its brief history is highly creditable. It was a time of drought in Queensland. A forest fire rushed on its devouring way and sprang upon the little house of prayer at Dow's Creek, a colony of

If grit and a good will can produce something better than a nine days' wonder, why are enormous districts in Australia still waiting for their first house of prayer? Chiefly because a wish for one is lacking. Perhaps, like other good desires and purposes that immigrants brought with them from the Mother Country, it died of starvation, and a generation has grown up in absolute ignorance of the duty and delight of worship. It is hard to realise that in a "back block" of North Queensland children of thirteen or fourteen years of age have never consciously seen anyone at prayer. It is a revelation of white heathenism to hear of a mother apologising to an itinerating chaplain for her family's ignorance that "Christmas was coming," and explaining that in the bush they seldom saw a newspaper. It is pathetic to hear



(By permission of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.)

THE FIRST CHURCH IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

of a poor woman in New South Wales, fifty miles from any church, driving through overpowering heat to Wyalong and begging that a clergyman there would baptise the lifeless body of a child that she held in her arms. The precious burden had been living, though sick, during the first long miles of the journey. The assurance that the innocent little redeemed spirit was in arms even more tender than her own was new and strange to her, but it brought her comfort at last.

At the report of room and advantages for emigrants, overcrowded Europe pricks its ears. Thousands go to the Colonies to scatter in the bush or on the vast prairies as sheep without a shepherd, and sink into forgetfulness of God. Others, whilst they build up the Empire, strengthen the stakes and lengthen the cords of that tabernacle in the wilderness, the Kingdom of Christ. Too often the first road to a new settlement is a dray track, and the first building a dram-drinking saloon. But, contrary to general rules, the first of any description in the new Britannia colony, Saskatchewan, is a rectory church.

In April, 1903, Nature ruled supreme over hundreds of miles of the valley of the great river which gives its name to the province. Man had not made the lovely landscape vile by the worship of demons, mammon, or appetite. Settlers arrived, and whilst they lived in tents Indians from Onion Lake Reserve hauled down logs and set them up in a two-storeyed building, the lower part to be used for religious services. This building is the centre of a village which the colonists named Lloydminster after their chaplain. An enterprising journalist improved on the name; he considered Mudminster more appropriate. The minster is 22 feet by 28 feet outside, and a foot less each way inside. This space by some means accommodates a congregation of seventy-six, and every Sunday and Wednesday night sees it well filled. The aisles are narrow passages between packing cases and chests. Its measure of capacity was not equal to the requirements on the first Christmas Day in the colony. Brilliant blue overhead and glittering white underfoot, the occasion was sufficient to make even the "bob-sleigh," of amateur construction, and its sober oxen cheerful. Bells tinkled merrily, and worshippers assembled in such numbers from outlying districts that a church was improvised out of a partly finished store. Who cared that planks on nail kegs constituted the choir stalls whilst forty men and women, accompanied by a portable harmonium and four violins, led off the grand old hymns and psalms which have united scattered members of Christ's visible Church on earth for centuries? It mattered little to the worshippers that flags, cloths, and decorations of all kinds concealed boxes of canned goods. Willing hands and a reverent spirit combined

to produce an effect which was highly satisfactory.

The success, and, indeed, the very existence of a colony depends on their uniting forces. It would be hard for any building to spring into being without the institution of a "raising bee." All the company come together to put up the first "shack," and one modest dwelling soon follows another. A catalogue of the various *genera* of "bees" familiar in the great Western continent might puzzle students of natural history. Dr. Watts would be probably willing to classify a "stone-hauling bee" in the particular *genus* which improves the shining hours. One at Black Fald, Calgary, owed its origin to a lady's letter. A mother wrote to the secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society to ask if anything could be done for her two sons in Canada who were far away from any place of worship. The Bishop of the huge diocese, Dr. Pinkham, inquired into the matter, with the result that a service was held once a fortnight in a school house. But this was not sufficient. "Stone-hauling socials" were instituted with a view to erecting a permanent house of prayer. Neither grey hairs nor multitudinous duties prevented the Bishop himself coming to the first and setting an example of manual labour. The chaplain, the Rev. W. George, and his flock, including ladies, took their share. Arms of different strength carried stones of different size and weight. Such scenes are a figure of the work of the great Master Builder Who through His toilers gathers living stones for His spiritual temple from remote quarries of the earth.

Whether regarded as permanent or temporary, sooner or later the first churches in the outposts of the Empire pass away. Time, the great leveller, will not spare even a St. Mark's, Venice. His scythe is sharpened in the tropics by the four elements. The open warfare of fire, floods, cyclones, and earthquakes is not more to be feared than the secret destruction of Liliputian enemies that devour the fabric. But the most transient shanty that stands to confess that honour and glory are due to God's holy Name serves its age. The voice of praise rises above roofs of tin, thatch, or shingle to mingle with angel choirs. Like the first little church of wattles which missionaries set up at Glastonbury, it may be the humble ancestor of a noble structure. Successors of a design yet to be conceived may rise on the foundation of sheds, and remain until the last living stone has been built into the universal Church of Christ.



(Photo supplied by Mrs. Gregson.)

A "STONE-HAULING BEE" FOR A NEW CHURCH IN CALGARY.

ON A LONDON ROOF.

A Complete Story by Ethel F. Heddle.

I.

THE PATTERN GIRL'S FRIEND.

"IT was very smutty at first," said the Pattern Girl. "Then Maggie McAlister—hers is that window with the pot of geranium, and she's Scotch—said she couldn't live in dirt, and she comes and sweeps every now and then. That's like Maggie. She is always sweeping something. I wish she'd try the church steeple. By-and-by Bessie Bowden came too, after her work was over. She said she got more air here than on the bridge. It was nearer the sky, and quieter. Except for St. Barnabas's noisy steeple there—grimy old thing!—we *are* quiet on the roof."

Innocent Lovel smiled faintly.

"St. Barnabas has a great many services," she said. "I often wonder what kind of people go to these lonely London churches. They are lonely, in the middle of London; and dusty and deserted. Still, I like to hear the bell; it reminds one that all London isn't money-making, breaking its heart over the world's problems. Like the cross of St. Paul's, it reminds one that faith is in the heart of London, after all."

"You do say odd things, Innocent," the Pattern Girl said. "You are odd—like your name. Bessie says all Americans are a little queer."

"I've often been laughed at about my name," the American girl said. She was seated near the coping of the dingy roof, one small white hand laid upon it. "I have an uncle, Uncle Josiah, who calls me his 'Red Cent'—my hair, you know—and the Italians in Venice used to call me 'Innocenta.' My mother was dying when she chose my name. 'Little Innocent,' she said; 'call her Innocent.' But of course, it isn't a very work-a-day name."

"Like mine—Susan!" the Pattern Girl said. "Half the girls in our office are called Gladys, and Hilda, and Dorothy. I don't think *they* go with standing in a stuffy room, and cutting out patterns, do you? I'd sooner be called Susan. The people here call me the Pattern Girl. I don't mind. It's only on the roof here with you that I ever get away from the patterns. My goodness, how I hate them."

"Poor little girl!"

Innocent looked up gently, still with a faint smile lurking in her deep grey eyes.

In her quiet, well-cut frock, worn as only French and Americans know how to wear their clothes, with the ruddy and glorious mass of Venetian red hair low on her neck, and her deep grey eyes, she was a great contrast to Susan Gale. Susan was the usual anæmic London girl, pale, and small of face and of figure, large-eyed, narrow-chested, with a certain cheap style and prettiness in her attire, shabby though it was. She had a small resolute mouth and a bitter, rather determined expression. Hers was not a happy outlook on life. But then, five years of cutting out and stitching up patterns, she would have told you, in a very questionable atmosphere, is not conducive to much gaiety of heart. A working girl's youth dies soon in London, if it ever lives at all.

"Fancy your being in Venice," she remarked now. "Travelling round like a princess, and then—ending here! On the roof of Embankment Buildings!"

"Life has odd contrasts," Innocent said. "Ups and downs. I suppose we equalise things somehow."

"Then it should be my turn for the ups," Susan remarked, with her little bitter laugh. "Were you very rich, Innocent?"

"English people called us rich," Innocent said. She was watching the river, the Imperial highway of the great city. A sparkling, molten river it was to-day; and her eyes were calm, but rather sad. "I never thought in America that we had very great wealth. We did things comfortably. Everything just came to us. I don't think I ever imagined trouble, till it fell upon me suddenly, like a great black cloud. Father came to me in the hotel, with the open letter in his hand. He didn't seem so much, so *very* much worried. 'Guess I've got to go to New York, little girl,' he said, 'right away. But you stay, and go round with Mrs. Joseph P. Marks. I'll leave you enough money to carry on with, and cable you more whenever I've put things right.'"

"Yes?"

XUM

The Pattern Girl had never heard the whole story in detail; she was seated on a broken backed chair near Innocent, sewing a piece of lace on her Sunday frock, but the needle fell from her hands in her interest. "And then?"

"I saw him off, and he kissed me the last thing. 'Don't worry, little girl,' he said. That was like father. I didn't worry—I'd never been allowed to all my life—till the news came. He died before New York was reached, of heart failure. His affairs were all wrong. Things had smashed up—I don't know how—and Mrs. Joseph P. Marks had gone to Egypt suddenly; and the day after father sailed my new French maid ran off with every penny I had. I'd left the money, foolishly, in a drawer, and she stole the key. But still I'd my jewels, all the little things I wore, and I wrote to Uncle Josiah. But they say he's gone to the Philippine Islands to start a new railway there, and he doesn't answer. I was rather desperate till I met Netta, and she offered me her room here. She rented it for ten shillings a week, so as to paint the river, but her aunt was taking her to Rome. That's all, Susan I was very lonely until I met you."

"I'd been very rude to you," the Pattern Girl confessed. "I knew you were different from us in the Buildings, and I thought you'd put on side. So I snapped at you, and sneered. Then you came over with your Florida water in your hand, the day I had a headache and was sitting here. 'You do look so white and tired,' you said." Susan gave her short laugh. "It had never happened before that anyone cared about my looks, one way or the other. Well, after that I was your chum, if you cared about it."

She was still just a little suspicious of her own unworthiness. She was sure that some day the fairy godmother would turn up for this strange little enchanted Princess.

"You are a very good chum," Innocent said, looking at the other's thin face. "It was you who got me the work at the shop. But for that I'd have starved, now that my last bangle is gone! I haven't anything left, Susan, but this ring, and I couldn't sell it."

She turned the ring over slowly; a little colour crept into her pale face.

"Someone gave it me who is fighting in the Philippines, and I don't know whether he's dead or alive. When I'm down, in the dark, I think he must be dead. I never used to imagine the saddest things; but London—this great London of yours—presses upon one at last, and weighs down one's heart. One loses what poor Goldsmith called the 'knack of hoping.'"

"Don't you do that!" the Pattern Girl cried suddenly. "Don't you do that! It's kept my head above water just to think of you many a day, always with that smile, even when your eyes were sad. Don't lose the knack, or you'll pull me down too. Things don't look so bad on a day like this: Saturday evening, with the river there, and you, and the fresh air about one's head; but when I look forward and think of the long August days, and those great piles of patterns—Cut, cut, cut! Stitch, stitch! '*Seam and gusset and hem*!' It's like the song that man wrote! Wonder if he knew Pattern Girls? We often turn faint in the evening, and need to go out into the air. I don't suppose it's worse than many and many a girl's work. We must live—at least, I suppose so. I—what do you suppose is over there, Innocent—at the end of it all?"

She had turned suddenly, her work falling on the flat piece of roof on which the two girls sat. The daylight was fading, and St. Barnabas's steeple was silhouetted against a daffodil sky. On the river the fussy steamers had ceased for the day; only a few barges, slow and languid of motion, passed now and then, or a little boat. Innocent's eyes followed Susan's pointing hand over the bridge to the sunset glory—a sunset such as Turner might have painted from such a spot.

"I don't know," Innocent said softly. "We used to be told there was a city of gold, and gates of pearl, and a River of Life. I suppose that was only part of the Apostle's dream, the beautiful dream that was meant to comfort us all. But I am sure of one thing. I've grown to be sure, just because I was in the dark, deep down. I learned to be sure in the dark! At the end there will be somehow, and somewhere, the answer to the puzzle of life!"

The Pattern Girl did not speak. Perhaps she expected more, perhaps the answer seemed scarcely sufficient; but Innocent seemed to forget to say more. She sat on, dreaming, till the light all went, and the yellowish-grey edge of the ugly brick stack of chimneys beside them seemed close, and dark, and forbidding. The distant dull roar of the bridge's traffic grew less and less; lights sparkled out all round the wide sweep of the water—a bracelet of gems. London gathered herself into filmy robes of violet black, sparkling with lights, as if with jewels.

XUM

"It's time we went in," Susan said. "You ate next to nothing at tea, and we've got to eat. I'll boil the kettle on my stove and make a cup of tea. I bought a pennyworth of cress. At least, it's something green."

She took up the broken chair and pushed it back. She disappeared through her window, which opened on the roof. But Innocent sat dreaming still.

The end of the puzzle? Yes, but she was young, and sometimes the puzzle pressed hard. St. Barnabas's clock struck ten slowly, and she turned and went in.

II.

A VISION OF THE SEA.

"OUR spirits are all a matter of circulation at the office," the Pattern Girl said. "If the circulation keeps up, we're all in good tempers; and just now—whether it's because women buy more papers when they're travelling or no, I don't know—but the circulation is high! And the head of the firm is going to be married. He's in a splendid temper, and it oozes down all over the office. But really, when Miss Martin—that's our superintendent—told us



"I was very lonely until I met you."

to-day what he was going to do for us, we thought she'd got sunstroke."

"What was it, Susan?"

They were sitting on the roof again, and it was Saturday evening—a late Saturday in August. Innocent, very pale and weary, with feverish cheeks and heavy eyes, was sewing a thick crash shirt, work which rasped her fingers, and made her back ache. Susan was leaning against the end of the chimney, in a new pink blouse, unusually bright of aspect.

"They are going to send us down in tens to the seaside for a week! 'Thirty shillings in your hand,' Miss Martin said, 'and lodgings found at Margate.' My! you should have heard the row! It was like a lot of parrots! I've never seen the sea. And Margate! It's better than Southend. I knew a girl who went there once. I often dream of the sea. Waves, like a picture, all creamy froth, breaking on the sand! Cool, cool air! I got very bad to-day, and nearly went off in a dead faint. I came to, thinking I heard the waves in my ears. The only thing is leaving you, and you are looking so bad."

"I don't think I'm quite well," Innocent said, her hand at her head for a moment; "but I've no business to be ill. Susan, dear, I'm so glad that it's your turn for a little of the 'up' of life's see-saw. It will be better than going myself to think of you sitting on the sands."

"I'll write to you every day," Susan said; "and you'll be out on the roof as much as you can. I wish that old church bell would stop ringing. To think of all the money there is in London, and yet I can't get the little that would take you too."

Innocent looked up for a moment, and she sighed.

"Bond Street is in that direction," Susan continued, pointing over the chaos of chimneys and buildings below, "and the shops where people buy pearls and diamonds. One little pearl, Innocent, and you could sit and hear the waves too."

"But I had my turn of so many waves," Innocent said. "Dear Susan, it is your turn. Don't let us think of Bond Street and the shops. Let us talk of the shells you will bring back for your window."

For many days after this nothing was talked of but Susan's visit. She said the Pattern Girls talked of nothing else. The weather, as September came in, grew, if possible hotter; the atmosphere in the pattern room was insupportable. Travelling womanhood all seemed to want the pattern of the new blouse. Increased circulation meant increased work. But the waves on Margate sands echoed loudly in their ears; they heard her sea-breezes a-calling.

But for Innocent, her "chum" Susan would have been perfectly happy. Night and day the dream of the sea was with her. But Innocent was ill; she had constant headache, she ate next to nothing, her hands were hot and dry, her lips were parched. The very last of her money was nearly at an end. She could not earn enough to buy necessities. She was unused to such work. It was killing her. And, day by day, as the few shillings grew less, Innocent looked at her troubles in the face and saw no way out—no open door. There was no word from Uncle Josiah. She had no other relative. She could not beg; she could not borrow. No word came from the Philippines, where Conrad fought.

So many died there of fever, or in battle, or through native treachery; he would have written at once, if he had been alive, upon hearing of her trouble. It was three months since she had heard. They had been betrothed when his regiment was ordered to the East; when America drew her sword to enter upon the wars of the world, and take upon her broad shoulders "the white man's burden." Was Innocent's life, once so rose-tinted, to end like this? Dying, unknown in London; no friend near, no friend in the great wide city except the Pattern Girl, loyal Susan Gale?

She made little of her headache, of her sleeplessness and fever. She had had an attack of the same kind once before in Italy, it would pass off; but the Pattern Girl saw with anxious eyes that there was no betterment, no sign of "passing off."

"She hasn't got it in her to fight as *we* can," Susan said to herself. "We are tough. We get inured to bad air, and bread-and-butter dinners, and long hours. She hasn't got 'a back with a hinge to it.' She's ill, really ill. If I had a spare half-crown, I'd call in a doctor."

And then? "I know what he'd say," she would continue, watching Innocent lean back with closed eyes for a moment. "He'd say, 'Feed her up, take her away, and stop work!'" She laughed bitterly. "And I'd thank him, and he'd take up his hat and go. It can't be that she's going to slip out of the ranks and die, just like an ordinary Pattern Girl. Innocent! I always made sure she'd be rescued

by the fairy god-mother. I always made sure of it."

But at last the day came when Susan's worst fears were realised. She came home and received no answer to her tap at Innocent's door. Her friend was not on the roof. Susan had looked. No one was there, and St. Barnabas's bell was ringing for service with no apparent response of any kind. On the small bed near the window—the canvases of her artist friend stacked on the floor—Innocent lay, tossing her arms in delirium. The window was open, and the river and the Embankment lay stretched out like a picture under it. Just opposite were hideous tall brick chimneys and coal sheds; the low sound of the girlish voice, full of a strange new vacancy and inconsequent lightheartedness filled the room.

"Of course you must go, Conrad! But I'll be quite brave—and not say a word! The war will be soon over, and you will be back. Strange, the Stars and Stripes in the Far East! The dear flag! We might come—and bring you home. Father says not to worry—things always come right—he says—but he is dead—Conrad—dead!—I never dreamed—of that—when I saw him off—and laughed, and waved my hand!—The river—yes, we see it—and the sunset—and she wants to know—Susan—you know—the Pattern Girl—what is the end—of it all—on the other side?"

"Innocent," Susan cried, laying her hand on the burning forehead, "you've been sewing too long. You are ill!"

Innocent looked up, and seemed to know her.

"Is it time for your train?" she asked, quite consciously and brightly. "I'm so glad, dear, so glad. Do enjoy yourself and come home with red, red cheeks."

She sank back on the pillow again. Susan stood quite silent for a moment, then she walked to the window. The light died out of her face. To-morrow they were to start. She had been given her thirty shillings. It was in her pocket. She looked over at the great pile of chimneys opposite, and a long slow breath parted her lips. She gave her little shrug, but no bitter laugh. It was not bitter to help Innocent.

"I'll go for the doctor," she said. "They must go without me, that's all. Thirty shillings will go quite a long way. She shan't slip under and die while the Pattern Girl has an inch of fight left in her."

The train steamed out from Victoria next day—a noisy group of girls in a third-class carriage. They talked, and laughed, and sang. They all bought a copy of the paper, to "increase the circulation." They were full of small jokes and witticisms. Life, for once, had a purely humorous side; patterns were far, far in the background.

But Susan was not there.

She was stitching at Innocent's work, while Innocent tossed on the pillow and talked of Venice and the lighted gondolas, and Jupiter blazing in the sky.

III.

THE FAIRY GOD-MOTHERS.

"IT seems impossible, sir, impossible, that a girl should disappear without leaving a trace, in London."

"The people who disappear in London, my young friend"—Mr. Josiah C. Warner spoke deliberately as usual, though his grim, sallow face was troubled and perplexed—"would surprise you. Would make you feel grieved. I made all the inquiry possible. The police said they would track her, if they could. They didn't strike me as hustling much. No; New York could teach them a thing or two!"

"She was last seen walking out of the hotel with a small handbag, after the theft of her jewels," Conrad said, going over the details miserably. "That was three days after the cable came telling me of her father's death. You and I were in the Philippines. And she doesn't know a soul, I suppose, in London. Still, she couldn't disappear. And she must have written to us."

"Letters are following us round, I guess," Mr. Warner said. "It's a good few blocks over to the Philippines and back. We'll hear, sonnie, we'll hear."

"In time, I suppose," the tall American said sadly; "but the question is, what is she doing now? Without money, in this great noisy Babylon?"

He looked out almost vengefully from the court of the "Cecil," where the two men were talking, to the noisy line of the Strand; and Mr. Warner began to put on his gloves deliberately.

"I'm going along to insert more advertisements. I could teach these newspapers here a thing or two, as I told them. 'Guess you think you can hustle,' I said. 'You don't know the meaning of the word. I guess New York——'"

"She may not see newspapers!"

Conrad Deane was too depressed even to smile at his friend. Mr. Josiah C. Warner's belief in his own powers of "hustling" was like Charles I.'s head: it usually entered into his conversation with every individual he came across.

"Oh, she'll see them. Not that I'd read the newspapers here, for I never know where I am. 'You should see the weekly special editions of our New York papers,' I said to that man I told you of. 'Guess the paper alone of that would make you sit up!' 'It's what's *on* the paper we think of, sir,' he says. British cheek, that! 'Allow me to tell you, sir,' I said, 'that in the United States——'"

"Mr. Warner, I think I'll take a 'bus, and go and call on that private agency." Conrad evidently could not be distracted from the engrossing topic any longer. "I'm sorry to interrupt you——"

"Oh, I know, I know. She's your girl. You're bound to fret. Nerves not quite strung up, too, after that illness of yours; and you'd have been in Manila yet if I hadn't taken her out of the hospital by main force! 'I've made you sit up here, and fixed your railway for you, and now I want him to come home and help me spend a few dollars!' I said. A 'bus? All right. And I'll go down to those newspaper offices and tell 'em——"

The rest of his projected instruction, however, was lost in the roaring current of the Strand, and the tall and bronzed American soldier climbed on to the top of his 'bus, and then sat looking before him gloomily, as he passed through the "superb medley" of Trafalgar Square, where Nelson's figure, poised high and silhouetted against a saffron September sky, seemed to watch over the great throbbing heart of the Empire still.

"Innocent! Innocent!" Conrad's heart was whispering. "Is she somewhere here? Somewhere lost in this great, cruel city? Where no one cares?"

He was quite lost in his bitter brooding, when the high sound of two London voices pierced suddenly through his reverie, and he looked languidly at two girls seated before him. They were talking rapidly.

"Fun! Oh, yes, it was fun! I liked the bands, and the piers, and the niggers! Some of the girls sat on the sand all day. That silly Rose Smith never moved. Said she was 'laying up ozone'!"

"Did Susan Gale go in your lot?"

"Susan didn't go *at all!* Didn't you hear?"

"Goodness me! For all her talk? I thought she was mad to go!"

"So she was; but that American girl with the outlandish name, who stays in the same house, got ill, and Susan stayed and nursed her. Paid her food, too, I think. 'You must be precious fond of your Innocent!' I said. Oh! what is it?"

She got such a start, this Pattern Girl, when the brown face was thrust eagerly between them, that she clutched her friend violently, but Deane made his request known in a quick rapid whisper. He did not waste many words. Would she kindly give him the address of this girl with the outlandish name? Did she know it?

It was given him at once. The girls peered down with great curiosity as the tall figure stopped the 'bus at the foot of Whitehall, and they saw him hail a hansom.

"He's 'Amurrican' too!" Lottie Gibbons said. "I say, what a good-looking man! Perhaps it's a story!"

* * * * * *

Innocent was sitting up in the long cane chair, dressed for the first time, and Susan was sewing at the window. The window was thrown wide open, and it was seven o'clock. A cup of weak tea and a little bread stood on a side table—Susan's supper. She had just come in from the office, too tired to eat. Innocent was speaking.

"It's all like a dream, Susan. I wish you'd disentangle things a bit. How long was I ill? Was it while you were away?"

Susan threaded her needle carefully, a little flushed. She expected and rather dreaded the examination.

"I think you were delirious about a week—not yourself, that's to say—wandering a bit and talking nonsense. But don't let us speak of it, Innocent. It's past. Things that are past don't matter."

"Do they not? I have such an odd feeling, as if I'd been born again. As if I'd come up out of the dark, like Persephone, into the light. It is a beautiful world, Susan. She looked happily away over the river. "And I can't help feeling as if God was keeping happiness for me somewhere in it. I don't know why I feel that, but I do. I don't worry, though I don't know where the next shilling—and that reminds me. Hand me over my purse, please. You said you took the money from it."

XUM

"Innocent," Susan said firmly, "if you begin worrying about shillings I'll go away."

"Ah, I see! You have been paying things for me. Susan, who nursed me while you were away?"

"You were—looked after," Susan said.

Apparently the seam needed close attention at the window.

"Did I tell you our people have started a new paper? It's called *Boys at Play*, and there's a pattern blazer——"

"What did you think, the first time you saw the sea?"

"I thought it was—very green," Susan said weakly. She had long ago made up her mind Innocent must know nothing of her staying at home. She grew scarlet as she spoke. Poor Susan! The other Pattern Girls said she had "no imagination."

Innocent sat up. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed.

"I know," she said spasmodically. "I know. *You never were there!* You stayed and nursed me! You spent the money—like that. Oh, Susan, Susan!"

"If you cry," Susan said defiantly, "I'll go away, and never come back. Besides, there is someone at the door."

She threw down her sewing, and went to answer a knock. Two tall men stood there—one elderly, and oddly like the caricatures Susan had seen now and then of a typical "Uncle Sam," with a goatee beard, and a pointed felt hat, crushed against his coat; the other was bronzed and eager-eyed.

"Does Miss Innocent Lovel live here still?"

"Yes; but she's been very ill. She——"

"I guess she'll see us. I guess she'll——"

"Uncle Josiah!" There was a wild cry of joy. Innocent rose unsteadily, and stood by the couch, her arms outstretched. "Oh, Uncle Josiah, is it you? But where is Conrad? Have you news of him?"

It was not Uncle Josiah who reached her first and was pressing kisses on her sweet, pale face. It was not Uncle Josiah who held her in those strong arms and who made her feel that all her happy presentiment had come true, and that there was indeed happiness for her in the new world, a great and glorious happiness already in her grasp.

* * * * * *

"I haven't been introduced to this young lady yet," Uncle Josiah said, when at last he looked round and could take in something beside his niece's pale face. "I guess she's been looking after you a bit, eh? And would be the better of change, too? Guess we'll take her off to the hotel, with you, right now, and start for Brighton to-morrow—if she ain't tired of London seaside resorts, that's to say."

Innocent's happy eyes met Susan's. The girl laughed—quite a new laugh, a laugh that was glad and anticipatory, and had a ring of youth.

"I've never seen the sea," she said. "I'm a Pattern Girl in Blake's, that's all. Please don't make any mistake about *me!*"

"She was going to the sea, and had looked forward to it all summer. She stayed behind and nursed *me*, and spent every penny on me. She——"

"I require to hear no more, Innocent," Mr. Josiah Warner said, and he advanced to Susan solemnly, his big hand outstretched. "Shake!"

Susan looked up, bewildered. Her hand was lost in the big one held out.

"We know friends when we find 'em, British or Yankee," Mr. Josiah Warner said. "We don't part from 'em easily. Guess we'll be friends, you and I; and a pretty complete party of four. Go down, Conrad, and fetch a carriage. It's time I bossed this show! And Messrs. Blake will do without your services, young lady. My compliments, and tell 'em so!"

It was like a fairy tale after all, if Mr. Josiah was not precisely one's conception of the fairy god-mother.

Susan said so to Innocent, when they took Uncle Josiah and Conrad out on the roof before leaving town a few days later, and showed them London and the river, stretched out like a map underneath the grimy black building. St. Barnabas's bell was tolling solemnly. The river swept on in a deep grey current, the light catching its ripples under the bridge, and the dark edges of the mud on the other side.

"Sad London! Great London! Cruel London!" Innocent whispered. "Lord Rosebery calls it '*Awful London!*' But just about there"—pointing with a slim hand—"must be St. Paul's, and the little gold cross raised on high, for all who understand."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

AUGUST 21ST.—Elijah on Mount Carmel.

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xviii.* 30—46.



POINTS. 1. The prophet's sacrifice and prayer.
2. The people choose between Baal and God.
3. The blessing of rain follows their repentance.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Special Answer to Prayer.** While travelling on the borders of Italy, writes a Christian friend, we heard that a young soldier was to suffer death at nine o'clock that morning. The thought rushed into my mind, "How dreadful that this young man should be thus hurried into eternity, perhaps unprepared!" I retired to my room, and there I felt compelled to wrestle and plead with God for the salvation of the doomed soldier. The burden of my prayer was that if he were not prepared to enter into the presence of his Judge his death might be averted and time given to him for repentance. I continued thus in prayer till I heard the sound of a volley. In a few minutes I was obliged to join my friends who were leaving the town. About two months after, when in a distant town, I one morning took up a newspaper, and the first thing that caught my eye was the account of an extraordinary event which had occurred at the town we stayed at—viz., that a young soldier, having been sentenced to death, was brought out for execution in the usual manner by his comrades, twenty-four of whom were to fire at his heart. The signal was given and the guns fired, but, to the amazement of all, every bullet missed its aim! He stood unhurt, and his escape was considered so miraculous that his pardon was granted and he was permitted to live. His subsequent history is unknown.

The Undecided and Irresolute. At the critical moment of that night, in the year 1741, when Count Lessoch went to conduct the Princess Elizabeth of Russia to the palace to assert her right to the vacant throne he found her irresolute and refusing to go. He thereupon produced two pictures which he had prepared, and placed them before her. In one she saw herself under torture, and the Count on the scaffold. In the other she saw herself ascending the throne amid the applause of the people. The Count bade her choose. She chose the throne, and on the next day was Empress of Russia. The Israelites were bidden to make a choice between Baal and God. Some of them had long been halting between serving Baal and pleasing Queen Jezebel or serving the God of their fathers. And so it happens, sooner or later in the life of all, that they must make a choice between sin and holiness, between the devil and God. "How long halt ye? If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, then serve him."

God the Source of Blessings. During the cotton famine in Lancashire a few years ago the mills in a certain village were closed for many months, and the people were in a state of semi-starvation. The first waggonload of cotton which arrived before the mills were started again seemed to the people like the olive branch "newly plucked off," which told of the abating waters of the Deluge. The waggon was met by the women, who laughed and cried by turns, and hugged the bales of cotton as if they were dear old friends, and then ended by singing that grand old psalm—a great favourite with Lancashire people—"Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow." The feeling must have been much the same with the Israelites when they saw the first rain after three years.

AUGUST 28TH.—Elijah Discouraged.

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xix.* 1—8.

POINTS. 1. Jezebel's threats of vengeance.
2. Elijah's weakness and flight.
3. God's tenderness and succour.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **God's Ends and those of the Wicked.** A doctor lets a man bleed by applying leeches, but his ends are one thing and the leech's are another. The leech draws blood to satisfy itself, but the doctor desires to do the patient good. So is the difference between God's ends and the wicked person's ends in the persecution of the righteous. God, by letting His people be persecuted, desires to make them better men by their afflictions, but evil men trouble the righteous to satisfy their rage and malice upon them to their ruin. As Joseph said to his brothers, "You did intend me hurt, but God intended me good." So it is with all persecutions and troubles. Allowed by God, they work for God. There are multitudes of Christian men and women who can say with David, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

Discouragement. One Monday, after a very discouraging Sunday, I could not keep back my tears. It seemed as if there was no pleasure in working for God if there was no fruit. One of my Sunday-school teachers came in, and he said to me, "Well, what kind of a time did you have yesterday?" "Truly," said I, "about as dark a Sunday as I ever had. What kind of a time did you have?" "Oh, one of the best times I ever had in my life," and he added, "I was teaching about Noah yesterday. Did you ever preach on his character?" I said, "No, I don't think I have ever studied it particularly." "Now," said he, "if you think you are not doing anything, read it and study it a little." So when he left I opened my

Bible, and the thought came over me, "Here is a man who preached for one hundred years and didn't get one convert and yet was not discouraged. Here is a man who never led one soul to God outside his own family." I closed my Bible. The darkness was all gone. I went to the meeting, and a man came and said to me, "I am lost. Will you pray for my soul?" I thought to myself "What would Noah think of that? He was at work for one hundred years, but no one ever asked him that, and yet he was not discouraged." (*Moody.*)

Angels Ministering Spirits. I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had treated roughly. She had never known father or mother. Her home had been the poorhouse, and her life a sickly one; and yet she had learned a little reading, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment, and learned the new song. As she came near the crossing of the river, she said: "Oh, sir, God sends His angels. I have read in His Word that they are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. And when the heavy darkness comes, and this poor side aches so severely, He comes Himself, for He says, 'Lo, I am with you,' and He slips His soft hand under my aching side, and I rest."

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—**Elijah Encouraged.**

Passage for reading—*1 Kings xix.* 9—18.

POINTS. 1. God's power seen in Nature.
2. God's voice heard in the heart.
3. God's command sends Elijah back to his work.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **God in Nature.** The celebrated St. Chad peculiarly recognised the finger of God in the "stormy wind and tempest." It is recorded of him that if, while reading, he heard the sound of the wind, he would stop and utter a short prayer that God would be merciful to His people. If it increased, he would close the book and, falling on his knees, would remain fixed in prayer. But if it grew into a violent storm he would then go to his church and pass hours in earnest supplications and psalms. "Have you not read," he would say, "'The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave forth His voice'?"

A Good Reason for Praying. A little girl, about four years old, being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him." "But how do you know He hears you?" was the next question. Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know He does, because there is something here that tells me so."

Duty to be Done and Left with God. In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena suddenly appeared on the heights above the town of Feldkirch at the head of 18,000 men. It was Easter Day, and the rays of the rising sun glittered on the weapons of the French as they appeared drawn up on the hills to the west of the town. The Town Council was hastily called together to consult what was to be done. To defend the town was out of the question. What, then, were they to do? After much discussion, the old dean of the church rose and said, "My brothers, it is Easter Day! We have been reckoning our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands." They agreed to do as he said. Then from the church towers in Feldkirch there rang out joyous peals in honour of the Resurrection, while the streets were full of worshippers hastening to the house of God. The French heard the sudden clangour of the joy-bells with surprise and alarm, and, concluding that the Austrian army had arrived to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp and gave the order to march.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.—**Elijah Taken to Heaven.**

Passage for reading—*2 Kings ii.* 1—11.

POINTS. 1. Farewell visits to friends.
2. Farewell blessing to Elisha.
3. Farewell to earth, entrance to heaven.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Welcoming Death.** A child at school welcomes every messenger from home, but he welcomes most the messenger that comes to fetch him. Joseph sent messengers to Jacob and waggons to fetch him. And Jacob not only heard the words, but saw the waggons. "Oh, these are really to carry me to him. I shall soon see my son, and die in peace." Death is such a messenger to a Christian. "Come," says God, "you have toiled long enough; you have feared long enough; your warfare is accomplished; enter into the rest which the Lord your God giveth you. Come, for all things are now ready." "But," you say, "the swelling river rolls between." "Fear not; say farewell for a time to your friends. The river must be passed; but the presence of the Lord will be with you. In His name you will divide the waves and pass over dry-shod. The chariots of God are waiting for you, and heaven's glory opening." (*Rev. W. Jay.*)

Voice from the Dying. Perhaps there is scarcely on record a more beautiful anecdote than that which Bishop Middleton relates of a most exemplary soldier of the Cross. He was lying, apparently lifeless, when a worthy fellow-labourer in the work of the same society, who imagined that the immortal spirit of his friend had actually taken its flight, began to sing over his remains a verse of the favourite hymn which used to soothe and elevate him in his lifetime. The hymn was finished without a sign of recognition or sympathy from the still form before him, but when the last verse was over the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death took up the second verse of the hymn, completed it with distinct utterance, and then was heard no more. His dying hymn was merged into the angels' eternal songs.



LETTY'S SECRET.—*p.* 1014.

LETTY'S SECRET.

A Story for the Little Ones by Jean Courtenay.



IT was such a great, big, beautiful secret that Letty, who was just six years old when Father cut the first rose of summer and carried it indoors to Mother, had to shut her little red lips as tight as tight for fear it should escape her, after all.

You see, it happened in this way.

Letty was to learn geography because she was six years old and a big girl. She thought it the very nicest of all her lessons. She opened her blue eyes very wide indeed when Miss Wynne told her that the earth was round —like an orange!

"Has it got pips?" was all she said.

And when she looked at the fields and long, straight flat roads, with houses and gardens each side of them, that afternoon when she was out for her walk, she shook her golden curls till they tumbled all over her face, and Nursie put her hat straight and said:

"Big girls of six who learn geography ought to walk along properly, and not shake their heads till they look like a doormat."

Now Letty had just caught sight of a patch of brilliant yellow shining under the afternoon sunshine away across the fields—it was really a field of barley ripe for the sickle—and she only answered:

"I do b'lieve I can see a bit of the peel showing!"

Which Nursie thought was a very silly thing to say!

But when they had walked a little further Letty could see that it wasn't orange peel, and she was as puzzled as ever. Miss Wynne *must* be mistaken! And yet Miss Wynne was so clever and kind. She told Letty everything she asked her, and she never said, "Don't worry, child," or "I'm too busy to tell you now," or "Wait till you're a bigger girl, and then you'll know."

If only she could jump off this orange of a world for a teeny-weeny minute and send it rolling along in front of her, Letty thought she could believe that it was really round; though even then she couldn't think why she didn't tumble off and hurt her knees and scrape the skin off the palms of her fat little hands, as she did when Cousin Jack persuaded her to ride standing on the garden roller while he pushed it along the drive.

But the next day Miss Wynne told her something else. She said that if Letty could look right through the earth-orange just before she jumped into bed at night, she would see all the little boys and girls on the opposite side *getting up*, because it was the next morning with them!

Letty clasped her hands tight and said "O-oh!" and as she said it the secret crept into her head.

You see—like some other children I know—Letty was not fond of bedtime. She used to blink very hard, and rub both fists into her eyes, for fear Mother should say, "I think the dustman is coming, girlie!" Nurse always seemed to come just at the most exciting part of the fairy tale Mother was telling her, and say, "I'm quite ready for Miss Letty, Ma'am," and then off she had to go.

Then when Nurse had bathed her and combed out those tangled curls, and had shown her how to fold up her clothes and put them all neatly on a chair ready for the morning, Mother would come in, looking like the prettiest and sweetest fairy in the whole book, in her soft silk dress and bare, white neck and arms, round which the baby-star stones twinkled, and she would hear her little girl say her prayers, and "Gentle Jesus," and then kiss and tuck her into bed. No one could make you so comfie as Mother, Letty thought.

That part of bedtime was nice; but when Mother had drawn down the blinds and shut the door behind her, and Letty was left in the dark till sleep came, *that* part was not so nice. She wanted to run downstairs in her night-gown, with those little pink toes peeping from under it, and see what Mother and Father were doing, and who was singing so high, and whether anyone was sitting in her favourite little chair in the drawing-room.

You mustn't think that Letty was afraid of the dark. Oh dear no. No little children need be afraid of that unless they have done something very naughty during the day, and have not told God and Mother that they are sorry.

XUM

And if this is the case, they should ask the dear God to forgive them and keep His arms round them all the night, and in the morning tell Mother all about it.

Letty knew, too, that there was only one sun, and she was too unselfish to wish to keep it all the time, because those little girls and boys on the opposite side of the earth must have it sometimes, and when it grew dark with her she knew it was growing light with them.

That was another of the wonderful things she had learnt in geography.

But the night after Miss Wynne's words made the secret come Letty was quite ready for bed, and after Mother had gone she lay and planned how she could do it.

"Do *what?*" do you say?

Well, it was just this. Letty thought how lovely it would be if she could dig a little hole just big enough for her to creep along) right through the earth to those other little children on the opposite side; and then, instead of going to bed, she could slip away and play games with them, and slip back just in time for her bath in the morning!

Wasn't it a glorious secret? They might know the nicest games on that other side, and she could teach them "Blind Man's Buff" and "Oranges and Lemons," if anyone there could help her with the words.

The great question was, When could she dig it?

But before she could find an answer she was sound asleep, too sound even to dream.

The very next afternoon Mother and Nursie were both very busy making a little blue coat for Letty to wear when the days grew colder. It was a lovely afternoon, and Mother said:

"Run into the garden, girlie, and play quietly there till tea-time."

Letty ran as fast as her little legs would carry her. Now was the time to dig. The garden was not a very large one, but Father had given Letty a corner for her very own, and showed her how to keep it nice. Letty ran down the winding path till she reached the place where the bed on one side spread out like a fan. That was her garden.

It was also the only spot in the garden where she was allowed to dig by herself. So it was quite certain that the hole through the earth-orange must be made there.

She had a dear little spade of her own, and a hoe and a rake. They had been Father's birthday present to her. She fetched them from the tool-house and began at once.

The afternoon sun shone very brightly, and Letty grew very hot and rather tired. But she looked at the hole she had made, and the big heap of brown earth beside it, and her heart beat fast. Surely she must be very near the other side! She bent down in the hole and listened very intently. Perhaps she would hear those children playing and laughing. How surprised they would be if they knew she was coming to join them. Perhaps sometimes, when the sun was on Letty's side, *they* would like to run through her secret way and play with her. If they were good little children, and not rough, Mother would ask them to stop to tea, and then that would be fun. And perhaps, while they were all playing in Letty's garden, they would hear the nurses on the other side calling them to come to bed! But they couldn't come and fetch them, because the secret was only big enough to hold children "as big as me and weenier," said Letty.

She couldn't hear anything, however, though she listened very hard. Perhaps the children were doing their lessons with their Miss Wynnes, and so were obliged to be very quiet.

Then the tea-bell rang, and Mother's voice called:

"Tea-time, girlie! Come along in."

And digging had made Letty so hungry that she ran gladly. She gave one last proud look at her hole, and expected that she would be able to finish it the next day, and perhaps spend the very next night on the opposite side of the earth!

After tea came a cuddle with Mother, and a lovely fairy tale. Letty loved fairy tales. She couldn't understand those little children who didn't care for them. She fancied she saw the dearest little fairies laughing at her from under the leaves in the garden, and peeping at her from inside the half-opened flowers. She thought the little brown sticks in the woods that lay on the ground were sleeping fairies, who had made themselves look like sticks for fear someone should take them home and want to keep them as dolls. She felt sure a tiny fairy rode gaily on every butterfly's back as it flew hither and thither, though she couldn't see it very plainly. And she just longed to see the dear little fairy nurses who kept the baby birds from tumbling out of the nests when their mothers were out paying calls.

While Mother was telling the story, Father put his head round the corner of the door, and with a shout of joy Letty scrambled down from Mother's lap and ran to kiss him.

Letty loved her Father very, very much.

Sometimes she tried to think which she loved better—Father or Mother—and when she was well she never could tell ; but when she was feeling a little bit ill then she always fancied she loved Mother best. Father was so kind and good. He was the grandest playfellow, she thought, in the whole world ; or, at any rate, in the side of it that she knew at present.

"Well, little woman, not in bed yet? Why, I thought all little birds were asleep before this."

"But I'm not a bird, Father dear," cried Letty, laughing. "I'm a big girl now."

"Oh!" said Father, pretending to be very astonished and making such a funny face that Letty screamed with laughter. "Well, look here, big girl, you be off quickly now, because I've got a surprise for you in the morning, and the sooner you go to sleep, you know, the sooner to-morrow will be here."

"A surprise for me!" echoed Letty, growing rosy all over her dear little face with pleasure. "Oh, Father, what is it?"

"You'll see in the morning, girlie," was his only answer, and then he shut the door and went out into the garden.

You can fancy what an excited Letty went to bed that night. With her own beautiful secret nearly finished, and Father's surprise soon coming, she felt as if she should never go to sleep. But her afternoon's work had so tired her that almost before she began to try to go to sleep she was there.

The next morning Letty begged Nursie to dress her very quickly, so that she could go into Father's room and see the surprise while he was dressing. But when she knocked at the door, he called out :

"Up already, girlie! Well, run into the garden and look at your own little piece, and you will see the surprise."

Away went Letty down the stairs so fast that she almost tumbled on to her nose, across the slippery hall, out by the wide open door and down the fresh-smelling garden. She was wondering—oh, so hard!—whether Father had guessed her secret and had finished it for her, so that she could go and see those little children at once.

But when she reached the spot in the winding path where the bed spread out like a fan her face lengthened. Where was the secret way she had almost finished? Gone! Where was the beautiful heap of brown earth by the side of it? Gone!

And what was there instead? The ground had all been smoothed and raked, and Father's surprise laughed at her from the scarlet petals of a row of dear little geranium plants that went all round her garden. One was planted just over the secret, and Letty almost gave a little sob as she looked at it.

She wanted to cry dreadfully, and I believe she would have done so if she had not reminded herself that she was a big girl of six years old who learnt geography, and then she winked back the tears so hard that they couldn't drop. And she thought how disappointed Father would be if she were not pleased with his surprise. It was so kind of him to buy her the geraniums which she had been longing for before she heard about those children underneath. And he must have been tired after business all the long hot day, and yet he had tidied up her garden and planted them all so carefully! She must never let him guess that she had almost cried with disappointment when she saw them.

So, like the brave little maiden she was, Letty kept the spoilt secret right out of sight, and made up her mind to wait till she was older, or till the frosts came and nipped the geraniums, before trying to dig her way through the earth-orange, and then she ran back to the house and met Father just as he was coming into the garden to see how she liked his surprise.

"Well, girlie, was it a nice surprise, eh?" he said, as he stooped to kiss her.

And Letty threw her arms round his neck and said, "*Very* nice, Father dear. You are the most remembering father a big girl ever had."



TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A WELSH ORATOR.

ONE of the most esteemed and deservedly popular Temperance workers in the Principality is Mr. Henry J. Williams, who is so widely known under his Bardic title of "Plenydd," which was conferred upon him many years ago at one of the great national festivals which are a characteristic feature of Welsh activity. Mr. Williams comes of a Temperance stock, his father and grandfather before him having been total



(*Photo: Slater, Llandudno.*)
MR. H. J. WILLIAMS ("PLENYDD")

abstainers and zealous promoters of the cause in the early days of the movement. He was born in 1844, and is one of the oldest and most highly respected representatives of the United Kingdom Alliance. He is a poet and a musician, as well as a born orator. To be seen at his best, one should find "Plenydd" addressing a great meeting of his fellow-countrymen in his native language. Then it is that all those inspiring appeals and outbursts of fiery passion find their full play! Then it is that as a man speaking to men "Plenydd" irresistibly compels that spell-bound attention which none but front-rank orators can secure. As a member of the Calvinistic Methodist body, Mr. Williams has taken an active part in the work of his denomination, and it is no exaggeration to say that few men have done more than "Plenydd" to popularise the principles of the United Kingdom Alliance throughout Wales. More than once attempts have been made to induce him to transfer his services to other parts of the kingdom, but he has felt, and apparently still feels, that there is plenty to be done in Wales.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

"Are we better than our fathers?" "Do we seek to promote the Temperance cause with as much intelligence and sagacity as the great pioneers of the movement?" One need not answer these questions, but we may be permitted to recall the fact that just seventy years ago Joseph Livesey, of Preston, in his *Temperance Advocate*, submitted the following propositions for the earnest consideration of the Temperance people of that day:—

1. You must not violate the vow of abstinence contained in your pledge.
2. You must discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance.
3. You must make your family a Temperance family.
4. You must be regular in your attendance at the Temperance meetings.
5. Do all you can to convert drunkards to the paths of Temperance.
6. Exercise charity towards your fellow-members.
7. Seek fresh company.
8. Never be ashamed of Temperance.
9. Pay all your debts as soon as possible.
10. Cultivate every personal and social virtue.

Each of these points was enlarged upon with homely counsel expressed in terse English; and the Christian character of the movement was enforced with special emphasis. Those of our readers who address Temperance meetings might do well to consider these ten points as a suitable basis for a new speech. Is it heretical to say that some of our audiences will not grumble if the coming winter's work is heralded by some new speeches on the very old lines, which are erroneously considered to be out of date?

A GOOD CREED.

The Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns, who has the happy gift of epigrammatic expression, says his Temperance creed consists of three short articles:—

1. "All Christians should be teetotallers."
2. "All teetotallers should be Christians."
3. "All men and women should be both."

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, in their concise and most valuable little book on "The History of Liquor Licensing in England, principally from 1700 to 1830," have brought together some striking word pictures of the state of London in the seventeenth century. Quoting from a pamphlet on "Distilled Liquors the Bane of the Nation," published in London in 1736, we read: "Everyone who now passes through the streets of this great metropolis and looks into the distillers' shops . . . must see, even in shops of a creditable and whole-

sale appearance, a crowd of poor ragged people, cursing and quarrelling with one another over repeated glasses of these destructive liquors. . . . In one place, not far from East Smithfield, . . . a trader has a large empty room backwards where, as his wretched guests get intoxicated, they are laid together in heaps—promiscuously, men, women, and children—till they recover their senses, when they proceed to drink on, or, having spent all they had, go out to find wherewithal to return to the same dreadful pursuit, and how they acquire more money the sessions paper too often acquaints us." "Such a shameful degree of profligacy prevailed," writes Smollett, who saw the London of that date with his own eyes, "that the retailers of this poisonous compound set up painted boards in public, inviting people to be drunk for the small expense of one penny, assuring them that they might be dead drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing. They accordingly provided cellars and places strewed with straw, to which they conveyed those wretches who were overwhelmed with intoxication. In these dismal caverns they lay until they recovered some use of their faculties, and then they had recourse to the same mischievous potion." ("History of England," by Smollett). We are bad enough in some parts of London still, but, on the whole, we can say that the efforts of religious men and women and the general betterment in the conditions of living have brought about a decided improvement upon the much-belauded "good old days."

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S WORK.

Some time ago we inserted a portrait of Mrs. Hind Smith, the founder of the Young Abstainers' Union, with a few particulars of the important work accomplished by the Union; but we do not like to let the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Union pass by without offering a word of congratulation. The hospitable doors of the Mansion House were thrown open to the Union and its friends for the celebration of the event, and the beautiful Egyptian Hall was filled to overflowing with a thoroughly representative audience. Mr. Alderman T. Vezey Strong, J.P. (Treasurer of the Union), presided, and addresses were given by the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke and the Dean of Hereford. The proceedings included a presentation of purses, which were received by Mrs. Hind Smith, and medals and a banneret were presented by Mrs. Vezey Strong to the successful competitors. The membership of the Union now reaches a grand total of 10,524, with branches in all parts of the United Kingdom, and many corresponding members in various parts of the world. A feature of the year's work has been the raising of a "Thousand Crowns," upon the initiative of Miss Salmon, the editor of the Society's capital paper, *The Young Abstainer*. The fund has been a great success, the amount asked for having been exceeded by 247 crowns, and reaching a total of £311 16s. 3d. The largest contribution from a branch was sent in by the Clapton and Stamford Hill branch, which contributed £60. A Prayer Union has been formed to offer special prayer for the work every Friday morning, and 1,700 members have been enrolled. That the educational features of the movement are kept well in view is shown by the fact that two members of the Union passed the first examination of the Central Temperance Education Board. Two cots have been permanently endowed in the Temperance Hospital, and arrangements have been made to raise a sum to endow a third cot. Branches have been established in several important boarding schools, and it is intended to develop this department as much as possible. This excellent record of work has been accomplished on an income which barely reaches £850, including the exceptional help of the Crown Fund; so it need scarcely be added that the administration of the Union is a model of careful economy and wise expenditure. The Executive takes a personal interest in the work, and has a most capable Secretary in Miss S. E. Hooker. It may be said that this lady is an



(Photo: G. E. Cleare, Lower Clapton Road, N.E.)

MISS S. E. HOOKER.

earnest total abstainer, who has for many years been an active worker in the Temperance cause. Before taking up her present position, which she has held for some time, she was a worker in the famous Dove Row Band of Hope in the East-End. Her training among the children of the very poor has no doubt given her exceptional opportunities of getting experiences which she now employs for drawing out the sympathies of the children of the middle and upper classes. Miss Hooker is a capital speaker, and is equally at home with a company of lively nimble-witted schoolboys or a more sedate gathering of parents and friends. We may add that *The Young Abstainer* is steadily increasing in circulation, last year's issue being the largest ever recorded.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A Notable Missionary Exhibition.

AT Bromley, Kent, there was recently held a Missionary Loan Exhibition, which represented the work proceeding in the mission fields under the influence of the various British societies. The exhibition was the outcome of a combined effort on the part of the principal churches of all denominations in Bromley, and its success may be gauged by the fact that during the six days on which it was open (April 18th to 23rd) it was visited by no fewer than 7,000 persons. A photograph which we reproduce of a corner of the African Court will give an idea of the exhibits which the organisers were able to bring together. A series of meetings was held in connection with the exhibition, which were addressed by missionaries and native pastors.

A "Prisoner of Hope" in Japan.

"I HAVE just seen a very interesting visitor," wrote lately a missionary in Japan, "a Mr. Kojima, an elderly man, one of seven or eight converts whom the first C.M.S. missionary in this country baptised more than thirty years ago. He tells me he believes 600 or 700 Japanese Christians now living are the ingathering of that worker's faithful ministry through the little band baptised by him. Yet a past record of this missionary's labours ran, "He brought in a few converts, several of whom have been lost sight of." Mr. Kojima suffered for Christ's sake, in earlier days, loss of inheritance and ancestral name, willingly relinquished that his Christian profession might not bring utter ruin on his relatives. Cruel imprisonment befel him. Laden with iron chains and bars, he was carried to Tokyo in a closed palanquin, in which, confined for a month, he almost died of suffocation. Very touching is the account of his contriving, when passing through his native town, to slip through his carriage shutters a note to the missionary. "Though I should be put to death in Tokyo, I pray you will stay and



A CORNER OF A MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.

still enlighten Japan." Now, after thirty years, through which his Christian hope has burned brightly, he is rejoicing in the spread of Gospel truth in his beloved country. In controverting some recent statements as to the "failure" of Christian missions in Japan, reliable and remarkable statistics in their defence have been published. Even more deeply convincing seems to us such a testimony as this incident supplies.

Sham Resignation.

We lately read a village anecdote somewhere which reminded us rather of one of Æsop's Fables. Old Betty, who was a confirmed grumbler, was always telling her neighbours that she longed for death, and wished he would come and take her. A practical listener resolved to put this heroism to the test. Betty was resting her rheumatic bones in bed one evening, when there was a loud knock at the cottage door. "I am Death," cried an awful voice behind the chink, "and I have come for old Betty." "Oh," replied that trembling worthy, "you have mistook the house. Betty lives a good bit further up the street."

The "Hopeful" Treatment.

"A well-known authoress was discovered to be suffering from anæmia of the brain and consumption, and to be living entirely alone in a remote village on five shillings a week, of which one shilling was devoted to rent. Formerly her works had sold well, but she had outlived her popularity." Picture to yourselves what this means, for this is no flight of fancy, but a genuine case relieved quite recently by the Committee of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. This wonderful Home stands on West Hill, Putney, and within its spacious walls 208 poor mortals, condemned for life to incurable illness, find a haven in which to spend their remaining years. Besides this band of sufferers, over 600 outside the institution, scattered all over the kingdom, receive an annual pension; which dispels the terrifying spectre of "the Workhouse" that looms before so many who have known days of ease. To the authoress in question this pension came like a heaven-sent gift. Nor is her case singular in its misery; it can be paralleled—can be surpassed, in fact. "I must stay in bed to keep from fainting for want of food," said a girl, discovered by the Committee in Maida Vale, starving on two shillings a week. She had lost one leg from cancer and was alone in the world. And a £20 pension—the price of a dress or a trinket to some—brought her courage to work as ardently as her enfeebled health would permit, and to support herself with this help. For not all can be received into the Home itself, with its wonderful view across the valley to Southfields, with its lofty halls and sitting-rooms, its broad verandahs, its dainty bedrooms, its cheerful nurses. A grievous sight it must of necessity be to see these 200 doomed men and women, but all that can conspire to make their lives bearable is done, and in the words of the Committee, "Every case will be accepted as *incurable*, but will be treated *hopefully*." And many of them are cheerful—many who have never left their beds for twenty or thirty years are as keenly alive to the beauties and wonders of the world as we, who can go where our fancy takes us. "I make up my mind to be cheerful," said one old lady, who had seen twenty-five years come and go from her bedroom window, "and I never talk of my ailments; it does me no good, and only worries others." Said a man, with a head Rembrandt would have delighted to paint, "I have sat in darkness for twenty years; my sense of touch is gone, too, so I cannot read, but kind friends read to me, and tell me of all that passes here and in the Far East, and there is much to think of." His keen face was lit up by the wondrous light from within. His speech was sonorous as the Scriptures.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

SUNSHINE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

"And now that spring is coming (he went on), I long to be sitting under the trees and listening to the song of the birds. Soon we shall be able to do this, and after the long winter there is joy in it. It is pleasant, too, to hear a fresh voice. There is much to think of. I wish sometimes I could see, if only a shadow, but it is blankness—first a white day, then a black day; and yet I have my thoughts. There is, indeed, much to think of." I left him sitting in his chair, blind and helpless, among so many others, crippled by rheumatism, paralysed, grievously afflicted in divers ways—and went out into the sunshine and the budding beauty of a spring day. Surely, if this beautiful haven brings to these stricken ones such contentment and peace of mind, it is a work that should not be allowed to flag. What would life be to them were they condemned to suffer in close and poverty-stricken lodgings, to suffer uncared-for and untended, dependent on strangers for a few grudging services—to drift perchance, at last to the Workhouse, having survived friends and kindred—frail ships adrift on life's so stormy sea?

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from May 27th, 1904, up to and including June 28th, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* Mrs. L., 5s.; R. S. (Crouch End), 5s.; "Anonymous," 14 pairs of socks.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £3 7s. 6d., £2 2s. 6d., £2, 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct: Miss E. Banchory, £1; "Tornaveen," £1; T. P. (Leamington), £1; "In Memory of Kathleen," 8s. 6d.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East:* "Sed. Nomine," 2s. 6d. The Secretary of the Mission gratefully acknowledges the due receipt of 10s. from G. D. A. (Crouch End).

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* "A Friend," 10s.; "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER" Brighton), 4s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

109. In what way was Elijah able to obtain water on Mount Carmel for his sacrifice?

110. Why did Elijah cause so much water to be poured on the altar which he had repaired?

111. What action of the people on Mount Carmel showed their true repentance?

112. Where did Elijah go after the great miracle on Mount Carmel?

113. Why was Elijah so troubled at the threats of Jezebel?

114. How did God show His sympathy with Elijah in his time of trouble?

115. In what way did God strengthen the faith of Elijah when he was at Mount Horeb?

116. In what way did God declare He would punish the King of Israel and his people for their idolatry?

117. What great kindness did God grant to His people Israel, in spite of their sins, that they might learn to know that He was their God?

118. How did Elijah prepare for his departure from this world?

119. What was his farewell promise to Elisha?

120. How was it seen that Elisha had been specially gifted by God with power to become the successor of Elijah?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 926.

97. As Maachah, his mother, was one of the leaders of an idolatrous sect, Asa removed her from being Queen. He also took away the images and high places from the cities of Judah and revived the worship of God in the Temple. (1 Kings xv. 13–15; 2 Chron. xiv. 3–5.)

98. It was agreed that whosoever became an idolator should be put to death. (2 Chron. xv. 12, 13.)

99. God granted to Asa a great victory over the mighty host of Ethiopians who invaded the land, so that there was peace and prosperity for many years. (2 Chron. xiv. 9–12, and xv. 1–7.)

100. He sent teachers throughout the land of Judah to instruct the people in the Law of God. (2 Chron. xvii. 6–10.)

101. Jehoshaphat appointed Judges in all the fenced cities of Judah to see that justice was done to the people. (2 Chron. xix. 5–8.)

102. He entered into an alliance with the wicked King Ahab and allowed his son Jehoram to marry Ahab's daughter. (2 Chron. xviii. 1; xix. 2, and xxi. 4–6.)

103. In the reign of Omri, who bought the hill of Samaria and built the city. (1 Kings xvi. 24.)

104. That concerning the rebuilding of Jericho, which was carried out by Hiel the Bethelite. (1 Kings xvi. 34; Joshua vi. 26.)

105. By marrying Jezebel, the daughter of the heathen king of the Zidonians, who was a worshipper of Baal. (1 Kings xvi. 30, 31.)

106. Elijah the Tishbite, whom God sent to Ahab to tell him of the three years' famine which was coming because of his sin and the sin of his people. (1 Kings xvii. 1.)

107. The widow of Zarephath, with whom Elijah stayed during the years of famine. (1 Kings xvii. 9–16.)

108. Obadiah was the steward of Ahab's house, who, in spite of the idolatry of both the King and Queen, was still a faithful servant of God. (1 Kings xviii. 3, 4.)

XUM

"THE QUIVER" MISSION BOATS.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

DEDICATION OF "THE QUIVER No. 1" BY THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AT SOUTH SHIELDS, JUNE 14.

I.—A Letter to the Children.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This is the first time we have met in the pages of THE QUIVER, but I shall hope to hear soon that I have many friends and helpers amongst you. Now I must explain how and why I am writing to you. Many of you, whose parents and friends take in THE QUIVER, have doubtless seen the pages which tell of the Mission Boats for Seamen, for which collections are being made in this magazine. The first boat was given by the proprietors of THE QUIVER; the second was given by a lady in memory of her little daughter Mildred, who had passed away—alas! You will have seen in the July Number an account of the launching of the first boat, the *Quiver No. 1*; but I must explain the object of the boats to those of you who may not have read about them till to-day.

By the time these lines reach you many of you will be spending your holidays by the sea. How you are enjoying yourselves! I can just picture you paddling in the sparkling waves, building sand castles and trenches, bathing and wrestling with those foamy breakers (if you are old enough), going out in boats to fish—never weary of that wonderful restless, ever-changing sea. And many of you, as you turn your faces towards school again, when the holidays are over, sigh and think regretfully, "I wish I were a sailor!"

At those moments I don't think you remember that, like everything in this world, the sea has a pleasant and an unpleasant side, and that a sailor's life is not all shining waves, and sunny skies, and light breezes, and "Cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho!" No; the men of the Merchant Service can tell a different tale. Not for them is the great battleship, with its well-ordered arrangements for food and sleeping and sickness and health, nor the regular hours and regular pay. For them, too often, the ocean tramp—poor food, poor pay, poor treatment all round. Month after month rolling on the waves from port to port; month after month of discomfort and hardship, on which "Jack" puts a brave face. This is the lot of many hundreds of men who help to make the trade of the Empire. And it is these men I wish you to help.

After all the long, long weeks at sea, at length our ocean tramp comes to port—at Falmouth, say, or Queenstown, away in Ireland. And to the men on board, who have not forgotten in time of danger to call upon One above Who watches over "those in peril on the sea," and those who have no thought save for evil words and food and drink—to good and bad alike the mission boat comes. Hardly a man but welcomes the chaplain with joy, for he brings not only the Word of God with him, but comforters, letters, and magazines. Oh! the joy of it all after those long days and nights of sea—nothing but sea—and the same faces and voices, and the creak of the ropes, and the rattle of the engines!

In every port of the British Isles there should be a mission launch and a row-boat, and a meeting-place on shore for these toilers of the sea. It is the aim of THE QUIVER at present to provide a mission launch and ten row-boats. The launch, it is hoped,

will be contributed by the grown-up readers of the magazine. It is to you children that I appeal for the eight remaining row-boats. The cost of each is £25, so you have before you the task of raising £200. It is a large sum, but it is not beyond your powers. If only you all help—"a long pull, a strong pull, and all together" works wonders. And do not forget that every penny is welcome. Of course, the larger the sum the greater the help; but I shall appreciate the small sums every bit as much.

How proud you will feel when *your* first row-boat is launched! You will know that when the big "grown-up" launch cannot make her way through the masses of shipping your little boat will slip through and bring comforts for body and soul.

I feel sure I shall not ask you in vain, and I shall be glad to hear from any of you who care to write to me when you send the money. I shall answer your letters in the magazine in one corner of my page, which I shall call "Answers to Correspondents," and you must not be disappointed if you do not hear for a month or two. You must remember that a monthly magazine has to be prepared some time in advance.

Before I finish my chat this month I wish you to read the following letter, which will, I am sure, interest you. It is from the father of a young contributor, who has already helped the Row-Boat Fund. He writes:—

"Dear Sir,

"I have received your acknowledgment of £1 forwarded by me to "THE QUIVER Mission Boats Fund," and also "The Light of the World," which you kindly give to subscribers to this fund. I would like to explain that this small contribution originated with a gift of 2s. from my little boy of ten, who, on buying a QUIVER for May at a railway bookstall on his return to school, was much interested in the fund, and said he would like to give 2s. towards the mission boats. The remainder of the £1 sent by me was made up by relations and friends, and some money found in a drawer in this house. I thought you might be interested to know this.

"To the Editor of THE QUIVER."

And now good-bye till next month, my dear children. I shall hope to hear from many of you, and I think we shall soon become firm friends. Your affectionate

AUNT GRACE.

Collecting forms will be found in the advertisement sheets of this number, and should be sent with the money to Aunt Grace, c.o. the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

II.—Friends and Foes in Sailor Town: Old Fairy Tales Told Anew.

Once upon a time, says an ancient writer, there lived in an island off the coast of Italy a sorceress named Circe. So extraordinary was her power that, when the great Ulysses and his companions landed there, she turned into swine all those who ran headlong into pleasure. Only the hero himself, who was fortified by a herb divinely bestowed, could resist her enchantments.

A grain of truth has been embalmed in more than one of the old Greek fairy-tales. The seamen of the age in which they were written must have had many complaints in common with those of the present day. A modern representative of the wicked Circe can be found with little trouble in the neighbourhood of the docks in the most famous island of the world. The story of the fabled voyager being robbed by harpies has a moral which is thoroughly up-to-date. Those daughters of Neptune and Terra, with heads of women and claws of vultures, whose mission in life was to ruin and plunder sailors, can be recognised in nearly every port of the world. In the greatest of all, the port of London, the old fairy tales are told over and over again. Where the river widens and fills miles of docks thousands of ships come and go. Every night 18,000 seamen sleep ashore in the neighbourhood which is known as Sailor Town. There they meet with dangers more to be feared than the cruel, curling waves. The sorceress Circe and the harpies were not more pitiless than some of the men and women who watch for the arrival of the merchantmen.

In they come, those noble ships, drawn by panting steam tugs. The towering warehouses are awaiting the treasures of the Indies. The markets are eager for the supplies of food and clothing. In the lands where the vertical sun produces dates, spices, quinine, and castor-oil the crews have borne heavy burdens, and now they richly deserve to enjoy the accumulated wages due to them. Some of their mates who started from home in

the full enjoyment of health and strength have found a grave in the distant lands, where many die of sunstroke or fever. During the long voyages—some, indeed, extending to two or even more years—the men's wages are withheld by their employers until their return, and may be further kept back until two days after their discharge. Perhaps as much as £500 may be waiting for the crew of one ship, which is paid by the agent of the employers in the Board of Trade office. The harpies want to claw that money. The newspapers give the list of ships' arrivals. From this list the length of the voyage can be estimated, and only the long-voyage crews receive attention. Jack steps on to the quay. He has a chest too large to carry far on his back. Besides this, there is his bedding, and perhaps a pair of bright-coloured parrots, a monkey, or a soft little mongoose, which he has brought as presents for his wife and children. The thought of seeing them and the home possibly one hundred miles away, the idea of a holiday, and the sensation of treading on firm ground, make him almost giddy. Friendly men and women greet him. What if their faces are red and bloated? It is good for a lonely man to meet with a welcome and hand-clasp.

"Here you are!" cries one, perhaps addressing him by his name. "A friend of yours told me to meet you. You want a nice clean lodging and a truck for your kit. I can take everything for you. Take care; don't listen to that man, he is not to be trusted. You have no ready money? That does not matter. I can wait for the pay until you get your wages."

Poor Jack! How is he to distinguish friends from foes; crimps from respectable boarding-house keepers? Trustful by nature, impatient to stretch his legs in the great world, to see new faces and new dresses, instead of the limited view of bulwarks, and the circle of sea, he follows the truck and his new, obliging friend, scarcely waiting to inquire where he is going. The time comes for him to draw his pay. His host goes with him to the door of the shipping office. When he comes out into the street with the accumulated earnings of the voyage in hard cash in his pocket, his landlord presents his bill. Jack cannot remember all that has happened since he landed. His host and hostess plied him with drink. Having been long an abstainer, it affected his head, or it may have been drugged. He knows that he has been wild and foolish, but he cannot dispute any charge that the boarding-house keeper brings against him. There are instances in which £50, the earnings of an engineer or officer, are spent or stolen within a few days. His money is so reduced that he is ashamed to take it home and face his relations. There is just enough to find him amusement until he gets another berth; so he does not break away from his new acquaintances. His pockets are soon empty, for he is robbed on all sides, and then he wanders about the docks, asking for a ship. He must take what he can get. Hunger stares him in the face, and he realises that the harpies will clutch his kit if he stays on. So he signs an agreement to sail before the mast, possibly with a drunken captain in command of a miserable old boat. He has gone one step down the road to ruin. And what becomes of the wife and children who have watched and waited for his return, and fear he has been lost? Many a story quite as true and terrible as the old legends of mythology can be told of Sailor Town.

Whilst a seaman was hidden away in the neighbourhood of the docks, his poor old mother watched and hungered for news of him in another district of London. She clung to her patient faith in his affection. Richard was such a good son, she said; she knew he would never leave her without a letter unless he was ill or dead. After losing his wife, he had left his one afflicted child in her care. He had sailed to New York, promising to send money to keep her and his little boy; for some ship-owners give their seamen a form of monthly allotment by which they can have part of their earnings paid over to relations at home as they become due. One letter only reached her, and then she heard no more. Though old, and stiff with rheumatism, she earned what she could by her needle and charing. It was not enough to feed her and a hungry child. Bit by bit the furniture which had helped to make two rooms a home was sold. Her poor old face grew white and thin as the wolf starvation sniffed at her door. When news came at last from her son, he was in South Africa, and it was too late to save the home, and too late to save his mother from the effects of the long, sorrowful months whilst her heart grew sick with hope deferred. She still maintained that he was a good son, only seamen met with so many temptations to drink. She made the discovery that even the son whom she trusted and loved with all her heart could forget both mother and child when he fell into intemperance.

Temptations to drink so constantly beset a sailor in port that experienced men believe their only safe course is total abstinence. One part of the work of Missions to Seamen is to promote temperance. During the last twenty-one years it has been the means of 166,982 pledges being taken by seamen. Crimps find their business far more difficult than in days gone by, and many of them have left London in disgust. They do not like those interfering persons who meet the ships with a brake, and take the seamen to a Sailors' Home.

Much has been done to guard seamen against their enemies in British ports, but in order to fortify them to overcome the temptations of the modern Circes and harpies all over the world they need a divine gift, of which the herb granted to Ulysses by Mercury is an illustration. The life of a sailor is short, but more men of the Merchant Service are lost through the perils in port than on the high seas. Perhaps those who have learnt most of the secret of strength are readiest to look for help to lay hold of it. "I will be sure to hail the mission cutter," writes one seaman to the Missions to Seamen reader at Par, where he hoped shortly to return. "Sir, I trust it will never be my lot to desert my Master. There's trials, but was not He tried for my sake and the world's?"

This seaman is only one of many who watch for a boat with a dark blue-and-white flag when their ship enters port; "Richard" is typical of hundreds of widows' sons, who only need a good friend when they land, to save them from breaking the faithful, yearning hearts at home. Where are these sailors to be found? Wherever a white sail glistens against the azure of sea or sky. The sea is the fair-weather friend of August holiday crowds. Under its smile, fagged townsfolk sink into restful musings. Perhaps a streak of vapour on the horizon conjures up pleasant dreams of England's glory, her merchandise, and the extent of the great empire on which the sun never sets. In its turn, the frown of the sea may awaken thought to the serious side of a maritime calling.

Whilst dreaming of great things, the chance of doing practical service ought not to be allowed to slip away. The day soon closes and the summer draws to an end. Whilst men slept, the enemy of souls was active in mischief. Whilst the world lay dreaming, the Master saw His well-loved fishermen toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary to them, and He came to them. He calls His servants now to follow His footsteps in the waters. During this holiday month the white sails, gaily painted boats, and blue jerseys add to the picturesque effect of shore and seascape; the very sight of them is worthy of accomplishing still more. It may remind readers of this magazine that the May Number announced the opening of a QUIVER Fund for supplying the Missions to Seamen with one motor launch and ten row-boats, and the July Number described the first of these *Quiver* row-boats. The Mission vessels are given to the service of God amongst men entirely dependent on voluntary effort for the comfort of religion and the friendly aid that landsmen find in connection with their own places of worship. To realise their need will be a sufficient inducement to support this scheme. But will all who care for seamen observe the notice in our advertisement pages, where the collecting paper is printed, and make known as widely as possible not only that subscribers of half a guinea will receive a Rembrandt photogravure of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World," but that sixpence out of every shilling received by the publishers for the sale of copies of this picture is devoted to the Fund?

A second list of contributions, comprising amounts received from June 1st, 1904, up to and including June 30th, 1904:—

ADULTS' SECTION.

	£	s.	d.
Amounts previously acknowledged	170	13	6
A. A. S.	0	10	6
C. (Nailsworth)	0	10	0
E. Underwood (Hampstead)	0	2	0
A. W.	0	10	6
L. (Pershore)	0	2	6
A. A. (Bournemouth)	0	10	6
J. W. Williams (Cork)	0	14	6
Miss M. T. Fischer (late of Stuttgart)	0	12	6
Mary Sloan (Glasgow)	0	10	6
Mrs. H. Bottle (Dover)	1	0	0
Miss Johnson (Weybridge)	0	10	6
J. R. (Glasgow)	0	10	6
A. W. A. (Camden Town)	0	5	0
Mrs. Peace (Sheffield)	0	10	3
W. H. (Malmesbury)	0	10	0
C. Stewart (Darlington)	0	10	6
E. M. H. (Edinburgh)	0	5	0
A. H. D. and A. W.	0	5	0
Miss Smith (Croydon)	0	10	8
D. L. Woolmer	1	1	0
R. S. (Crouch End)	0	5	0
W. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne)	0	11	0
S. P. (Bath)	0	5	0
M. A. L. (Hounslow)	0	6	6
Miss C. M. Watson (Tilbury Hospital) ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Pritchard	0	10	6

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

	£	s.	d.
Amounts previously acknowledged	51	5	6
G. H. C. (Glasgow)	1	0	0
Miss M. Dawnay	0	10	6
I. B. (Whitley Bay)	0	10	6

XUM



THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

(From the Painting by A. Stocks, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

XUM

JACK'S PALACE.

SOME STORIES OF SAILORS ASHORE.

By F. M. Holmes.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

ONE day three sailormen came to Jack's Palace at Limehouse, and asked for board and lodging under its hospitable roof.

"Certainly," replied the manager. A bedroom for each, as neat and clean a little cubicle as anyone would wish to see! A shilling a night, or five shillings for the week. Cheap enough—eh, Jack?

Oh, yes; that would suit, for they were men of money, they were. No paupers, wanting to beg everything for nothing. They had just been paid off, and two of them had no less than sixteen pounds apiece, and the third twelve pounds. Oh, yes, they could pay.

Well, if they were so rich, would they not deposit their money in the safe, or they might lose it all?



A SAILOR IN HIS CUBICLE.

Looks passed from one to another, and then the money was deposited and receipts given, and Mr. Lear, the manager, also locked up Number Three's watch.

Not long afterwards Number Three returned very drunk, and with blood flowing from a nasty cut over the eye. But Mr. Lear was quite equal to the occasion, and dragged him in, washed the wound with cold water, bandaged the gash, and with the help of the porter put him to bed.

Next morning, of course, Number Three felt very bad. He had the most confused remembrance of what had taken place. He searched in his pockets and found them empty. He confessed with sorrow that all his money was gone—and even his watch. A reg'lar clear out. What was he to do? He could not even pay for his bed and food.

Miserable, indeed, must have been the man's feelings. Not only was he suffering from his wounded head, and the reaction of his drunken debauch, but he experienced the wretchedness of penury, when only yesterday he had been rich—penury caused by his own misconduct. And now starvation stared him in the face.

Then the kindly manager told him.

"Your money is here, and your watch also. We have them both in safety; you deposited them with us."

Thankfulness took the place of despair, and hope sprang up again in the sailor's heart, and, that day being Sunday, he attended the services at the Palace and signed the total abstinence pledge. "Never no more," was his word. Never no more would he make such a fool of himself, and he would leave his money with Mr. Lear and draw it out as he wanted it.

Many sailors seem quite unable to take care of money when they are ashore, and, notwithstanding all that the Board of Trade has done—and it has done much—they are still too often the prey of harpies belonging to both sexes who infest the ports where sailors land.

The most extraordinary stories are told of their credulity. A certain Jack, whom

we will call F., left the pay offices one day with two five-pound notes and something over in his pocket. He was met by two respectable-looking women who professed to be his friends. Particularly they warned him against the crimps and bad people who would rob him of his hard-earned pelf.

"We know," they said, "how hard you have to work for it, and we should so grieve if it were to be stole from you. And the place swarms with them as would steal it if they could."

Jack was very pleased with these two respectable women. He thought it very kind of them to interest themselves in his welfare. Would they take a cup o' tea?

Well, yes, they were not above doing that. In fact, they knew of a nice, quiet, respectable place where they would be well entertained. And they would even take care of his money for him if he were obliged to walk through these wicked streets alone, otherwise he would be sure to lose it before nightfall. There were such shockin' wicked people about.

So guileless Jack deposited his money with the respectable women, and presently one said to the other, "Hold my umbrella a minute, dear. I must just go round the corner to see a friend o' mine."

But many minutes passed without her return, and Jack remarked to the other woman, "Your friend is a long time comin' back. Where's she gone?"

"Ah! I must go after her and see. I shall only be a minute. Hold my umbrella, will you, good sailor-man?"

Minutes grew into hours, and the respectable women did not appear, and Jack grew very suspicious.

"Hi!" said he to the restaurant keeper. "Where are those two respectable women gone? They've got my money."

"Women?" cried the man. "I don't know nothing about no women. Pay up what you owe."

And presently Jack found himself in the street with only a couple of old umbrellas in exchange for his ten or twelve pounds of money.

"Well," said he, "this shall be a lesson to me, no mistake."

Many men say that, but forget the resolve at the close of their next voyage. Jack F., however, did not forget, and he turned over the proverbial new leaf, and kept it fairly white and clean.

Why is Jack so foolish about money matters when ashore?

I believe one reason to be that on his voyages he has no responsibility. Everything is provided for him; he has no use for money, and probably has no money, even if he had use for it. He has simply to obey his officers in working the vessel.

But immediately he steps ashore the circumstances are entirely different. He finds himself in possession of money, and with no one to safeguard, or to guide him. Temptations throng around, human hawks pounce upon him as their prey, and too often Jack falls, and is cruelly robbed and entreated.



THE MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT AND FINNS.

He is frequently as much sinned against as sinning. An American lad came one day to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, who now fly their flag at Jack's Palace as their headquarters, and told a strange story.

He had signed-on a ship the other side, he said, which brought him to Hamburg, and when he reached that port, instead of receiving

wages, as he expected, he was told nothing was due to him. He had been sent on to London, where his language at least would be understood and, having heard of the Society, he came thither to seek its aid. What was he to do?

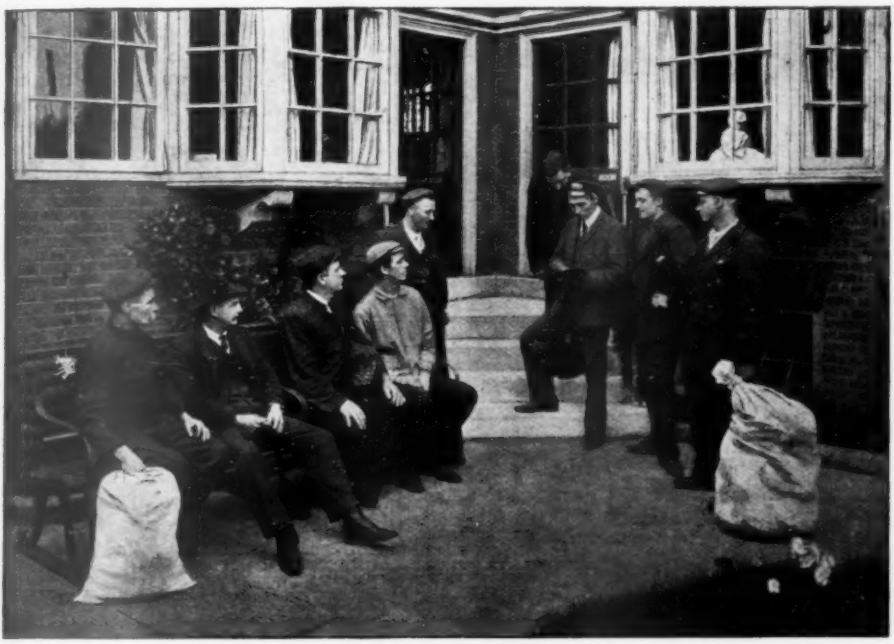
He was sheltered until a ship was found for him whereby he could return to his native country.

The lad was unfortunately a type of many. Sailors are still "Shanghaied." That is, a ship is found for them by a crimp, or some middleman, who represents to them that they are to receive wages at the journey's end, whereas the real arrangement is that they have to work their passage and are to receive no pecuniary remuneration whatever, unless it may be a small sum through an advance note, which the crimp takes care to secure. The Board of Trade has practically stopped this nefarious business in Great Britain, but it still flourishes in some ports abroad.

A man is Shanghaied through his advance note. Jack finds himself in a foreign port without a ship, and his money runs short. His boarding-house keeper gives him credit, and when at length Jack gets a berth—perhaps through his host's assistance real or assumed—he is confronted by a neat little bill.

"Hold!" exclaims the boarding-house keeper to the captain. "I've been feedin' this man for days. He owes me six pounds. How am I to get my money?"

The end of the matter is that the captain gives an advance note on Jack's wages, and when the sailor arrives in port he finds the crimp on the other side has got all, or nearly all, of his hard-earned cash.



A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Even in England these advance notes are made the occasion of extortionate demands.

"Can you cash this bill for me?" said a sailor, entering Jack's Palace one day and presenting an advance note for four pounds. "The man where I've been staying wants to charge me a pound for changing it!"

The manager of Jack's Palace cashed it for nothing, though if the sailor chose to give a shilling for the accommodation, that was his affair. The crimp would probably defend his extortionate demand by pointing to the excessive risk he took.



CASHING AN ADVANCE NOTE.

"How am I to know," he would say, "that Jack will actually sail? When he has the money he may get drunk, and the ship sail without him, and then the owners will not cash this note—and where is my money?"

The shipowners grant these advance notes, but will not honour them until three days after the ship has sailed. They adopt this plan to protect themselves. If some specimens of the genus Jack were to get their money before they start, they might never start at all, and the owners would be grievously defrauded. They can scarcely be blamed for refusing to pay a comparatively unknown man until he has done a certain amount of work. If Jack could become more thrifty, and live on his pay from his last voyage until he again sets sail, the difficulty with regard to changing these notes would largely disappear. As things are, institutions such as Jack's Palace render a great service in acting as Jack's banker.

But another type of sailor presents himself at the hospitable door. His face is pale and his clothes are ragged. He is a Consul passenger.

Far away on some foreign shore he has suffered shipwreck, or maybe he has lain weak and ill in a distant hospital until at length the British Consul sends him home. Yet, being now at home, the question presses with cruel severity—Where is he to go, and how is he to live, until his ship's owners pay him his wages—if any be due—or until he can get another berth?

Even sailors who have met with no such misfortune are obliged sometimes to wait for their money, and the watchful crimp finds here the opportunity for his nefarious frauds.

"You come with me, Jack. I'll put you up fine. You shall live like a fighting-cock with me, and you need not trouble about the money till it suits you."

But when the day of reckoning comes, as it inevitably does come, Jack is confronted by a big bill which is little better than downright robbery.

The Board of Trade has done much to protect Jack, and has succeeded greatly in its praiseworthy efforts (as, for instance, in arrangements made to send his money to him at his own home); but no regulations can wholly protect him, and it is to offer him a place of safety and of pleasant social recreation, as well as to afford him spiritual and temporal help in every way, that institutions such as Jack's Palace have been built.

It occupies a commanding position at the great centre where the Commercial Road meets the East and West India Dock Roads and the Burdett Road in the midst of sailordom at Limehouse, and forms the new headquarters of the well-known British and Foreign Sailors' Society, which has been established for more than eighty years. As Mr. Passmore Edwards gave a considerable portion of the building money (£14,000), the handsome structure is officially called after his name—the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace.

The cost has been more than double that amount, and it may be interesting to record here that on the day—a few years ago—when the Duchess of Teck went down the river to open the Society's Millwall Rest, a sailor's mother and widow—who had pre-

XUM

viously given the late Mr. Spurgeon £50 which she had saved up for the Society—took £10 in a piece of paper, which she gave to Mr. Matthews, the Secretary. "This sacred sum," as Lord Tennyson described it, "was paid the next day as a deposit to secure a site on the East India Dock Road, which ultimately led to the Passmore Edwards' Sailors' Palace." Many other donors have rallied round the Secretary, until on the day in May, 1903, when the building was opened by the Prince of Wales, the total sum required was nearly all subscribed.

Mr. Passmore Edwards also considerably enlarged the library, giving some 5,000 volumes, from which bags and boxes of books are lent to sea-going vessels, so that the work of the old library is merged in the new, and is known as the Passmore Edwards' Ocean Library.

"Why cannot we have a bag?" asks a sailor in the docks as he leans over the side of his ship and sees the librarian's assistant carry one aboard the neighbouring vessel.

"You can, if you like, mate," he replies. "Captain Custard's our man up at Jack's Palace; he's got charge of the library, and he'll be glad to lend you any book we have got for your voyage."

"Have you anything which I can read up about the sea?" another may ask. "I want to study my profession."

"Plenty," would be the reply. "We have books of all sorts, religious and scientific, as well as stories. But if you want to study up the sea, why don't you join our Nautical School? We have some splendid rooms at the top of the building, and a fine observatory, and the captains in charge teach many a mate and master, so that they can take their Board of Trade certificates. It is called after his Majesty—King Edward VII. Nautical School. You should see the handsome young chaps that come there to study under Captain Nicholls!"

"And when you've got your certificate, what then? How do you get your ship?"

"Jack's Palace helps you there. The Shipmasters' Society has got an office at the Palace, and already shipowners are telephoning, 'I want a mate, or a second officer, for my ship.' We have an officers' department in the Palace, and to have



OFFICERS' TEA IN THE CONSERVATORY.

your tea in the conservatory is like Paradise, especially when yarning with Captain Custard or Captain Munro Reid."

"Well, I am not likely to be a ship's officer," said another. "Maybe it's a bit too grand for me."

"Not it. There is a pretty garden and greenery if you like a smoke out o' doors, and snug reading rooms if you want to stop indoors, with a bagatelle-board if you should desire to knock the balls about."

"Oh, I like a good old sing-song, I do."

"Well, you can have it. Mr. W. F. Haine, the Missionary Superintendent, has generally got something going on in the beautiful new hall of the Palace almost every night. The Jack's Palace Good Templars' Lodge meets there alternate Thursdays."



IN THE KING EDWARD VII. NAUTICAL SCHOOL.

"Ich kann nicht speak de Engleesh," remarks another man, popping his head up above the bulwark.

"Then we have just the place for you. I s'pose you are a Finn. We have a Finnish service on Sunday nights before the usual bright service for Jack and others, and on Wednesdays a meeting for Finns; but you look in on Tuesday nights too, while you're lyin' in the docks, and—my word, but I think you'll like the Seamen's Pleasant Evenings, for music speaks many languages."

"That's true," pipes up another. "I've bin at sing-songs in furrin parts, when I did not catch on to a word, but I enj'yed it all the same. Do your folks have any Jack's Palaces abroad?"

"Lots. If you cannot exactly call them Palaces, they are Sailors' Rests and Rooms, and may be found in every part of the world. You ask our Secretary, Mr. Matthews, and he could talk to you for an hour about the numbers o' ports where our flag flies."

Talking in this way, the representative of Jack's Palace moves through the docks, ever ready to recommend his institution as he goes. It is not necessary that Jack should lodge at the Palace in order to enjoy its advantages. By no means. It is open to all seamen, of all nations, and at any time, a night watchman being on duty after eleven o'clock.

The sailor who is waiting for his money and the sailor who has none to expect, the sailor who desires a comfortable home and the sailor who merely wants to pass a pleasant hour, the sailor who has fallen among thieves and he who desires to avoid the thieves, all find a welcome. For to help Jack religiously and socially is the object of its managers, and to assist him ashore or afloat is its gracious work.

XUM



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN that wintry afternoon, more than two hundred years ago, the river Loire meandered idly along the middle of its broad, sandy bed, through the heart of France, even as it does at this present day. The splendid Château of Blois reared its head above the river and the town with a majesty all its own, and every grey tower and pointed roof was gilded with the ruddy light of the setting sun.

A rough barge, laden with timber, floated down as on a golden mirror, and at the prow sat a young girl, who gazed with wistful eyes upon the scene before her. Yvonne de la Féronniere had obeyed the priest's bidding, and with the help of her faithful friend, the ferryman, had set forth on her journey without delay. The old ferryman was a chartered denizen of the river, and knew every craft that sailed between her banks. The captain of this barge was a friend of his, and readily promised to take Jean's dear daughter, as he called her, in safety as far as Tours, which happened to be his destination; but part of the cargo was to unload at Blois.

Yvonne was still too much stunned and bewildered by all that she had gone through to have any will of her own beyond the one thought, "Away from Paris, on to Poitou—to the dear west country!"

She had heard, scarcely heeding, that Orleans was not safe for her, even to pass through, as a fierce, fanatical persecution of the Huguenots was at that time raging through the city. She was still in a state of half-dreamy consciousness on the afternoon of the second day, when the towers of Blois came in sight. It was so restful to float slowly down the broad, silent river, to be at peace once more, with no heart-rending claim upon her sympathy, no self-sought duty almost beyond her strength.

She was so weary that she seemed to crave for nothing but rest and silence, and of the future before her she dared not think. How delicious it would be to drift on thus for ever!

The girl was roused by a voice at her shoulder.

"Here we are, close upon Blois, my child. Come ashore with me, and we will see the sights. It is market day, and so many people you never beheld. We have time to spare while they unload the timber."

It was the bargeman's wife, who had mothered her on the voyage. But the name of Blois touched some chord of memory. Ah, yes; surely it was here that Monsieur de Vaudreuil was Deputy-Governor!

What evil chance had brought her here, of all places? What if by chance he should be in the city? To go ashore would be madness, and yet how could she refuse the kind woman's offer without rousing suspicion?

As Yvonne paused, uncertain, her eyes wandered idly over the crowded landing stage, a scene of bustle and confusion, full of market folks. Then for a moment her heart almost stood still, for surely she recognised that homely figure, sitting apart as though waiting to embark.

It could be, it was, none other than her dear Madelon! She never knew what excuse she gave, or how she reached the shore, but hope lent wings to her feet, and in another minute she stood on the wooden pier, trembling with fear lest such happiness were too good to be true. To her dismay the woman looked up at her with cold, irresponsive gaze.

"Madelon, dear Madelon, do you not know me?" she cried, pushing back her hood, careless and forgetful of all bystanders.

When the first gladness of the meeting was over, Madelon explained that she was waiting for the boat which carried the mails and a few passengers, and that she was going to Orleans, for the second time, in search of her lost mistress.

"But now all is changed, and I will go on with you to Tours in the timber barge. Blois is the most dangerous place in the world for you, Mamselle. I will tell you all on the way."

This proved easy to arrange, for the good people on the barge had pitied the girl's loneliness, and were only too glad that she had found a friend. Not until they had actually started, and were once more slowly floating down the river, did Madelon dare to feel safe. As for Yvonne, when she found herself once more tenderly watched and cared for, only then did she fully realise how terrible had been her past loneliness and isolation, and her unspeakable joy and relief found expression in a fit of sobbing.

"My poor Mamselle! I should never have known you till I heard your voice. Your face is so thin and pale, and all your golden hair hidden away. Tell me what they have done to you," murmured the old servant.

Then, little by little, the young girl told her story; but when she came to the description of her arrival at Orleans, and the abrupt summons which her uncle received, Madelon broke in with a smile:

"Ah, yes; I know how that came to pass. It was Mademoiselle Louise who insisted that Pierre should start at once."

"Was it all a plot of hers to befriend me? Was there no message from the King?" asked Yvonne in alarm. "Her father would never forgive her."

"Do not fear; there was a letter from the King, sure enough. But I must tell you from the beginning. When Mademoiselle Louise learnt that you were gone she was in despair. It was long afterwards that I heard all this from her own lips.

"Her first passionate desire was to discover her father's destination, for to this she had no clue. The secret had been kept from her, as she was known to be your friend. While she was seeking some possible means to help you, suddenly there was a clattering of horse's hoofs and a commotion in the courtyard, and she soon learnt that a despatch had arrived from his Majesty the King.

"Here was her opportunity. She hastened to find Madame, who was flurried at having to decide anything in her husband's absence.

"'We must open the letter at once!' exclaimed Louise. 'It is doubtless most urgent, and my father must receive it without delay. Where will it find him?'

"Taken by surprise, her mother replied in a fretful tone, 'Somewhere on the road, I suppose. I shall have to spare Pierre, and one of the best horses, and he may be away for days. I know it is somewhere below Orleans.'

"Mademoiselle Louise had learnt all she needed. Meantime she had broken the seal and read the parchment. It was but a general order to all provincial governors that they make ready, without undue delay, to return to their provinces lest there be trouble with the Huguenots since the new edict.

"Now, if this letter were sent to her father he would continue his journey, but if only a bare message were sent after him he might return at once with Yvonne.

"'You are right, my mother,' she said quietly. 'At any cost, my father must be summoned back instantly, but we will not trust Pierre with so precious a document as the King's letter.'"

"Ah, that was like Louise; she has a ready wit," said Yvonne. "So that was how Monsieur came to leave me at Orleans?"

"Yes, Madame was quite willing to trust

all in the hands of Mademoiselle. She cares for nothing but her toilette and her amusements," replied Madelon. "After Monsieur came back, all the household removed to Blois. A letter was left for me with the concierge in Paris from Louise, bidding me follow her there. 'Be swift and secret!' were her words."

"Then where were you, Madelon?" asked the girl, in surprise.

Chevalier ere he should set sail for the Paynim land."

Even in the dim light she could not fail to see the sudden start and flush as of a rosy dawn which overspread the young girl's face. She added quickly:

"Ah, Mamselle, I had been wiser not to tell you, for no reply hath come, and from that day to this there has been silence as of the grave."



"'Madelon, dear Madelon, do you not know me?' she cried."

There was a moment's pause, and the reply came in a low, uncertain voice:

"Mamselle, do you remember that ring which you gave into my keeping? I took it to the Duchesse de Maillebois, and she pressed me to abide with her."

Again there was silence, until Madelon set aside all scruples and answered the question which her mistress had not courage to ask. She must run the risk of raising false hopes.

"Madame de Maillebois sent a special messenger to bear the ring in haste to the

But Yvonne turned to her with a radiant countenance, like a lantern lighted from within by some intense steadfast glow.

"You did well to tell me, for when my token reaches him he will come to me from the ends of the earth. Nothing will daunt him, and he will seek, unwearied, till he find me.'"

While she spoke, her shining eyes had a rapt expression, as though they could pierce the mists of time and space, and read the unknown future. But Madelon shook her head and murmured to herself.

"Heaven grant that the search take not a lifetime, and that the meeting be on this side the gates of Paradise! But indeed, Mamselle, you are not easy to find," she continued aloud. "These weeks past you have hidden securely in Orleans, alike from the eyes of hatred and of love. Monsieur de Vaudreuil has offered a great reward and left no stone unturned; and as for me, I have paced every street, and worn myself out with seeking. Tell me, where have you been?"

Thus abjured, the girl told her strange, pathetic story, and the old servant listened with streaming eyes and upraised hands.

"Ah, *ma chérie*," she sobbed, "the angels must have taken you under their guidance, for never was so sure a hiding place dreamed of as the home of a leper. And you never thought of the danger, the awful risk?"

"I had no choice. It came upon me unawares—the knowledge that this was my work. Anyone else in my place would have done the same," was the simple reply.

"Try to forget it all, dear Mamselle," said Madelon, with a shudder. "Let us look forward, and not back. Now, at least, we are together, and I can watch over you."

Yet when they came to discuss the future they had no definite plan; only a vague desire to escape to the dear familiar land of Poitou and to seek out long-forgotten friends, who might but greet them with alien looks, if, indeed, they were still in the land of the living.

With much to ask and much to tell, they wiled away the long chill hours of that wintry night on the timber barge, when sleep was hard to woo. On the morrow's dawn once more the grey mist rose from the river, flowing like a broad silver ribbon through the garden of France, with its vineyards and background of forests, and ever and again the grey towers and turrets of battlemented towns.

It was late in the day when Tours was reached, and the barge at length moored against the quay on the river side. The travellers were sad at heart to leave the calm security of that ark of refuge, for the dreamy floating down the stream had been an ideal rest to body and mind. They parted with regret from their homely friends, and Yvonne emptied her purse into the woman's hand, in disregard of the whispered warning that such lavish generosity would arouse suspicion. She would take no denial, and made her peace afterwards with Madelon.

"I can never show how grateful I am to all these dear people who have befriended me. And, amongst other things, I still have my pearl necklace and a little sapphire brooch, which was my mother's. You must sell them for me in the town!"

"Ah, Mamselle, that may not be easy where we are strangers; but I will take you to the house of a cousin of mine, from Poitou, who was apprenticed to a silversmith. There, I trust, we shall find a shelter for the night, and a warm welcome from his young wife Françoise. They live in the Ruelle d'Olon, out of the Rue St. Martin."

It was already dusk, and there was no time to lose; so they hurried up from the river, past the Tour de l'Horloge and the Tour de Charlemagne, and on between the crooked houses which almost met across the black shadows of the footway. Then Madelon dived into a dark narrow bye-road, and at length came to a pause before a certain number twenty-seven. The house looked gloomy and forsaken, the windows were black and unglazed, and the much-battered door was barred on the outside.

There were no signs of life, and the expectant guests, after rapping sharply against the panels, stood back on the pavement, doubtful and uncertain. They looked at each other in dismay, when a woman's head was thrust stealthily out of an adjoining doorway. After glancing furtively up and down the alley, she beckoned to Madelon and whispered:

"Are you looking for the Aubertins? Hush! Come within. I will tell you about them."

With some hesitation, they followed her inside a low, dark room, where a guttering candle threw a lurid glare on a child's cradle standing near the dying embers of a wood fire.

"Philemon Aubertin is my cousin. Can you give me news of him?" asked Madelon anxiously.

"Ah, the poor fellow!" was the reply. "I know it is a sin for me to trouble about heretics, but my heart aches sorely for him and his poor wife and dear little Babette, with her curly hair and smiling face. You should have seen her play with my little one yonder!"

She was interrupted by an eager cry.

"What has befallen them? Where are they? Tell me, for the love of Heaven!"

"It was like this," began the good woman, who could only tell the story her own way. "When the Dragoons came with the King's order that all the Huguenots were to be con-

verted by any means, there were a dozen or more quartered on my neighbours next door, who were known to go to the meeting. But they would not sign the paper or go to Mass, as many others did. So poor Françoise, just off a sick bed, had to find food and cook for the soldiers, and serve them, till she was ready to drop. And the Dragoons plundered and destroyed everything, even the linen she had woven herself they would take and use to litter their horses. I saw it, I who tell you!"

"Is it possible?" sighed Madelon. "But I doubt not you were a kind friend, Madame?"

"It was little enough I could do! And things got worse. One day, clinging to her mother's hand, Babette went by the church of St. Clement. There was a procession going in with lights and singing, and the dear child cried out 'Ah, that is beautiful!'

"That was quite enough, for the leader of the Dragoons was standing by, and he said the little girl had chosen her religion, and they carried her off to be brought up a Catholic! The mother, half distracted, followed her wailing. Ah, I can feel for her. I, too, have a child.

"Then, as ill-luck would have it, Philemon met them, and he struck a soldier who was rough to his wife, and—that was the end, for we saw them no more. And now their house is taken by the State, but I have a tender heart, and I grieve for them."

"Alas! my poor cousins!" sobbed Madelon. "This is terrible beyond words."

"Hark! someone is coming," interrupted the woman in a startled tone. "I must not be seen with you. You must go!"

"But where can we go, Madame?" asked Yvonne in alarm. "It is so late and dark!"

"Try the 'Âne Rayé,' farther down the street, at the corner," was the last whispered advice as the two lonely women found themselves pushed outside into the street, and the door was closed against them.

They shed tears over the sad fate of sweet little Babette and her parents, as thus for the first time was the bitter reality of religious persecution brought home to them in all its awful vividness. They knew that these things happened, they had heard of them from afar, but now they were face to face with fire and sword.

Silently, with sinking hearts, they turned their steps through the darkness, in search of the tavern where they might find a refuge for the night.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE "Âne Rayé" of Tours was a very fair example of the mediæval hostel, yet it was a strange experience for a delicately-nurtured girl like Mademoiselle de la Féronniere to find herself a guest under its roof.



"She alone was an outcast."—*p.* 1039.

But in these latter days she had seen so much of life's vicissitudes that now she felt safe, with Madelon by her side, even in the mixed company of roysterers, who crowded the inn parlour.

In the darkest corner of the dimly-lighted room, whose fitting was scant and beggarly, their supper was served in pewter plates on a rickety three-legged table, and they were thankful to get napkins of sailcloth, while

an intolerable odour of cooked fish and garlic pervaded the whole place. Happy to escape notice while the drinking and singing and quarrelling went on around them, and the rafters rang with the tumult, the two women were able to steal away, up the dark steep staircase, into a dingy garret under the roof, which they could share for the night with the children of the landlady.

She was a friendly soul, and showed them much simple kindness. They learnt from her that in two days' time the waggon which carried the public mails would start from their street corner for Poictiers; and she promised to secure places for them. Madelon fully realised by this time how dangerous was every hour's delay, for she had discovered that the captain of the Dragoons, who had been so cruel to little Babette, was none other than Adolphe de Vaudreuil.

But there was no help for it. Meantime, she found means to raise money on the pearl necklace from a Jew merchant in a back street of the town, the man probably thinking that she was a waiting maid, who had stolen it from her mistress. But the pearls were fine and precious, and what concern was it of his how she came by them if he made his usurious profit?

After that many hours were spent in a vain search for any trace of the Aubertins, and Yvonne was only induced to give it up when she saw that their quest was already arousing suspicion. The pitiful fate of that Huguenot family still remained an unsolved mystery.

Madelon was now in a fever of anxiety to continue their journey, and drew a long breath of relief when at last they had paid the reckoning at the "Âne Rayé," and had actually started in the mail waggon; but at the city gate they barely escaped a fresh danger, for Madelon's papers were made out in her own name alone, and they were only saved by the carelessness of a drowsy sentry, who probably could not read. But this was a fresh warning to them, and they decided that henceforth they must avoid high roads and towns, keeping to the villages and the bye-ways.

After two long, weary days' journey, they took leave of the friendly mail driver just outside the old turreted walls of Poictiers. There they could see the fair city rising on the hill slope above the winding river, with its pleasant gardens and orchards, its gates and its bridges.

The most difficult part of their journey now lay before them, towards the coast of Poitou, some sixty miles or more to the west, and there was no public conveyance by road or river.

It would be too long to tell of all the perils and adventures which befell them on the way—how at times a churlish refusal would drive them to seek another refuge, but how more often they met with a kindly welcome, where the scattered homesteads were not ruined and deserted. For in no part of France had the persecution of the Protestants been carried on with greater violence.

The hapless fugitives, young and old, rich and poor, sought safety in flight, but here they were too far from the frontier to escape by land. The sea was their only hope. They stole through the open country by night until they reached the coast, where they bribed the sailors, and some were shipped with bales of goods for England, while many others embarked in small craft and braved the perils of the stormy seas.

But, fortunately for Yvonne and her old servant, by this time the first fury of pursuit was somewhat abated. They made their way, sometimes in a rough country cart, but mostly on foot, through the open hilly country, wooded here and there with forest trees amid the low copses and underwood. They would find shelter at times in a narrow lane, hollowed out between two hedges, where the trees joined overhead, like a cradle. As they travelled on, past the woodland, they came upon a bleak and desolate scene, where the wintry winds swept upward from the broad plain and the low marshy land by the sea-coast.

One night the wanderers, footsore and weary, came upon a lonely farm which had been ravaged and partly burnt. Here they were driven to seek shelter for the night in a ruined barn, to find it already occupied by other fugitives. Their fears were set at rest when they found this was a Huguenot family, on the way to La Rochelle, but the father had fallen ill and they had found this resting place. The mother told her sad story, and ended thus:

"All that terrible time when the dragonnade lasted we were hidden in a cave near the forest, and we should have died but that Madame d'Olbreuse sent us food and clothing."

"Madame d'Olbreuse!" cried Yvonne. "Why, she was a dear friend of my mother's, and I remember her well. Where is she now?"

"At the Duke's country house, the Château d'Olbreuse, near Ussieu, not more than a day's journey from here," said the woman.

"Madelon," exclaimed her mistress, "we will go there to-morrow. We shall be safe in her care, even if she has to shelter us also in the cave.

The girl's hopes rose high, for now she trusted that the end of their toilsome pilgrimage was in sight. Their path on the morrow lay through her own estates and past the Château of Croisette, the dear home of her childhood.

Ah, what would she not have given to cross the threshold and revisit every familiar chamber, and call up the blessed memory of her loved ones! She dared not linger long in the one spot where she would most surely face the danger of recognition. Yet as she stood by the great iron gates and gazed with wistful eyes at the grey lichen-covered walls and the barred windows, through which she dimly realised the faded tapestry of the walls within, and then looked round at the tangled wilderness which had once been a smiling garden, her five long years of exile seemed to melt away, and the happy past rose up before her, vivid and radiant.

She, she alone was an outcast on the borders of Paradise, some pale ghost suffered to haunt once more the scene of her earthly joys.

Meantime, Madelon had found out the custodian of the château, a deaf old woman, who told her that the rents were paid to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the guardian of their young lady. He was a hard, relentless man with the tenants, and now, alas! there was little hope for them, as she heard tell his son had married the heiress, Mademoiselle Yvonne.

So history is made!

That night found the weary travellers safe at length in the grand old Château d'Olbreuse, where all their hopes of welcome were more than realized by Madame la Duchesse d'Olbreuse, the noble lady whose devotion to the help of the persecuted Huguenots will long be remembered in Poitou.

The King's minions did not dare to interfere with her personally, as she had powerful connexions, her husband being the brother of the Duchess of Brunswick; but her house had been frequently searched for refugees.

After all that she had gone through, these were halcyon days for Mademoiselle de la Féronniere, in peaceful seclusion with her mother's friend, who lavished on her the warmest affection and sympathy. As she listened to the simple story of Yvonne's life and love, and watched her day by day, this woman with the understanding heart learnt to know the young girl as none had ever known her before, and could read her white soul like an open book.

If this Chevalier de Beaumanoir were worthy of her, he should win her; or, at least, it would not be the fault of Madame d'Olbreuse if she did not bring it to pass.

She had many friends in Paris of high position and influence, through whom she could obtain information and send messages. But she kept her own counsel, and the more surely to do this she resolved to send Yvonne away. Already she gave shelter in her house to many Protestant refugees, who to the outside world were numbered amongst her servants as a more complete disguise. Amongst them were some young girls of gentle birth, and she knew that there was always danger of a chance word and unconscious betrayal.

On the Olbreuse estate was a cottage at St. Michel, by the sea, which had more than once been a safe refuge. Yvonne knew it well, from happy days spent there in her childhood, and once again she sought for rest and healing on that lonely shore.

One spot above all others had a strange fascination for her. On the rising ground above the sand dunes stood a ruined chapel, built of granite, which was called after "Notre Dame de Bon Secours." Around it had once been an enclosure of dwarfed wind-swept beech trees, but of these only a scattered remnant survived On every side were grey moss-clad tombstones, half buried in the drifted sand; and small wooden crosses, inscribed with a few touching words to the memory of sailors and fishermen lost at sea.

On the highest point stood a few ancient pine trees, mostly stripped of their branches, and tormented by the gales into weird, fantastic shapes; while beyond, a great Calvary, with outstretched arms, rose gaunt and black against the sky.

It was a haunted place, and Yvonne loved it. Late in the month of January it happened one day that she sat there, searching the horizon with wistful eyes. She wondered dreamily what message yonder little sail in the distance was bringing to some waiting heart—but not to her! She had hoped against hope these many weeks past for news of Réné. He was not fickle or false; on his loyalty her faith was rooted.



"One glance was enough. Réné had come; he had kept his tryst."

No; some disaster must have befallen him in those perils by sea and land, where an officer with the King's commission ever carried his life in his hand. Alas! he must have joined the great company of those whose memorials were all around her, the men who had sought their bread upon the waters, and whose place on earth would know them no more.

Yet God was merciful. He would never suffer such love as theirs to be wasted. It would find its full fruition when she and Réné, her well beloved, should stand together in brighter dawn.

The touching lines of a favourite writer—Marguerite de Navarre—came to her lips:

"Répondez moi! o, douce âme vivante,
Dites comment en la cour triomphante
De votre Roi et Père êtes content?
En déclarant comme amour vous enivre,
Répondez moi!
Pour soulager ma douleur véhémente,
Répondez moi!" *

Ah yes, she craved but one word. It was he silence of death which was so terrible.

Courage! She must buckle on her armour and school herself to the thought that she had lived her life. Henceforth she would be but a looker on at the feast. In the drama of this world her part was that of the handmaid who would bring joy and gladness to others, but look for none herself.

Still the girl sat and gazed, careless of the waning day, for she seemed to gain strength from the solemn stillness and immensity of God's world around her. Then slowly before her eyes the clouds lifted, the mist of pearly grey was seen to roll away, and a flood of ruddy gold poured over the white landscape. The sea deepened to the blue of a peacock's breast, and the flaming sky seemed to build up with burnished gold the vaulted roofs and great naves and myriad columns of some glorious temple in the Apocalypse, whose mystic visions filled her soul.

Yvonne turned away her dazzled eyes—the radiance was too much for them—and saw that she was not alone. Someone had approached from the sea-coast with silent footsteps on the soft, drifting sand, and was already close by her side.

One glance was enough. Réné had come; he had kept his tryst. Bronzed with exposure, unchanged save that he seemed to have gained a new and nobler manliness, he came swiftly forward in eager, tremulous expectation. She felt no doubt, no surprise; his coming came upon her as no new thing. She seemed to have known it through all time.

There are moments in life of such rare and exquisite happiness that they rise beyond the touch of pen or pencil—words are powerless to reach the height, and silence best becomes us.

To a stranger it might have seemed that the girl was pale and worn, and that the trouble and hardships of the last few months had robbed her of all bloom and freshness. But to the eye of her lover that dear face which he had shrined so long in his memory was ennobled by some strange unearthly beauty, and was to him the loveliest in all the world. Illumined from within, her expressive countenance showed the promise of character fulfilled, the perfect flower of achievement where once had been but the hidden germ.

And now joy, that marvellous healer, had driven away the shadows and brought back the fleeting sunshine to her smile.

Their last meeting had been in a stately palace, in the company of royal guests and amid the festal pomp of wealth and magnificence. To-day Réné and Yvonne stood together on a lonely sea-coast, in exile and peril. In the place of brocade and costly gems she was clad in a simple peasant's dress, and all his gallant and courtly array was changed to the worn and travel-stained suit of one who had come in haste from a journey. But they would not have had it otherwise.

Love chastened by sorrow, by sacrifice, by the nearness of death, at last had met with its reward.

In that hour of supreme content it seemed to the happy lovers that a hush came over the listening world; the waves were stilled, and the seagull's cry took a new note of exultation. Fresh gladness lay on sea and sky, and all nature was at one with them in the joyous spirit of eternal youth.

[END OF CHAPTER THIRTY.]

* "Answer me! O sweet living soul,
Tell me if in the court triumphant
Of your King and Father you are happy?
Say how love has filled your soul—
Answer me!
To comfort me in my passionate grief,
Answer me!"

THE GREATEST RESCUE WORK IN THE WORLD.

A TALK WITH MR. SAMUEL HADLEY, OF THE JERRY McAULEY MISSION, NEW YORK.

By David Williamson.

DOWN a dark street, splashing along through the mud, under Brooklyn Bridge, round a corner, and then in front of one's eyes there flashed a brilliant transparency with the words: "Jerry McAuley Mission." Out of the pelting rain and the darkness, I went into a hall filled to the last seat with men, many of them the most wretched objects you could find in New York. In the chair, presiding over the meeting, was a short, sad-faced man known as "Barney." A few years ago he had been partner in a great firm with a reputation through America, but he had sunk down until he was rescued in this Mission, where he now labours to redeem the past. All round the hall were portraits, and over the platform was the one word "Jesus," the key to the whole method and inspiration of the work. A tablet to the revered memory of Jerry McAuley and the old chair in which he had been accustomed to sit reminded me of the founder of the beautiful work which has been in progress "down Water Street" for so many years. The only statistics that I shall give in this article I may as well mention at once, as a proof of the extraordinary extent of the Mission. In 1902 the attendance at the meetings reached the largest total in its history—over forty-five thousand coming to the hall. Of these, over four thousand publicly professed conversion. Over thirty thousand men were lodged by the Mission, and it provided forty thousand meals. These facts speak for themselves, and when you remember that the men are the flotsam and jetsam of New York, you will be able to clothe the figures with something of the romance and pathos they represent.



(Photo: Falk, New York.)

MR. S. H. HADLEY.

I listened for hours to Mr. Samuel Hadley, who has been at the head of the Mission for many years since the death of Jerry McAuley, as he gave me "human documents" drawn from his wonderfully full experience of life and rescue work. A man who has touched certainly a million of men, and helped many thousands to a better life, has material which not a single living novelist or student of crime could possess. Mr. Hadley's own story is of misery and shame changed into joy and triumph. He never minces matters in relating the depths to which he had sunk. "I have proved beyond a doubt," he wrote on the twenty-first anniversary of his deliverance, "that the Lord Jesus Christ, and He alone, can by His own Almighty power, without the aid of drugs and nostrums of any kind, in a moment, and for ever, kill and cast out from the brain, the blood, the stomach, and above all else the imagination, the hell-born appetite for whiskey or alcohol in any shape whatsoever, and by faith in His atoning blood a soul can be kept free as a little child from its dreadful power." You look at his fine, healthy face, and hear his stirring words, and it takes a real effort to imagine that Mr. Hadley was only twenty-one years ago dying of delirium tremens in a Harlem saloon. In the midst of all the drinking, he suddenly determined that he would rather die than touch another drop of alcoholic liquor. He fled to the nearest police-station, and asked the superintendent to lock him up, so that this part of his resolution might be kept. When they let him go the next day, he went to the Jerry

McAuley Mission, and then and there gave his heart to God. Year after year he has gone to the very cell in the police-station, so that he might remind himself of the wonderful freedom and gladness which came into his heart. He is the rightful successor of Jerry McAuley, for he is as filled with pity and love as was that fine rescuer of humanity. The New York police recognise that when a man has sunk to his lowest depth, there will be still one man in the city who will stretch out a kindly hand to him, and the police frequently direct such a wanderer to Water Street as a last resource.

"People are fond of calling themselves specialists," said Mr. Hadley to me. "Well, I'm a specialist in rescuing men. If ever Paul was called to preach to the Gentiles, I have been called to preach to the drunkard, the lost man, the man whom nobody helps and nobody wants. When I have seen anything fail, or have got tired, or when my faith goes, I remember the words, 'Love suffereth long and is kind,' and I go back with new hope to my work. The hardest cases are the men who have fallen from a high position into deepest degradation. Let me tell you one story. A man who had graduated at one of our best universities came into the Mission one night. He had become a victim to morphine, and had just lost his situation. The people who employed him said, 'Go to Hadley; that is the only place for you.' So to Water Street he came. I made him assistant janitor, and let him live in my own house and take all his meals with us. He was a gentleman and a scholar, but I was never sure of him because he took morphine. At last his appetite for the drug grew so terrible that he asked me to prevent his getting it. I hired two men to look after him, but he evaded all their vigilance. When he was under the influence of the drug he would abuse me terribly. He would slyly talk to visitors who were inspecting our premises, and would say to them, pointing to me, 'Don't you speak to that thief; his very touch will contaminate you.' You can imagine my embarrassment. Oh, what a fight I had to win that man. He left our Mission, and I lost sight of him for a while. Then I heard that he had been run



"THE MEN CAN LISTEN TO ME OR NOT"—(p. 1044).

over by a carriage, and had been taken to a hospital. He could not get away from me now, so I went to the hospital, and had the joy of leading him to Christ. I buried him—for he had no friends left to care for him—and I shall never forget standing by his coffin and rejoicing that the poor wayward soul was past all fighting, and was safe at last from the world's snares."

I asked Mr. Hadley if he was able to visit the prisons. He replied: "It costs me a thousand dollars every time I go to Sing Sing Prison. I will tell you why. When I go there I am permitted to address the prisoners from a gallery overlooking their promenade. The men can listen to me or not, but they usually crowd to hear what one who has conquered drink and crime has to say to them. I end my address by asking any of them to come and see me in Water Street when they are released. In order that I may know when they come to our Mission, I tell them to whisper in my ear a password which I give them—a different one every time. After every visit we receive so many hundreds of ex-prisoners, that I reckon it costs me a thousand dollars to meet their needs. One man came to the hall, and was converted. Some time afterwards I noticed that he was not looking happy, and asked him if there was anything on his mind. He answered that he wanted to confess that he had deceived me. He had whispered a password which I had given at Sing Sing, and had pretended that he had heard me speak there; whereas, in reality, he had been told the password by a friend of his who had been in Sing Sing. I forgave him readily, and he was once more happy. Every day there are extra guests at our table, for I like to ask a man who is down on his luck to stay and have a talk with me, so that the helpers of the Mission may be able to do their best to find him employment, or aid him in other ways. Ah, those meals reveal some strange facts, and prove how sin drags a man down to the lowest depths.

"We lost, a few months ago, one curious character. He was a relative of General Logan, and retained to the last, after all his falls, a certain refinement which told of good upbringing. Oh, what a victim to drink that man was! He commenced life in the Government service in Washington; then he obtained a splendid position on the Southern Pacific Railway Company, in California; but everywhere whiskey defeated him, and caused him to lose his work. He began coming to Water Street twelve years ago, and was with us almost every night. Some of our poor fellows seem to feel as if they were only safe when they are within our walls. People gave him odd jobs, but he was not to be trusted. Fifty times he started to live the Christian life; and sometimes he would keep from drink and wickedness for two months. Then he would fall; and yet we all pitied him and loved the man. It was a sorrowful night when we looked on his face for the last time. He had fallen ill in a lodging-house, and had died before I heard he was ill. I discovered his body in the morgue, for the police make a point of telling me of any unknown men or women who are without friends, and I bury them. Some of our most impressive services have been at such funerals. How thankful I am that it is the Blessed Saviour who has to deal with these people, and not a human being."

"Do you ever get thoroughly defeated by a man, Mr. Hadley?"

"Not very often; but sometimes, when I have forgotten the everlasting patience which Christ requires us to use, I have repulsed a man where I ought to have waited for the Spirit to convert him. One such instance was of a man whom I called 'the Old Colonel.' He came into our meeting in a shocking state of raggedness and physical misery. He came again and again, and was always asking for money. One night, when my temper had been unusually tried by some disorderly behaviour in the hall, the Old Colonel entered, and began to worry me. I lost my temper, and told him to get out of the place. He said, 'Do you really mean that?' I said, 'I will show you if I mean it or not. Get out, or I will put you out.' The old man started to walk down our hall; he stopped at the door, and declared he would never cross the threshold again. We ended the meeting; my mind was already miserable at the thought that I had turned away the Old Colonel, but my pride was uppermost. At night it was our custom to read the Bible aloud; it was my turn to read, but I said to my wife, 'You read to-night; I don't feel well enough.' All that night I lay awake, haunted by the memory of that old man's face. When the morning came I was just as wretched as could be. All my happiness was gone, and I began to feel that my usefulness would end if I could not rescue again the Old Colonel. I went to a prayer-meeting, and asked them to pray for me. I told my story, and they entreated God to send the Old Colonel back. Not long after my return home there came a knock at my door, and in came the Old



THE GREATEST RESCUE WORK IN THE WORLD.

Colonel. I hugged that old man for joy, and then I set to work to help him. He had a good bath, and I gave him some warm clothes; his long hair was cut; he was made to look quite a handsome old man. If you look at his portrait taken not long before he passed away, you would never imagine he had been in the gutters of New York. That experience taught me that 'Love suffereth long, and is kind.'"

"You keep in touch with those who are converted and set on their feet?"

"Oh, yes. We get our best workers from the very men who have gone through all kinds of sin. I am a great believer in setting them to work. Most of the speaking at our meetings, held every night of the year, is done by men who have been brought back from the Far Country. It is much more encouraging to the class who come to Water Street to hear from the lips of men who have been saved from sin the story of Christ's power to save than it would be for them to listen to addresses by preachers who have never known what crime and want are. We make a great point of celebrating the anniversaries of the conversions of the men who are rescued. We print tickets, which they can give to their old friends, inviting them to come and have supper at Water Street, and celebrate the conversion of Jack Burrows or Tom Edwards, or whoever it is. These men are brave enough to invite even the keepers of the saloons where they used to drink, and the suppers are a remarkable proof of the sincerity of the change which has taken place in the lives of the men. I keep my own anniversary on April 23rd, and we have a happy evening talking of what God has done. Here is the letter which I circulated freely last year. I sent it to Mr. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world; to the editors of leading newspapers; and to my friends all over the States." The letter was headed thus: "April 23rd, 1882—April 23rd, 1903. Twenty-one years old to-day. Praise the Lord!" It concluded with the appropriate text: "Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

The Jerry McAuley Mission has now completed thirty years of service as a lighthouse for saving wicked humanity. When it was first started by Jerry McAuley, it was regarded as a passing fad which would fail. Now it is known all over the world as the spot where probably more souls are redeemed from wickedness and misery than on any other spot in the whole world. Visitors of all classes come to see the hall, and if they enter it at night, as I did, they will see it under the best conditions. It is holy ground, for here, night after night, men come to Christ, and put off the grave-clothes of sin, and rise to a new life of Christianity. The usual testimonies by men who had been saved had just concluded when I entered the hall, and the president now called for any who were seekers to come to the front seats. At once a dozen men—two or three of them bearing the marks of depravity, and all of them the marks of wretchedness—advanced up the hall, and knelt in prayer. Then the leader of the service proceeded to pray with each one, and to speak separately with each. One by one, as time passed, rose and declared, with a ring of sincerity in the voice, his determination to make a new start in life under the banner of Christ. Many of those who come to the hall prove to be backsliders, and there were some at the meeting that night. "I've been set on making money," said one man who looked like a saloon keeper. "I've thought that money was the one thing to get; but to-night I have been convinced that I am a sinner, and I mean to put God first in my life."

Following this testimony, a young man rose and said: "I have been an agnostic, and have done just as I liked, without thinking of God at all. On Decoration Day I got right off the track, and went down to Chinatown [the low-class resort in New York], and I have been drinking there for a week. I came in here to-night in misery, but I am going to make a new start as a Christian now, and I ask you all to pray that I may be kept." The others told their stories, nervously, and in low voices. Some will backslide, others will give Mr. Hadley and his helpers much anxiety; but a large proportion of the thousands who annually profess a change of heart in these meetings stand firm on the Rock which is never submerged by the heaviest seas of temptation. Think what a test it is for a man who is known to his comrades in crime and sin to stand up and profess conversion. The news soon spreads, and if he is a hypocrite he will have a rough time of it. But if he is in earnest, even the saloon-keepers who have fattened on his drinking habits will admire the man's change of life.

"One more story, please, Mr. Hadley."

"Well, I will tell you about a man who was known as 'Slippery Dick.' He was a German, neat and tidy in his appearance, and not given to drinking, but a born thief. I met

him first in a home for ex-convicts, and got to like him. After that, he went to prison several times, serving altogether thirty-six years in gaol. He began to frequent our hall, and used all his arts on me to get all he could out of me. I must say he usually succeeded, for he was so plausible, I gave him practically all he asked, and he went away, chuckling at his success. But gradually he became ashamed at the way he was treating me, and he stood up one night, and said, 'I have been trying to be a Christian for a good many years, but I am going to quit trying now—I am going to *be* a Christian, and I won't take anything from Mr. Hadley, even if I have to starve in the streets.' He went out that evening, and had to walk the streets all night. Next day he went to the minister who keeps some restaurants for poor men in the Bowery—one of the lowest parts of New York. He said to this good man, 'I want work, and if you don't give me work I will rob you.' Mr. Hudson looked hard at 'Slippery Dick,' and said, 'Who are you?' He answered, 'I am Slippery Dick, one of the biggest thieves in town; but I made a resolution at Jerry McAuley's Mission to live a Christian life, and I will be a thief no longer if you will give me some work.' Mr. Hudson set him to wash dishes for ten shillings a week, and his board and lodging. He had at that time a cashier who had come with a long string of recommendations, but who was robbing him. So, having given an 'honest' man a trial, he decided next to give a thief the position of cashier. 'Slippery Dick' was therefore made cashier, and he had large sums of money passing daily through his hands. But he was true to his promise never to be a thief again. After some time he fell ill, and I got him into a hospital. Soon he passed away, but rejoicing in his Saviour, and thankful that during the last years of his life he had been kept from falling. It is a wonderful work, and every year I live I realise that there is no such word as despair in the vocabulary of Christ. When I look at the men in the hall, I think of that verse:

> "'The worst unto My supper press,
> Monsters of daring wickedness;
> Tell them My grace for all is free,
> They cannot be too bad for Me.'"

If men want the proof of the truth of the Gospel, they had better turn from all their theological disputes and critical studies, and look at such a work as that which has been done for thirty years at Jerry McAuley's Mission in New York or in the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago. I do not mean to imply that there is not similar work for rescuing men in our own country, but, as the Rev. F. B. Meyer said when he visited Water Street, there is none quite on the same lines as the Jerry McAuley Mission in England, and none which has achieved more triumphs of redemption. It is "Love to the uttermost" in daily action. Those who have been interested in this story of Mr. Hadley's labours may like to know that he has written a thrilling volume of similar narratives under the title of "Down in Water Street," which will still further illustrate the beauty and success of personal work among the lowest of mankind in a great city.



"IN CAME THE OLD COLONEL"

THE IDEAL NATION AND CHURCH

A PROPHET'S VISION.

By the Rev. J. S. Banks, D.D., Ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLY UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar."—ZECHARIAH xiv. 20. (R.V.)

THE day spoken of is the day of the Messiah. With wonderful insight the prophet describes how the religion of the future would mark an advance in spirituality and influence on that of the Old Testament. "Holy unto the Lord" was the inscription on the high priest's mitre, expressing the idea of complete consecration to God. "In that day" the same inscription was to be on "the bells of the horses," on all the instruments and possessions of common life. The every-day life of the world was to be as sacred as the high priest's temple-service. Here the truth suggested is the hallowing of the secular. Further, "the pots," the commonest vessels, "in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar," the most sacred sacrificial vessels in the temple-worship. Here the situation is different. In the first clause we are outside the temple, here we are within; and the truth suggested is the abolition of lower degrees and standards of sacredness, the universal adoption of the highest law of holiness.

Incidentally we learn that Old Testament conceptions of religion were not as narrow and material as is often thought. Undoubtedly form and ceremony filled a larger space in the religion of early days. But the more the Old Testament is studied the more spiritual it is seen to be in its central teaching. The psalmists and prophets abundantly show that religious forms and rites were only regarded as means to an end, and that end is the experience of inward, spiritual religion. In this respect no other ancient faith comes within measurable distance of Old Testament teaching. The prophets are constantly denouncing the inclination of the Jews to substitute the form for the life of religion, (Isaiah i.11.) "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi. 8.) Even within the Old Testament there is great progress in this respect. The prophets represent a great advance upon earlier days; yet Zechariah, one of the last of the prophetic roll, foresees that the religion of the Messiah's days would surpass the best of his own day in spirituality and power.

It may be said that the prophet is sketching only an ideal state. This is true; but the same may be said with even greater force of the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, and the ethical teaching of the Epistles. "*Only* an ideal!" What would life be without ideals to aspire to? Every form of human art and toil has its goal in the future. The prophet's ideal is no idle fancy. It simply anticipates the perfecting of what already exists.

1. The Hallowing of Common Life. "Holy unto the Lord" on the bells of the horses. This is to be the inscription read not only on churches and chapels, but on house and shop, on school and college, on courts of justice and halls of parliament. There is to be no longer any distinction of sacred and common. And the equality is to be reached, not by abolishing the sacred, but by abolishing the common; not by the easy method of levelling the higher down to the lower, but by the hard method of levelling the lower up to the higher; not by secularising the holy, but by sanctifying the worldly. In other words, the life of the home

and mart and exchange is to be ruled by the law of God and the spirit of religion. Master and workman, buyer and seller, soldier and sailor, doctor and lawyer, are to be as intent on doing God's will in their daily work as in their hours of devotion.

How is this state of things to be brought about? By all men becoming Christians. This is no doubt one condition, but it is not enough. Experience shows that all Christians do not live up to the prophet's standard. There is need that Christians should be educated to see the sacredness of common life and the universal claims of God's law. The apostle's words, "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God," quite express the spirit of all New Testament teaching. There all moral precepts are placed on a religious basis. The two great commandments of the law are nearly akin. The same authority which speaks in the first table speaks in the second. In both cases alike transgression is sin against God, and obedience is obedience to God. Religion, the fear of God, regard for His authority, desire of His approval, is to enter into everything. God must enter into every experience of life, every sphere of duty, every joy and sorrow, into work and play, business and politics. So much the worse for wealth and policy with which God has nothing to do. We serve God and please Him as much by truth, by uprightness, by fidelity, by honour in the transactions of ordinary life, as by prayer and worship.

There cannot be a greater mistake in principle and policy than to divide life into two compartments, one ruled by religion, the other by selfishness and expediency. This explains the inconsistency and hypocrisy with which religion is so often reproached. Carefully to leave religion out of our worldly calling, out of our bargains and dealings with our neighbours, is to strip it of half its value. The power of religion in the world would be enormously increased, not merely by a great accession of new converts, but by all Christians realising the breadth of the demands of the Christian law. To remember that I am Christ's follower, and to act as His follower as much in the home, the factory, the school, in party politics and matters of public life, as in hours of worship and divine communion, is the way to increase the world's respect for religion. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free?" "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

No one would deny that religion is, in the first instance, an inner life and power; primarily it is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Its secret is in the spirit of man. Even a life of good works without an inner spring of divine principle and motive is fatally defective. But religion is not only inward faith and love. It is "faith working through love." The good tree is evidenced by the good fruit. There is always need of the homely virtues—love of truth and right, the passion for justice, admiration of the pure and lovely. A headstone in a Wensleydale churchyard bears the inscription, "An honest attorney." Oh, for more honest lawyers, politicians, merchants, manufacturers, workmen, tradesmen—honest up to the standard of Christianity and Scripture! "Lord, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

The ideal, though lofty, is practicable. It is already realised in part. The hallowing of every-day life has greatly advanced since Christ's days. Much of the world's wealth and art and service is consecrated. In the Washingtons and Gordons and Gladstones the saintly and the practical life are blended; prayer and great achievement meet together. Let this become universal, and God's kingdom has come, earth is turned into heaven, Eden is brought back.

2. The Perfecting of the Sacred. This part of the prophecy refers to the Church. The common vessels of the Lord's house shall be like the sacred vessels of sacrifice. Distinctions of less and more holy shall vanish. Here, again, this takes place by the raising of the lower to the higher. There is to be one law of holiness, one level of religious attainment, and that the highest.

As regards New Testament teaching, the prophecy is amply fulfilled. There the standard of righteousness set up is the highest. Anything loftier in motive than the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount and the Epistles is inconceivable. And there is one standard for all. In the life of the Lord Jesus the ideal is attained. In Him, Heaven's law of perfect love is seen in bodily form. To return love for hate, blessing for cursing, is to be perfect

as our Father in heaven is perfect. And to this all are called. The later division of Christians into "saints" and non-saints has no foothold in the New Testament. The same precepts are addressed, the same promises are given, to all. In the Epistles all the members of the Church are saluted as "saints"—"called saints," saints by divine calling (Romans i. 7). The use of the term to designate eminent Christians is much later than New Testament times.

As to practice, the Church has not been altogether true to Scripture. Her inclination has been to set up two standards of holiness and recognise two classes of Christians—one class reaching, or at least earnestly seeking, the highest life of holiness; the other satisfied with average or even minimum measures of grace. This is the old distinction of sacred and secular in another and even more mischievous form. It is to set up one law for Christians and another law for others. This distinction of higher and lower is the vice of the monastic system and of the division between "the religious" and ordinary Christians in Roman Catholic circles. It may be said that whether we recognise these differences or not, they exist. But whether they exist or not, to legalise them, to give them a place in the Church, must tend in the most direct way to the lowering of Christian practice. Instead of encouraging failure by establishing a lower standard, our business is to bring up the weak and laggard to the higher law. Second-class Christians are not good enough. Directly we recognise these as having of right a place in the Church, we need some auxiliary means of perfecting them in holiness. Purgatory is for the benefit of second-class Christians.

At the same time, we have no doubt that the highest forms of Christian character are realised far more commonly than is often supposed. "Saints," in the ordinary sense of the term, are more numerous than calendars say. If long experience of Christian life brings us the knowledge of inconsistency and unfaithfulness, it also discovers more cases of Christ-like living than many of us dream. The perfect lives which were exceptional in Old Testament days are now common. Enochs, Abrahams, Elijahs, Pauls, and Johns are no longer the rare products of grace they once were. The Christian age is richer in self-sacrificing love, in spiritual heroism, in "the work of faith and patience of hope and labour of love" than any age of the past. Thus, even as to practice, in the raised moral tone of the world, in higher attainment and still higher aims, the prophet's vision has been abundantly verified. The gain of good upon evil, of love upon hate and cruelty, of reason upon brute force, has been immense.

The raising of the Church's life to the highest level is of the first importance. Here is the secret of its success in all aggressive work. Low moral tone means clouded vision and lessened energy; intense spiritual life in all its members means the maximum of courage and progress. The Church's power is in exact proportion to its realised holiness, because a Church entirely sanctified is a Church in which God dwells and works without hindrance. All growth in holiness means additional influence for good on the world. Hence the supreme importance of the Scripture standard of holiness being sedulously kept before the Church. Even if attainment were doubtful, we must as Christians aim at the highest. The goal set before us is our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. But we know that attainment is not doubtful. To hunger and thirst after righteousness is to be satisfied. As sure as we forget the things that are behind and stretch forward to the things that are before, we reach what we desire. "The pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." All shall seek and attain to the supreme levels of spiritual life. There shall be no higher and lower, no first and last; the best shall set the standard for all. The Church, outgrowing its days of weakness and failure, shall be without spot or wrinkle, and so respond to the love and fulfil the purpose and reflect the glory of its Saviour and Lord. Then the ideal Church shall be the real Church, and God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.



"GOOD-NIGHT!" SHE SAID.

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

A Complete Story.



"GOOD-NIGHT!" she said.

Her voice was clear and very refined. For more years than he cared to count no such voice as this one had spoken to the man. That clear intonation, that vibrating tone, that ring of something fresh and hopeful, carried his thoughts back to days and places which he thought and hoped he had long ago forgotten. From some hidden corner of his memory they came trooping back, called out of their hiding places under the dust and *debris* in his mind by the voice of a passer-by who had only said "Good-night!"

The loafer pulled himself into a more upright position against the parapet of the bridge, and peered through the murky dimness to watch the girl's vanishing form. He had not seen her face, he had not even observed her approach, nor heeded her rapid, light footstep, until she was actually passing him, until her voice fell on his ears. Now it was in vain that he craned forward to catch any glimpse of her that would enable him to recognise her, if chance should throw her across his path again.

Across *his* path? Pshaw! It was out of the question that chance could perform any such feat, seeing that to-night was the time he had chosen to take his fate into his own hands once and for all, and put an end to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by bringing his profitless existence also to an end! Long before this time to-morrow he supposed they would have found him in the river, another unidentified being who had forcibly cut the knot of his own miseries, and under such circumstances it was highly improbable that he would ever again have an opportunity of seeing the girl, who was fast vanishing amongst the shadows on the north side of the bridge. Nevertheless, his eyes strove to pierce the shadows, a faint hope that she might even turn and look back at him awoke in his breast. But she neither stayed her steps nor paused to look behind her. The only impression gathered of her by the man upon the bridge was of someone tall and slight and upright with the easy walk of one who walks well by Nature.

"Walks as if she couldn't help doing it," the man muttered. It was a carriage that oddly matched the clear, buoyant tones of her voice.

On the far side of the bridge the shadows seemed to thicken, and almost before the man had grasped the salient points of the woman's bearing the shadows had swallowed her up, and she passed for ever out of his ken.

His alert pose relaxed; he dropped back into his former listless position against the wall, trying to hark back to the thoughts and resolves that were in his mind before the girl's voice had struck across the foggy night air; striving to determine whether the first streak of dawn should witness the closing scene in the tragedy of his wasted life; struggling to push away from him the echoes that had been set ringing by the voice of a casual passer-by!

The bridge was very silent and deserted. Traffic had long since ceased; late stragglers had wandered by and gone home to bed an hour or more ago; and the policeman who, when he last crossed to the Surrey side of the river, had flashed his lantern suspiciously over the listless figure by the parapet, had not yet returned.

The only sounds audible were the usual sounds of a London night, intensified by the great stillness on the bridge. Railway whistles shrieked now and again; from the street up which the girl must have gone came the jangle of a hansom's bells, growing each second more and more indistinct; a dog barked in one of the slums by the riverside; and a child's wailing cry, muffled by distance and the fog, floated out upon the night.

Underneath the bridge the water lapped the stones, gurgling softly as the stream flowed swiftly between the piers. The tide was running out, the current was very strong; any object which might drop into it to-night from the parapet of the bridge would be carried very far down before——

The man had turned and was leaning over the wall, watching the swiftly-flowing stream, the tips of whose dark waves were touched with the light that fell in broken reflections from the Embankment lamps.

The dark swiftness of the water, the broken reflections of light fascinated him; but his thoughts were no longer as completely under his control as he could have wished.

He could not eject from his mind the memory of that girl's voice; the clear buoyancy of the tones lingered in his memory, and remembering them he smiled. After all, there must be some good in life, some hope, some chance, if anybody could speak with a voice so full of sunshine!

Then, too, she had spoken to *him*—to the man who felt himself an outcast, a pariah, one of Fate's derelicts; and the tone of her voice had implied a friendly recognition of him as a fellow-being with whom she was linked by some kind of fellowship.

The wonder of it lingered with him, and remembrance awoke.

The old garden of the country house? Was it the same as ever? The same as when a laughing, reckless boy had played upon its lawns, and climbed its trees, and wrought havoc amongst its trim borders!

The woman's form that rose out of the dim mists of memory must perforce have changed. Was it whitehaired now? And old and bent with the weight, less of years than of sorrow, because her prodigal son—her prodigal son——? There was the terrace where she was wont to sit and to walk, under the house over which the Virginia creeper must be crimsoning fast—where, perhaps, a late rose yet lingered—his mother's favourite flower, a Gloire de Dijon rose.

Upstairs there was the room that had once been the nursery. Perhaps the little empty cot stayed there still, in the corner by the fireplace, just as it had always stayed, long after the baby who had once been its occupant had passed from babyhood to boyhood, despising nursery things. Did she go into the nursery sometimes? Just to forget the son who had spoilt her life; to remember only the baby boy who had chuckled and cooed his happy greeting to her in those innocent days before he had learnt the way to break her heart?

Her voice, too, had been clear and fresh, buoyant with hope, vibrating with gladness, like—like the voice of the girl who had passed over the bridge!

Curse that girl for awaking this train of long silence memories! Curse her for stirring the ashes of the dead past into hideously vigorous life! Curse her for spoiling his game, for hindering that cutting of the knot—for preventing——

Preventing? He laughed faintly. No, she should not *prevent* the carrying out of his resolve, however tiresomely she had hindered its prompt fulfilment. But prevention? That was anothe thing. No one should prevent his doing what he chose with his own life and fate. He would end both in his own time—in his own way.

And that other woman with the voice like the girl's? Was she asleep at this very moment in the big bedroom whose windows looked out across the beech tree on the lawn, to the down along which the white road wound its way? "Mother's room," in which no impetuous intruder was unwelcome, where mother was always ready to greet one, in the voice that—the voice that——

Asleep there now, no doubt; possibly dreaming, as mothers dream, of the little feet that had beaten their music upon her knees, of the little hands that had clutched at her gown; of the eager voices to whose clamorous demands she had never been deaf. Dreaming of the baby boy whose manhood had brought her heartache; dreaming all this whilst a loafer in loafer's rags leant over Westminster Bridge, waiting for the first streak of dawn to let the river end it all!

Well! What, anyhow, was a girl of that class and kind doing by herself on Westminster Bridge in the middle of the night? Her people ought to look after her better; ought to see that she was not wandering about London alone, and a prey to any evil-minded night-



"The wonder of it lingered with him, and remembrance awoke."

birds lurking in the darkness. Well, and what if she was in charge of a factory girls' club somewhere Lambeth way? A probable enough solution of her presence. Still, a girl with that carriage and that voice had no business to be alone on Westminster Bridge long after midnight, spoiling the legitimate end of a spoilt life!

Her voice had set chords vibrating that refused to be silenced.

He had not kept the letter! Why should its words stand before his eyes to-night in letters of fire? It was monstrous that because of a stranger's voice he should recall that letter torn into tiny fragments and scattered to the winds long and long ago.

"Come back to me, my dear boy; come back to me.'

The hand that wrote the words must have shaken as it wrote, for the usually firm lines were wavering and uncertain; the last word was blotted and blurred, as if——

Go back? The idea was preposterous! His hand mechanically went to the fastenings of his coat, buttoned tightly to the chin to hide the fact that a tattered shirt was the only garment below it.

Impossible to go back without a waistcoat! He touched his neck, round which a handkerchief was loosely knotted, and without a collar too! Impossible—utterly impossible!

And his boots? He tried to catch a glimpse of them through the gloom, but in order to remember that they were full of holes and trodden out of all recognition, it was quite unnecessary to see them. He could feel the cold paving stones through their inadequate soles.

Yet mothers—somebody said mothers—were a race apart; they would not be affected by a mere question of clothes. Mothers were not influenced by such considerations. They never bore malice; they never forgot. "And a sword shall pierce thine own heart also."

Who had forged the sword which pierced the heart of that woman who walked on the terrace where blossomed the Gloire de Dijon roses? Had her voice lost all its buoyant hopefulness because of the pain of that piercing? And then, besides everything else, he had no money to take the train for the little country station nearest to the house where the Virginia creeper must by now be blood-red; and to tramp the twenty miles was—was——

"Well, what was it? Utter insanity, or deepest wisdom?

To tramp out of this hungry city that devoured the souls and bodies of weak fools such as he; to see the dew lie heavy on country fields—the dawn break over hazel copses; to hear the calling of birds across the woodland when daylight came; to watch the sun leap up from a horizon bounded, not by streets of dreary houses, but by dim blue hills. Curse——

He drew himself away from the parapet, and turned his eyes towards the east, where as yet was no promise of dawn. What had possessed that girl to pass across the bridge to-night? Still more, what had induced her to speak to one of the submerged—a miserable wretch, who might, for all she knew, have flown at her to rob and murder her?

"Good-night!" she said; that was all. Only "Good-night," in a voice that held all the promise of youth and hope and gladness.

Curse——

No, O God! No—not curse her! Bless her—bless her—bless her, for that second's tender thought towards a man who had come through hell, and was facing the great unknown. Bless her!

The man lifted his torn and battered hat, his eyes looked away from the murky shadows and the swiftly flowing river towards the deep sky overhead.

"Bless her!" he said aloud.

The returning policeman watched him keenly, suspicious of that strangely uplifted hat, of the murmured words he could not quite hear.

"Time you was moving on," he said, not unkindly, his lantern's rays flashing up and down the deplorable wreck of humanity. "Got somewhere to sleep, to-night?"

"Not to-night." The policeman started at the refined accents of the man's voice. "I've got a bit of a walk before me to-night. To-morrow I shall be at home. My mother's waiting for me at home."

With a smile on his lips, the man moved away across the bridge to the Surrey side of the river, stepping out with a new manliness, his face set toward the open country where a new day was soon to begin—the day that would bring him to country fields and breezy uplands; the morrow that would find him—at home.

* * * * * *

Yet she had only said "Good-night."

HYMNS: AND THEIR LIFE-STORIES.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

"The whole life of the Patristic Church is in the 'Te Deum'; the whole awfulness and pathos of the Middle Ages is in the 'Dies Iræ'; the whole Gospel of Evangelicalism is in 'Rock of Ages.'"—JOHN ELLERTON.



"ONE of the great merits of hymns," the present Prime Minister of England has written, "lies in the associations which attach to them." To every burst of sacred song it must add a value and a poignancy when we discover at what point it has touched some striving, or suffering, or triumphant human life. Doubly precious would the Psalm-Book of the Hebrews be to us, if scholars could exchange reasonable conjecture for certainty as to the "hymn" which the Master and His disciples sang on the supreme night of history. We should like to know what were the "praises" uplifted by Paul and Silas from the stocks at Philippi, just as in later centuries Madame Guyon composed some of her sweetest lyrics in the cells of the Bastille, or Adoniram Judson made melody in the prisons of Burmah, or Samuel Rutherford, confined for conscience' sake within the dungeons of St. Andrews, told how "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

Of the Psalms, those noble progenitors of the hymns of Christendom, Baldwin Brown well wrote that they "have rolled through the din of every great European battlefield, they have pealed through the scream of the storm in every ocean highway of the earth. Drake's sailors sang them when they clave the virgin waves of the Pacific. They floated over the waters on that day of days when England held her Protestant freedom against Pope and Spaniard. They crossed the ocean with the *Mayflower* pilgrims; they were sung round Cromwell's camp-fires, and his Ironsides charged to their music." Not only in English military crises, as when the Lord Protector exclaimed: "Let God arise!" at the battle of Dunbar, have the Psalms been prevalent. It was the same chant of triumph which helped Henry of Navarre and his Huguenots to win, in 1589, a fight near Dieppe, in which they were outnumbered. "Lift the psalm," cried the King to his attendant pastor; "it is full time." Like two iron wedges, Henry's soldiers, few but strong, and singing as they went, split the hosts of the League, and when the psalm was raised the fog suddenly cleared away from a fort which commanded the position, so that the gunners could take aim.

And to select only two instances out of many, the Psalms have sombre as well as jubilant associations. Froude tells us that Darnley, during the dark and mysterious hours before his murder at Kirk-o'-Fields, was said to have read over the Fifty-fifth Psalm, which, by a strange coincidence, happened to come in the English service for February 10th, 1567. When one remembers the black suspicions which have always attached to the Queen, there would be a sinister significance in the words, "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend." That grand burial psalm, the ninetieth, can seldom have been recited amidst surroundings more sublime than when the young clergyman Hudson was killed on the Matterhorn in 1865. Canon McCormick, one of the search-party, was retelling the sad old story only last year. "Imagine us standing," said the friend who read the service from the dead man's Prayer Book, "in the centre of a snowfield, with that awful mountain above us, under a cloudless sky, in the very sight, as it were, of the Almighty. 'Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.'"

Almost the earliest authentic account we have of the introduction of hymns into Christian worship has a romantic side. Augustine tells us how the Arian mother of the reigning Roman Emperor endeavoured to depose orthodox Ambrose from his bishopric at Milan. The devoted congregation rallied round their beloved bishop, and kept guard in the great church. It was during these faithful but weary vigils that, as St. Augustine relates, hymns were first appointed to be sung, lest the people should faint through sorrow. The effect which he describes upon himself by these hymns and canticles has been shared with him by millions of worshippers since. "I was moved to tears. The voices flowed into my ears; the truth distilled into my heart, and I was helped."

It is a long step (and one traverses more than centuries) from Augustine to Martin Luther; but the hero of Wittenberg and of the Reformation was a mighty man of music. Stories



"'Let me play one more tune.'"

abound of his belief in its influence, and of his susceptibility to its power. During the Diet at Augsburg he once fainted from strain and mental exertion; but as soon as he was brought round, he said to his friends, "Come, let us defy the devil, and praise God, by singing the hymn, 'Out of the depths I cry to Thee.'" An anecdote of his favourite production, "Dear Christian people now rejoice," provokes a pardonable smile, in spite of the laudable and Teutonic gravity with which it is always told. A large congregation had met together in the church of St. Bartholomew at Frankfurt, where some princes, recent adherents of the Reformed Faith, desired to have a service in accordance with the Protestant religion. A Roman Catholic priest, however, had previously gained possession of the pulpit, from which he proceeded to promulgate many exceedingly unpalatable views. When the patient audience could endure the infliction no longer, an adventurous voice struck up "Dear Christian people," and the hymn, swelling to a thunderous volume, finally drove the baffled Papist out of church. But it is perhaps Luther's hymn, "A sure stronghold our God is He," which has enshrined the most varied and pathetic German associations. The composer is said to have sung it each day to his lute, and its heartening words were for ever upon the lips of the populace. It cheered Melanchthon after Luther's death, to hear it trilled by a girl's voice, as he was wandering in the streets at Weimar. Gustavus Adolphus had it chanted by his soldiers before his victory over the Catholics at Leipzic, and its strains more than two hundred years later cheered on the German army in many moments of discouragement during the campaign against France.

In "Cassell's History of the Franco-German War" we read how the day after Sedan some of the victorious troops were too wearied to march to Paris, and too excited, it would seem, to sleep, billeted as they were in the parish church of Augecourt. It was a happy thought of a musical sympathiser to steal to the organ and to strike up the old loved words of Luther, which were as life-blood to the spent and harassed men. They listened awhile; their hearts were soothed and their nerves steadied, and they sank upon the stone floor into the slumber they needed so sorely. It would be hard to find a prettier hymn-story of the land of Luther than an adventure of which we hear just after the Thirty Years' War. A poor musician at Hamburg, named George Neumark, who lived by his violin, fell into sickness and poverty, and was compelled to part with his cherished instrument for a sum far below its value, to a rapacious Jew. "Let me play one more tune," he asked, as he fingered the strings lovingly and with tears. "Of all the sad hearts that have left your door, there has been none so sad as mine." He began the

words and tune of one of his own hymns, "Life is weary—Saviour take me." After a stanza or two the plaintive notes changed, and with a smile of resignation upon his face, he made his violin sing forth another of his melodies—"Yet who knows? The Cross is precious!" As he laid his bow down and rushed into the night, he ran against a man who had been listening at the door, enraptured by the hymnody. Neumark's unsuspected hearer was in the employ of the Swedish Ambassador, whom he persuaded to relieve the youth's necessities, and to enable him to take back his violin. Good fortune followed rapidly on the heels of evil, and George Neumark, whose beautiful hymns were most popular among his countrymen, became librarian of the Archives at Weimar.

Of the modern hymns familiar to us in our own places of worship and in our homes, the most precious must always be those which have spoken special comfort to us and to those whom we love; but it is instructive to observe their influence in wider and more remote spheres. Among the tens of thousands to whose faltering lips "Rock of Ages" has risen in their last moments, must be numbered the father of King Edward VII. "If in this hour," he said, "I had only my worldly honours and dignities to depend upon, I should be poor indeed." Dean Farrar has described—not in his fiction—the consolation which this hymn was to a lad dying from an accident. He asked his young sister to sing it to him, and his spirit seemed to depart just upon the line, "When mine eyelids close in death." An appropriateness is added to the grand and familiar prayer, "O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand," when we are aware that it was the chosen companion of Livingstone during his lonely travels in Africa, and that it was used at his funeral at the Abbey. Gladstone and Gordon were men of diverse characters, and the chief historic link which binds their great memories is not the happiest, but the lion-heart that died for England at Khartoum prepared itself by that same hymn, "Praise to the Holiest in the height," which was the continual solace of the Christian statesman in his long-deferred but painful passing. We all love Dr. Neale's tale of the sick child who would stay quite still amid bitter pain to listen to the whole four hundred lines of Bernard of Cluny's immortal rhapsody about "Jerusalem the golden." The translator might well be proud of such a triumph. It is touching to think that Sir Henry Baker, to whom we owe "The King of Love my Shepherd is," went peacefully out of the world with the lines upon his lips, "And on His shoulder gently laid, And home rejoicing brought me." When we upraise "The Sower went forth sowing" at our harvest festivals, to the tune "St. Beatrice," it is solemnising to reflect that Sir Frederick Bridge named the melody after his little daughter, beside whose dying bed the music was composed. Those baby words, which so many mothers have taught their children, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night," were written by a young lady, Mrs. Duncan, a couple of years or so after her marriage. Two or three months later she died from pneumonia before she could ever have heard her own little ones prattle her hymn. Speaking of children's hymns, Mrs. Alexander thought out "There is a green hill far away" while she was nursing the daughter of a parishioner. The patient, fortunately, recovered, and always regarded this poetic gem as in some way her particular property. Two ladies in a country house were spending a vigil of terrible anxiety by the couch of a girl who had met with a dangerous injury. The last ray of hope seemed to sink out of their hearts as the agonised night shuddered at last into the grey dawn. They will never forget how, from the nursery near at hand, was suddenly heard ringing through the house the clear fresh voice of their charge's little brother, singing as he sat up in bed, "Now the dreary night is done, Comes at last the glorious sun." A glow of new confidence revived the spirits of the watchers, and the happy augury was fulfilled. Hymns, there can be no question, have often struck the first true Gospel note in hearts which more elaborate admonitions have failed to stir. We can credit the report of one who watched a young man weeping with gratitude beside H. F. Lyte's grave at Nice, because he was conscious that his first hope in the Redeemer had come from "Abide with me."

Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am" has many fruitful memories. A torn and dirty piece of paper was once held up by a waif in the street to a New York city missionary. It turned out to be a mangled page from a leaflet containing the precious verses. "Please, sir," begged the urchin, "will you give father a clean bit like this? Sister was always singing it when she was ill, and we found it in her pocket—afterwards. She wanted father to get a clean bit, and have it stuck in a frame to look at."

A sailor who could not read, and who knew

next to nothing of his Bible, found himself face to face with a death for which he was unprepared. It was the chance recollection of the line, "He was slain for us," which, associating itself with some Sunday school teaching of his childhood, at least suggested God's plan of salvation, and kept his lonely soul from going down into the utter darkness. Another hymn by Isaac Watts, "Not all the blood of beasts," is the pivot of the curious conversion of a Jewish lady, once affluent, whom a colporteur discovered poverty-stricken and deserted by her Hebrew husband in the East-End of London. The first verse, which she came upon accidentally, among some waste-paper, possessed her, and she had no peace till she had convinced herself, by a study of the Scriptures, of the truth of the Christian Faith, for the sake of which she was compelled to sacrifice her worldly all. We have a vivid remembrance of the impression made upon us in our own extreme youth through the casual recitation by a guest of Miss Cary's exquisite stanza :—

"Nearer my Father's home,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea."

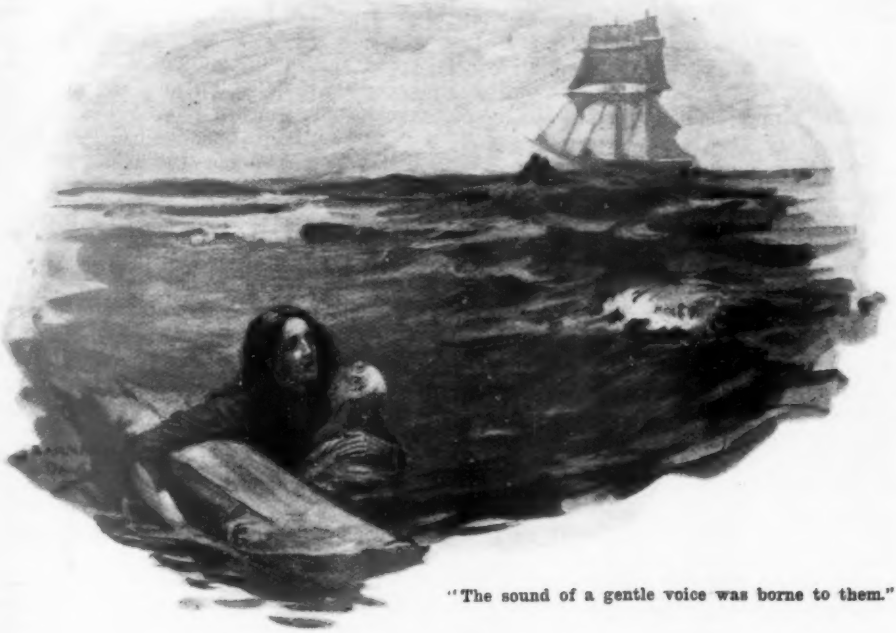
Two Americans, one young, the other of middle age, were drinking and card-playing in a Chinese gambling house. While the elder was shuffling the pack, the boy unconsciously began to sing some of these words in a low voice. In his absen-mindedness he did not even know afterwards what he had been humming. But his companion was recalled to thoughts of holier and happier days. Flinging the cards on the floor, he exclaimed, "Take back your money, lad. I have done my last gamble." The eye-witness from whom the story came had opportunities of observing that this speedy and strange reformation was lasting.

Visitors to the Metropolitan Tabernacle in Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's later days may remember the magnificent effect when the massed thousands would rise and sing, with no accompaniment, Mrs. Conder's "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing." The authoress records that she has had many cheering evidences of the good which this evangelical outpouring has accomplished She has heard of a young officer dying in India, and sending home his Bible with this hymn gummed within the cover, as a token for those who lamented him, of what had brought him reconciliation and peace. "Thank you for making that hymn," a correspondent wrote, "for it was those words which saved me. I was a lost woman, and I have stolen and lied; but that hymn seemed to reach my very soul, and I feel the burden of guilt removed." For ourselves, whenever upon a winter Sunday evening we give out "Showers of blessing" at a crowded church in the Midlands, our memory harks back across the years to a yet larger congregation at Newington Butts, and we seem to see, standing in front of his platform, the bent, pained figure of the mightiest Baptist, save one, who ever prepared the way of the Lord.

It must be with mingled feelings of humility and joy that a writer listens to one of his hymns which has passed during his own lifetime into the heritage of Christendom. Bishop Heber said that he once heard a composition sung by his native converts at Meerut more finely than ever he had in England. The authorship of hymns may have its lighter aspect. The Rev. G. R. Prynne has told the tale against himself that he heard with some natural pleasure the incumbent of the Protestant church at Rome give out his hymn, "Jesu meek and gentle," when he was helping in the service He discovered afterwards that the clergyman was perfectly ignorant that he was the author. A curate of our acquaintance once ventured to hand a book to the late benignant Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, at a church opening, while his Sunday hymn, "O Day of rest and gladness," was being rendered. The gesture of refusal, fine and courtly, seemed nevertheless to imply, "Do you suppose, young man, that I want a book for my own hymn, or do you mean to say that you are not aware *I* wrote it?"

With those who go down to the sea in ships hymns have many solemn and striking associations. Of all the life-stories which have clustered round Charles Wesley's world-famed "Jesu, Lover of my soul," we will only tell how, several years ago, a father got separated from his wife and baby daughter during the confusion caused by an outbreak of fire in their ship as they were nearing Liverpool. Mother and child failed to reach the boats; they were carried overboard and drifted far out into the Irish Channel, the woman clinging to a fragment of wreck, with her infant clasped to her breast. At last the crew of a passing vessel sighted the floating object, which they hardly supposed could be a human being. But as the sailors who were sent to investigate approached, the sound of a gentle voice was borne to them upon

the breeze—"While the gathering waters roll, While the tempest still is high." The family was subsequently reunited in America. A friend has furnished us with the following personal experience. He was attending a Sunday evening service at a small fishing town on the north coast of Yorkshire. In the middle of the sermon the bell of the lifeboat rang; the Vicar closed his discourse, pronounced



"The sound of a gentle voice was borne to them."

the blessing, and dismissed the congregation, who all hurried to the wind-swept, wave-lashed shore. By a vivid flash of lightning the lifeboat was seen pushing forth upon her errand of mercy; and, as though moved by one instantaneous and united impulse, the spectators burst into the hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save."

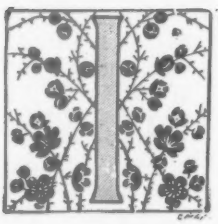
Few poets have been more widely contrasted in their life-stories, their talents, and their destinies than John Newton and William Cowper, the joint writers of the Olney Hymns, a first edition of which, dated 1779, happens to be lying at our hand. They were a strangely assorted pair—the converted, swearing slave-dealer and pirate, and the gentle, morbid, and at times partially insane, recluse. Each was in love with his cousin, and the one married, but not the other. We only need to glance through a few pages of this Olney Hymn Book to see that, while the industry and good intention were Newton's, the poetry was decidedly Cowper's. But it is possible to bear much indifferent verse for the sake of "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," or, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," a hymn which has been both detested and adored; a hymn which C. H. Spurgeon cared for above all, and which is engraved upon that tombstone in Norwood Cemetery, where his wife has been lately laid by his side. Infinite are the pathos and reality contained in Mrs Browning's verses on "Cowper's Grave":—

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing;
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while you were smiling!"

Of the finest hymn-writers it is true that (as one of them has said), their hymns have been "pressed out of them by the Cross."

INDIAN SUMMER.

A Complete Story by Nora O'Mahony.



IT was a glorious noonday in mid-October, one of those rare days in which autumn seems to have cast aside her customary dull and russet garments and put on the summer's most radiant golden raiment in their place.

To Major John Lister, sauntering through a shady path in the Phœnix Park, the day had a peculiar charm. He had just returned to his native country after an absence of nearly twenty years, during which time he had travelled through many lands. As he looked about him, drinking in the fragrance and beauty of the autumn day in full measure, he thought that, after all, there was no place in the world like this dear old Ireland.

He was a handsome man, six feet high and built in proportion; well-tailored, excellently groomed, he looked quite a young man still, for all his forty-five years, and a tell-tale iron-grey head and moustache.

He took a seat at last under the shadow of a huge chestnut tree, throwing away a half-smoked cigar as he did so. There were already two other occupants of the seat—a young girl and a very small boy, a restless little creature who could, indeed, be hardly said to be the occupant of any place for any length of time. In his blue sailor suit and straw sailor hat, hunting for chestnuts through the withered leaves, which he kicked delightedly with his little feet, sending them flying in a cloud about him, he seemed to the major's amused eyes more like an elf than anything human.

Suddenly the little fellow ran over and climbed upon the major's knee in the most intimate and confident way imaginable.

"Do *you* like chestnuts?" he asked, looking up at the man, with blue eyes which held not the faintest trace of shyness.

"I used to, when I was a little boy," the major answered gently.

"That was a werry long time ago, I suppose. Where was I then? Did God have me then?"

The major laughed.

"I suppose He had, little man," he said.

The girl looked at the major with a deprecating smile, half apologetic for the child's intrusion. What was it about her eyes, and in the soft mouth, with its beautiful curves and short upper lip, that brought back old memories with a sudden sharp pang at his heart?

Those eyes were Mary's eyes, that mouth was Mary's mouth—the Mary Gray he had loved twenty long years ago, who had died of consumption within twelve months of his departure for India. Her death had made a barrier against his coming back to Ireland during all those years, and had turned the huge fortune which a relative bequeathed to him afterwards into Dead Sea fruit. He thought he had forgotten, but the pain of it came back now as sorely as ever, and mists rose before his eyes.

Presently an old lady, leading a very fat pug dog by a string, came and took possession of the one vacant space beside him. The girl rose to go, and, calling the boy to her, went swiftly away across the green park.

His eyes followed her blue gown and the boy's sailor hat, twinkling in and out through the foliage, till they were at last irrevocably hidden beyond the woods. Then his eyes went to earth once more. He saw only the withered leaves, emblems of hopes long dead. All the sunshine and the summer seemed to have gone; the wind suddenly grew chill, the sky became overcast.

With an effort he tried to cast aside his sudden depression. He made half-hearted advances to the pug, who would not notice them, but looked superciliously, with a very bored expression, around the landscape, that had suddenly grown bleak. A drop of rain fell. The old lady hastily unfurled an umbrella, and rose to go. As she went off, carrying her beloved pug sheltered under her arm, the major saw a parcel on the seat beside him.

He took it up and ran after her.

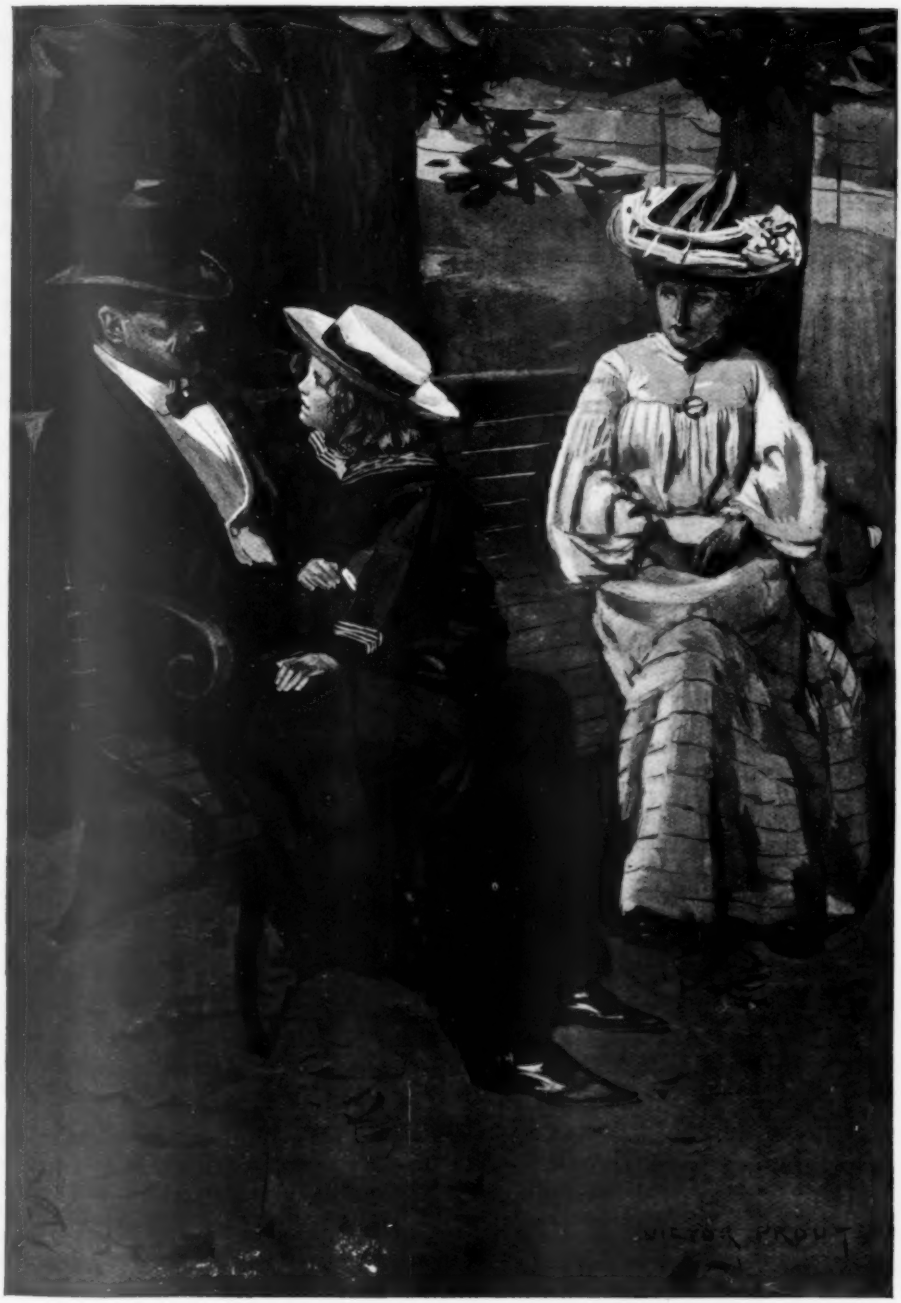
"Pardon me, madam," he said, lifting his hat. "You have forgotten this."

"No, sir, thank you, it's not mine. I thought it belonged to you," she answered.

"It isn't mine," he said, mystified.

"Then doubtless the young lady who went away left it," she said, and, bowing her acknowledgments, she sailed off, leaving him in doubt what to do with his new-found possession.

Clearly it belonged to the young lady, and



"'I used to, when I was a little boy.'"

the obvious thing to do was to give it up to the police. But that was the last thing that he contemplated doing. He had suddenly become possessed of an overwhelming desire to see the girl in the blue gown once more, to look into her eyes, and hear her thank him with her beautiful lips.

Perhaps he might find her address, or some clue to it, in the parcel, he thought. He opened it slowly, with reluctance.

Within its brown paper wrappings and another inner wrapping of tissue paper, lay three lace fans, beautiful, filmy, transparent things, hand-painted in delicate designs of wild roses, woodbine, and clematis. He turned them over, looking in vain for any name or even initial to guide him; there was nothing. He fastened them up reverently, with a discouraged air.

That evening he sent to each of the daily papers an advertisement of the lost fans; but the very next morning, as he looked over the columns of his own morning paper, his eyes were caught by another advertisement, just above his own. It ran:

"Left on a seat in Phœnix Park, Thursday, the 14th inst., a parcel containing three hand painted fans. Small reward offered. Finder will please communicate with Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Laburnum Cottage, C——."

The name of the village was that of a place lying beyond the outskirts of the Park.

The major ate a very hasty breakfast that morning. It seemed to his man Morris that his master was unusually and somewhat unnecessarily particular as to the manner of his toilet. By half-past ten he had mounted a car, and was driving rapidly in the direction of the Phœnix Park, his precious parcel grasped in his hand. It was an unconscionable hour, of course, to call on ladies; but he felt he must restore that parcel and relieve their anxiety at the earliest possible moment.

The door of Laburnum Cottage was opened by a trim maid-servant, who, on being told that he wished to see Mrs. Fitzmaurice, showed him into a tiny drawing-room. In the few minutes in which he had to wait he had time to observe his surroundings. Despite the well-worn carpet and old-fashioned furniture, the room had a daintiness and artistry all its own. Beautiful pictures, quaint bits of china, flowers, and growing plants, all contributed to make it lovely and homelike. He thought of Mary and all he had missed, and a sigh escaped him as the door opened softly and Mrs. Fitzmaurice entered.

"You wished to see me," she began; then stopped and stared at him. "Why, Jack! Jack Lister! *Is* it you?" she cried in astonishment, taking both his hands in hers and shaking them heartily.

"It seems so," he answered, in bewilderment. Now he understood.

"You must be Clare Gray, who married Gerald Fitzmaurice and went to live in Galway some years before I went away. Why, to be sure: you are just the same Clare, very little changed during all those years. I had better not say how many, I suppose," he added, as she pointed reprovingly to her own white hair.

"And you! You look almost as boyish as ever," she said, returning the compliment. "And what have you been doing with yourself ever since? Sit down now, and tell me all about it, about yourself."

"There is not very much to tell," he said deprecatingly. "Five years at Aldershot and ten in India account for the greater part of it. I was a year in Egypt, and after that had two years' campaigning in South Africa, where, like most other fellows, I had a rough time of it: got shot twice, then had fever. I retired this year, and came home to rest and look about me. It is my first visit to Ireland for twenty years, since——"

He stopped, and they looked into each other's faces sadly.

"Ah, yes!" she sighed. "Poor Mary! You aren't married, are you?"

"No, I never married, never felt tempted to, since. And you? How has the world been treating you?"

"I suppose one mustn't complain, but—but—I may tell an old friend like you—we haven't had an altogether prosperous time of it. Gerald, poor fellow, has been paralysed for the last three years. Of course, he had to give up his work, and lost a great part of what would have been his pension by doing so. We have lived here since his illness. It is so much quieter and cheaper than living in town. I have three boys and two girls to look after, too."

"That reminds me," he exclaimed, in some confusion. "Why, how stupid of me not to have said what brought me here!"

He drew the parcel from the depths of his great-coat pocket. "These are the fans which were lost. I happened to be sitting on the seat when your daughter—I suppose she is your daughter?—left them."

"Yes. That was Alice. She will be so glad

to have them back. Thank you so much Alice is a good girl, a clever girl too. I could not tell you what a help the dear child has been since her father's illness. She gives lessons every morning, besides painting fancy things for the shops—fans, Christmas cards, and that sort of thing. These were samples she had taken into the shops yesterday. She's rather lucky in getting orders," she added, as she touched the bell.

The servant appeared at the door.

"Tell Miss Alice to come down," Mrs. Fitzmaurice told her. "She will like to thank you in person," turning to him again.

Her daughter entered the room a moment later, and held out a friendly hand as her mother introduced the major and explained about his bringing back the fans.

"I almost feel as if I knew you already," she said. "It was so good of you to bring them back all this way. It was very stupid of me to forget them, and I'm sure mother and I ought to be very grateful to you."

"Alice, dear," her mother said. "Major Lister happens to be a very old friend of your father's and mine. I think it a great piece of good luck that has brought him back to be friends with us again."

The major thought so too. And when Mrs. Fitzmaurice asked him to dine with them on the following Sunday, which was really Alice's only day off work, he accepted eagerly.

After that it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Major Lister should spend every Sunday evening at Laburnum Cottage. It was a great boon to poor Gerald Fitzmaurice to have an old friend to talk to him, and soon the major felt quite at home with all the inmates of the cottage, with Fred and Charlie, Nora (a younger and darker-haired edition of Alice), and Barry, the three-year-old elfin sprite who had hunted for chestnuts that memorable day in the park, and who speedily became first favourite with the major.

No, not quite the first; for Alice, sweet, sensible, motherly Alice had from the beginning taken complete hold of his big lonely heart. Almost insensibly she had begun to fill the great void in his life, till by degrees the image of Mary, who was dead, had resolved itself into the image of the girl who was so like her.

There was a great difference in their ages, as he sometimes realised and with fear; but if the child could love him, what matter for that? He would be good to her, he would make her happy, he would win all she had to give him. There would be no need for the long hours of hard work, lessons, and painting, straining her dear, beautiful eyes over those poor little Christmas cards for a miserable few pence apiece. It would be a new sweetness in life to him now to think his hitherto useless wealth would bring joy and comfort to those old friends who belonged to the girl he loved.

One day on calling at the cottage he found Alice alone in the garden. It was early in December, and she was picking some sprays of holly with bright red berries, not for decoration as yet, but as seasonable models for painting. She looked up with a glad smile and just a suspicion of a blush as he came towards her.

"Always at work," he said, looking down tenderly at the sweet face, its pale cheeks tinged with the faintest wild-rose colour. "Will you never rest, little woman? You will make yourself pale and ill sitting all day over that tiresome painting."

"I haven't time to rest yet. I must get all I can done before Christmas. After that I'll have more easy times than I care for," she said, with a solemn little shake of her head. It hurt him to see it. She was getting far too wise and careworn for a child of her age.

"Alice, little sweetheart, will you be my wife?" he cried, impetuously, taking her hands in his. "I have loved you, dear, since the first day I saw you. Will you stoop to me? I am much too old for you—I know that—but I will be good to you and will do all I can to make you happy. Say you love me, dear one, just a little bit," he pleaded.

"I think I love you a great deal," Alice whispered, almost lower than he could hear. He caught her hands and kissed them, then drew her golden head to his heart, and held it closely there.

Suddenly a small figure in a sailor suit appeared before them, and looked up with an expression of the highest approval.

"Me and Alice both loves you, Major Lister," Barry said, in a shrill, small voice.

The major was too happy to be even annoyed at this interruption.

"Do you, Barry? How much do you love me?" he asked, lifting the child high in his arms.

"Two quarts," said Barry, who measured everything by the standard of his bosom friend the milkman; and with this magnificent assurance Major John Lister had to be for the moment satisfied.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

CHRYSOSTOM: III.—THE EXILE.

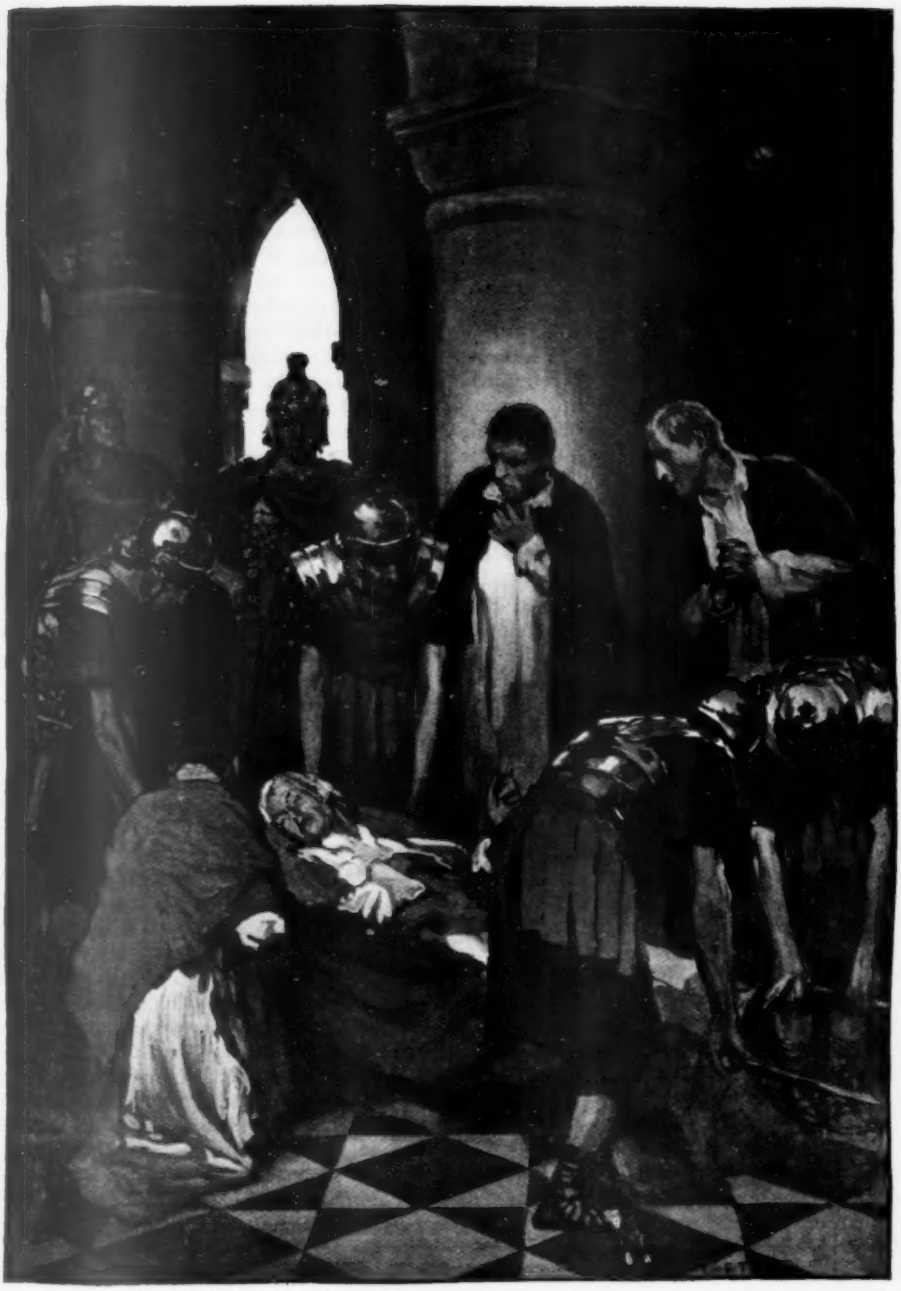
By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

THE sixth year of Chrysostom's archiepiscopate witnessed the formation of a formidable league against the stern ascetic. He had, indeed, with his uncompromising policy, excited strong and bitter hostile feeling. Many of his own clergy hated the stern prelate with an intense hate. His ideal life was, indeed, a very different one from theirs; and he made no secret of his determination to inflict punishment and degradation in the cases of those who deliberately refused to reform their lax and worldly way of living. Among this class of ease-loving clergy, Chrysostom was universally feared and disliked. Palladius, his friend, tells us "to them he was like a lamp burning before sore eyes," for he rigidly carried out in his own life the stern precepts he pressed upon others. He set an example to the worldly clergy of the city by giving up the greater part of his official revenues, and by living with studied frugality, and by declining altogether to mix in the Society of the capital. But he had deeply offended other members of his order, besides those clergy in the city with whose luxurious living and doubtful morality he was so deeply grieved. Presuming upon the uncertain supremacy which was possessed by his Metropolitan see, he had listened to grave complaints made against the Bishop of Ephesus and certain Asian prelates, and considering the charges proved, had not hesitated to depose several of these Bishops who were accused of simony and other grave offences. These deposed prelates and their friends determined to bring about his fall.

But by far the most dangerous members of the league thus formed against the Archbishop, were the powerful leaders of Society and the Court party, headed by the Empress Eudoxia. These considered themselves personally aimed at and insulted in the brilliant and popular sermons of Chrysostom. These various hostile factions found an able and willing helper in Theophilus, the Archbishop of Alexandria, ever the deadly, jealous enemy of Chrysostom, who, it will be remembered, in the first instance had strongly opposed his election to the Metropolitan see.

Theophilus came to Constantinople, and, under the protection of the imperial Court, in the neighbouring Chalcedon, in a suburb called the "Oak," assembled a synod packed with prelates bitterly hostile to Chrysostom. This synod presumed to sit in judgment on the Archbishop of Constantinople, and deliberated upon a number of charges brought against him, charges mostly frivolous, and some of them absolutely false. Naturally, Chrysostom refused to plead before such a "packed" and unfair tribunal, contenting himself with protesting, with imprudent eloquence, against his foes in his pulpit in the Cathedral. "What have I to fear?" he exclaimed, in one of these discourses. "Is it death? You all know that Christ is my life, and that for me to die is gain. Is it exile? Surely the whole earth is the Lord's. Is it the loss of my worldly goods? Surely we brought nothing into this world; it is certain we can carry nothing out. I fear no loss of goods, no exile, no death. I only care to live that I may help you, my people; and you know well what is the true reason of all this bitter enmity against me? It is that I have hung my house with no rich hangings; that I wear no robes woven with silver or gold; that I have never flattered any, never spoken soft and pleasant words? Yes; the descendants of Queen Jezebel still survive among us. God's grace still wars for Elijah. Herodias, too, is with us. Again she dances, and claims as her guerdon the head of John."* Some have questioned the authenticity of these terrible words. *Something*, however, was certainly uttered by Chrysostom, most likely the very words above quoted, which enabled his enemies in the synod to charge him with having used

* The authenticity of the "Homily" containing these celebrated words has been questioned. Some writers, too, place it somewhat later in Chrysostom's life—viz., after his return from his first short exile—when Eudoxia had erected the silver statue of herself in the square in front of St. Sophia. Villemain and Thierry, writing quite lately, however, place it here, during the sitting of the synod of "the Oak," and assume without question the authenticity of the allusions so insulting to the Empress.



THE DYING CHRYSOSTOM.—*p.* 1068.

treasonable expressions against the person of the Empress. He was condemned, deposed, and arrested, and, as a prisoner of State, was hastily removed from the city.

Deep was the indignation of the people of Constantinople when the news of the arrest and exile of the loved Archbishop became known. The various churches were thronged by the crowds praying for their friend. A great concourse gathered round the palace demanding his restoration. A terrible shock of earthquake, which almost immediately followed the arrest, changed the whole aspect of things. The Empress was terrified at the portent which she interpreted as a sign of the wrath of heaven at the removal of Chrysostom from the scene of his oratorical triumphs. The threatening aspect of the impulsive city showed how widely popular among the masses was the Archbishop. Eudoxia at once gave up the contest, and, indeed, personally interceded with the Emperor for the recall of Chrysostom from banishment, and the exile was forthwith hurried back; vast crowds, we read, welcomed him on his return. Theophilus of Alexandria, his deadly foe, secretly left Constantinople in the dead of the night, fearing the violence of the people. The proceedings of the synod of "the Oak" were solemnly declared illegal by an assembly of some sixty bishops; and once more Chrysostom resumed his position as Metropolitan of the chief see of the East.

Eudoxia for the moment was reconciled to the man she had hated and persecuted with so much rancour. But in less than two months the old enmity blazed up anew more fiercely than ever. Chrysostom, for his part, took no pains to conciliate the Court party, but renewed his strong invectives against the luxury of Society and the laxity of life too common among a portion of the clergy. The Empress especially incurred his wrath by sanctioning the erection of a silver statue of herself in the great square immediately in front of St. Sophia. The inauguration of this statue was celebrated with the noisy semi-pagan ceremonies which usually attended the adoration of a new imperial statue—a strange relic of the old pagan worship of the "divine emperors." The noise and tumult of the inauguration ceremonies disturbed the sacred services in the great Basilica. The indignant Archbishop denounced these proceedings, and once more the old feud between the Empress and the Archbishop disturbed the peace of the city. The many enemies of Chrysostom were emboldened to begin anew their intrigues. A hostile synod was hastily gathered together, and the decrees of the discredited Council of "the Oak" were reaffirmed. Serious disturbances also in the churches followed. Blood was shed, and many acts of violence were committed.

Arcadius, the Emperor, was eventually induced by the party of the Empress to sign a decree which deposed the Archbishop, and which banished him for ever.

Chrysostom, dreading any further popular tumult, and feeling it was hopeless to dispute the imperial order, inspired as it was by the irreconcilable hatred of the Empress and her party, quietly submitted to the sentence of banishment, and surrendered himself to the guards charged with the sad duty of escorting him to his place of exile. The last beautiful words spoken by the banished Archbishop to a group of his friends in Constantinople have been preserved. "Come, let us pray and say farewell to the Angel of the Church. At my own fate I can rejoice; I only grieve for the sorrows of the people."

An old man, Arsacius—he was eighty years of age—a person of no distinction, save that he was the brother of the late Metropolitan Nectarius—by the will of the Emperor Arcadius was at once elevated to the throne of the exiled and deposed Archbishop.

Chrysostom had been consecrated to the archbishopric early in the year 398. After a little more than six years he was unlawfully deposed and exiled about the middle of A.D. 404.

A few hours after the Archbishop and his guards had left the city a terrible fire broke out, which almost entirely destroyed the magnificent Basilica of St. Sophia and its priceless contents, the Senate House, and other buildings in the same great square. It was suspected that the disastrous conflagration was the work of incendiaries, and futile attempts were made to connect the exile and his friends with this grave calamity. All the clergy in Constantinople and other eminent persons of both sexes who refused to join in the anathema pronounced on the dethroned Archbishop, and who further declined to recognise the validity of his deposition, were exposed to bitter and relentless persecution.

In the meantime Chrysostom was strictly guarded at Nicæa, while his enemies were debating as to the place of his exile. The evidences of his extraordinary popularity with

the people, and the contempt with which his successor, Arsacius, was regarded, were manifested in the emptiness of the churches and by other unmistakable signs. It was decided to banish him to distant Cucusus, a poor desolate little town situated in a valley of the Taurus range, far away on the Cilician frontier. The climate of Cucusus was singularly unfitted for one who was weak and constantly ailing, being liable to great and sudden changes of temperature, intense heat and bitter cold rapidly alternating; it was also exposed to frequent raids of wandering robber Isaurians, who frequented the mountainous and exposed region. His guards, regardless of his ailing condition, hurried him across the hot plains of Central Asia Minor. Seriously ill, the illustrious prisoner arrived at Cæsarea, the chief city of Cappadocia. Many influential people received him with the deepest respect and kindness, but Pharetrius, the Bishop, was his implacable enemy, and withal a creature of the Court. While resting at Cæsarea, the sick man was harassed by the intrigues of Pharetrius, who stirred up a number of ignorant monks to attack the house where he had been received and entertained. The guards in charge, fearing for his safety, hurried their prisoner away, and continued the long and weary journey to Cucusus. Their orders were to avoid all towns, hoping thus to escape the demonstrations of regard which were so generally shown to the banished Archbishop. In the villages which were chosen for halting-places, often the only provision that could be found was hard and mouldy bread, and brackish, unwholesome water. Chrysostom suffered sadly from fever and a complication of maladies; but at length he reached the inhospitable goal of his long, weary journey, sick almost to death. But, strange to say, his feeble frame partially recovered, and for two to three weary years the old man disappointed his cruel adversaries, who were hoping that the end was near at hand.

From that desolate and dreary town, far away from the haunts of men, he carried on a notable correspondence with most of the leaders of the Church of the East and West, and he also received visitors from all parts of Asia, and even from distant Europe; while, to use the words of the famous historian of "The Decline and Fall," "every tongue repeated the praises of his genius and virtue, and the respectful attention of the Christian world was fixed on a desert spot among the mountains of Taurus." A considerable portion of these two or three last years of Chrysostom's eventful life was spent on a sick bed.

His restless energy, though, never failed him; the brave devout spirit which animated the dying body lives still in that famous correspondence which has come down to us, and which he carried on with monks and eminent persons in Syria, Phœnicia, and Egypt, with the Bishops of Rome and Carthage, Milan, Brescia, and Aquileia, and with various Christian ladies at Constantinople.

The letters to two of his correspondents at this time are especially memorable. Olympias had been, during his archiepiscopate, his dearest friend and helper. Once a great lady in Constantinopolitan Society, a possessor of vast riches, and of the highest rank, she had devoted her wealth and influence to the service of Chrysostom and the Church, and as a deaconess had been the most prominent of his helpers in his Cathedral. We have seventeen of his letters written to her in these sad days. Olympias, as the well-known friend of the exile, was cruelly persecuted, and the letters of her master breathed the loftiest spirit of hope and comfort. They bade his faithful disciple to take courage and faint not, remembering whence came all those earthly trials and sufferings. "Only one thing, Olympias," wrote the brave old man, "is really terrible; there is only one real trial—and that is sin. All things else—hate, calumny, confiscation of goods, exile, even the sword, endure but for a season; they are perishable, they last but for a little season, they only touch the mortal body, they do no injury to the watching soul. . . . He, Jesus Christ, is waiting. He will suddenly change the storm into a calm."

But the words of the noble and harried exile to Innocent I., Bishop of Rome, have had a more far-reaching effect than his beautiful and comforting letters to his friend the deaconess Olympias. His simple, touching appeal to the most prominent of the bishops of the West, moved Innocent to range himself on the side of the persecuted Chrysostom. The Roman prelate took upon himself to ignore the decrees of the iniquitous synods which had condemned Chrysostom, and he sternly reproved the conduct of the Archbishop of Alexandria, the evil Theophilus; and though his power, owing to the strained and jealous relations of the Courts of Honorius and Arcadius, the Western and Eastern Emperors, failed in securing the meeting of a general council of the Church which would have judged the cause of the injured Arch-

bishop of Constantinople, still, the appeal of the virtuous and innocent Chrysostom to the tribunal of the Bishop of the great Western see, and the determined and generous conduct of Innocent I., enormously increased the power of Rome, and were powerful factors in the subsequent rise of the Bishops of Rome to the position of commanding influence to which the prelates of that see eventually attained, when the old secular dominion of the Western Emperor was shattered.

It has been sadly remarked that the Catholic Church, after its general recognition in the fourth century, all through the Middle Ages has been strangely lacking in missionary zeal. Of the few great Church leaders who have been noble exceptions to this general forgetfulness of a very solemn and inescapable duty, Chrysostom in his day of power is a notable example. In his exile he continued these missionary efforts, and his adherents in various parts of the Christian world under his direction carried on missionary work, especially among the East Goths, in Arabia, and even in distant Persia.

Thus publicly, in various and varied spheres of activity, and privately over the souls of men and women, it is probable that the influence of Chrysostom was even greater in exile than it had been when he was the acknowledged Metropolitan of the capital of the East.

Suffering, baffled hopes, cruel persecution, constant sickness, purged that noble character of many of the faults which even his most enthusiastic admirers recognised as grave blemishes in his most brilliant days when he was *the* orator of the Christian Church. It was this widespread and ever-growing influence which determined his powerful enemies to subject him to a still more painful persecution, with the hope of bringing to a speedy end that busy, restless life, and the exile was banished to a yet more distant and inaccessible place of captivity. They ordered his removal to Pityus, a small and desolate place on the east of the Euxine, on the extreme frontier of the Empire.

Palladius, his faithful friend, to whom we owe so many details of the last years of the great life, tells us that secret instructions were given to the two prætorians who had the charge of the prisoner during his last sad journey, to hasten, if possible, his end. The rough soldiers seem to have too faithfully carried out their cruel orders. The old man, worn out by constant illness, was hurried along the rough mountain roads, now exposed to the rays of a fierce sun, now to drenching rain. At Comana in Pontus he was lodged for the night in the precincts of a little church where rested the remains of Basiliscus, who had suffered martyrdom in the reign of Maximin Daia. At night, so runs the story, Basiliscus stood by him and said, "Be of good cheer, my brother John. To-morrow we shall be together." The day following he begged to rest awhile, but was forced to proceed. Soon the burning fever which consumed him increased so alarmingly that the guards were compelled to retrace their steps to Comana. The dying Chrysostom was brought into the church of Basiliscus. He asked for some white garments, and then for the Holy Eucharist; and as he prayed the words "Glory to God in everything," his soul passed away. This was in the year 407.

* * * * * *

His remains were laid at Comana by the side of the martyr Basiliscus, but not for long. The world soon came to see how great a one had lived among them, and no honour was deemed too great for the poor ashes of that true saint of God, whom men had come to call "John of the Golden Mouth."

After some thirty years, with all reverence and honour they brought the dead back to the great city he loved so well, the city where that winning voice had so often pleaded for the poor and sad-eyed ones, which so often had urged men to live closer to God.

An enormous crowd, hushed with sorrow, received the coffin which held the mouldering remains of what once had been John Chrysostom. Emperor, senators, nobles—none were missing in that vast mourning throng. They brought him to that stately church of the Apostles, where the Emperors of the House of Constantine were laid, and in that lordly Basilica, with its storied memories, in a tomb by the side of the last resting-place of Arcadius and Eudoxia, his persecutors, they left the great dead to sleep.



"I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP."

By the Author of "Beneath the Banner."

I.

THE WANDERING SHEEP.

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd."



AL yawned.

"Don't want to learn no more," he said.

"Oh come, Hal, you are such a big boy now; you're over four years old," said Ella, "and big boys should be earnest and persevering. Why, you've been three days learning this verse.

"I don't understand it," said little Hal, still indifferent.

"Well, we will just read to the end of the verse, and then we can go for a little walk before breakfast."

Mother had only just sacrificed that long, curly hair, which had given her such joy to see. Many tears had been shed in secret when the golden ringlets were shorn off, but Hal rejoiced. "They hurted me with the comb," he said, "and I didn't like it, and I'm glad they're gone."

With the prospect of a little walk, Hal went on:

"I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam."

The eyes were still listless, and when he put down the book and tried to say it he stumbled continually.

Then sister Ella, who loved Hal, and knew it was no use driving him, put on his cap, and they went out in o the country lanes and both thoroughly enjoyed the lovely morning air.

It was only a little past seven o'clock, and no one was up yet. They were keeping holiday hours, and after having had a grand blackberrying excursion yesterday, the other children were tired.

"What a jolly time we're having in the country, aren't we, Ella?" asked Hal.

"Yes, dear; the weather is glorious, and it's just lovely down here."

"I don't want never to go back," said the little boy.

"Well, we've a whole three weeks yet."

"Oh, look at the sheep coming along. Aren't they pretty?"

A flock of sheep was being driven along the road, ewes and lambs together. Some of the ewes wore bells round their necks.

"How pretty it is to hear the bells, Ella. What are they for?"

"I suppose that's so that the shepherd may know where to find them if they stray."

"Oh, and look, Ella. There's a man with a lamb under his arm."

It was so. Old Mr. Slater, whom they had met before and liked very much, was driving the flock, and had a lamb under his arm. It was a dirty, miserable-looking little animal, muddy and wet.

"What has that poor little lamb been doing?" asked Ella.

"Oh," said the old man, "it's been wandering from the fold."

Hal pricked up his ears.

"Why, it's a wandering sheep."

"That's just it," said the old man. "This little one thought it would like to leave the fold and roam about all by itself. So it wandered off, and when its mother bleated it didn't pay any attention; it pushed its way through the hedge into the next field, and when I counted the lambs before taking them to another field it was missing. We had a fine search for it. We looked all over the field, but there was not a trace of it; then I noticed a little wool on the brambles, and saw it must have pushed its way through the hedge. So I went and looked on the other side, and there, dirty and cold and almost dead, I found the lamb. It was so faint and ill it couldn't walk, poor thing; but it will get over it presently.

"Poor little lamb," said Hal; "but how silly it was to go wandering alone."

"Yes, little master, it was," said the old man; "but lambs aren't the only things that are wayward. Even little boys wander at times."

On the way home Hal said:

"I'm not a wayward child, am I, Ella?"

"Sometimes you are, I'm afraid; but I'm sure you don't wish to be."

"Oh no; I wouldn't wish to be like that little lamb, all dirty and miserable."

"If you obey Father now you are young, you will not be a wandering sheep."

"Do you mean Dadda, or 'Father which art in Heaven?'" asked the boy.

"I was thinking of Dadda then; but our Father in Heaven is even nearer to us, and we can speak to him when we can't even speak to Father or Mother, because He is near us always."

"Not when we are all alone."

"Yes; when we're all alone, by day and by night, always; and if we go astray He seeks us and finds us just as the shepherd sought his little lamb."

"But we wouldn't get muddy and dirty like the little lamb, anyhow."

"Perhaps not; but the hymn speaks about the sheep being 'famished, and faint, and lone,' which means that it was hungry and tired and all alone, and I expect the lamb we saw was."

"Yes; but little children don't wander."

"Yes, they do sometimes; but the loving Father brings them back to His fold."

"I'll learn my hymn to-morrow quite by heart," said the boy. "I think it's a very nice hymn."

II.

THE WAYWARD CHILD.

ALTHOUGH Hal learnt his hymn perfectly, it wasn't quite at the time or in the way he intended.

There was great excitement in the household that day. News was brought that on the village green not far from the farm house at which they were spending their holidays, a fair would be held on the morrow.

The children went down with Ella and Aunt Bessie in the evening, and saw a scene of great commotion. There were grand preparations being made for the musical roundabouts, stalls were being put up, flocks of children stood peering and gaping, and chattering men and women were gathered together in groups talking about the fair and what was going to happen on the morrow.

The children were so excited they could scarcely be got to bed, and then only when they had made Dadda promise that they should go next day and ride on the roundabouts.

Next evening at tea Father said to them:

"Now, children, I'm going to take you to the fair; but you must all do exactly what you are told. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes, yes, yes," was the ready response.

The answer was quite unanimous. The elder boys, Arthur and Jack, shouted at the top of their voice. Ella didn't shout; she never did, and, besides, she was such a good girl she always did what she was told. Hal, too, and Baby Bunting cried "Yes," so there could be no doubt that everyone intended to do just as Dadda told them.

"Now," said Father, "Mother will look after Baby Bunting, I will take Jack and Arthur, and Hal and Ella will go with Aunt Bessie."

"We shall all go together," said Father; "but you children are to keep close to the person who has you in charge, and if there is a crowd you are to hold hands fast, and not on any account to lose sight for a moment of your guardian."

"We shall come away quite early before there is any crush; but, don't forget, keep close together, and be sure not to stray."

"Now, little Hal, be careful not to leave hold of Aunt Bessie's hand on any account. If you should do so, cling to her dress."

Hal nodded wisely. He quite understood, and fully intended to carry out Father's instructions.

Then they set out. They were all so happy that they could scarcely walk, but wanted to run and dance all the way down to the village.

Before they arrived there they could hear the music of the roundabouts, and as they drew near they saw them whirling round with dozens of people on the horses, and in the carriages fixed to the iron poles.

They were so astonished, too, to hear the music and the drums, and yet to see no one playing. Then Father told them the music was played when the machine went round just like their musical boxes when they turned the handle.

They all had rides except Father and Mother. They could not help shouting a little as they were twisted round, but they all enjoyed it immensely.

Arthur and Jack rode in a car that had a little tower inside fitted with a handle, by turning which the inside of the car moved round. Thus they got two motions. "A good lesson in astronomy," remarked Arthur. "A journey round the sun, and the daily motion which gives us day and night." Jack nodded wisely, whether or not he fully understood the astronomical lesson, he was immensely enjoying the ride. Hal rode on a pig; it was such fun; the pig jumped backwards and forwards whilst it was going round, so that it was really rather like a ride on horseback.

Ella and Baby Bunting preferred a car in the form of a swan, which did not prance about, but slowly swam round to the strains of the music and the beating of the drums.

Oh, it was a splendid treat!

After that they all went to see the Punch and Judy show. How they laughed and clapped. It was the first time Hal and Baby Bunting had seen it.

Then Father said it was time to go home, but they all begged so hard that he gave them another quarter of an hour, and then gathered together the party and made a start.

"Take hold of hands and keep together," was his word of command as he led the way through the gathering throng.

There were such crowds of people that the little parties soon became separated. Aunt Bessie and her charges being in the rear.

Hal caught sight of the Punch and Judy man as they were pushing their way along.

"Oh, Auntie, do stop for two little minutes!" he exclaimed.

"No, Hal, not one," she said. "Father wished us all to go back together."

"Just one tiny little second, and let me see that funny white dog; and, oh, I want to see old Punch get a crack on the head," said the little boy, pulling back.

"Not one little tiny second, Hal. Now, hold on tight to my hand, and we'll push through this crowd, and if you should by any chance lose my hand, cling on to my dress."

But Hal was naughty. He wanted so much to see it, he protested, and though Auntie and Ella were resolute they were delayed in their progress, and got still further behind the others. Then they found themselves blocked by the crowd. They could not get on for a few minutes, as there was a waggon passing which hemmed them in so that they could not move at all. Father and Mother had meanwhile passed along before the waggon came, so that Ella, Hal, and Aunt Bessie were left alone.

"Oh, you are unkind," cried the boy, "not to let me see old Punch a little minute."

Just then a rough boy, jostling through the crowd, squirted Ella in the face, filling her eyes with water.

Aunt Bessie turned to wipe her face, saying to Hal, "Cling on to my dress, dear, a minute."

But Hal, seeing a chance of another sight of Punch and Judy, instead of doing as he was told, edged away a little so as to get a better view.

At that moment a cart came rattling down the street, and the people scattered, pushing and crowding in all directions.

When Aunt Bessie looked down after wiping Ella's face, Hal was not there.

III.

LOST.

THE rush which had separated Hal from Aunt Bessie had carried the boy up the slope of the road to the neighbourhood of the gipsies' carts. He could only just see Punch and Judy now, and turned to find his Aunt. But, alas! he was alone. Thoroughly frightened, the little boy began to cry.

How he wished he had obeyed! The more he thought about it the more frightened he became. He looked about in the gathering gloom, but not a sign could he see of his Aunt or Ella.

He was still weeping bitterly when he heard a voice say:

"What's amiss, dearie?" and turning round, he saw an old gipsy woman speaking to him.

"I'se lost," said Hal. "Auntie and Ella was here a moment ago, and now they're gone."

"How did you lose them?"

"Oh, I wanted to see Punch and Judy, and I left Auntie, and I oughtn't to have," said the boy sorrowfully.

"Come into my house, and you'll have a splendid view of the Punch and Judy. They'll soon be looking for you," said the old woman, "and I'll keep watch outside."

Hal stepped up. Through the curtained window he had a splendid view of the Punch and Judy show, and for a few minutes he forgot all his troubles.

But the light was growing dim, and the show was soon over.

Then the old woman said, "You rest here a little while, dearie, and I'll wait till your Auntie comes."

It was such a funny little house he was in. He was on a tiny bed, and after watching for a time he again got frightened. He stepped down and tried to open the door, but could not; then he kicked at it; then he called, he shouted, he cried and sobbed; he tried to open the window. Every moment he got more frightened.

The waggon was dirty and dusty, and his white dress became filthy, his face and hands



"Hal edged away a little so as to get a better view."—*p.* 1071.

became black and grimy, and a nail hurt his hand and sent him into fresh floods of tears.

Oh, how he wished again and again he had never let go of Auntie's hand.

At last, worn out by his struggles, he lay down on the floor in utter wretchedness and sobbed himself to sleep.

Meanwhile the gipsy woman was faithful to her promise for a few minutes.

Then some of her friends came along and asked her to join them. She soon forgot all about the little boy.

IV.

THE SEARCH.

WHEN Aunt Bessie turned and found Hal was not holding to her dress, she was terribly frightened.

"Ella, where is Hal?" was all she could say.

Ella, too, was greatly alarmed. "He is looking at the Punch and Judy show. We'll find him in a minute," she exclaimed.

As soon as the cart had passed and the crowd thinned a little they pushed their way through to the Punch and Judy show.

There was a big crowd, a hundred people or more, all intent on looking at the show. They asked everyone, and described the little boy. Then they went to a policeman and told him of their loss.

"Well, Miss," he said, "that's very strange, but the boy can't have disappeared. Don't you be alarmed, he'll soon turn up, and I'll come and help you to look for him."

But so far as any trace could be found, Hal had vanished from the face of the earth.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, Father and Mother, with the rest of the party, after getting clear of the crowd, waited for the stragglers to join them.

As time passed and they did not appear, Father and Mother naturally became uneasy.

Now there were two ways home to the farmhouse, the nearer was by a side lane just beyond the crowd, but Father and Mother had taken the longer way, as they thought the lane might be muddy.

They waited a few minutes, then Father went back and looked; but there were too many people about to make a thorough search. He thought it most probable they had gone back the shorter way, and hastened so as to meet them where the two roads joined.

But still they did not come. Mother was alarmed, but he soothed her by suggesting they would find the missing ones waiting at home.

Sending on the other members of the party, he returned to the village in search of them.

In the town he met Aunt Bessie and Ella, accompanied by a policeman.

"The little boy is all right, Sir, you may depend upon it," said the policeman. "Had any accident happened, we should have heard of it long ere this."

"I should think it most likely," he added, scratching his head, "he's in one of those gipsy waggons. They aren't a bad lot of people, and they'll have taken care of him."

"But why should they not have taken him to the police station?"

"That's more than I can tell," he answered. "Perhaps they hoped to get a reward."

It took the party some time to visit all the vans. They had made inquiry at all, save one, where no one seemed to be in charge; but the policeman climbed into this and waved his lantern around.

"Here's a little boy," he called out, "who doesn't look like a gipsy child."

Father climbed into the van, and there, fast asleep on the floor, with traces of tears still in his eyes, was the wandering sheep.

* * * * * *

"I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferr'd to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home."

Hal had learnt his hymn by heart. When he had repeated the last verse to his mother without a mistake, he said:

"I have been sorry again and again and again, Mummie, about the fright I gave you that night."

"Well, dear, both Father and I were terribly alarmed, to say nothing of Auntie and Ella."

"I know I oughtn't to have disobeyed," said the child, "but oh, Mummie, I was so frightened when I found myself alone, and I hope I'll never, never roam again."

"I hope not, dear; but as you grow up, remember the Good Shepherd is always near you and watching you, and if you ever stray from the fold, look to Him for help."

"I think I understand," said Hal. "Oh, I do like that hymn, where it says:

"'But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.'"

RIVERS OF LIVING WATER.

By the Venerable William Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive)."—ST. JOHN vii. 37.

THE last day of the Feast of Tabernacles was a specially great celebration, for it was alike the close of the festival itself and of the festal season of the year. Another distinction which it possessed was that it was a Sabbath, a day on which the congregation was obliged by law to be present, and was therefore honoured by a special sacrificial ritual. But one thing the day lacked which marked the other seven days of the season. On each of these, in the morning, occurred the festal water-drawing. Each morning there was a solemn procession, with music, headed by a priest, which passed from the Temple down to the Pool of Siloam on the Temple hill. From the shining depths of the pool the priest filled a large golden vase with water, brought it into the Temple, and poured it out, mingled with sacrificial wine, into two perforated dishes at the left side of the altar. The ceremony was accompanied by the sound of cymbals and trumpets, and the singing of the words of the third verse of the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." This beautiful ceremony was in celebration of the miraculous springs which God opened for the people on their pilgrimage through the wilderness. It was because the eighth day symbolised the entrance into Canaan that the water of the wanderings was held to have ceased. On the eighth day the springs of the Promised Land gave their own fresh and abundant waters to the people, and became an earnest of the streams of spiritual blessing which the Lord had promised. "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought: and thou shalt be like a watered garden and like a spring of water, whose fountains fail not" (Isaiah lviii. 11). "It shall come to pass afterwards that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy" (Joel ii. 14). "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the wellspring of wisdom as a flowing brook" (Proverbs xviii. 4). "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring" (Isaiah xliv. 3).

It was because there was no water-drawing on the eighth day that our Lord stood and cried with a loud voice the invitation to come to Him for living water. He cried with a vigour which all could hear: He used a strong metaphor which the crowd of common folk could understand. It was the same invitation that He had given to the woman at the well of Samaria, and with the same invitation the New Testament ends: "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). We understand but little of the meaning and power of Christianity unless we realise that there is an inner thirst just as there is an inner man. The inner thirst is deeper and stronger than the thirst of the body, and can only be satisfied from the fountain of life in God. "Under the imagery of one thirsting for water, which everywhere, and especially in countries like Palestine, where the want is so often experienced, would be well understood and appeal to human needs, the Lord offers to all such persons that which will for ever satisfy the longings of the soul," the peace, the power, the life of God. Just as the body of the rock gave streams in the desert, just as the body of the golden vase poured out the water of Siloam on the Altar of the Temple, so the body of each Christian, as the type of his being and character, would be, in a smaller way, a reviving and refreshing power. The whole Christian is to be like a consecrated flagon, emptied of vanity, filled with the Spirit, a wholesome, life-giving influence wherever he may be. "Rivers of water" says our Lord, to show the copious and overflowing power of God's grace, not merely a draught as from the golden vase; and *living water*, water of life, life-giving; for when the grace of the Spirit has entered into the mind, and settled in it, it flows all around freer than any fountain, and neither falls, nor empties, nor stagnates. From the life-giving water of

the Spirit came the wisdom of Stephen, the tongue of Peter, the strength of Paul, the love of John. Nothing hindered them; but like strong, clear torrents rushing from perennial springs, they went on carrying all before them.

"This He spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive." We are under this special relation to God's Spirit, and we do not think enough about its reality. God's human manifestation could not stay amongst the sons of men beyond the limits of a natural lifetime. When the day had come for Christ's death there remained nothing else but that He should come forth again from the grave to show for our sakes His power over sin and death; and then that for our sakes also He should take with Him our nature, His human personality, human soul, human body, into His own proper home in the region of eternity. He was not to prolong an unnatural existence on the earth. We might have thought, indeed, that could He but have lived on, could He but have been heard and seen by generation after generation, His kingdom might have come in a surer, speedier, and purer way than has been the case with His poor, erring, sinful, fallible church on earth.* We know how, soon after our Lord's departure, heresies sprang up, divisions grew, and His words were distorted and forgotten. We might regret that His earthly presence did not continue at least as long as that of His beloved disciple. But this would have implied a continuance of the working of those unseen and hidden laws of nature which had marked His short ministry, and which had shown Him to be the Lord of light and love; a prolonged modification of the ordinary working of the world, for which there would have been no sufficient reason, and which was not suited to the steady, independent growth of His kingdom. With the lives of His own friends all the higher and unusual powers which had been granted them passed away also. The true children of the kingdom would no longer require signs and wonders, but would be led into the way of life by the appeal of the Gospel to their conscience, and the evidence of those who had gone before. They were to do greater and more effective works in their own kind even than their Lord and Master. Only a lasting spiritual influence was needed. It was actually expedient that Christ should go away in order that this spiritual influence might remain for ever with the people of God. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."

* *Cf.* Salmon's "Infallibility of the Church."

It will be wholesome for us to ask ourselves whether we can feel any confidence that our risen Lord is abiding with us, by this text; the presence of the Spirit, which He has given us, as evidenced by our life, work, and influence.

And first of all, for our encouragement and consolation, do not the common feelings and affections which make up the higher life, the highest life, of us men living in Christian countries, point to a more than human spirit breathing one breath into men's souls? Is there not something about even the most careless of us, in a land where Christ is preached, which now and again raises us out of ourselves? Christian teaching, for instance, has made us know that when men are living at their very best, it is just when they are least selfish, and caring most in one way or another for the welfare of others. There is the Spirit.

It has been well said that when we are at our best, when we are most filled with the feeling that we do not live to ourselves only, but that we are one with all our fellow men, then it is that we are also entering into feelings which are nobler than such as belong to us as single, separate individuals. We recognise them as something finer than what the most illustrious of our race and kind have ever really reached, but in which all may to some extent share. There is a sympathy which flashes about from one example to another with a strength and warmth that belong naturally neither to those examples nor to our own hearts. And when we yield ourselves to that strength and warmth, and are encouraged and led on to acts of kindness, goodness, usefulness, self-denial, then we know that we are raised by an influence to which we do homage in our hearts, and which is so much better than ourselves that we can rejoice in it without risk of pride or self-complacency. It comes through men, but is not of men. There are the rivers of living water. There is the Spirit.

And not only so, but in our dealings with others we count on such a common, purifying, elevating, ennobling spirit. We expect to find it. We are sure that others may be awakened by it. In every exhortation, in every rebuke, in every act of sympathy, we take it for granted that men are not necessarily and wholly selfish, undutiful, ungrateful to God; but that there is a common spiritual

air in which we live and move and have our being. Is it easy to understand and explain these experiences which men have felt, and these demands which they are now accustomed to make, without plainly confessing a heavenly Spirit, the Spirit of God, the Holy Spirit, which shows itself in the better life of Christian men and women? May we not appeal from the rivers of living water which we see in their daily, personal influence, to the indwelling presence and power of God through faith? Yes! Christendom, modern Christian civilisation, has indeed received the Holy Ghost since it believed.

But to be of value to our own souls and character this influence must not be merely general, but personal. By looking steadily and daily at the glory of the only-begotten Son, man becomes transformed after His image. By knowing this surrounding, supernatural, divine inspiration of goodness, man is able to approach Him, to address Him, to talk with Him, as friend talks with friend, to obtain His guidance and direction. When the heart looks up to Him, and forgets itself, it receives an answer of peace. The greatest joy in life is to be conscious of the Spirit present in the heart, and leading the soul on from righteousness to righteousness. It is no doubt a good thing to have a secret friend, even if you do not know him, who works for you, and does his best to help you; but how infinitely better to know that he is actually working and helping! How much more ready you will be to work with him! Such fellowship and communion with God is to feel the heart warmed and purified with no passing excitement, no foolish heat of superstition, no fanciful riot of unreasoning devotion, no wild bubble of sentimental weakness, but with the strong consent of the wisest and best of men that God is about us It is given to the disciple of Christ to be sure that, however small his powers may be, however unworthy the disposition he has received by nature from his ancestors, whatever faults he may find within himself of temper and mind, however busy he may be, whatever impressions he may have received from the events and surroundings of his life, and from the moulding of his character by education or by want of education, nevertheless he is ever being born again by the very Spirit of God. He may be certain that as long as his soul sometimes thirsts after being better, after real happiness, after God, he is sure of finding within himself the well of water springing up unto everlasting life. To him alone of all the world is given the utter satisfaction of believing that the stains on his imperfect life will be no more remembered against him, because Christ has borne his sins and carried his iniquities. The purest and most self-denying heathen might well shrink from the thought of appearing face to face with the God of all Justice and Purity; but the humblest follower of our Lord, who has received ever so small a portion of the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him, is assured that he has become an heir of God. Other faiths, having an element of truth in them, may hold out dim hope of a change after death, or of happiness hereafter; but in some it is very faint, and in others it is very unworthy. The creed of our Lord alone, the all-embracing creed, tells us with the authority of the witness of the Spirit: We know that we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is!

Rivers of living water! It is a plain matter of history that through the faith of Christ, the one true world-wide and eternal religion which embraces all others, there have been numberless humble lives of almost perfect righteousness, numbers of characters of almost faultless nobility, numberless examples of a reasonableness of principle and conduct far other than has ever elsewhere grown up, numberless deeds of heroism, self-sacrifice and charity purer, more enlightened, more effectual than can be found in rare scattered instances in other histories; while even those who are in part opposed to the Christian faith have been unable to escape its influence, and by their lives show that they, too, have been with Christ. For we know the Spirit of God; for He dwelleth in us, and is amongst us. Hereby we know that God abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.

Rivers of living water! Have you never in your daily occupation, in the book you have been reading, in the train of thought which has been passing through your mind, felt the refreshing of the Spirit giving life to something in you better than was there before? When you have been looking at some divine charm and beauty of nature, or heard some grave and penetrating sentences of the Word of God, or after weariness and trouble have felt grateful for the peace and consolation of home, have you never seen the Spirit pass by? When your whole being has been filled with delight at some deed of courageous unselfishness, or at some character of remarkable wisdom

and generosity, or at some life that is more godlike than the lives of most men and women, have you not heard the voice of the Spirit calling out all the warmth of the better part of yourself? Or when you have gone forth from yourself in prayer to your Father that seeth in secret, in the morning, or in the evening, or in the daytime as you are about your work, or in the place where men meet to worship God, have you not come back into you self calmed, strengthened, refreshed, purified, seeing the light dawning upon you and the shadows fleeing away, and have you not felt that the Spirit of Christ and of the Father has been with you? Or when in some acute grief, or bitter disappointment, or (it may be) some dreadful unnerving shame, you have not known where to lay your head, where to bury your sorrow, where to get rid of the numbing load of pain which seemed to be crushing all the life out of you; and then something quiet and tranquil has taught you patience, and you begin after a long time to look forwards as well as backwards, to hope as well as to regret, and to realise that after all your life is not so utterly broken off from all that made it happy in former days—at such times have you not been sure with a security beyond all doubt that the Spirit of God "knoweth our downsitting and our uprising; He understandeth our thoughts afar off; He compasseth our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways; He is indeed a well of water springing up unto everlasting life"?

Rivers of living water! What a blessing and comfort unspeakable, in all the changes and chances of this mortal life, to feel that when you are established and settled in this faith your character and influence are refreshing and invigorating others! What father or mother would not rejoice to know that all their example was for the lasting good of their children! Who would not be glad humbly to believe that he was, in his small way, of them that are the salt of the earth and the light of the world? Who would not thank God in all the fervour of a grateful heart, if with his dying breath he could say that neither by word nor act had he ever caused his brother to stumble, or put temptation in his way, or done aught but make his path smoother, and help him on his road to heaven?

Who cannot write from his own life-story some such experience as this:

"She passed—she went to other lands,
She knew not of the work she did;
The wondrous product of her hands
From her is ever hid.

"For ever, did I say? O no,
The time must come when she must look
Upon her pilgrimage below
And find it in God's book.

"That, as she trod her paths aright
Power from her very garments stole;
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.

"A deed, a word, our careless rest,
A simple thought, a common feeling.
If He be present in the breast,
Has from Him powers of healing."*

I will end with the prayer of St. Augustine for this divine indwelling, which may well be repeated by each one of us:

"O Holy Spirit, Love of God, Who proceedest from the Almighty Father and His most blessed Son: powerful Advocate and sweetest Comforter, infuse Thy grace and descend plentifully into my heart! For in whomsoever Thou dwellest, the Father and the Son come likewise and inhabit that breast which is honoured with so glorious and divine a visitor. O come, Thou cleanser of all inward pollutions and healer of spiritual wounds and diseases! Come, Thou strength of the feeble knees and raiser up of them that fall! Come, Thou star and guide of them that sail in this tempestuous sea of the world, Thou only haven of the tossed and shipwrecked! Come, Thou glory and crown of the living, Thou only stay and shield of the dying! Come in much mercy. Come, and make me fit to receive Thee!"

* E. H. Perkins.



The Pride o' the Morning

By Agnes Giberne

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF AN AWAKENING.

IF Giles had lived through years in a week, when first he awoke to his love for Phyllys, Phyllys lived through months in the next three weeks, while trying to "think out," as she expressed it, the new ideas and experiences which had lately come to her.

From an artistic and contemplative atmosphere, from a home where the cult of beauty ranked as a foremost aim, she was back at a plunge in the old contracted circle, where love of Nature and of Art were a synonym for wasted time, and where everything was regarded from the severely practical standpoint.

The contrast tried her. With the unbalanced eagerness of youth, she expected to find all good on one side, all evil on the other. Yet she was beginning to grasp that much good *might* lie on both sides; she was beginning to feel the need in herself of a wider, a kinder, a fairer spirit towards others; she was beginning more fully to appreciate the saintly goodness of her stern old grandmother, little though she could at times agree with that grandmother's dictums.

The old Vicar, looking on, observed far more than many suspected. He drew her out, gradually, and helped her on by a word here, a pregnant suggestion there.

They were having a chat together one day, while the Vicar in his oldest coat tended his beloved rose-bed; and a sound made Phyllys suddenly turn.

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

For Colin stood on the gravel-path, with lifted cap and a light in his eyes. "I have come to finish the bust," he observed.

And Colin conquered them all "straight off," as the Vicar said, though with variations of rapidity, and apparently without effort.

First to succumb was the Vicar himself, and that after five minutes' talk. He gave unqualified approval to the slight, delicate-looking, gentlemanly young fellow, whom nobody would have taken at first sight for more than three or four and twenty. The Vicar's wife promptly followed suit. "He is the sweetest boy I ever saw in my life," she declared, with an enthusiasm which roused her husband's laughter, though in other words he said the same.

"Giles knows nothing about my coming," he stated. "I'm supposed to be in the Highlands, abjuring work. Don't betray confidence, please, anybody. I wrote yesterday, and needn't again for some days."

Phyllys supposed that he was under orders not to model, and that he intended to disobey.

Mrs. Wyverne next fell a victim. She was fascinated at first sight, like the Vicar. She had given in to Giles, partly out of respect to the head of her family, partly as a result of infinite pains on his part. Colin seemed to take no pains at all. He walked in, was introduced, smiled, announced that he had arrived

to complete a work of art, Phyllys being the subject of it, and opposition collapsed like a pricked bubble. The old lady could hardly take her eyes from him. "I suppose you are not counted like your mother," she said in unbelieving tones. "Not like what she was when she and I met—but perhaps——"

"My mother says I am like everybody in turn, which is much the same as being like nobody."

"You certainly remind me of someone."

Phyllys wondered, but would not suggest, —was Mrs. Wyverne dimly conscious of his resemblance to the lost painting? She might have spoken her thought, but for the second idea which sprang up—could Mrs. Wyverne ever have seen that other picture, hidden away in the cabinet—if, indeed, it was "another?"

She took an early opportunity to inquire whether the lost portrait had been found, and Colin replied in the negative. He showed little interest about the matter.

Barbara gave in more slowly. Colin was a man, and she detested men; he was an artist, and she despised Art. The bust aroused her righteous indignation; not altogether righteous, since jealousy of Phyllys had a share in it. Though not great in self-knowledge, she knew this. But she gave the reins to what she felt, ruthlessly stigmatised sculpture as worldly, wasteful, an encouragement to vanity—not sparing her words, till the silence on his part grew impressive, and she met full those clear blue eyes, looking straight, not *at*, but *into* her, with a depth of understanding which brought her to a dead halt.

"Yes," he said slowly, and waited.

She had no more to say. Did those penetrating eyes read to the very ground of her motives? Was she to him a transparency?

Then came his most winning smile; a smile which few could withstand. It took her captive on the spot.

"Try for yourself," he said sweetly; and the household stood open-mouthed to see Miss Pringle seated before the improvised modelling stool which—with Mrs. Wyverne's permission—Colin had set up in the small study. She clumsily fingered a lump of clay; she submitted to be lectured and exhorted. The results of her fingering need not be described. The result of his mental manipulation was that he thenceforth dragged her, a helpless victim, at his chariot wheels.

"It's too comical for anything," declared the Vicar, his shoulders shaking with laughter. "Miss Pringle—of all people! That lad could make the very trees run after him if he chose."

How much Colin laughed privately no one knew. He maintained in public his gentle and detached demeanour.

Difficulties were cleared away so far as might be from his path, the household uniting to supply his wants. He had the exclusive use of the little back-room, with a water-tap just outside the door. Phyllys was allowed to sit to him for two hours or more each day, Mrs. Wyverne being usually present with her knitting, while Barbara came in and out, hanging round in wordless admiration, never dreaming how her fidgety movements and creaking shoes tried the young sculptor.

She did not agree with him in his views; she counted still that Art was in the abstract a delusion, a mistake. But Colin Keith himself she confessed to be the one really agreeable man whom she had chanced to find on the face of the earth.

For nearly a week all went well, and the bust made steady progress. Colin was unusually vigorous—perhaps from the light moor air, which seemed to keep headache at bay. "I shall know where to go next time when I want change," he sometimes said. He looked his best—active, eager, joyous, full of delight in his work, full also of a delight and bright expectancy in another direction, which the Vicar saw with gladness, which Mrs. Wyverne saw with anxiety.

Phyllys enjoyed having him. She delighted in his artistic talk; she found pleasure in his suggestive ideas; she chatted freely to him as she sat for her clay portrait; and the hours slid by smoothly. It was a reflection of Castle Hill happiness.

After five or six days of busy work and serene intercourse, a change dawned. Mrs. Wyverne had been called away; and Phyllys was in the usual attitude.

"I've had to write at last and to let them know at home where I am," he remarked. Then —"You are tired. Take it easy for five minutes. You want to rest."

She had found it out herself earlier. A weariness had taken possession of her, a great longing for something—she could not define what. All this seemed not worth while. She stood up and stretched herself, while he turned away to do something with one of the little wooden instruments.

And the thought came—If Giles had been there, instead of Colin?

It was like a great wave of understanding poured over her. In a moment she saw clearly that she was tired of having Colin only, of having Colin in place of Giles. She liked Colin, admired him, appreciated his gifts, enjoyed his conversation. But her real want was for Giles. She wanted him, not for his mental gifts, not for aught that he might say or do, but for himself. She wanted the strong and manly presence, the grave and wordless devotion. *Was* it devotion? That question arose. Did he truly care for her, further than as a friend? How was she to know?

Friendship alone would not suffice. She had wished for his friendship, and she had received what she sought. Now she craved for more.

Colin by comparison was nothing to her. Suddenly she seemed to have grown satiated with Nature and Art, and with his thoughts about both. At first he had fascinated her, and he might fascinate her again; but he could not give all she wanted. Not Nature, not Art, still less theories about either, could meet her deeper claims. It was love that she needed—Giles' love.

To her artistic, her intellectual, her imaginative sides, Colin appealed strongly. But these were not the whole Phyllys. A more powerful claim rose up and would not be silenced. Her real inner self cried out for Giles—Giles, with his faults, his hot temper, his difficulty of expression, his silence—just Giles Randolph as he was.

As soon as she could escape she went to her own room, recognising calmly that Giles was more to her than any other in the wide world. The discovery brought something of dread, lest her love should be unreturned; yet it shed a new radiance on life. She had not known before the strength with which it was *in* her to love. A pent-up flood had burst its barriers, pouring in a rush throughout her being; and the loosened flood freshened everything it touched, glorifying the world around. All had become new, all beautiful. Colin had brought new meaning into Nature and Art for her. But Giles had brought new light, new love, into the very springs of her existence. Life itself was transformed by this emotion. Even if Giles should never return what she felt, still nothing could rob her of the added power of loving.

Did he care? She put the question soberly many times. Only a few days earlier she had believed herself to be more to him than he was to her. But in the light of this vivid realisation she saw both him and herself from a new standpoint. His grave reticence made it difficult to gauge what he felt. Yet things might be as she hoped. She would wait, and would hide her love until she knew.

There was a glow in her eyes that evening which awoke hope in Colin, and which aroused Mrs. Wyverne to serious uneasiness, since, much as she herself liked Colin, she did not wish him to be the husband of Phyllys. She had her own ideas in that direction—ideas of a vague somebody imbued with Midfell ways of looking on life, more her own "sort."

One day later, to the extreme surprise of everybody concerned, Mrs. Keith appeared. She gave no warning, but came for a night to the inn, and presented herself.

Three days earlier she had arrived in York, and had been very much "taken aback," to use a popular expression, by the news forwarded from home, that Colin was at Midfell. It was most wrong of Colin, just when he had been ordered complete rest. He would suffer for it, etc., and she had come to see about him herself.

That Colin showed gratification at her advent could hardly be said. He was, as always, inviolably courteous; but her arrival broke into a plan of his own for remaining longer. Last touches having just been given to the bust of Phyllys, he was on the point of proposing to make a cast of Mrs. Wyverne's fine old head, which might well repay the trouble. Now he waited to watch developments.

They were not long in appearing. Mrs. Keith had come primed with a scheme to circumvent him.

The friends with whom she was staying in York—an old school chum and her husband—had lately bought a châlet on the border of Lake Thun, and had asked her to return there with them for a month. She now brought an invitation also for Phyllys. Would Mrs. Wyverne spare her? Mrs. Keith promised every care; and she could undertake that the excursion would be enjoyable. The expense should be her own. She would be glad of a young companion; it made travelling so much more cheerful.

All this passed in public, and Phyllys naturally was charmed, though indulging in but faint hopes of being allowed to go. Another chat in private settled matters as she wished.

"Colin will not join us," Mrs. Keith said decisively, in reply to an anxious query. "He is due in Scotland. Besides, these people are



"'I have come to finish the bust,' he said."—*p.* 1078.

my friends, not his ; and unless I wished it, they would not ask him. I will take care as to that. I see what you fear, and though he is my own boy, I understand. Nay, I agree with you. The two are not suited to one another. It would not be for their happiness. If Colin chooses to stay on in Midfell, neither you nor I can send him away. But I can take Phyllys out of the country, and I can undertake to keep the two apart."

This explanation induced the old lady to give in, despite Barbara's remonstrances.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF A FAMILIAR HANDWRITING.

PHYLLYS sat alone in the garden of Châlet St. Jacques, deeply intent on the scene before her. Ah ! but it was lovely—lovely ! She murmured the word many times.

Ten days earlier she and Mrs. Keith, travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, had reached this villa, or châlet, lately purchased as a summer resort by Mrs. Keith's friends. Here they would remain at least another ten days. After that, possibly, Mrs. Keith and she might move on to another part of Switzerland before returning home.

The wailing of an ill-handled violin from behind rather disturbed her musings, though she did her best to ignore its existence. Mr. Forsyth, one of the kindest of men, never dreamt that his tuneless dirges could affect other people unpleasantly. He was always happy himself, violin in hand. So was his wife, so long as she could talk. A ceaseless murmur of voices—buzz, buzz, and purr, purr—travelled through an open window underneath that which held the violin. The elder ladies had been hard at work for an hour, discussing the latest fashions in toques and bodices, one of the two with her back to Nature's sublimity, the other with eyes bent on her knitting. But, of course, they had both looked out earlier, and had said how pretty it was.

Phyllys was well content to be left to her studies of that sublimity. They were always fearing that she might be dull, with no young companions of her own age. She laughed privately at the notion. Dull, with this to look upon ! Dull, with Giles to think about !

It could hardly be called a "lawn" on which she sat, using the word in its English sense. It was more like a bit of field, sloping downward at an abrupt angle. Two small trees sheltered her head. Below the garden lay more grass-land, descending still ; and then came the road which skirted the lake, and then some rough wooden structures, with a vegetable garden; and then the lake, and then the mountain amphitheatre.

Prominent in front, across the translucent blue-green water, stood a great green hummocky mass of pyramidal shape, by name the "Niesen ;" a useful friend to the neighbourhood, acting as weather barometer by the simple process of putting on and pulling off his cloud cap. He had slipped it on and whisked it off three or four times this day, as if unable to make up his mind. A range of slight, half-cumulous clouds was creeping along the mountain-sides ; and above it towered high the hoary mass of the Blumlisalp, one keen-cut edge over a dull barrier of rock glowing like a piece of white enamel.

More away to the left stood forth the three chief giants of the scene—the mighty Jungfrau, sharply outlined, pure and snowy, with grey hollows and shades ; the white Mönch, and the rocky Eiger.

Phyllys drank it all in eagerly, finding each minute some new beauty, some fresh dent or fold, some perfect moulding, some wonderful contrast in light and shade, some unexpected finish or harmony of form.

"One would never get to the end of it !" she whispered. "Not in years and years."

The doleful wailings ceased, and hardly had she congratulated herself before she found Mr. Forsyth at her side.

"Well, Miss Wyverne. Tired of sitting here all alone ? Fine view, eh ? Very fine view. I've been trying that tune over again—you know it." Phyllys had vainly sought to pin a name to the concatenation of wails. "First-rate thought of my wife, hiring that piano. A little music, always cheerful. Would you like a run into Thun, get tea, and come back in time for dinner ? We can catch the next boat."

Phyllys jumped up readily. A "run" to any part of the lake was charming, and in a few minutes they were off, hurrying down through the village of brown and yellow châlets, with their typical verandahs and over-hanging eaves. It was about ten minutes' walk to the boat-station, and they caught easily the next steamer, zigzagging to and fro from side to side of the lake, in its progress from Interlaken to Thun. She had been to the

quaint old town more than once, but one could not go too often, and Mr. Forsyth made an excellent conductor. They wandered through the old streets, visited the old castle, admired the scenery, and enjoyed themselves.

"Pity Randolph refuses to come out! Great pity!" remarked Mr. Forsyth casually.

Phyllys made a sound of inquiry. She had not heard this.

"Mrs. Keith was so sure he would come. Can't understand it at all. She didn't want her own son—odd, rather, come to think of it. Bent on having Randolph. My wife and I quite willing, of course; room enough for both. Mrs. Keith seems to have urged it pretty strongly, but letter this morning decisive, I believe. No, yesterday was it? I've no memory. He says he has too much to do—can't get away. Mrs. Keith will have told you."

"No. Was I meant not to know it?"

"She told us—spoke openly. By-the-bye, that wretched memory of mine! she did say at first she wanted his coming to be a surprise. I declare I forgot. But now, of course—no matter, since he can't come."

"It would have been nice if he could," she said gravely

A shadow had fallen, like a grey veil. This might mean much to her. Mrs. Keith had tried to persuade Giles to join them—here, where she was!—and had urged him in vain. It looked as if he did not very greatly care to see more of Phyllys. Was he really so overwhelmingly busy, that he could not spare a few days for Lake Thun? She found it hard to believe. He was his own master.

She recalled the scene in Colin's studio, when he had broken into passionate resentment about—what was it? Because he found her and Colin on too friendly terms? This explanation had naturally suggested itself. Not, as for a moment she had supposed, the sight of the child's bust. He had not seen that when he first showed anger. But if, indeed, he had been wrathful with Colin because of her presence in the studio, it seemed doubly singular that he should now refuse to be with her.

"Getting tired, eh?" demanded Mr. Forsyth.

"Oh, no," and she roused herself. "It is a dear old place. But ought we not to go back?"

He assured her that there was no hurry, and started for a fresh tramp through a part not yet visited that day, talking all the way. She did her best to seem interested, to laugh at his little jokes; but the strain became severe, and soon she could not hide that she really was tired—tired with a heart-sickness which he did not suspect. None the less, he grew concerned, and took her to the nearest inn, making her sit down in the stuffy little parlour, and insisting on a fresh supply of tea, though they had had some earlier outside a shop. She remonstrated in vain. He wandered presently into the passage, and came back laughing.

"Now how has this come about?" he asked, holding towards Phyllys a letter. "Sent to this inn, of all places in the world! 'To be kept till called for.' What chance that Mrs. Keith ever would call for it?"

Phyllys' heart gave one great throb. "From Giles!" escaped her lips.

"Giles Randolph? Is that his handwriting?" Mr. Forsyth examined the envelope. "Now you mention the fact, I do see a likeness. Characteristic and vigorous. But I say"—turning the letter round—"if it is his, he is in Switzerland. The postmark is Swiss—'Interlaken.'"

Another throb, this time of hope.

"But you said he would not come."

"So Mrs. Keith assured me yesterday—or was it the day before? I'm wretched at dates. He may have changed his mind and rushed out here. Though why he should stay at Interlaken and should address a letter to Mrs. Keith at a Thun hotel beats me altogether." Mr. Forsyth passed a puzzled hand across his lined forehead. "Beats me!" he repeated.

Phyllys' colour was bright enough to win his attention

"Beats me utterly!" he said a third time. Then, carelessly, "Fine fellow, Randolph."

"He and Colin are both so nice."

"Well, yes—Colin rather handicapped, poor chap! But Randolph, very fine fellow. Good landlord, good shot, makes himself liked."

Phyllys had lost her tired look, and was now only eager to get home. They went straight to the boat-station, and caught the next steamer.

"We'll have a little fun with her about this," suggested Mr. Forsyth as they mounted the hill. Phyllys smiled, full of the thought that Giles was at hand—perhaps still at Interlaken, perhaps already on the way to join them. He would surely come that evening. No doubt he meant to take them by surprise—all except Mrs. Keith, who, of course, was cognisant of his plans. How much there would be to say to him!

The two ladies were in the drawing-room when they arrived—a pretty little room, furnished so far as might be in English fashion,

Phyllys' colour was commented on by Mrs. Keith. "Swiss air is doing you good," she said.

"By-the-bye, did you say that Randolph was still at home?" asked Mr. Forsyth. "Not able to come out?"

She gave a glance towards Phyllys. "I have been in hopes that he might join us, but he said he was too busy. Another letter to-day says the same." She tapped the floor impatiently with her foot. "Absurd! I am writing to say that I don't mean to let him off."

"How would you like to find him already in Switzerland?"

"Giles in Switzerland?" She raised her eyebrows. "Certainly he is not! I wish he were."

"But he must have come out—he must have changed his mind," said Phyllys, smiling with happiness. "He is at Interlaken."

"Nonsense, my dear! Of course, he is not. Why are you both trying to take me in?" with a suspicious look at each.

"We are trying nothing so unkind," laughed Mr. Forsyth. "It is the oddest thing. We happened to go into an inn at Thun, just for a cup of tea, and we found a letter for you waiting there 'till called for.'"

She made a sudden movement.

"How ridiculous! I must have given the wrong address to some friend or other. A fit of absence of mind!"

"But Giles knows your address." A strong sense of Mrs. Keith's untruthfulness took possession of Phyllys. She could conjecture no reason for false statements on the part of the latter at this moment; but that something of falsity underlay Mrs. Keith's last utterance she could not doubt.

"I was not speaking of Giles, of course——" hurriedly.

"And this letter is from Giles," added Phyllys resolutely. "It is his own handwriting, and it has the Interlaken postmark. He must be there himself—at Interlaken."

Mrs. Keith received the envelope from Mr. Forsyth, turned it over, looked at the postmark, muttered something indistinct, and then, to the amazement of all present, she fainted dead away.

CHAPTER XX.

OF GILES—OR SOMEBODY.

"MY dear, it is absolutely unimportant. You make such a fuss about nothing. I have told you before more than once, that I have a weak heart, and I must expect little attacks of this kind once in a while. The fact is I ought to be more careful, and I have walked too much. These steep hills try me. I shall endeavour to get a quiet day to-morrow."

Mrs. Keith spoke in hurried, feverish accents, her pale lips working. She seemed utterly unstrung. She had rallied soon from the faint, and had insisted on going to her own room, carrying the unopened letter, and begging to be left alone for an hour's rest. Phyllys, anxious and perplexed, crept softly in at the hour's end and found her on the sofa. A whisper of inquiry brought the above remonstrances.

"The attacks seem to come without warning and without cause, so I shall have to be more particular." *Had* there been no cause, no connection between the sight of Giles' handwriting and the swoon? Yet, what connection could there be? Why should the news of Giles' presence at Interlaken startle her, when it was her particular wish that he should come?

"And really," she went on, "they are of no consequence so long as I do not do too much. But I feel that I *must* have a time to-morrow of real rest, all to myself." She sighed, as if oppressed. "These dear good people are most kind, but I get so worn out with the perpetual talk and restlessness. I want you to help me, dear. If you could only contrive to get them both off my hands it would be an unspeakable mercy."

She fixed troubled eyes of appeal on the girl.

"I don't think they would like that."

"They would not mind. I have thought it out. We will persuade them to go to St. Beatenberg for a good long day; then at the last moment I shall slip out of it and stay at home. You must give them no hint that I mean to do so. I hate the idea of that funicular railway, and they are bent on going some time or other. So I shall suggest the plan, and you must support me."

"But, if Giles were to come——" The words fell from her lips before she knew. "Only, of course, you will be here, so that will be all right."

Mrs. Keith looked amazed. "Giles?" she said. "I only wish he would."

"Perhaps he will look in to-night—if he is still at Interlaken." The other's bewildered face constrained her to add, "The letter we brought from Thun—don't you remember? In Giles' handwriting."

Mrs. Keith broke into a loud laugh, then put her hand to her head.

"These fainting fits leave me so confused. Yes, now I remember. You did say something of the kind. But, my dear, that letter is a mere business epistle—from *quite* another person. A man with a perfectly different name. That was a mere fancy of yours."

Phyllys felt sorely disappointed, and Mrs. Keith, pulling herself up, brought out of her pocket a torn envelope.

"Now you can see for yourself. Not Giles' writing at all, though I grant there is a rough resemblance. One of those odd, accidental likenesses that one so often sees, with nothing to account for them. Some letters are a trifle like, the rest quite different. Giles is at home still, and the tiresome fellow seems determined not to come out. I am beginning to think"—and she smiled—"that my best plan will be to cut short the Swiss trip and to take you there. Would you like to see Castle Hill again? Ah, I thought so! I have you with me for a month, and I do not mean to be cheated out of any part of it again. Well, we shall see to-morrow. These attacks leave one hardly up to travelling. I begin to feel only fit for home."

For Castle Hill—and Giles! Had it not been for the thought of Giles, a cutting short of the Swiss visit would have meant dire disappointment to Phyllys. Things being as they were, she only hoped that her eyes did not betray too much gladness. She lowered them for a critical examination of the envelope, and again the extraordinary resemblance to Giles' writing impressed her forcibly. Two or three letters were differently formed, but the remainder she could have declared in a court of justice to be his.

"A mere chance likeness, you see," Mrs. Keith said lightly, and Phyllys forbore to contradict her.

The proposed excursion was taken up by their host and hostess, though not without hesitation on the score of Mrs. Keith's unfitness. It was something of a shock to Phyllys' sense of honesty, when the latter cheerfully assured them that she was "perfectly well," that "nothing would do her so much good as a trip up the mountain," and that she was "longing to try one of those charming little mountain railways." Phyllys, of course, said nothing, and the plan was arranged.

Next day proved fine, and Mrs. Keith went so far as to dress for the start. Not till the last moment did she draw back, sinking into a chair, and faintly professing herself so much more fatigued than she had expected, that she hoped they would excuse her. No, she would *not* let Mrs. Forsyth remain at home. Rather than that she would go, though it might mean another fainting-fit. All she needed was a quiet day on the sofa.

Very reluctantly the Forsyths yielded, left her in charge of the two Swiss maids, and went off without her.

Not, however, to St. Beatenberg. No sooner were they on board the steamer than Mrs. Forsyth suggested a day at Interlaken, deferring the St. Beatenberg excursion until Mrs. Keith could form one of their party. She had wanted so much to try the "funicular."

Mr. Forsyth at once agreed, and Phyllys offered no objection. It was not her place to set them right. So instead of landing below the heights of St. Beatenberg, they steamed to the farther end of the lake, amid a goodly number of excursionists, though not so many as would have been there a few weeks earlier. It was a cool autumn day, and the woods were gay with tints of red and gold.

At Interlaken they wandered along the quaint old streets, poked in and out of shops, and picked up presents for friends at home. It was all too smart and fashionable, Phyllys privately decided, and not to be compared with the village where they stayed; yet she enjoyed it much, having a large capacity for enjoyment. The Jungfrau, solemnly overlooking the town, had not here so much the aspect of a white guardian angel as when viewed from Châlet St. Jacques. "In fact, more like a huge lump of chalk," suggested Mr. Forsyth, and though Phyllys repudiated the suggestion, it recurred to her mind.

One way and another the hours slipped by. Late in the afternoon they had tea outside a shop, and then went to the chief promenade, the Hoheweg, where they encountered some English friends. Mr. Forsyth disappeared with the gentleman of the party, and Mrs. Forsyth sat down for a good talk with the two elderly ladies. Phyllys listened and joined in for a while, then finding herself unnecessary, wandered a short distance, and gave herself up to the study of the grand Jungfrau. No look of "chalk" now. Something in the state of the morning atmosphere must have caused that aspect. The mountain mass reared its mighty head, and broad reaches of snow descended low in parts, like trailing skirts of white. Higher peaks were partly hidden by drifting greyish clouds,

but one and another appeared from time to time. Each moment there were changes, the shapes of rifts and hollows varying as she gazed. A clear basin of snow, for a time visible, vanished utterly.

She watched also with interest the Schynige Platte, up which the Forsyths had promised one day soon to take her. In the far distance she could just make out a tiny mountain train creeping slowly up its steep sides, carrying a minute cloud of white steam.

Presently, glancing back to make sure that she was not wanted, she received a nod from Mrs. Forsyth, and then she wandered farther, getting among some trees, partly out of sight. It was evident that her friends were in no hurry to make a move.

Suddenly her heart gave a hard throb, stopped, then beat furiously.

Could it be—Giles ?

A big man, broad-shouldered, sat alone at a small table, his face turned half away. The shape of his powerful shoulders, the attitude, the manner in which he leaned his head on one hand, the grave silence and immobility—all indicated Giles. He seemed to be deep in thought, lost to his surroundings.

She was not near enough to make out more than this. She stood half behind a little tree, gazing hard. Whether in consequence of her gaze, or from no particular reason, he turned slightly in her direction, and she caught sight of a strong sunburnt profile.

"Giles!" she whispered.

Why had Mrs. Keith denied his presence there ?

But the face looked older than when she had seen him last; not thinner, not paler, only markedly older. She almost thought his hair had gained a touch of grey. Could he have been in some terrible trouble lately ? Was there some mystery about him, hidden from her by Mrs. Keith, but sufficient to account for his refusal to come to St. Jacques ?

It was all bewilderment, and she began to wonder if she were dreaming. She put her hands over her eyes for three or four seconds. When she looked again the figure was gone.

She went slowly back to Mrs. Forsyth in a dazed condition, questioning whether it had been a delusion, a trick of the imagination. She wished now that she had at once gone nearer to make sure. Yet no; for if Giles indeed were there, and desired to avoid her presence, she could not go after him.

She said nothing to the Forsyths of what she had either seen or imagined. In no long time they started for home, and on arrival they found that Mrs. Keith had retired to her room. "Madame" had been a long time away, the Swiss girl said, when questioned. She had twice been out in the morning, and had received two telegrams; and then she had said that she would get some fresh air on the lake. She had returned but lately, by the boat preceding that which had brought back Monsieur and Madame and Mademoiselle. Yes, surely Madame had returned by that boat, for she would not all these hours have walked about Hilterfingen and Oberhofen, not once entering the châlet.

Mrs. Forsyth and Phyllys made their way to the bedroom, to find Mrs. Keith hard at work packing up. Her cheeks were flushed; her manner showed suppressed excitement.

"Yes, I went out," she said. "I thought it might do me good. My nerves seem all to pieces, and I could not keep still. So I took the boat to Interlaken and back for the sake of the air. You there, too!" with a start. "Then you gave up St. Beatenberg. What a pity! No, I did not see you, of course. I was no time ashore. Just for a cup of tea."

"I think you would have been better quiet," remarked Mrs. Forsyth, with a glance round the disorderly room.

"Perhaps you are right. It may have been a mistake. But something in Swiss air does not suit me. I seem to be a wreck of myself," and she laughed nervously. "So I have decided to go home—to start to-morrow. Phyllys will not object, and you must not think me ungrateful. I have quite made up my mind."

Had she seen Giles ? Phyllys all but asked the question, and then something in that strained, unhappy face, with its haggard flush, held her silent. As once before, the wonder arose—was Mrs. Keith perfectly sane ? Could it be that her brain was ever so slightly "touched ?" Phyllys decided not to risk exciting her further.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF AN UNQUIET MIND.

NO persuasions would induce Mrs. Keith to put off her departure more than one night. The Forsyths had a fight to gain that concession.

"But I must, and will, have a clear day for the Schynige Platte," Mrs. Forsyth declared

to her husband. "Phyllys has been promised that excursion from the first."

She gained her point, though probably, if Mrs. Keith had guessed what the extra day would involve, it would not have been granted. When she discovered the plan—too late to draw back—she first hotly combated it, and then insisted on being one of the party.

Phyllys, always an early riser, did not fail next morning. She sprang out of bed and went to the open French window in her frilled nightdress, with chestnut hair falling loose.

It was a sight worth waking for: the pale lake lying in shadow, with the pyramidal mass of the Niesen rising darkly beyond. Further distant shone the snow-peaks of the Blumlisalp, and one or two tips of the Jungfrau range, with a marvellous silver glow from the coming sun. The tint could hardly be otherwise described. It was not rose or gold, nor was it ordinary *cold* silver, but a pale rose-silver, if such a colour exists. Phyllys watched it breathlessly, kneeling, lost in admiration, unknowing whether the sight appealed more to her artistic or her spiritual self. It made her think of Colin and his ideals. It made her think of Giles. It lifted her heart to the Divine Source of all earthly and heavenly beauty. She whispered her prayers softly, looking with bodily and mental eyes on that indescribable light, while her spiritual eyes were uplifted to her Father in Heaven.

Then the ascending monarch of day crushed out the delicate tinting, and flooded heights and vales with gold.

A sharp air assailed them on the lake, and Mrs. Keith was blue, by no means in condition for the day's exertions. She held to her point, however, and refused to turn back.

Phyllys could have been in dancing spirits. The beauty of lake and mountain, the charms of the coming ascent, the prospect of Castle Hill, with reviving hopes that her fears would prove groundless, and that Giles would be in the future all he had been in the past—these buoyed her up. And the one wet blanket on her delight was Mrs. Keith's pallid face and evident depression. As they neared Interlaken, she did indeed force a measure of cheerfulness; but when they landed, her eyes were everywhere, nervously on the look-out. Phyllys could not but notice this, could not but conjecture possible explanations.

From Interlaken they went by train to a small station at the base of the mountain, where they entered the tiny mountain train, seen earlier by Phyllys creeping up the height.

"Schynige Platte, not far from seven thousand feet high," announced Mr. Forsyth, dividing his attention between his guide-book and Phyllys. "Subtract from that the eighteen hundred feet altitude of the lake—leaves a respectable bit still to climb. Engine worked with a cogwheel—very safe—all precautions taken. Ascent lasts about an hour and a half, or less. I beg your pardon," at a gasp of protest from Mrs. Keith.

"I thought it lasted twenty minutes!" in dismay.

"Dear me, no. You are thinking of St. Beatenberg. This is a longer affair."

"It won't seem any time at all—there is so much to see," murmured Phyllys joyously.

As they slowly rose, in turns and bends, the landscape widened by leaps and bounds. On one side, then on the other, they gazed downwards over a vast and growing expanse. The Lake of Thun soon lay far beneath. The Lake of Brienz had shrunk to a large puddle of dull greenish water. There was an overmastering sense of loftiness as they looked into sheer depths, across valleys, over precipitous walls of rock, falling abruptly from the very verge of the slender line on which they travelled. Most of the travellers took the journey composedly. It was the correct thing to do; everybody did it, and nobody expected to be the worse. To Phyllys the whole outlook was too wonderful, too fascinating, to whisper of fear. But she became aware that the lady on her other side was growing nervous, and that Mrs. Keith trembled like a leaf, staring with wide-open fixed eyes.

Three or four tunnels had to be gone through, and the breaking out from each into a wider world of mountains was grand. Ascent by rail has an unromantic sound; yet no man, climbing slowly on foot or on mule-back, gains these marvellous effects.

The nervous lady fidgeted anew. "Well, one comfort is," she remarked, "if anything *did* go wrong, it wouldn't be a case of getting mangled only. It would be—the end!"

"My dear, don't talk nonsense. Nothing is going wrong," a decisive man's voice beyond made reply.

Mrs. Keith clutched the window, breathing hard, and Phyllys slipped a hand through her arm. "It's all right," the girl said cheerily. "Nothing to be afraid of. These trains go all day long, all through the summer."



"'Giles!' she whispered"—*p.* 1086.

She met the large, hollow, haggard eyes, with a look in them which she would not easily forget. A look of dread, of shrinking, of horror.

"But—if it *did*——" she heard.

They stopped at a small station, and Mrs. Keith started up. Phyllys caught her hand.

"No, this isn't the top yet."

"Sit down, Mrs. Keith. A little longer. We are two-thirds up," added Mrs. Forsyth.

But she dragged her hand from Phyllys, and pushed her way out wildly. "I must—I must! I can't stand this any longer," she panted "It terrifies me! I can't stand it!"

Remonstrances were useless. She stood on the platform, trembling, her face a mottled pallor.

"I can't—I tell you, I can't! I won't!" she declared. "I haven't the nerve for it. No use asking me. I'll never in my life again get into a funicular train after to-day. You are all to go on without me, and you can take me up again as you come back. I shall be all right till then. No, I won't have any of you stay. I won't allow it, and I won't go any higher."

So excited and imperious was her manner, that it admitted of no resistance. Mr. Forsyth had sprung out, but she almost pushed him back, with insistence, in the face of his polite desire to remain with her. He had to yield, and she was left standing alone on the platform.

Since she refused their help, all they could do was to put aside the thought of her for awhile, and to enjoy the views. Another tunnel was gone through, and as they emerged, the Jungfrau burst upon them in dazzling radiance.

When the last little station was reached, a walk of some twenty minutes brought them to the top. A party of loud-voiced Germans, who had kept up a ceaseless rattle during the ascent, now did their best to mar the solemn grandeur of Nature. Phyllys and the Forsyths moved to a little distance, where they might study the scene in comparative quiet.

Far below, branching different ways, lay the Lauterbrunen and the Grundelwald Valleys; and in front, from right to left, swept a mighty range of snowy heights and towering peaks, including the three giants daily scanned in the far distance from Châlet St. Jacques—the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger—a lordly trio. These, and other mountains of the Bernese Oberland, seemed here to have placed themselves in a stately order, on view. It was a perfect day, some few clouds floating, but all the greater heights clear and sharp in definition. Through a good binocular Phyllys could see the very crevasses in the Grundelwald glacier, the tiny châlets dotting the valley.

When the time came to return, they kept a look-out for Mrs. Keith at the first station, and she was not visible. Mr. Forsyth left the train to inquire, and came back.

"She has set off to walk down," he said, with a lined forehead. "Very unwise. Of course, she's not equal to it. Over four miles! I must go after her. She might have a fainting-fit on the road."

There was no time to discuss the question, for the train was starting. Mrs. Forsyth could not resist a murmur of, "Really too bad!"

The small engine, which had puffed and snorted fiercely on its upward way, kept silence in the easier descent. Down, and down, and down they slipped—softly and steadily, winding to and fro from edge to edge, the dark mountains gaining in height as they slid into valleys between, the distant views contracting, the horizon narrowing.

On reaching the base, nothing was seen or heard of either Mrs. Keith or Mr. Forsyth, and Mrs. Forsyth decided to go on to Interlaken, there to await their appearance. In Mrs. Keith's present condition of health, it was impossible that she should yet have walked the whole way.

The wait was a long one. Mrs. Forsyth and Phyllys had tea, then hovered around and about the boat station, till patience was nearly exhausted. When at length the absent pair drove up, Mrs. Keith, drooping and feeble, seemed not to realise the trouble she had given. Mr. Forsyth had overtaken her not far from the foot of the mountain, and she had been so ill with over-exertion as to make a considerable halt needful. She was barely able now to drag one foot after the other. They helped her on board, and placed her comfortably, Mr. Forsyth then moving away for a low-voiced talk with his wife.

"Not at all grateful to me for going after her, I assure you," he murmured. "You'd have been astonished if you had seen the pace at which she was going—before she saw me. After that she was all weakness and faintness. My dear, your friend is rather eccentric, to say the least. She had hardly a word to say to me all the way here. However, not a word of this to anyone. She is bent on starting for home to-morrow still."

Phyllys meanwhile had taken a seat close to

XUM

Mrs. Keith, and the latter presently murmured, "You are a kind girl."

"I am sorry you are feeling so ill. Would it not be better to put off our journey for a few days?"

"No, certainly not. Everything is arranged, and I cannot alter. I cannot wait a day longer. My nerves seem all to rags," and she tried to laugh.

The laugh turned into a shudder. "Was that thunder?" She sat up and gazed around. "I have such a horror of a storm in a boat—all the iron about!"

Phyllys had hoped that she would not notice the state of the weather. A rapid change had developed after the brilliant day, and lurid cloud masses covered the summits, broken by yellow streaks.

"I don't like that. How long shall we be? An hour? More than an hour! Ask somebody if the storm will hold off so long. Find out, pray!"

Phyllys went obediently to inquire, though aware that "somebody" was not likely to have positive information. She came back to her seat, remarking, "I dare say it won't be much."

"What does Mr. Forsyth think?"

"He says it looks rather threatening."

They ploughed their way steadily through the grey waters, zig-zagging as usual from side to side of the lake; and the cloud-capped heights grew more densely black.

"If it gets worse, I shall land. I won't be stopped," Mrs. Keith muttered.

But for a while the storm held off, and when it broke she seemed to be paralysed, unable to act.

The solid Niesen, always a prominent object on their way from Interlaken, showed now no pyramidal form. From summit to base it was one mass of black vapours. Soon within the shrouding canopy rolled heavy peals, each one louder and longer than the last.

Then a dazzling double-forked arrow leaped from the veiled pyramid, accompanied by a crashing roar, which all but drowned Mrs. Keith's scream. She clutched at Phyllys' wrist, holding it with a force which gave pain. Mr. Forsyth came to ask if she would go into the cabin, but she shook her head, moaning.

"No, no! The boat may go down. We may all go down!"

Another resplendent flash, lighting up the dense and murky scene with intense rose-colour; and another burst of heaven's artillery, reverberating in dying echoes. Mrs. Keith hid her face, while Phyllys watched, fascinated. The black-clothed pyramid, the issuing sword-flashes, the rolling peals, had a stately grandeur, which brought to mind the giving of the Law from Mount Sinai in days of old.

"Phyllys, if death came, would God have mercy? If one had not meant—had not meant——"

"Had not meant to do what was wrong?"

"Yes—that is, had not wished, had not intended. Circumstances sometimes, you know——"

"But circumstances never can *make* one do wrong," the girl said staunchly.

Another dazzling sword of light, another echoing crash, and the long repetitions rolled from mountain to mountain. Mrs. Keith stooped forward, shaken by a sob.

"But if one cannot—cannot confess—would He have mercy?"

"He knows if you really cannot. If it is for the sake of another—not yourself—that you don't speak." Afterwards she wondered what had made her say this. At the instant the words sprang to her lips naturally. "I think one should always tell—if not openly, at least to someone. And then one might be helped."

No reply came. Mrs. Keith remained in the same position, till they reached their station, and she had to move. By that time the storm was lessening, and she walked from the boat with little help, her face averted from Phyllys. The girl wondered—had she given offence?

On reaching the châlet, a fresh effort was made to induce Mrs. Keith to put off her journey home, if only for two or three days, but she was obdurate. She meant to go; she would go! She was fit only for home.

Then, in her own room: "Did I talk nonsense on the boat, Phyllys? Lightning affects my head so strangely. I never know what I am saying in a storm."

Phyllys looked at her with serious eyes. "I don't know," she said. "It didn't sound at the time like nonsense."

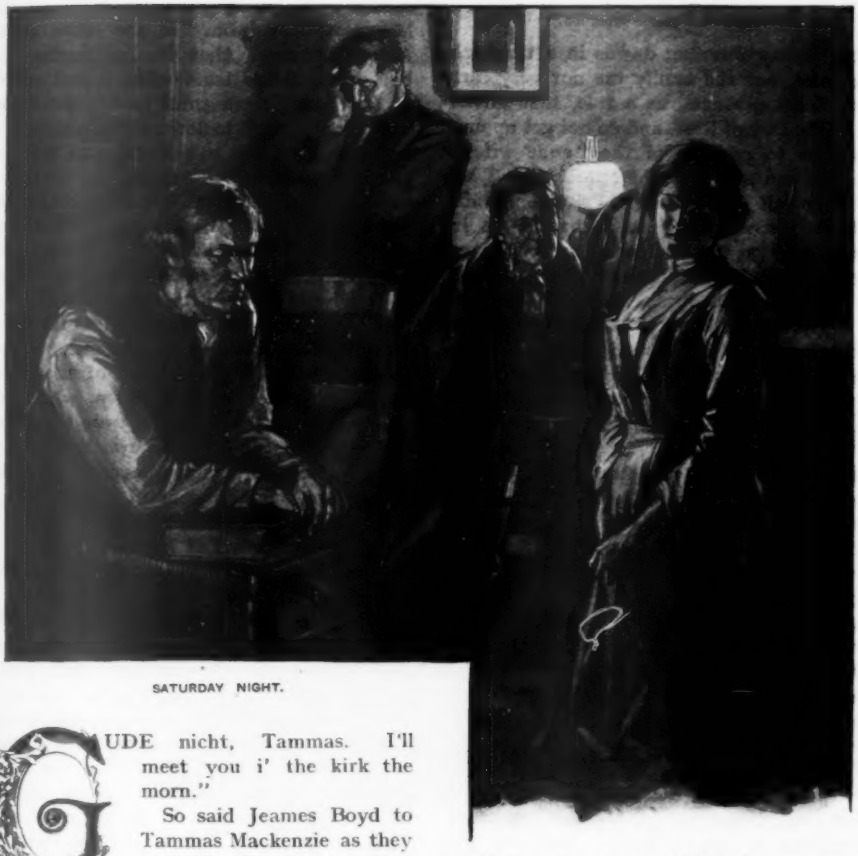
"I've no doubt it was, whatever I chanced to say, if it makes you so tremendously grave. Well, thank goodness! this is nearly the end. I shall never in my life attempt another funicular railway, and I have had enough of Switzerland. Now you must go to bed. Most of your packing is done, I suppose. You said you would do it yesterday evening. That is right. I long to be safe at my beloved Castle Hill."

And the next day they started.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.]

IN AND ABOUT THE KIRK.

By the Rev. Dr. W. W. Tulloch.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

"GUDE nicht, Tammas. I'll meet you i' the kirk the morn."

So said Jeames Boyd to Tammas Mackenzie as they parted with each other on a Saturday afternoon at the close of their work for another week.

"A' richt, I'll be there," was the response. Such had been the manner of their parting week after week for many a year.

Saturday afternoon was the only "bit" holiday these two douce old Scots ever had or ever thought of. For the rest of that day each did little "orra" jobs in their homes or in their gardens befitting the season of the year. Then they read "the Word" and offered prayer with their respective households, and had their weekly shave—an essential preparation for going to the kirk next day, and which it was not permissible to put off until "the Sawbath." Shaving was too secular an occupation for that day, and had to be got through on the Saturday night.

It may be interesting, by the way, to note that though Sunday is not so well observed in the lowlands of Scotland as it was wont to be, its sanctity is still rigorously maintained in many parts of the Highlands.

Mr. Alexander Carmichael, in his great work, "Carmina Gadelica," gives a poem on the Lord's Day, which he thinks can be traced back to the eighth century. Sunday in the Highlands then and now lasts

> "From setting of sun on Saturday
> Till rising of sun on Monday."

Though its injunctions are very rigid, the following occupations are permitted:

> "To keep corn on a high hillock;
> To bring physician to a violent disease;
> To go with a beast to the cattle-fold;
> Far or near be the distance,
> Every creature needs attention."

The Sunday morning dawns in a true Sabbatic calm, but the family are not very early astir. Scots peasants, as a rule, take advantage of the Day of Rest, and do not get up until it is time to partake of the "gude wife's" breakfast and get dressed for the kirk. While his better half is preparing the simple morning meal, the father will perhaps bundle on his trousers and go to the door to look out, and after meditating some time he may give a yawn, and stretching his arms, say to himself at last, "I think I maun awa' in and rise!"

After breakfast and worship the family proceeds to church, perhaps having a distance of several miles to walk. The mother and the girls will walk together, the key of the house having been carefully hidden under the feet-scraper; the laddies by themselves, and the father by himself, picking up a crony or two on the road. Their salutation is generally in regard to the weather. As Sir Archibald Geikie says, in his very charming "Scottish Reminiscences,"* to which this paper is greatly indebted "In Scotland, as in other countries having a variable climate, the weather has long been a staple subject with which to introduce a conversation, and it is common that even when the sky is overcast, with a threatening of rain, the usual greeting, 'It's a fine day' may not unfrequently be heard at the beginning of the colloquy. So inveterate is this habit that the observation is apt to escape from the lips, even when the meteorological conditions make it grotesquely out of place—as in the case of the man who made use of it on a day of howling tempest, but immediately corrected himself, 'It's a fine day,' said he, 'but coorse."

As the friends meet or overtake one another on the road, and salutations are given and received, their snuff-mulls are exchanged, and huge portions of "Taddy" are shovelled up noses, often with a horn spoon.

"Ye dinna snuff! Then that's a peety," said one worthy to another, "for you've grand accommodation," in reference to a particularly large nasal organ. Sometimes a woman takes a snuff, but not frequently, though it is recorded of an old lady that she "like't snuff and like't it scented."

And talking of snuff, that was a most extraordinary will lately published in which a Mrs. Margaret Thompson, "in the name of God, Amen," directed that in her coffin should be buried all her handkerchiefs and sufficient of the best Scotch snuff to cover her body. This she preferred to flowers, "as nothing could be so fragrant and so refreshing to me as that precious powder." Further, the six greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, were to be her bearers. Six old maids, each bearing in her hand a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they walked, were to carry the pall. Before the corpse the minister was to walk, carrying and partaking of a pound of snuff. At every twenty yards a large handful of snuff was to be delivered to the bystanders, while at the door of the testator's house were to be placed for gratuitous distribution two bushels of the same quality of snuff. Several legacies depended on the fulfilment of the will, and all concerned were bidden to regard the powder as the great cordial of Nature.

Then the talk of the church-goers may revert to ministers, ever a fruitful subject of conversation in Scotland. And *à propos* of this and snuff, the following remark might quite well occur. It is related by Sir Archibald Giekie thus: "Now and then a reproof from the pulpit has drawn down on the minister a sarcastic reply from the unfortunate sleeper, as in the case of the somnolent farmer who was awakened by the minister calling on him to rouse himself by taking a pinch of snuff, and who blurted out, 'Put the snuff in the sermon, sir!' an advice which found not a little sympathy in the congregation." As a rule, there is no sympathy in the minds of the Scots country people with ministers of broad views, and they frequently come in for severe criticism at the hands of the gathering congregation, the precentor, as a sort of secondary dignitary, being often one of the severest critics. It is related of one such that he said he would not go to sing for certain ministers because they were Latitudinarians. "And what," he was asked by a bystander, "do you mean by that?" "I mean," said the ill-taught and ignorant precentor, "by Latitudinarians those who go about preaching the gospel for nothing." "This is an awfu' parish," said another

* Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons, Publishers to the University.

worthy. "The gospel is not preached here, and they whatter the whiskey."

When a young minister was preaching in a famous and historic church, of which the beadle was the most imposing functionary, far more so than its incumbent, "Now," he said, "I am going to take the books up to the pulpit. Don't follow me too close. Come at a *respectful* distance!"

But now the last hurried tinkle of the bell has died away, and there is a rush into the church. The minister, p eceded by the beadle with "the books," soon appears, and all is attention. He engages for a moment in silent prayer, and then, rising, says, "Let us worship God," or, as they used to say in olden times, "Let us compose our minds for the worship of God by singing the —— Psalm." He reads all the portion that is to be sung. The precentor strikes his tuning fork, and begins, being allowed to sing the first line alone. "It is not always easy to secure a precentor," says Sir Archibald Geikie. "He must, in the first place, be a man of tried good character; and, in the second place, he must of course be able to distinguish the metres of the psalms, and have voice and ear enough to raise at least three or four psalm tunes. His *répertoire* is seldom much more extensive. Occasionally he begins a tune that will not suit the metre of the psalm, or he loses himself altogether. A precentor in the North Highlands to whom this happened suddenly stopped and exclaimed 'Och, bless me, I'm aff the tune again." Another more sedate worthy struck up the tune three times, but always lost it at the second line. He paused, looked round the congregation, and after solemnly saying, 'Hoots, toots, toots!' went at it the fourth time successfully. When the precentor at Peebles had failed twice in his efforts the old minister looked over the pulpit and said aloud to him, 'Archie, try it again; and if ye canna manage it tak' anither tune.'"

"A precentor,' continues Sir Archibald, "is naturally jealous of any more practised and



"The two cronies walking home together."—*p.* 1096.

clear voice than his own, which he rightly thinks ought to predominate. In the little Free Church of Raasay Island, the precentor had it all his own way until the minister's sister came. She sat at the far end of the church, and having more knowledge of music and a good voice, she made herself well heard as she sang in much quicker time than the slow drawl to which the people had been accustomed. Before the precentor had done a line she was ready to begin the next, and the half of the congregation ne rest to her followed her excellent lead. This was too much for the precentor. He raised his voice till it almost cracked with the strain, and for a few notes drowned the rival performer at the other end. But he could not keep it up, and as his notes dropped, the clear, sweet voice of the lady came out as before. Sitting about the middle of the church, I was able to appreciate the strange see-saw of the psalmody."

After the psalm has been duly sung in the Highlands, the people frequently sitting, "the first prayer is said by the minister, the people standing or lounging about in their pews in various attitudes. Then "the chapters" are read and another psalm sung. A short prayer is followed by the sermon, the great event in worship of the kirk.

"From the time of the Reformation onward the sermon has taken the foremost place in the service of the Church of Scotland. There was a time when a preacher would continue his discourse for five or six hours, and when sometimes a succession of preachers would give sermon after sermon and keep the congregation continuously sitting for ten hours. Those days of perfervid oratory are past; but a sermon of an hour's duration or even more may still be heard, and when the preacher is eloquent, will be listened to with deep interest."

Our late dear Queen did not like long sermons, and many hints were given to the special preachers by the minister of Crathie, the parish in which Balmoral is situated. Mr. Campbell, its late minister, and my dear friend, used to say the Queen had three preferences in a sermon. The special preacher would look up eagerly, wondering if the sermon he had chosen with much care and trepidation satisfied the royal requirements. "What are they?" And the good Campbell, with a smile on his honest, kindly face, would say, "Brevity, brevity, brevity!"

I believe that I owed my being asked back to preach before the Queen every year for nearly twenty years to the fact that I never transgressed this rule. Some ventured to do so, wishing to air their eloquence and trot out their best galloping Tom. Well, they had their reward. *They were never asked back.*

On the only occasion on which I had the honour to preach in the presence of our King, then Prince of Wales, the late Queen and the present Prince of Wales were at the service, so if I am spared long enough I shall be able to say I have preached before three sovereigns of this realm, though I trust our King may be spared to be an old man. Before dinner at the Castle at night, the King was good enough to say to me, "You don't preach long sermons." "No, Sir," I replied, and I fear there was a twinkle in my eyes, "not before the Queen." The King smiled, and said, "Do you know that when I first came to this part of the country the ministers used to preach such long sermons that the very collie dogs walked up the pulpit stairs and yawned in their faces." And the King bent back and laughed his hearty laugh, which, along with his conversation, takes everyone captive who has the honour to listen to it. I well remember how affable and gracious he was at dinner that evening and afterwards in the smoking-room. It was the year the Church of England lost the great Irish prelate, Magee, Archbishop of York for too short a time. The King spoke to me of his death, and told me the following story about him. He was once at an hotel, and was "teased"—such was the word his Majesty used—to write his name in the visitors' book along with something complimentary to the hotel, so he complied. He wrote, "I, So-and-so Magee, came here." Then the King tapped his forehead and said, "I must tell you the story correctly. Oh, yes:

"'I, So-and-so Magee, came here for change and rest:
The waiters got the change, the landlord got the rest.'"

Well, to return to the sermon in the kirk, Sir Archibald Geikie says, "Scottish sermons have always had a prevalent doctrinal character and a markedly logical treatment of their subject. It has never been the habit, north of the Tweed, to think that 'dulness is sacred in a sound divine.' The clergy have appealed as much to the head as the heart. In bygone generations the doctrines evolved from the text were divided into numerous heads, and these into subordinate sections and subsections, so that the attention of those listeners who remained awake was kept up as at a kind of

intellectual exercise. If anyone wishes to realise the extent to which this practice of subdivision could be carried by an eminent and successful preacher, let him turn to the posthumous sermons of Boston of Ettrick. There, in a sermon on "Fear and hope, Objects of the Divine Complacency," from the text, Psalm cxviii 11, this famous divine, after an introduction in four sections, deduced six doctrines, each subdivided into from three to eight heads. A sermon on Matthew xi. 28 was sub-divided into seventy-six heads.

Talking of old sermons, Dr. Boyd, especially in the summer season, when his church at St. Andrews—or rather churches, for he had two, in which he and his colleague used to preach alternately—were crowded with summer visitors, not only used very frequently to preach his old sermons, but his published sermons as well. And, indeed, we never could hear some of them too often. They always seemed quite new. He threw all his heart into the preaching of them, and his spirited manner and graceful style were most attractive. Ah! how well I remember some of them, full of a humour that would set his congregation into an audible titter, and again so charged with pathos that there was not a dry eye in the church, his own voice breaking with tender emotion! His predecessor, the gifted Dr. Park, musician, composer, and artist, the centenary of whose birth, by the way, falls this year, used also to repeat his magnificent discourses very frequently. We students used to make copious notes from them, and by hearing them repeated many of us could reproduce the whole sermon; and at the present moment they are lying in I know not how many students' old note-books.

One wonders how in the old days those long sermons could have been listened to. In my young days I suffered much at the hands of dear good Dr. Buist, the professor of Church history in the University of St. Andrews, who also held the second charge of the parish. He used to give us expository lectures on the Acts of the Apostles of terrible tediousness and of an hour's duration. The soporific tendencies of these discourses were great. "Oh, for an hour of Dr. Buist!" exclaimed a poor Professor, suffering in his old age from insomnia.

Even Dr. Chalmers must sometimes mildly have tried the patience of his hearers; and one, at least, was not impressed with his preaching, for in "The Creevey Papers," edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., I find the following: "Raith, January 18th, 1825.—On Sunday I went to kirk to hear the great luminary of this country, Dr. Chalmers, Professor of Humanity at Glasgow, and an author upon many subjects. He dined here on Saturday, and was treated as a regular Jeroboam. His appearance on that day was that of a very quiet, good kind of man with very dirty hands and nails; but on Sunday I never beheld a fitter subject for Bedlam than he was. The stuff the fellow preached could only be surpassed by his manner of roaring it out. I expected he would carry the poor Kirkcaldy pulpit clean away. Then his *Scotch*, too! His sermon was to prove that the *manner* of doing a kindness was more valuable than the matter, in support of which I remember two notable illustrations. 'If,' said he, 'you suppose a family to be suddenly veesited with the calamity of poverty, the tear of a menial, the fallen countenance of a domestic, in such cases will afford greater relief then to the family than a speceefic sum of money without a corresponding sympathy.' A pretty good start, was it not, and for Scotland too, of all places in the world! But it was followed by a still greater flight. 'Why,' said he—or rather shouted he—'why is it that an epple presented by an infant to its parent produces greater pleasure than an epple found by the roadside? Why, because it is the moral influence of the gift, and not the speceefic quality of the epple that in this case constitutes the pleesure of the parent.' Now what think you of the tip-top showman of all Scotland?"

These long sermons of the old days must, indeed, have been a trial when the kirk was uncomfortable, dirty, and cold; and many of the churches of those days were all three. Sir Archibald Geikie tells us of a certain parish church in Carrick, which, like many ecclesiastical edifices of the time in Scotland, was not kept with scrupulous care. The windows seemed never to be cleaned, or indeed opened, for cobwebs hung across them, "and half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies." There was an air of dusty neglect about the interior, and likewise a musty smell. One Sunday an elderly clergyman from another part of the country was preaching. In the midst of his sermon a spider, suspended from the roof at the end of its long thread, swung to and fro in front of his face. It came against his lips and was blown vigorously away. Again it swung back to his mouth, when with an

indignant motion of his hands he broke the thread and exclaimed, "My friends, this is the dirtiest kirk I ever preached in. I'm like to be poisoned wi' speeders."

"In the same county, where it had been the custom from time immemorial to winnow the corn with the help of the wind, a farmer, alive to the value of modern improvements, procured and began to use a machine which created an artificial and always available current of air. He was at once rebuked for an impious defiance o' the ways of Providence.

"A proposal to put a stove into a Fifeshire parish met with the opposition of one of the heritors, who, when the minister came to him for a subscription towards the warming of the kirk, indignantly refused, asking, 'D'ye think John Knox asked for a stove, even for the cauldest kirk he ever preached in? Na, na, na. Warm the kirk wi' your preaching and they'll never think about the cauld.'"

Another clergyman was apt to forget things, and, on remembering them, to blurt them out at the most inappropriate times. On one occasion he had begun the benediction at the close of the service, when he suddenly stopped, exclaiming, "We've forgot the psalm," which he thereupon proceeded to read out. At another time, in the midst of one of his extempore prayers, he was asking for a blessing on the clergyman who was to address the people in the afternoon, when he interrupted himself to interject, "It's in the burgh kirk, ye ken."

Then follows another psalm or paraphrase; the "intimations," as the notices are called, are made, and the collection is made. Many are the stories I have "concerning the collection," but here I must confine myself to what Sir Archibald Geikie says about it. "A characteristic feature of many churches in Scotland is the 'collection'—that is, the gathering of the contributions of the congregation for the poor of the parish or other purpose. In the Highlands, where there are services both in Gaelic and English, the performance is repeated at the end of each. One or more of the elders, attired in Sunday garb, and looking as sad and solemn as if they were at a funeral, take the 'ladle,' or wooden box, at the end of a pole and push it into each pew. The alms, as they are dropped into the receptacle, make a noise so distinctly audible over the building that a practised ear can make a shrewd guess as to the value of the coin deposited. Nearly the whole contribution is in coppers, only the larger farmers and the lairds' families furnishing anything of higher value. Hence such congregations have been profanely valued at threepence a dozen. An amusing incident in one of these collections took place at a parish church in the west of Cowal. A family whom I used to visit there had come to their seat in the gallery, while the earlier service was still going on, and when the Gaelic ladle came round they put into it their contributions. After the beadle had traversed the church at the end of the second service and the collection was being brought back to the foot of the pulpit, the minister, who noticed that it had not been taken up to the laird's seat, beckoned vigorously to the man, who was approaching with the money, and pointed to the gallery. In response he received only a knowing shake of the head from the collector, who at last, impatient of the ministerial gesticulations, exclaimed aloud, 'Na, na, Sir; it's a' richt, I have takin' the laird's money at the Gaelic!'"

But the last copper has been lifted. The ladle has been up at the pulpit for the minister's collection, and now he rises to pronounce the benediction, and the service in the kirk is over for the day. The congregation "scales" and wind their various ways home, the two cronies Jeames Boyd and Tammas Mackenzie walking home together and talking about the sermon and their neighbours.

It is long since these two worthies went to their rest, their hard work over, their daily toil done. Jeames Boyd was the first to go. His illness was not a long one, but it was apparent to his old wife and to all the friends when he took to his bed in the day-time, which he had never been known to do during the course of his long life, that he was a "done" man and would never rise again. As his end drew near he expressed a wish to see his old friend Tammas Mackenzie. The wife sent for him, and he came after his day's work in the gloaming of a winter's evening. His friend Jeames Boyd's mind was wandering in the shadows. He barely knew his comrade, but at last a spasm of intelligence came into his face, he stretched out his hand, and he said in a whisper, "Gude nicht, Tammas; I'll meet you i' the kirk the morn." And so saying he passed over to the land of the leal and the true and the faithful.

And, no doubt, on one eternal morn the old friends would meet in the New Jerusalem, the Heavenly Temple, the house not made with hands, the Father's home of many mansions.

IN THE CAVE OF DIONYSIUS.

By C. E. C. Weigall, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," Etc.

I.

WHEN Eugenie Verity made up her mind to winter in the Mediterranean she had no idea that such a determination would lead to a chain of circumstances that might almost be considered extraordinary. She had lately inherited a fortune from her grand-aunt that had enabled her to gratify the longing of a lifetime and to purchase a yacht of 300 tons, at the same time bringing to fulfilment a variety of half-acknowledged desires that had been growing up in her from the day that the world became the more thickly populated from her arrival in it two-and-twenty years previously.

Eugenie Verity was a handsome young woman with a will of her own, as her chaperon, Mrs. Duff, found to her cost, and which the skipper of the *Water Lily* had also found reason to regret several times since leaving the muddy reaches of the Thames below Tilbury.

The skipper of the *Water Lily* was a young man, which fact perhaps increased the stiffness of Miss Verity's manner towards him, and he had also been in love with her since the days when they paddled in the sea water at Scarborough—a lusty, healthy, sunburnt pair of cousins; and perhaps an intimate acquaintance, with the faults and ailments of childhood, does not tend to exhort to reverence in later life. But the fact that Tom Vernon and Eugenie Verity had each eaten tinfoil off the same gingerbread horses, when his father was head clerk in a bank where hers was subsisting on £100 a year as junior, made the difference in their positions now only the more painfully marked, for since those days Tom had been second mate in a steamer plying between Liverpool and Calcutta, while Eugenie had inherited her £5,000 a year.

The grandfathers of both these young people having been members of the clerical profession, where money is proverbially scarce, the fact will be easily grasped that their fathers had arrived at a position that seemed to promise even a further down gradient for the next generation, from which fate two of that generation had been timely delivered by the will of Miss Verity's great aunt. Eugenie had been rescued from a shop in the Edgware Road where she sold embroideries to querulous old ladies, and Tom from a steamer where he had consorted with men who were unaware of the value of an "h," and ignorant of the small refinements of gentility; and for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," as Eugenie had somewhat loudly declared, she had offered her cousin his present billet on the *Water Lily*, and already the bitterness of regarding his former love in the light of an employer was ceasing to vex the soul of the young man.

Mrs. Duff made a charming chaperon, who knew when to efface herself; and as Miss Verity had a few agreeable visitors on board and a variety of strangers to visit her at whatever port they put in, Mrs. Duff found the life amusing and at the same time exciting, since Eugenie, from looks and fortune, was likely to make a good marriage.

The party on the *Water Lily* consisted of two young women and their brothers—Lord Annerdale and Lady Mary Leslie, Mr. Sykes and pretty Robina, who was Eugenie's greatest friend for the moment. The men were exceptionally good specimens of their class; the girls everything that well-bred, well-clad young women should be. Lord Annerdale was in the Guards, Mr. Sykes the owner of one of England's stately homes, and, having said this much, there remains little further to be recounted concerning their individuality, which was of the sleek, polished, well-groomed description.

Eugenie avoided her cousin from the moment that the *Water Lily* slipped her moorings at Tilbury and with the dawning of a new day slid like a bird into the grey of the Channel, shaking her white wings in the touch of the April sun.

Tom Vernon took his meals quietly enough in the saloon, a fact which Eugenie insisted upon on the moral ground of her kinship; but his attitude of tacit sullenness annoyed her to some extent, for she could not understand a perverse pride that refused to joke with Lord Annerdale or to bandy sallies with Mr. Sykes, the wit of the party. The very sight of her cousin in his usual place, plodding steadily

XUM

through the *menu*, annoyed her, for in her heart of hearts she desired to see her cousin share intimately in the society of those with whom she associated as an equal; for the Tom Vernon of the Scarborough sands of her girlhood's days had been her hero, compared to whom this being in a blue pilot coat with unsmiling lips and eyes lack-lustre was a ghost of the past.

They were bound for Syracuse and the sunny shores of Sicily, but it suited Eugenie to get a glimpse of Algiers and Tunis before setting the course for that island, and it was at Algiers that the first trouble of the voyage began. It was mid-April, and the sun shone with southern warmth on Eugenie in her white drill gown as she emerged from her cabin in the early morning and came straight to where her cousin was standing, leaning on the taffrail. The quay was full of shipping of various nationalities. They had anchored under the town at daybreak, and already the deck was swarming with pedlars selling every variety of cheap Algerian jewellery, round whom the crew were collected, chaffing and bartering for brooches set with blue and red stones. The girl's hands were full of violets, purple and white, and the sun upon her head under her shady hat turned every coil to a mass of glittering gold. By falling over an Arab laden with cigars and common tobacco, and skilfully avoiding a Frenchman whose strings of scarlet coral were the object of the head steward's ambition, she guided a straight course to her cousin's side.

"I wish that you would send all these people away," she said. "The things are not even pretty that they are selling."

Tom raised himself, touched his cap, and commenced to harangue the little crowd in a happy mixture of French and Arabic, effecting a speedy clearance of the deck of the *Water Lily*.

When he returned to Miss Verity she was leaning over the rail, looking up at the steep slope of the white houses, the boulevards, the Arabic outlines of the native quarter, and the fresh dancing sunlight on white walls and minarets that makes Algiers one of the fair places of the earth in the spring time.

"I want you to come on shore with us," she said peremptorily, not looking at him.

"I should prefer to remain with the yacht," he answered stiffly. "I know Algiers, but Langton has never been on shore."

"Bother Langton!" said Miss Verity swiftly. "Once, Tom, you never hesitated over any expressed desire of mine."

His face worked a little. He could see the outline of her piquante face propped on one slender hand, the line of her yellow hair against her throat.

"Sometimes I think that you are apt to forget our relative positions."

"I wish that you could forget something sometimes," she murmured petulantly. "I wish you to come on shore, Captain Vernon. My wish should be law to you."

He bowed and moved away as Lord Annerdale put his head through the door of the companion way and hurried up to Eugenie, immaculately clad in his Poole suit, with a bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Eugenie greeted him with heightened colour and renewed vivacity, and by the time that Mr. Sykes put in an appearance with the rest of the party the whole programme of the day in Algiers was cut and dried, with the reluctant assistance of the skipper of the *Water Lily*, who had been appointed cicerone for the day.

Algiers is a place in which, if your physical condition inclines to weakness, you will inevitably be cheated; and that day Tom Vernon rescued the party from Arab and French men with complete success. He had come out to be their cicerone, and with his usual obstinacy he was willing to play that *rôle* and no other.

They bought fruit—luscious melons, oranges, and pears—on the steps of the Via Mustapha; filled their hands with roses; and emptied their purses for the sake of the beaten iron and copper work, the gold embroideries, and the satin hangings that are famous throughout the world as the produce of the African town. They partook of coffee in the open street, watching the veiled Arab women flit past, and the laughing, blue-uniformed cuirassiers clatter by on their sturdy barbs; and at last they halted to rest in the mosque in the great square that was even then calling to prayer from its dome and minarets. When it became evident that to traverse the cool corridors and inner chapels of the mosque they must don the shoes of the Faithful and dispense with their own, Sykes and Lord Annerdale turned restive and declined to follow what they were pleased to term "a confounded heathen notion, and a dirty one into the bargain."

Vernon was on in front, bargaining with the pious Mohammedan in charge; and Eugenie, light as a butterfly in her borrowed slippers,

was already studying the inscriptions on the twisted columns, the Book of the Koran chained to its stand, the light from the coloured windows in the court of the fountain, where the orange trees were filling the air with fragrance, the floor of mosaic which infidel feet had never defiled; and, therefore, the first intimation that was received of any jarring note in the even tenor of their way was the loudly uplifted sound of an English oath and the shrill splutter of an Arab in wrath.

Tom Vernon, turning sharply round, saw that the two Englishmen had pushed past he guides, and that their feet were already upon the sacred floor. There was a little crowd of angry faces in the doorway, a menace of voices, a hurrying-up of officials from by-ways and arches; and, knowing the fanatical side of the Mohammedan but too well, he hurried up in an instant; while Eugenie, with face pale with terror, caught Mrs. Duff's arm; for the sacristan of the mosque seized Annerdale by the coat, and the Englishman, resenting with all a Briton's pride the touch of a native, turned to strike him to the ground.

"For Heaven's sake," cried Vernon, "what are you doing, man? Do you know where you are?"

He made a dash at Annerdale and pushed him before him backwards against the archway, lifting his arm so that he caught upon his own sleeve two downward cuts of the poniard that had flashed in an instant from the burnouse of the enraged Arab. There was a rip as the blade cut cloth and skin, and upon the marble of the floor a dull red stain, red as the coral of that morning's display, dripped in a slender stream.

Annerdale, very angry at the whole affair, stood expressing his feelings in the way peculiar to Englishmen who feel that their pride of race has been slighted; while Vernon, angrily staunching the cut with his handkerchief, was endeavouring to appease the officials of the mosque, first by the power and breadth of his Arabic, and finally by the all-prevailing might of *backsheesh*, which in the end proving effective, the whole party were allowed to depart quietly in spite of the murmurs of the crowd.

As they passed through the door Eugenie, under cover of the shade thrown by the pillars upon the courtyard, came close to her cousin.

"You are hurt," she said faintly.

Vernon had succeeded in rolling the handkerchief round the cut on his arm, and turned swiftly, with the instinctive desire to hide the injury from her.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Tom. You were so clever, and he so stupid."

Tom looked down at her for an instant. "Don't trouble about me, Eugenie," he said gruffly. "Go on with the others. I hate a fuss."

His tone was so harsh and so unsympathetic that Eugenie, holding back her tears, rejoined Lord Annerdale and walked back to the yacht with him, and it seemed to her afterwards, in reviewing the events of that day, that she had agreed to all he had said and assented with great apparent eagerness to his assertion that Englishmen have a right to do as they like in any beastly country, and that if only the skipper would have left him alone he would have mopped the floor with the whole lot of dirty Arabs and have challenged the native quarter of Algiers to single combat.

II.

SYRACUSE may sound an agreeable place to visit in the mind of those tourists who are in love with the historical side of Sicily; but in itself it is a place devoid of beauty or charm, as it stretches in a long, flat line from quay to quay, level with the sea.

Lunch at the hotel, where there was a difficulty in procuring ice, damped even Eugenie's enthusiasm, and when they started in a ramshackle wagonette to see the sights, with a guide on the box who was chiefly remarkable for the atrocity of his French and his Italian and the dirt that pervaded every inch of his person, she relapsed into a gloomy silence that was a contrast to the high spirits of her companions.

Tom Vernon had not accompanied the party that day, for he had expressed no eagerness to do so, and Eugenie had hardly spoken to him since they left Algiers, preserving where he was concerned a haughty silence that she hoped expressed her disapproval.

They viewed the Greek Theatre, with its flight of magpies, the Roman villa, and the temples, and came to a halt at last at the cave of Dionysius, outside which the rope-walk was in full work, with its two leisurely Sicilians passing the twine through their brown fingers as the wheel turned in the sun. Eugenie pleaded fatigue, and when the guide carried off the remainder of the party to visit the Roman Amphitheatre and the cemetery, where the



"'You are hurt?' she said faintly"—*p.* 1099.

wheel-cuts of the chariots still marked the rough track, she said with a peremptory gesture that she would remain behind and rest in the cool of the cave, and though Mr . Duff offered to stay with her charge, she was so plainly anxious to be alone that to press the suggestion would have been an impertinence.

As the sound of their voices died away up the road, Eugenie heaved a little sigh of relief. She was tired of the *Water Lily* and her new friends ; weary of Mrs. Duff, who had found these friends for her ; and, above all, tired of intimacy that began and ended with the almighty dollar ; for to possess five thousand a year is all very well, but to be loved for that fact alone makes the heart of the thinker bitter ; and to-day i seemed to Eugenie that in all her world there was but one man w o had loved her for herself, and that time and circumstances had now estranged even that friend from her side.

She wandered disconsolately up the path and into the dark recesses of the cave that were damp and phosphorescent. Over her head a shaft of light shot from the trap where once the tyrant listened to the moanings of the prisoners in the dungeon below. The sheer wall of solid rock shot upwards till it lost itself in the unseen roof, slimy with the damp of centuries. There was no sound but the flutter of bat wings in the heavy air, the drip of the dank water upon the shoots of maidenhair where the cave was lighter.

A man with a violin, standing in the doorway, began to play ; and the weird cadence of the notes swelled and echoed through the vault, till Miss Verity could have sworn that there was a choir of unseen angels' hands at play in a heavenly orchestra above her head.

She was sitting on a square stone, her feet in a puddle, her gown daubed with the damp of the wall against which she leaned, luxuriously miserable ; and when the tears began to drip slowly down her cheeks she felt that the *mise en scène* was perfect. She was so absorbed in her own sorrow that the echo of a step on the path outside annoyed her, and she felt still more irritated when the figure of a man loomed up towards her, groping his way in the dusk ; for it was Lord Annerdale, and she guessed his mission before he spoke.

"What, you here in this hole, Miss Verity ?" he said, coming up close beside her. "If I were the Government, I'd knock a hole in the wall and let in the light, or have lamps about and the place cleaned out, but I'm awfully glad to find you alone. The others are all fussing over a bone or a pot or a primæval lizard they have found in one of the graves : so I lef them to fuss, for I never get a chance of saying a word to you alone. This is an awful place to say anything tender in ; but, Eugenie, you must have seen all along that I loved you. I wish I could see you now. it's awful hard lines saying things o the back of your head like this."

Eugenie made an impatient movement.

"It is very good of you to say this, Lord Annerdale," she said slowly, and her voice sounded sonorous as the echo took it up and shouted it through the cave ; "but I don't think you will want to repeat it when I tell you that I am no longer a rich woman. My—my money does not belong to me a all, and when the *Water Lily* is tied up at Gravesend I shall go back to lodgings and yards of embroidery again. You see, my great aunt made a mistake. She meant to leave the money, I am sure, to someone else, and I made it over to him yesterday."

"By Jove !" said Annerdale helplessly. "What an extraordinary thing."

"What is an extraordinary thing—that I have lost my money, or that you have proposed to a penniless girl ?" said Eugenie sharply. "Both facts are the result of mistakes."

Annerdale collected himself with an effort. He was a gentleman, and he had never behaved in any manner that was unbecoming his species.

"Of course, my proposal was not a mistake," he said gravely. "If you will do me the honour to become my wife, Miss Verity, I will do my best to make you happy. I am not rich, but at least there will be enough to keep us in comfort, if not in luxury."

Eugenie choked down an hysterical sob and rose to her feet.

"Thank you very much. No," she said. "I am tired of a position to which I was not born. I like you very much, but not enough to marry you ; and I am quite sure that when I see the lodgings in Edgware Road again they will look like home, and I shall hug my cards of embroidery and worship my linen buttons."

"Indeed !" said Annerdale, a little confused. "I—I am afraid that I do not quite follow your meaning. What—er—is Edgware Road—embroidery ?"

"Just this," said the girl shrilly. "I earned

my living by being a saleswoman in a fancy shop in that part of London, and, since I have given up my fortune, I am going back again to that life, never to leave it again. Now, please go back to the others and leave me alone. We need never refer to this conversation again, and when we return to England you can drop my acquaintance if you wish to do so."

"I—I should never wish to do that, Miss Verity," said Annerdale solemnly; and after a moment's hesitation he departed, with a bewildering sense upon him that he had had a narrow escape of being united to a mad woman, and resolving to ask Mrs. Duff before nightfall whether there was lunacy in Eugenie's family, and, if so, to take his sister back overland.

Eugenie, left alone, gave way to her sobs, till the whole cave seemed to be ringing with mocking echoes of jeering, despairing voices, abandoning herself so completely to her grief that she started in terror at the touch of a hand on her shoulder.

"Eugenie," said a voice in her ear, "for Heaven's sake stop crying. Are you mad?"

It was Tom Vernon. She knew the sound of his voice, the firm grip of the hand that slid downwards from shoulder to wrist and held her there as in a vice.

"Eugenie, be quiet." She stilled her sobs to listen. "I think that you did not remember the echo in the cave. I was in the far corner all the time, and I heard every syllable that you and your friend spoke. I was afraid of moving for fear you should see me."

"Well," said the girl, in a stifled voice.

"I came after you to-day because I was afraid that you would be getting into some trouble again, as you did at Algiers. I am glad that I came now. Was it true that you said that you had lost your fortune? Are you poor again now, Eugenie, as you were in the old days? You have to deal with a man now, not a dressed-up Jackanapes, and I will have the truth from you."

"It was true," said Eugenie faintly.

"To whom have you made over your money, and when was the other will found?"

"There is no other will. I merely did what I thought fair—what Aunt Cave ought to have done at first."

"And the name of that person who now has that fortune," said Vernon, his fingers tightening on her wrist till she could have cried out with pain. "Oh, blessed person, to leave you poor and penniless, Eugenie; to leave you just your beautiful, womanly self, that a poor man might take in his arms and love and hold for the rest of his life! Tell me that person's name, that I may bless him or her in my prayers every day."

"I cannot tell you."

The words fell from Eugenie's lips with a touch of chill repression, for she was suddenly afraid of what Tom would say when he knew the truth.

"What do you mean, Eugenie?" he said sternly, falling back a pace or two from her. "Is it anyone whom you fancy I should dislike? Why, my dear, my dear, thank God that man exists." He forgot his momentary alarm, and at the faint sound of a sob, so faint that it was more like a sigh, he caught her hands in his.

"My darling, I love you so. Can you be happy without all the luxuries that your money gave you? I cannot see you in this darkness, Eugenie, but if the shadow that has grown up between us has melted away, tell me that you love me and we will be married to-morrow."

"I have got something to confess to you; don't come near me till you know everything," cried the girl suddenly. "Oh, Tom, Aunt Cave ought to have left that money to you. It has made me so miserable, and last night I just thought of a way out of it, and so I made out the document and posted it to-day in Syracuse, and the money will be yours as soon as the lawyers can seal and deliver it."

"What do you mean?" Vernon's voice was harsh with surprise, and his first instinct was one of annoyance.

"Forgive me. Oh, Tom, forgive me. I did not know that you would be angry. I meant to do right. You would not understand——"

There was something in the pathos of her voice that woke the hunger of Tom Vernon's soul, and the distance between them lessened suddenly. He could see her dim white shape outlined against the rock, framed in the fringe of maidenhair fern that hung from every ledge.

"You have not answered my question yet, Eugenie," he said. "Is it impossible for me to win your love?"

"Oh, it is yours already!" she cried, and would have added more but that he caught her in his arms.

But the troth of Tom and Eugenie may, perchance, have hallowed the memories of pain and stilled the ghost of dead years, for they were happy, and in this life happiness is the spell that lays every wandering spirit born of suffering and misunderstanding.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—**Israel Reproved.**

Passage for reading—*Amos* v. 4—15.

POINTS. 1. God to be sought with all the heart.
2. He warns the unrighteous.
3. He forgives the penitent.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Time to Seek the Lord.** An old writer says, "God invites many with His golden sceptre whom He never bruises with His rod of iron." If the invitations of His grace were more freely accepted, we should often escape the chastisement of His hand. Oh! that men did but realise that a time of health and happiness and prosperity is the best possible time for seeking the Lord. Indeed, any hour is a good time in which to seek the Lord so long as it is present with us. He who would be wise would find no better day in the calendar for casting off sin and folly than that which is now with him. But let no man trifle with time, for in an instant the die may be cast and his eternity begun. And then it is written concerning the ungodly, "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

God's Warnings and God Himself. A very skilful archer went to the mountains in search of game. All the beasts of the forest fled at his approach. The lion alone challenged to combat. The archer immediately let fly an arrow, and said to the lion, "I send thee my messenger, that from him thou mayest learn what I myself shall be when I assail thee." The lion, badly wounded, rushed away in great fear, and when a fox exhorted him to be of good courage and not to run away at the first attack, said, "You counsel me in vain, for if he sends so fearful a messenger, how shall I endure the attack of the man himself?" Even so, if the warnings of God's ministers fill the conscience with terror, what must it be to face the Lord Himself? If one bolt of judgment fill a man with fear, what will it be to stand before an angry God in the last great day?

God Slow to Anger. It is told of the Roman magistrates in old times that when they gave sentence for anyone to be scourged, a bundle of rods, tied hard with many knots, was laid before them. The reason was this: that while the appointed officer was untying the knots, which he had to do in a certain order, and not in any other hasty or sudden way, the magistrate might see the behaviour of the prisoner, whether he seemed sorry for his fault and showed any hope of amendment, that then he might recall the sentence or mitigate the punishment; otherwise he was to be punished more severely. So it is with God in the punishment of sinners. How patient He is, how loth to strike, how slow to anger if there be but any signs of repentance! He does not try us by swift martial law, where the punishment follows immediately upon the sin, but He pleads with us, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" And this He does to see whether the sinner will throw himself down at His feet, whether he will come and make his peace and be saved.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—**God's Goodness and Mercy.**

Passage for reading—*Psalm* ciii. 1—13

POINTS. 1. God's fatherly goodness to be praised.
2. His temporal mercies are great.
3. His spiritual mercies are infinite.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **God the Father of All.** The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the joy of the wide world. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!" So God sits, effulgent in heaven, not for a favoured few, but for the universe of life, and there is no creature so poor and so low that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, "My Father, Thou art mine!" (*Henry Ward Beecher.*)

Providence and Natural Laws. A vessel, a few years ago, was six months on its way from Liverpool to the Bermudas. Fogs enveloped it, winds sent it hither and thither, captain and mate lost their reckoning, the vessel sprang a leak and was given up in despair. Both crew and passengers were reduced to a few drops of water and one potato a day. Only one man on board, a missionary, held on to the hope of escape. Suddenly the leakage ceased. The next day they sighted land and were saved. When the ship's bottom was examined, it was discovered that the leaky end of the vessel was entirely covered with barnacles. God had seemingly wrought a miracle for their salvation, and yet their safety was brought about by natural means.

Mercy and Not Judgment. She had been dreaming. In the little chapel at Nestley Park she sat listening to the curate's denouncement of hypocrisy, when suddenly the scene changed. The pulpit had grown to a mighty cloud, upon which stood an archangel with a trumpet in his hand. He cried that the hour of the great doom had come for all who bore within them

the knowledge of any evil thing neither bemoaned before God nor confessed to man. Then he lifted the great silver trumpet with a gleam to his lips; and every fibre of her flesh quivered in expectation of the tearing blast that was to follow; when, instead, soft as a breath of spring from a bank of primroses, came the words, uttered in the gentlest of sorrowful voices, "I will arise, and go to my Father." (*George Macdonald's "Paul Faber."*)

OCTOBER 2ND.—**Elisha Succeeds Elijah.**

Passage for reading—*2 Kings ii.* 12—22.

POINTS. 1. Elisha divides the waters in God's name.
2. He rebukes his followers' unbelief.
3. He heals the poisoned waters.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Simplicity of Faith.** Dr. Anderson was journeying in Scotland to help in a religious revival which was then going on. He met with a boy who told him of the death of his little brother. The lad seemed sure that his brother had gone to heaven. Dr. Anderson asked him the ground of his confidence. He replied, "Because he had faith." "But," said the doctor, "how do you know?" "Well, sir, when he was dying he seemed afraid. I told him to trust in Jesus. He asked me what that meant—what he was to do. I said, 'Pray to Him.' He replied, 'I am too weak, I am not able to pray.' Then I said, 'Just hold up your hand. Jesus will see you and will know what it means.' And he did it. Now, was not that faith?" Dr. Anderson was a great theologian, yet he often pointed to that dying boy with the uplifted hand as a beautiful illustration of the simplicity of faith. Was not Elisha's faith much the same when he smote the Jordan with Elijah's mantle, saying, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

The Folly of Unbelief. Once a sceptic in Dr. Bonar's church said to him, "Sir, I do not believe that there is a God." It was 10 p.m., and there was no time for argument. I cast the burden on the Lord in prayer, and looked so happy that he said, "Are you laughing at me?" "No! but I was thinking that if all the grasshoppers on earth were to say there is no sun, it would not alter the matter. The Bible says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'" I then showed that God calls every man who does not believe in Him a liar. The man went home seeming much impressed, and when I met him a few months later he said, "I found out that I was a fool, and I have learned to believe in God and to fear Him." Thus the sword of the Spirit pierced his heart.

A Practical Prayer. A deacon living in a town in Berkshire was asked to give his prayers on behalf of a poor man with a large family who had broken his leg. "I can't stop now to pray," said the deacon, who was picking and packing early apples for the next day's market, "but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef, bread, and potatoes and butter. That is the best I can do for the family just now."

OCTOBER 9TH.—**The Widow's Oil Increased.**

Passage for reading—*2 Kings iv.* 1—7.

POINTS. 1. The widow's distress.
2. Elisha's sympathy.
3. Blessings follow faith.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Living on in Affliction.** A military officer a few years ago attempted to shoot himself in Hyde Park. The pistol missing fire, he drew his sword, but his hand was immediately arrested by a poor man near the spot, whom he had not observed. Resenting this interference, he attempted to stab his deliverer. "Stab me, sir," said the poor man, "if you think proper to escape. I fear death as little as you do, but I have more courage. More than twenty years I have lived in poverty and affliction, and yet I trust in God for comfort and support." The officer was struck dumb with this spirited lesson, burst into tears, gave the poor man a purse of money, and lived to be his greatest benefactor.

Story of St. Martin. A beautiful story is told of St. Martin, who, before he was baptised into the faith of Christ, and while he was still a soldier, showed a rare instance of love and charity. In the depth of winter a beggar, miserably clad, asked an alms of him for the love of God. Silver and gold had he none. His soldier's cloak was all he had to give. He drew his sword, cut the cloak in half, gave one portion to the poor man, and was content himself with the other. And we may truly say of him in our dear Lord's own words, "Verily I say unto you, he shall have his reward." That night in a vision he beheld our Lord on His throne, and all the host of heaven standing by Him; and as he looked steadfastly on the Son of God he saw Him to be arrayed in his own half cloak, and he heard Him say, "This hath Martin given to Me." So the smallest act of love and kindness done to Christ's poor for His sake shall not go unrewarded.

Adversity a Blessing. The springs at the base of the Alpine mountains are fullest and freshest when the summer sun has dried and parched the verdure in the valleys below. The heat that has burned the arid plains has melted the mountain snow and glaciers and increased the volume of the mountain streams. In like manner, when adversity has dried the springs of earthly comfort and hope, God's great springs of love and joy, administered through His servants, flow freshest and fullest to gladden the heart of the sad.

BETTY'S GRAND MAN.

A Story for Old and Young by Mabel Milne.



BETTY walked down the flower-lined path with two little creases on her forehead and a puzzled expression in her blue eyes. She couldn't make things out at all lately; they were very "upset," she said. Daddy didn't hurry away in the mornings as he had always used to do, and he never gave her rides on his back, or played bear or anything nice, but looked so strange that Betty could not make it out, and felt very sad. Nurse told her she must be very good and not give any trouble, for perhaps her daddy was very worried about things she could not understand, being such a little girl. That subdued Betty. She wished she were ever so big, and a deep pity throbbed in her tender heart. If only he would just grow back into her old daddy, she thought wistfully, and romp with and tease her as he had always done. And Mummy was sad too—very sad, for that very morning Betty had seen her crying—"a bad, dreffful cry," she expressed it, with Daddy's arms round her; and this was such an unheard of and terrible thing that Betty crept away dismayed.

She clasped a doll in her arms, faded and the most unlovely of all her sawdust, waxen, and compo family, but for some reason most prized by Betty—perhaps because she had suffered, and pity is akin to love.

"She has had the measles and the chicken pox," Betty confided to the rector one day when he was admiring the doll.

"Dear, oh dear me! That is very sad," he said gravely. "I hope she won't catch anything else."

"I don't!" said Betty. "I want her to have bronchitis, 'cause I should just know how to poultice her chest, like Mummy did mine. Daddy says I ought to leave her in the garden all night, but that would be so cruel, and the gipsies might get her, you know."

Betty began to unburden herself to the doll.

"I never saw Mummy cry before—never. I don't fink Daddy was cross—he never is cross with Mummy or me— and he was holding her tight, not as if he was cross. And he kissed her, I'm sure—I heard—it was such a big kiss, and I don't fink he would do that if he was angry, do you, dear? Once when I was cross with you 'cause you wouldn't take the medicine when you had the measles, I didn't kiss you—not till afterwards, when you was sorry."

She had reached the white painted gate that led from the garden, and was walking slowly now down the leafy lane. Betty's happy life was not spoilt with endless restrictions. Now that her charge was growing more independent of her services, nurse assisted her mistress and Mary, the housemaid, in domestic duties.

The cobwebs did not seem to clear from Betty's mind as she walked along, wondering dimly how long this singular state of affairs was going to last. She thought the world—just the little world Betty knew of "Mummy, Daddy, Nurse, and Maria Solphrina," and a few minorities—must be very upside down indeed for such "hollid fings" to happen. She never lingered this morning to gather the wild flowers that peeped amid the green on the hedge banks, and seemed almost too shy to thrust their tiny faces out to meet the sun's warm kiss. No, Betty was very preoccupied. Her usually bright face was overcast with a shadow of reflection, and there was a pathetic droop at the corners of her sweet little mouth. The sun touched the soft, tumbled hair that escaped from the pink folds of her sun-bonnet, and shone on the pale, waxen visage of Maria Solphrina.

"If there are seclets I fink nurse should have told us, don't you, dear?" she observed

presently in a wistful way. Then Betty looked up suddenly, and the thread of her thoughts was broken.

"Ho, young lady, you're young to be wandering off by yourself. Playing truant, eh?"

The speaker was a tall gentleman, about sixty, probably more. He had white hair and a white, fierce-looking moustache. His eyes were very sharp and keen, and his stern expression was, perhaps, the least bit forbidding. But Betty, with the wonderful eyes of childhood, which seem to see such a long, long way where we cannot, probably penetrated something underneath the sternness. Anyhow, Betty had never been frightened of anybody in her life yet.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"Ho, ho, who am I, eh? Much good it would do you to know," he said, looking down at her upturned face with a gleam of amusement in his eye.

"I'm Betty," she said, "and this"—touching the doll—"is Maria Solphrina."

"Maria Solphrina, eh? Umph!"

"What makes you grunt so, man?" inquired Betty sweetly.

"Grunt, did you say? Bless me, isn't that name enough to make anybody grunt? Maria Solphrina! And you're Betty. How old are you, little maid?"

"Six. It was a nice birfday, and Daddy brought home a beautiful cake. How old are you, man?"

"Humph, quaint little stick this! Sixty, and a little over."

"Oh," reflectively, "is sixty much older than six?"

"Ten times older."

"How very old you must be, man! Daddy said he was five times older than me. I s'pose you don't know my daddy?"

"No; you see I only came to live about here a few days ago." Then a far-away expression seemed to soften his keen eyes; he thought, perhaps, of somebody who would be thirty now.'

"Man," inquired Betty suddenly. "Can you splain things?"

"What things, little maid?"

"Hollid upset fings, like Daddy not playing bears with mummy and me, and nurse always whispering to Mary, 'cept when I go very close. And just now, man, what do you fink? Mummy was crying—more drefful than I did when my tooth ached so."

Betty paused, her face wearing an expression of tragic woe; then she went on drearily.

"I fought p'laps Daddy had been cross, but he's never been cross before."

"H'm, quarrelling," said the stranger, speaking in a sceptical undertone, but loud enough for Betty's sharp ears.

"I'm *twite* sure, man, they was *not*," she contradicted sturdily, "'cause Daddy was—cuddling mummy."

The stranger's lips twitched. "Lor, oh lor!" thought he, "what terrible domestic revelations will come out next?"

"And—he kissed her," ended Betty, with a little air of triumph, feeling she had successfully contested the point.

"He did, eh—humph!" Then to himself. "Pair of young fools!" But this time there was only a mild irony in the expression, for into the heart he had so long kept frosty and hard, Betty had crept like a gleam of sunshine, and her flute-like voice seemed to be sending its sweet refrain over the arid wastes of his life,

"Man, did you ever quarrel?"

He started and stood rapt. His hand shook slightly as he passed it over his forehead.

"Yes, once, little maid."

"But I s'pose you made it up, man?"

"No—never."

There was a huskiness in the abrupt words. Betty's soft hand stole into the stranger's in mute sympathy; he clasped it and began to walk on, leading her.

"Does mother trust you out as far as this, eh?" he asked presently.

"Of course she does," said Betty. "We always go for walks—Maria Solphrina and me."

"And never get lost, eh?"

"Course not," replied Betty again, and this time she was just a little offended.

"I wonder," said he, "if you could find your way to come and see me sometimes, little woman. Do you see that gate and the big red house behind it. Well, that is where I live."

"That was the empty house," said Betty, who had passed it many times, and very little escaped her sharp eyes.

"It was empty, but I am going to live there now. So you will come and see me sometimes, eh? You mustn't be frightened of the dog. He's a big black fellow, but he likes little maids, and I daresay he'll let you stroke him. Not frightened of dogs, eh?"

"I'm not—but I think Maria Solphrina is."

"Well, leave Maria Solphrina at home."

"I couldn't," returned Betty, with a grave

shake of her head. "She would be so dreffful lonely. But I'll splain to her that the doggy won't hurt her."

So it was settled that Betty should call at the Red House the next time she was out, and after parting from her new friend she trotted home with Maria Solphrina, her troubles for the moment forgotten in the anticipation of new delights. Colonel Hamilton had certainly earned the reputation of being a cantankerous, irascible old gentleman, but Betty had not found him at all terrible. And certain it was, as he stood watching her little figure disappearing down the long dusty lane, that the ice of his heart was broken and his eyes were misty with strange emotions.

"Six, eh? And blue eyes. *His* were a bonny blue, too. Married at twenty-three—the young idiot. Yes—he'd be thirty now—and he might have a little Betty. But not a penny—the tomfoolery of it—and the girl not a penny either! I never saw her—never would see her. Marrying a governess, and there was the other with her thousands waiting for him like a ripe plum. She's married a peer now—can't say I envy the gentleman, for I'll swear she's developed into a nagger and has the temper of a vixen. Perhaps I ought not to be ungrateful the boy escaped *that*. I wonder now what he's doing, the young fool. Love was going to feed them, of course. H'm, always does! Said he would rather give up anything in the world but her—humph! Wouldn't demean himself by marrying a woman for her money, and he'd make his own choice without my helping him. Humph, he did! Love? I wonder if Betty believes in it. Bless her, she wasn't a bit afraid of a cross-grained old chap. Thinks the world of Maria Solphrina. Must buy her one to put that in the shade."

But he had yet to learn that the most beautiful and enticing of dolls would not have weaned Betty from the faded and long-suffering Maria Solphrina.

Betty was to experience another surprise when she reached home. She found a man—a man whose face she instinctively distrusted and looked on with suspicion—sitting in the little rustic porch, the odour of a foul pipe he was smoking poisoning the fragrant breath of the honeysuckle and jasmine that climbed over the lattice work. She entered on the war-path at once; for Betty could be a very determined little person when she liked.

"This is my porch," she began, "and will you please go away?"

"Your porch, eh? But things is changed now," he replied, with a leer that roused Betty's ire.

"I'll go and tell my daddy, and he'll make you go," she said, with a smart stamp of her foot.

"But your daddy knows I'm here—and what's more, my little bird, he knows I'm going to stop here."

Betty was too enraged to continue the argument. She brushed past the man into the house, upstairs into the room used as her nursery. Nobody was there, so she deposited Maria Solphrina on the couch, and went downstairs again. She met her father coming out of the little sitting-room that overlooked the garden in the rear. She ran to him eagerly:

"Daddy, there is a hollid man sitting in the porch. Will you tell him to go away at once?"

"I can't, my pet," he said, and his voice seemed choked. He lifted her in his arms with a sort of fierce despair. His face was so strange and haggard that it frightened Betty. He pressed his lips against her bright hair and put her down by the door of the sitting-room, which was just ajar.

"Don't mind about the man, darling. Go and stop with mummy," he said, and then he went out quickly.

Betty pushed the door slightly more ajar and looked in. Her mother and old Nanny Webster, her nurse, were inside; but they did not appear to notice Betty, for they were talking. Betty's mother stood by the open French window, the sunlight touching with gold the soft brown coils of her hair. She was tall and slight—a girlish figure yet, in spite of her eight and twenty years. Her face had a pure simple beauty of its own, and her deep grey eyes were fixed in sorrowful contemplation.

"There, there, my dearie," Betty heard her nurse say. "Don't you get worriting and fretting yourself. It will come right soon, though it looks so dark now," and Nanny sighed a little.

"But, Nanny, it seems so dreadful; and there's Betty too—to think of little Betty being shut up in a close room in London. It is not for myself that I mind; but to know how *he* is brooding over it is worse than anything. And then to hear him blaming himself for bringing this sorrow on me, as if any blame were his. You see, Nanny, he never knew that things were so bad with the firm till just before the crash came. He had hopes of being taken into partnership one day, and I know how his



"'Who are you?' she demanded"—*p.* 1106.

heart was set on that, so that we could put by money for Betty when she grew up. His salary was not large enough to enable us to save much, and what there was has gone for the common necessaries of life. Of course, he hoped to find other employment before this. Neither he nor I knew how hard that is—when one has no money or influence. What have we done to deserve this thing? Was it that we were too happy here, and we are not meant to have too much happiness in this world?" and there was a little ring of bitterness in her voice.

"My dearie, troubles often come and we cannot see the why and the wherefore. It is a test of our faith not to question. Only if they come upon us through no fault of our own we have nothing to fear, and we may depend that the silver lining to the cloud will be very bright some day."

"It seems difficult to believe that—when

things are so hopeless now. I could bear it better if he would not keep blaming himself. I had a good cry this morning, Nanny ; I could not help it. He said a dreadful thing—that I must wish I had never met him now he had brought all this trouble on me. That was just more than I could stand, his doubting my love like that—after all these years too. Of course, he was repentant at once, and promised he would never say anything of the sort again."

A smile lit up Nanny's wrinkled face ; for the love of these two seemed to waft her a breath of that heaven which her old eyes, becoming dimmer to the things of earth, saw growing nearer in the distance.

"He's got a heart of gold, has Mr. Geoff," she said, taking off her spectacles, because of the mist that had gathered on them.

"He has, Nanny." There was the radiance of love on the young wife's face. "It is cruel, unjust, that he should suffer as he is—and he has worked so hard for Betty and me."

"Well, it has been a labour of love, dearie," said Nanny with a nod, and then they both grew silent, feeling, perhaps, too deeply for many words ; for to both "he" was the sunshine of their little world—the loyal-hearted girl, for whom he had so willingly given up all, and the old woman who once had nursed him as a baby, and was Betty's nurse too.

Betty, meanwhile, had stood on the threshold, her small ears pricked, all sorts of dim and confused ideas bewildering her. But she comprehended enough from the conversation to gather that something was wrong, and that that something somehow or other chiefly concerned her Daddy. She stood in perplexity, her face grave ; then, unobserved, she slipped away from the door and sat down on the bottom step of the stairs, her head resting against the bannisters. In this position she could see the left shoulder of the strange man in the porch, and the sight brought little frowning furrows on Betty's forehead. It was a thing that puzzled her altogether, why her father, so tall and broad-shouldered and strong, could not turn away that nasty wizened little man she felt such a repulsion of. It was just at this moment that a thought struck her. Surely she knew somebody who could make him go : her acquaintance of that morning. The sight of that tall, fierce-looking stranger, stalking with giant strides down the garden path, his stick in his hand and a big dog behind him, would surely terrify the intruder effectually. Betty was not long in making up her mind. She darted across the little hall, where the tall clock ticked steadily, out of the porch, startling the unwelcome visitor by the sudden way she whisked past him. Then she turned and faced her enemy, a defiant challenge in her eyes.

"You nasty, hollid man, I'm going to fetch somebody who will make you go away. He'll bring his big stick and a big dog too."

The man winked at her solemnly. It amused him to see the small fury, and to egg her on he said :

"But suppose I've got a stick too—and a dog, maybe, not far off ?"

But Betty was not to be gulled, nor was she to be drawn into an argument. She trotted out of the gate into the road and down the dusty winding lane as fast as her chubby legs could carry her ; and it was a very tired and dusty Betty that arrived at the Red House. The Colonel caught sight of her from the window of the dining room where he was having lunch. He went out to meet her, his sharp eyes softened.

"Why, little maid, you have come to visit me again very soon, eh ?" Then he saw the flushed little face, the hair clinging to the white forehead ; and he lifted the small figure in his arms and carried her in the dining-room.

"There's a nasty man in the porch," began Betty, "and he won't go away. Daddy seems very sad. Will you come, man, and bring your big dog and your stick ?"

"A nasty man, eh ? What's he doing ?"

"Sitting down ; but he won't go away, and Daddy said he couldn't make him go. I fought if you came, he would be frightened of you."

"You did, eh ?" and the Colonel gave a little chuckle at Betty's *naiveté*.

"I've had no dinner, man," she remarked next, her eyes falling on the dainties on the table, and awaking suddenly to the fact that she was very hungry. The Colonel, with the aid of a couple of footstools on a chair, managed to construct her a seat sufficiently high. She was too busy to talk much while she demolished the delicacies he put on her plate, but he found sufficient pleasure in watching her. The brusque, fierce old soldier, whom people stood in awe of, was strangely gentle with this sweet, blue-eyed little maiden.

But when Betty had appeased her hunger she was all eager for the Colonel to start. He felt somewhat in a predicament. How did he know who the unknown man in the porch was, or what his business might be, and how on earth was he to interfere ? But so pathetically

XUM

did Betty plead that he determined at least to go home with her; so the Colonel took his stick, called to Bear, the big sheep dog lazily sunning himself in front of the door, and off the trio started.

Betty was in a little flutter of excitement as she trotted down the lane, grasping the Colonel's hand, the dog following. She felt that when she appeared with two such champions, that ill-favoured man in the porch would certainly take to flight.

Betty brought the Colonel to a pause at the little white-painted gate of her home, and coaxed him up the path bordered with mignonette and blue lobelia and sweet williams. Her bugbear was still in his old position as if he had made up his mind to a permanent stay. Betty tweaked the Colonel's sleeve.

"There he is," she said, and gazed defiantly at the object of her scorn.

But for the first time Betty's sweet voice was lost to the Colonel. His eyes were fixed before him, not on the man in the porch, but on another who had suddenly appeared on the threshold of the door, a tall, well set up figure, such as the Colonel must have been in his youth. The Colonel took a stride forward, and for a moment they stood facing each other, father and son.

"Geoffry!" Then the Colonel's hand went out and the younger man's hand met it; and the barrier that had divided them for seven years was broken down at last.

"I was wrong, Geoffry! But I ask you to forgive me and forget the past, for I am a lonely old man and want my son," said the Colonel, and there was a humility in his voice that had never touched its brusqueness before.

It was not a very difficult matter, after all, for the Colonel to banish the man in the porch. Betty watched him slouch off down the path and out of the gate in high satisfaction, and called after him in shrill, piping tones:

"I'm very glad you're gone, you nasty man; and don't you ever come back."

Betty, in fact, was once more her light-hearted little self. She skipped upstairs to tell the good news to Maria Solphrina, and after subjecting that much-enduring doll to an impromptu toilet, which involved a little more shedding of the lustreless hair, and the scrubbing of the faded cheeks with a very crumpled kerchief, she brought her down into the sitting room and crept into a corner, to see but not be heard.

A glance at Betty's mother, in the graciousness of her youth and beauty, sufficed to bring home to the Colonel even more nearly the folly of his prejudice. Certainly, his keen, penetrating glance had never felt so inclined to flinch in all his life before, as in the moment when she stood before him, half proudly, her clear grey eyes meeting his.

"My dear, you must forgive a foolish old man; for youth can afford to be merciful," he said, and by the tenderness that stole into her face and the soft pressure of her hand in his, the Colonel knew that they were friends.

Betty sat in her corner, silently observant. The shadow had lifted from her home, and though she was too young to understand the why and wherefore of everything, she knew that the brightness had come back, and that her daddy's face was no longer careworn and sad. Everybody seemed very happy, even old Nanny Webster as she sat polishing her spectacles with her apron, and therefore Betty was happy too.

"And where's my little maid?" cried the Colonel suddenly. "Why, bless me, there she is, right out of it in the corner." He made his way to her, and tilting her chin so that he could better see her wonderful eyes, said:

"Do you know what you've got to call me, eh?"

"No," replied Betty.

"Why, grand-daddy, of course."

Betty considered, with a puzzled furrow on her brow.

"I can't have two daddies, and please, man, I'd rather not," she said, and glanced across to where her father was standing. For Betty's heart was very loyal, and she did not take quite kindly to the idea of letting another share her daddy's place. The Colonel was a new friend yet, and she did not grasp the relationship. But she did not want to hurt his feelings, so she added, with a solemn look in her sweet, blue eyes:

"I'll call you my grand-man."

And the Colonel had to be content with that; for ever after he remained to Betty just her "grand man."

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A POWERFUL WRITER.

OF recent additions to Temperance literature probably the most notable work of fiction is "Wine on the Lees," by Mr. John Alexander Steuart. The story shows all the finished characterisation of a master hand. The gifted writer has clearly taken special pains to study the drink problem at first hand. As a keen observer of how the poor live, and of how members of "the trade" make their fortunes, Mr. Steuart has peopled his pages with living men and women. He gives us a real "peep behind the scenes," and his book is one which cannot fail to rouse earnest minds to do battle with the "enemy of the race." We must not give an outline of the plot but we do strongly recommend Temperance workers to make good use of the book. By placing "Wine on the Lees" in public libraries, by presenting copies to their friends, and by mentioning it in their addresses we feel sure that some real recruiting work will result. It may be added that the author is a Scotsman, who was born in the Perthshire Highlands on July 3rd, 1861. He commenced his career as a banker, and after a brief experience in Ireland travelled in North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He became a journalist, and returned to Europe as a special correspondent. He edited *The Publisher's Circular* from 1896 until 1900, and is the author of "A Millionaire's Daughters," "Kilgroom," "The Minister of State," and many other popular books. Mr. Steuart has upon some few occasions been prevailed upon to take part in Temperance meetings in London and its suburbs, and his virile, crisp speeches have greatly delighted his hearers.



Photo: Beasano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. J. A. STEUART.

A NOVEL USE OF "THE QUIVER."

The following extract from a letter received from a veteran Temperance worker in Plymouth tells its own story. He writes: "You may like to hear that at a recent meeting of our Temperance society we had a capital evening, which was styled "A Night with THE QUIVER." One of our members attended with the last three or four years' numbers of THE QUIVER. These were handed round, and some twenty or thirty members read out paragraphs from your Temperance pages. The freshness and wonderful variety of the topics touched upon greatly interested the large audience, and the many helpful suggestions brought before those present should prove of great service. Some guesses were made as to your contributor's identity, and it was admitted that he (or she) seems to have an all-round knowledge of Temperance work and Temperance people."

THE WORK IN THE POLICE COURTS

The latest returns of the C.E.T.S. show that there is no diminution in this most valuable department of Temperance effort. The number of missionaries employed by the Church of England Temperance Society alone now reaches a total of ninety-seven, in addition to which there are sixteen mission women. Two hundred and ninety-four police courts are now regularly visited; and the following figures for the past year are an eloquent testimony to the activity of the missionaries:

74,606 persons were visited in their homes.
6,906 cases were attended to at the magistrates' request.
29,960 prisoners were met on discharge from prison.
20,367 free breakfasts were provided.
4,999 persons (chiefly young women and girls) were placed in homes or restored to their friends.
2,540 persons were provided with employment.
20,253 persons were assisted with money, shelter, food, clothing, tools, etc.
3,174 persons were handed over to the care of the parochial clergy.

A SIDELIGHT ON LEGISLATVE ACTION.

Among the Parliamentary papers recently issued was one giving a return of the number of victuallers', beerhouse, and other licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors, the renewal of which was refused at the annual licensing sessions in England and Wales in February

and March last. The total number refused was 422, but there were appeals in 263 cases. The result of the appeals was that 21 were abandoned, 108 dismissed. and 114 allowed, while there were 20 appeals still pending. Among the licences refused were 286 victuallers' licences, 101 beerhouse licences, and 35 other licences



MISS K. A. GIFFORD, B.A.

ANOTHER IRISH EXAMPLE.

Ireland, which has so frequently given the lead to the Empire in Temperance work, once again furnishes a striking example of how things should be done. A very large and influential committee, representing all sections of Temperance opinion, all creeds, and all political parties, has been formed to promote an "All Ireland Temperance Bazaar," which will be held in the well-known exhibition grounds, Ball's Bridge, Dublin, on May 16th and four following days next year, in aid of the funds of the Irish Temperance League and the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance. The aim is to raise the sum of £6,000, which will be spent by these joint well-known organisations in still further extending their work. The comprehensive character of the scheme will be understood when we mention that it includes:

1. An increase in the number of travelling agents.
2. The circulation of Temperance literature.
3. The holding of indoor and outdoor meetings.
4. The assistance of local societies with speakers, and with legal advice in opposing licences.
5. The teaching of Temperance lessons in day schools.
6. The enforcement of existing licensing laws.
7. The entire closing of all licensed premises on Sundays, and their earlier closing on Saturday nights.
8. To labour to create a sound public opinion on the evils of drunkenness.
9. To promote effective Temperance catering.
10. To educate young people in the duties of citizenship with respect to the liquor traffic.

One friend has generously contributed £200 to defray the hire of the Ball's Bridge grounds, and there are encouraging signs that the bazaar will be well supported throughout the country. Two young ladies, who have long been widely known for their keen interest in Temperance work, have been appointed as assistant organisers of the bazaar, namely Miss K. A. Gifford, B.A., of Dublin, and Miss Maggie E. Donaghy, of Belfast. These ladies are holding drawing-room meetings and addressing conferences of workers in all parts of the country. Their mission is to stir up interest, enlist helpers, offer suggestions, receive hints, and, in a word, concentrate their persuasive gifts to the making of the most notable bazaar ever held in Ireland. In cordially wishing them success we feel it right to recall that in the great bazaars held in London upon several occasions, and last year in Manchester, for Temperance purposes, stalls have been invariably supplied by Irish friends. The forthcoming event will furnish an opportunity for English Temperance workers



(Photo: Abernethy, Belfast).

MISS MAGGIE E. DONAGHY.

to pay their debts. The Secretaries of the bazaar are Mr. J. B. Moriarty, 4 and 5, Eustace Street, Dublin, and Mr. Wm. Wilkinson, 16, 18, and 20, Lombard Street, Belfast.

"THE QUIVER" MISSION BOAT FUND.

"There's Always the Wrecks."



"THIS is very pleasant," remarks a Londoner, basking in the sunshine of an ideal summer holiday. The garden of an hotel where his after-lunch coffee is spread commands a view of the sparkling British Channel, and Nature smiles her kindliest smile. "This place is delightful in such weather as this," he continues to the landlady who has brought out her knitting and is evidently ready to catch the opportunity of a chat, for it is early yet for visitors; "but don't you find the winter very dull?"

"Well, sir," she replies, "there's always the wrecks."

"Always the wrecks" to break the monotony of the winter on our British coasts; always a series of disasters to supply hotels with customers such as underwriters, insurance agents, and persons deputed to carry on inquests. "Yes, in winter there are always the wrecks," echo the voices of the seafaring population; "wrecks to break hearts, destroy homes, and fill them with sorrow so that life can never be the same again." Even places well known as resorts for invalids see for themselves calamities when the great Atlantic rages and chafes under the lash of angry gales. During the last winter terrible storms broke over the south-west coast. In February the town of Falmouth was thrown into gloom by the worst accident that had happened for many years.

It was a rough Wednesday evening when the captain, chief engineer, two seamen, and a fireman attempted to return from shore to their ship, the *Melrose Abbey*, which lay anchored in the roadstead. When alongside a fierce squall seems to have struck the boat, as all within it were drowned. On the following Sunday the shocked and sorrowful survivors welcomed a visit from the chaplain and reader of Missions to Seamen. All hands met to seek from the Ruler of the sea help, comfort, and protection. Protection they sorely needed in their undermanned vessel. Even before the mission dinghey had conveyed the chaplain and reader safely back to their cutter, the *Sickle*, the main boom was carried away, and the yacht was only with great difficulty brought back to its moorings. The little Mission craft was also in great peril. The chaplain ascribed its gracious deliverance to God alone and to the prayers of His people, offered specially on Sunday mornings for seafaring men and workers amongst them.

In spite of the squall the missionaries visited three ships on that day. On the first, a large four-mast English barque, they had a service with eighteen men, of whom thirteen took the pledge of total abstinence. Sobriety amongst seamen often means the salvation of life. In the hour of danger the preservation of a ship may depend on a clear head, alert faculties, steady hands and feet. Brave as sailors may be, there is no courage equal to the calm confidence of men who know God as a present help in trouble and are fearless when waters roar and waves leap to overwhelm them. An instance of this sort of courage is told amongst the stories of the Missions to Seamen chaplain for Cornwall.

In the spring of 1903 a Norwegian steamer —the *Siggen*, of 670 tons—was rendered helpless by the loss of her propeller. For five days and a half terrible seas drove her hither and thither on the Atlantic. During this time the crew dared not go below. They fought the elements and bravely defended their drifting ship until the captain bade them give up the struggle. They had done their best; nothing remained now but for them to die like men and like Christians. The crew of thirteen assembled. Half frozen, almost worn out, they stood around him on the rough pavement of trampled snow and hail, and closed their eyes whilst he read part of the solemn Burial Service. It was over, and they prepared to meet death in the strength of Him Who has destroyed its sting. They opened their eyes to see, not the last enemy, but a large American steamer, the *Pennsylvania*, bearing down upon them."

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord," each one of the true hearts yielded to His will might well cry, as it drew nearer and nearer, and at last rescued and brought all safe to land. If the American ship can be looked upon as a daughter of the *Mayflower*, and these hardy Norsemen as descendants

of the Vikings of old, their British comrades bidding them welcome into a fair haven are typical of the seagirt nation to which they belong. Her Continental neighbours, at least, realise her position and responsibility.

"English is the sailor's language!" replied a young seaman on a Danish barque to the inquiry of a Mission agent whether the crew could speak English. Special responsibility rests upon England towards seamen of every race, for no other country has the same opportunities or influence. Respect for life and growth in humanity demand that care should

coming of summer is not more regular than their rush to the seaside. September witnesses their return home, no longer fagged and weary, but with strength renewed and a comfortable readiness to take up life's burdens afresh. When turning their backs upon the sea it will be gracious to bear in mind the outward bound ships and their freight of human life

Readers of the May Number of THE QUIVER will remember that a Fund was opened to purchase a motor vessel to replace the *Messenger*, the worn-out sailing boat at Cork Harbour, and to supply ten row-boats for other



(*Photo: E. Yeoman, Barnard Castle.*)

SHIPPING ON THE TEES, WHERE THE SECOND OF OUR ROW-BOATS, 'MILDRED" ("THE QUIVER" No. 2) IS TO BE STATIONED.

be taken for the comfort and safety of the mercantile marine, without which England would cease to be a nation. But no precautions, no scientific improvements and observations, no modern appliances, can control the elements. So long as autumn succeeds summer and winter succeeds autumn, and so long as thousands of ships go to and fro, there will always be wrecks. The one safeguard for seamen is to know their God as a present help in trouble and the hearer and answerer of prayer. The main object of Mission boats, institutes, and all the organisations connected with them for the temporal comfort and benefit of seafaring men, is to lead them to Him that they may live righteously and lay hold on a Saviour and Friend.

The sea is a good friend to landsmen. The

stations. Our July Number described the launch of the *Quiver No. 1* row-boat on the Tyne. Autumn is here. Winter must not be allowed to bring news of disasters, followed by sad admissions that evils might have been remedied if only the means had been at hand. "This life need not have been lost if only the Mission boat had been seaworthy!" "Crews starting to face bitter cold might have been supplied with knitted comforters, woollen steering gloves, or literature that would have been a godsend for dull days, comfort for body and soul might have been supplied, but for the want of more boats!"

The time is short. Whilst we have the opportunity, whether used or lost, seamen pass away. "In winter there are always the wrecks."

Children's Page.

THE object of the children's section of THE QUIVER Mission Boat Fund is to provide row-boats, which can penetrate the masses of shipping in port when the larger launches provided by the "grown-ups" cannot make their way. Our object is to provide ten boats at a cost of £25 each. So far, the proprietors of THE QUIVER have given the first boat, *Quiver No. 1*, and a lady has given the second in memory of her little daughter. We are now working for the third boat.

MY DEAR READERS,

I am writing this before it is possible for me to hear from you whether you will respond to my appeal, for I daresay you can understand it takes some time to prepare a large magazine like this. In any case, I do not expect a brisk correspondence for some time, for doubtless you will all be thinking over ways and means of helping and making plans for small sales of work, concerts, etc., to be held in the winter. I really think that these are some of the best ways of raising money for charities; and then also, there are "self-denial" ways. I know many children who give up birthday gifts to their pet charities, and who even walk instead of taking an omnibus, and devote the fares to the good cause. I call that real goodness; for it is much more difficult to sacrifice one's personal comfort and one's time than to take round a collecting card. Still, whether you choose the collecting card, or the bazaar, or the "self-denial," I shall be equally glad, as long as the silver shillings and the brown pence come rolling into La Belle Sauvage. As I write these lines THE QUIVER Row-boat No. 2 is being built, and is to be called the *Mildred*, in memory of the little girl of whom I spoke last month. Do not let it be long before we can send the order for Row-boat No. 3—the first boat we shall be able to call "ours," for No. 1, as you remember, is given by the proprietors of THE QUIVER.

Meanwhile, I am sure you will be interested to hear the story of the founding of the Missions to Seamen, whose splendid work we are endeavouring to help. Sixty-eight years ago a clergyman and his son were walking along the cliffs above the Bristol Channel, enjoying to the full the beauty of sea and land and sky. Suddenly the small boy's attention was captured by a sparkle from one of the islands lying out to sea—Flat Holms was its name.

"Look, father," he said, "what is that shining thing out there?"

"It's the sun shining on the lighthouse," said his father.

"Oh," said the little boy, and was silent for a moment. Then he continued, "And do men really and truly live out there?"

"Yes," replied his father, "for months and months."

"And no one else lives there?"

"No."

The small boy was silent again, pondering.

"Poor men," he said. "It's very good of them, dad, to stay there just to keep ships from going on the rocks."

"Yes," said his father; "it's a lonely, anxious life."

"And how do they go to church, dad?"

The minister was surprised for the moment. The thought had never come to him.

"They don't go," he replied.

But from that moment he began to wonder why the lonely lighthouse and lightship men were never visited by any minister, who could speak to them and cheer them and discuss their hopes and fears, and read the Word of God to them. So he hired a boat and went out to Flat Holms and received so enthusiastic a welcome from the men that he determined to visit them each Sunday of his holidays. Then, too, he noticed a number of becalmed ships off the coast of Wales, and he went out to them, and was again given so warm a reception that he felt, "Here is much work to be done." "No one cared for the merchant seamen," said the men. As soon as they came ashore they spent their money in drinking and low places of amusement; and then they shipped again as soon as it was all gone, and terrible specimens of humanity were to be found in the "fo'c'sle," which is, as many of you know, the sailor's name for the "forecastle," that part of the ship in which the seamen live. Bad language, bad habits, bad thoughts, that was the atmosphere in which many a man, anxious to do right, found himself.

Dr. Ashley—that was the name of the clergyman—was horrified, and in consequence of what he heard and saw he declined a splendid living which had been offered him, and determined to devote himself to the seamen. A few years later Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, the author of "Peter the Whaler," and "The Three Midshipmen," and other books which many of you have enjoyed, took up the question too, and

he, with some friends, founded a society for sending out chaplains and Scripture readers to work among sailors round the coasts. This society joined the work started by Dr. Ashley, and was the beginning of the Missions to Seamen.

And wonderful has been the work achieved by them. Not only at our own ports, but in distant Eastern harbours, are chaplains and their helpers, who seek out "Jack" and bring him books and cheering words, and welcome him on shore to church and reading-room. Formerly the good-natured, easy-going sailor, as soon as he reached port, was set upon by swarms of bad people, who quickly induced him to part with his money; and when he returned home, and had to wait in port for his pay, these wretched people induced him to spend his money in advance and borrow from them, so that when the pay did come, poor Jack found a long bill, which left him penniless again. The Missions to Seamen brought these wrongs before the Government, and now the money is sent after the sailor to his own home, so there is no loitering about the ports. You can see what wonderful work has been done. Fancy the poor wife, who had been looking forward to her husband's return, and then found he had spent all the hard-earned money which was to make life so pleasant for them during the time he was ashore, and for many months to come! Fancy the shamefaced feeling of Jack himself! No; all this is altered now, and the more the Mission Boat can wing its way through the waves to show men where friendly hands and voices await them, instead of the public-house, the better will be the lot and the life of the merchant seaman.

So I'm sure you will feel doubly anxious after reading this to add your mite to the great work.

Before I close my letter I wish to give you two examples of the way in which assistance comes. A very welcome gift has arrived through Commander Dawson from the Rev. James White, of St. Peter's Vicarage, Paddington. It is the result of a collection at a children's service, and amounts to £1. I do hope this idea may be followed by other ministers and their young congregants.

And, secondly, I give you an extract from a very nice letter from a hospital nurse. She sends 3s. 6d., and writes:

> "Will you kindly send on a copy of the photogravure 'The Light of the World'? Since I was quite a little girl we have always had THE QUIVER monthly, and have taken opportunity of many of the benefits it has offered from time to time. I am only sorry I cannot send the half-guinea just now towards the Mission Boat fund. Enclosed find postal order for 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. of which you can use toward the Mission Boat or any other fund you care. It is a grand idea to have these boats for the dear seamen. I thank you in anticipation for the picture, and pray the necessary funds will be sent in."

I trust I may soon receive many letters from you breathing the same spirit of helpfulness. I shall love to hear from you.—Yours affectionately, AUNT GRACE.

I am indebted to Commander Dawson, R.N., Lay Secretary to the Missions to Seamen, and to a booklet written by Miss Mary Walrond for information regarding the history of the Missions to Seamen.

You will find a collecting form in the Magazine. Please cut it out, fill it up as well as you can, then send it, with all collections and letters, to:

AUNT GRACE,
c/o The Editor of THE QUIVER,
La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.

A third list of contributions, comprising amounts received from June 30th, 1904, up to and including July 29th, 1904:—

ADULTS' SECTION.	£	s.	d.
Amounts previously acknowledged	183	3	11
"Wem"	0	1	0
L. A. Hodgetts (Church Stretton)	0	16	6
Mrs. Gooddy	1	0	0
Anonymous	0	10	6
Anonymous (Edinburgh)	0	2	6
Mrs. Mackenzie (Kensington)	0	6	0
Miss F. Noble	0	10	6
Annie Paterson	0	10	6
Mrs. Collins	0	2	0
Anonymous (Edinburgh)	0	2	6
Miss Moore	0	13	0
J. F. D.	0	10	6
A. King	0	7	6
M. F. (Kingston Hill)	0	5	0
Miss Brown (Clapham)	0	10	6
Miss Meek (Bradford)	0	10	6
Kate Southerden (per M. J. B.)	0	14	0
M. S. (Walsall)	0	10	6
Miss A. M. Dobson	0	5	0
A. Bryan (Manchester)	0	10	6
A Friend (Weymouth)	1	10	0
C. Morfey (Croydon)	1	6	0
E. M. B.	0	3	0
W. J. Parker	0	10	6
L. E. S. (Eastbourne)	5	0	0
H. C. K. Fynn (S. Rhodesia)	0	10	6
Albert Perry	0	3	7
CHILDREN'S SECTION.			
Amounts previously acknowledged	53	6	6
A. M. O.	0	10	0
"A Drop of Sympathy"	0	2	6
Children's Collection at St. Peter's Church, Paddington	1	0	0
I. L. M. M. (Hove)	0	5	0
Albert Perry	0	2	5

Short Arrows

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

The Lord's Prayer on a Sea-shell.

PERHAPS a queerer vehicle for prayer than the surface of a sea-shell was never employed. Little is known of the origin of the shell photographed except that it is many years old. The labour and painstaking care of the carver must have been infinite, for every letter of the famous prayer is executed with remarkable skill and precision, the height of the relief writing being $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch The length of the shell is just over three inches.



THE LORD'S PRAYER ON A SEA-SHELL.

Curé and Colporteur.

A FRENCH pastor was passing a village home, which he knew to be tenanted by a Roman Catholic family, when he noticed a woman within the doorway weeping bitterly. He learned that her husband was dying, and was admitted to the sick man's bedside. At his first words of Gospel truth the wasted features lighted up with joy. "I know that well," said the sufferer, "and I have perfect peace." "Where did you learn of the Saviour's redeeming love?" "When I was a porter at the last Paris Exhibition, the agents of the British Bible Society gave to me and my mates each a copy of the New Testament. What I read in that holy book brought me to know and trust Jesus." This and other such incidents were related in the Protestant church of Havre by Pastor Paul Monod, whose father, Mr. Gustav Monod, for thirty years director of the Paris branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, passed a short time ago to his heavenly rest. Throughout France 12,000,000 copies of the Bible in whole or in part have been circulated by that society. There is, we think, an element of special interest in the comparatively humble celebration of her centenary festival in a land where her faithful envoys have to contend with so much superstitious bigotry, in addition to the ignorance and indifference everywhere encountered. But all the more are such occurrences as the following to be valued. A curé, meeting a Bible colporteur in a country district, reproved him for circulating the error which he supposed to be contained in the French scriptures sold by the Bible Society. "Will you accept and examine one of my books?" The curé consented. That evening he sought out the colporteur. "I find this

quite a faithful translation," he said, "and I wish you to supply me with one hundred of these books for the outlying hamlets of my wide parish, which I can rarely visit." Ere long a second hundred was demanded by the same applicant.

A Grateful Housemaid.

A POOR woman who was attended with the utmost professional care and personal kindness during a long and painful illness by the late Dr. Waring, exclaimed to him in gratitude during one of his last visits before her death: "Oh, sir, when I am in heaven I shall watch for you every day; and when I hear you are coming, I shall ask God to let me go and open the door for you!" Those of us who are more learned and less simple than good Dr. Waring's poor patient, are apt to mould what we imagine of the next world on what we know of this; and who shall assert that, in some fashion inconceivable by us, who "see through a glass darkly," the housemaid's loving and dying desire may not be fulfilled? "The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

"Than Thousands of Gold and Silver."

THE Psalmist's words are true, in more than a metaphorical sense, of the unique and most valuable copies of the Holy Scriptures displayed at the London office of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of the centenary of which we are now all thinking. Of the many excellent pamphlets issued by the Society in connection with this occasion, we have not perused one that is more interesting than the description by the publishing-superintendent, Mr. J. J. Brown, of the many priceless Biblical treasures which are in the Society's present possession. We may linger among rare editions, with their exquisite caligraphy or typography; but some of the Bibles, pecuniarily worth little, are, to a Christian imagination and devotion, the most precious. Mr. Brown tells us, for example, of a copy of the Holy Scriptures for a tribe of Red Indians, which was printed in 1665, from a translation by the noble "apostle" to the Red Indians, John Eliot. The entire tribe and language have vanished as completely from off the face of the earth as has the devoted missionary; but, in those faded pages the fragrance of a faithful work survives. Then there is a stained and mouldy-looking Malagasy Bible, just as it appeared after its interment for several years, during the terrible persecution which succeeded the first promulgation of the Gospel Message in Madagascar. And next, Mr. Brown could show us a copy of St. Matthew from one of the Loyalty group of islands. There is a smear of blood where one of the corners of the book ought to be, but which has evidently been cut off by a hatchet. It was this fateful volume which a native catechist was reading by his hut door when he was set upon and hewn in pieces by some of the savage enemies of his new faith. "The blood of the martyrs," in truth. And, as so often happens in life, as well as in literature, during our survey of this wonderful collection of books, something very like humour jostles pathos. There are examples of the famous Treacle Bible, where "balm" appears as "triacle" in Gilead; and of the Vinegar Bible, where "vineyard" is misprinted "vinegar" in the headline to one of the parables. We observe a specimen of the "Wicked" Bible, published in the reign of Charles I., of which the printer was fined the then very large sum of £300 for missing out, probably by accident, the important little word "not" in one of the ten commandments. Yet another Bible might be mentioned, with a somewhat singular summary, upon a page heading, of the murder of the grand and great victim of Herodias—"The Inconvenience of Dancing." Truly, this is a marvellous "treasure-house," as Mr. Brown calls it, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and we may add that he is—on paper, at any rate, a capital guide.

At Least.

"AT least, he didn't run away!" exclaimed the mother of a French soldier, amid her blinding tears, as she looked at the dead body of her boy. And when we survey what sometimes seems to our unfaith the woeful waste of human life in the highest service, the delicate woman butchered in China, the flower of English University culture poisoned amid the swamps of the Zambesi, the missionary riddled through the heart with savage arrows, we can reflect (and the thought may lead us higher), "At least, they didn't run away!"

"Thou Shalt Not Covet."

"I AM inclined to be apprehensive," writes a minister of experience, "lest the essentially commercial spirit of our age, the horrid tendency to be everlastingly 'on the make,' be actually invading some departments of Christian work. It is no infrequent experience for a parent to withdraw a son or daughter from some church or chapel society because they are 'getting nothing out of it.' There is a sudden steady and sad improvement in the numbers and the regularity of many a Bible class directly books begin to be subscribed for by members, with, very likely, an injudicious and immoral bonus at the end of each half-year. An incumbent in the East-End of London, the cherisher of lofty ideals, thought some time ago that he would abolish treats, but he soon found, to his dismay, that his Sunday schools were on the rapid road to becoming perfectly empty. This, no doubt, was going impracticably and needlessly far; but we should exert what influence we can against this crude desire for selfish aggrandisement, and, at least, not allow it to masquerade before our eyes under the semblance of religion. Covetousness, the curse of our century, is capturing many unsuspected sides

of life. I have received even an advertisement of Christmas crackers, to contain coupons entitling certain winners to valuable money prizes. A father, with a zany's cap upon his head, may not look the most imposing object at the top of his table, crowded with bright young faces ; but it is a thousand times better than that he should teach his children how to coin cash out of their harmless fun."

Scriptures for Japanese Soldiers.

WHILE negotiations were still going on between the two countries now engaged in war, and long before actual hostilities commenced, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Kobe obtained permission from General Terauchi, the Japanese Minister of War, to distribute Scriptures to the soldiers on their departure for active service. On permission being granted, special editions of 200,000 Japanese Gospels and 1,500 Testaments were printed for distribution to the Mikado's troops. Since war has commenced, this agent has sent an interesting letter to the head office in London on how the Japanese leave for action. He writes rom Hiroshima, where each division is stationed before embarkation, and says : "They are bright and eager for action. Their behaviour in the town is remarkably free from drunkenness and rowdyism. They are all imbued with one spirit—to vindicate the right of Japan in the position she has taken at this time." Through the courtesy of the British and Foreign Bible Society we are enabled to reproduce a photograph of the Scriptures which have been so largely distributed to the Japanese soldiers. The larger book is a copy of the New Testament, and the smaller one a copy of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. On page 78 the verses are St. Matthew x. 39–42, the following page containing the first four verses of chapter eleven. The Japs read from right to left and perpendicularly, beginning at the top of each column. The Gospels were given to the soldiers and the larger books to the officers. That these gifts have been appreciated there is not the slightest doubt. An officer in the Imperial Guards, on receiving a copy, wrote as follows : "The Testament which you have so kindly presented to me I shall take with me to the war, and gladly read as opportunity serves. We have not all got these nice books, but intend to lend them to each other. I am very grateful for such a present at this time." This is only one of many similar letters which could be quoted.



NEW TESTAMENT RECENTLY SENT OUT TO THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS BY THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Missing Heirs, or "The One Opportunity of Your Life."

A WORKING man chanced to see in a newspaper, many days old, an advertisement inviting anyone of his name to communicate his pedigree to the Court of Chancery. Acting on this notice, he found himself heir to £250,000, which for more than a century had awaited a claimant. There are, it is said, £100,000,000 lying buried in Chancery, and 50,000 missing heirs for whom that Court and solicitors and other trustees are seeking in vain. For the enlightenment of such a book has been published, giving the names of many thousands of these missing heirs. "Send for the book to-day," concludes the publisher's notice ; "this may be the one opportunity of your life. What a striking allegory, touching the offer of the heavenly "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away"! Yet to inherit this there is no question of examining a list of names and putting in a plea at a venture. The favoured heir to these true

riches is entitled "Whosoever will," and in the volume wherein this world-wide name is published is found also the only and infallible way to make good the claim. Simply, wholly trusting the Saviour sent of God, for pardon, deliverance from sin, every human being shall inherit the gift of God, life eternal, joint heirship with His beloved Son. Earth's language is inadequate to set forth—aye, the heart of man unable to imagine, the value of this heavenly treasure; yet the feet of little children can pass the entrance way into that fair, limitless inheritance. Well may we be exhorted with regard thereto, "Make your claim to-day!" "To-day," because the time is short, the chance of closing with this wondrous invitation transient; "to-day," because to the heirs of God's glorious promises is granted a rich earnest, a blessed foretaste of eternal possession, in *the life that now is*, and every hour's delay is costing us all that makes for present peace and joy worthy the name. Yes, blessed *now*, blessed beyond human thought to conceive in the day of the full "revelation of Jesus Christ," "are they whose names are in the Book of Life."

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from June 28th, 1904, up to and including August 29th, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* A. M. O., 10s.; J. H. R. (Brecon), 7s. 6d.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; S. M. Clark, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £3 12s. 6d., £3 10s., 10s. 6d., 6s., 6s; A. M. O., 10s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* "An Old Ramsey Reader," 5s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East:* A. M. O., 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

121. What is known of the life of the prophet Amos?

122. What places are mentioned by Amos as the great centres of idolatry among the Israelites?

123 What were the chief sins of the Israelites besides their idolatry?

124. What circumstance shows that the people in the days of Amos had some knowledge of the constellations?

125. Quote a passage by which the Psalmist illustrates the goodness and mercy of God towards men.

126. In what way is this goodness shown?

127. What does the Psalmist mean by the words, "Thy youth is renewed as the eagle's"?

128. What was the first miracle performed by Elisha?

129. What wonderful victory was foretold by Elisha?

130. What case is mentioned in the Old Testament of children being sold as slaves for the debts of their father?

131. How were the children redeemed?

132. What interesting event connected with the prophet Elisha took place at Shunem near Mount Tabor?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1020.

109. There was a perennial spring on Mount Carmel which yielded a good supply of water in the driest seasons. (1 Kings xviii. 33, 34.)

110. To prevent doubts arising in the minds of the people as to the origin of the fire which consumed the burnt sacrifice, it being well known (as Calmet says) that fire was ofttimes surreptitiously applied by heathen priests to deceive the people. (1 Kings xviii. 35–38.)

111. The destruction of the priests of Baal, as commanded by the Law of Moses for inciting the people to idolatry. (Deut. xiii. 6–10; 1 Kings xviii. 40.)

112. A great fear fell upon Elijah owing to the threats of Jezebel, and he fled away into the Wilderness of Judæa. (1 Kings xix. 3, 4.)

113. Because he was so disappointed at the apparent want of success in his mission to the people. (1 Kings xix. 4.)

114. God sent His angel to comfort the Prophet and prepare him for a journey to Mount Horeb (about 150 miles). (1 Kings xix. 5–8.)

115. God manifested His Almighty power over the forces of Nature, and then revealed to the Prophet that there were still seven thousand true worshippers of God in Israel. (1 Kings xix. 11, 12, 18.)

116. By the power of Hazael, King of Syria, who cruelly oppressed the people of Israel, and by Jehu, who should become their king. (1 Kings xix. 15–17; 2 Kings viii. 12 and x. 7–10.)

117. God granted the Israelites two great victories over Benhadad, King of Syria, when the army of Israel appeared as two little flocks of kids in comparison with the host of Syria. (1 Kings xx. 13–21, and 25–31.)

118. He paid a parting visit with Elisha to all the schools of the prophets, Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho. (2 Kings ii. 1–6.)

119. That if Elisha saw him depart he should receive a double portion of his spirit. (2 Kings ii. 9, 10.)

120. When Elisha struck the waters of Jordan with his mantle, they parted asunder, and he went on dry ground. (2 Kings ii. 14-15.)

XUM

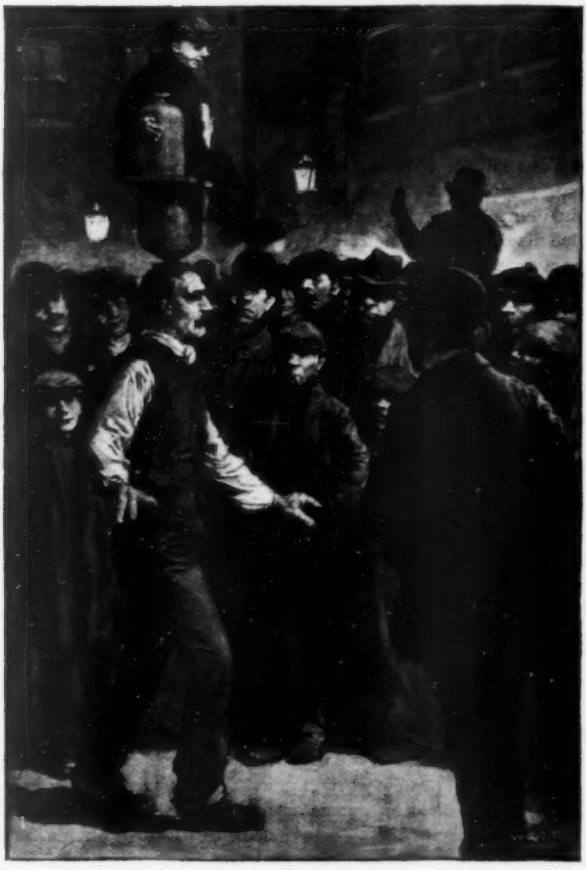


PEACEMAKERS.

(From the Picture by Allan Deacon exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1904.)

STREET ENTERTAINMENTS.

By Harry Davies.



"Proceeded to walk round the ring, balancing his strange load."—*p.* 1126.

"HULLO, Dick!"

"'Ello, guv'nor!"

"How are you?"

"Oh, chirpy, like."

"Ready to take me round?"

"Yus."

Such was the greeting which passed between me and the item of humanity who was to be my guide for the evening. An item of insignificant size, but big in importance, just as he was big in boots. His boots were tremendous.

"Which way had we better go, Dick?"

"You come along of me. I'll tyke yer. Nah then, look aht! That 'oss was nearly on yer! You've got to look slippy in all this 'ere traffic. Ain't used to traffic, I s'pose?"

"Well, I am used to it a little," I said humbly, "having lived in London, more or less, for fifteen years; but, you see, I usually try to cross behind things, not under the horses' heads."

"One wye's as good as anuvver," said Dick curtly.

I meekly accepted the dictum, and devoted my energies to keeping pace with the big boots along the crowded pavement. They were determined to lose no time, and dodged in and out among the people in a manner perfectly bewildering. It was like a game of hide-and-seek; and when at last I had threaded the maze in pursuit of them, and had followed them out on a clearer stretch of pavement, I felt I had done something. I was handicapped, too, by a crook-handled umbrella. It had hooked an indignant old lady; it had caught the sleeve of a factory girl, who had turned round and delivered herself of cutting sarcasms; it had linked itself into the handle of a basket carried by a small but pert girl. I had begged pardon at least four times, and yet I had kept pace with the big boots!

"Nah then, yer wants to see the cove as does the 'ed business. This wye, then."

I darted down a side street, again in pursuit of the boots. As I kept step with them, I stole a look at the queer little figure above them. A wide pair of dingy grey trousers, many inches too long, and rolled up several times about the ankles; a faded little brown coat, buttoned close, and tight almost to bursting; a clean red comforter about the neck; a big cap, falling ludicrously over the ears, like an extinguisher; a pale, sharp-featured, old-fashioned face, shrewd beyond its age. Such was Dick.

"This 'ere coat is a-goin' to Bob, 'cos I'm growed aht of it," he said confidentially, when we had become more familiar. "These 'ere trahsis, they wos Bill's, but he's got a new pair. 'E en't got the new coat yet, 'cos 'e worked short time lars week, so I got to keep on wearin' the coat."

A sudden turn into another thoroughfare brought us within view of a triangular plot of land where, round the glare of a naphtha lamp, the streaming flame of which was blown hither and thither by the wind, there was a crowd of people peering, surging, straining their necks, standing on tip-toe, leaning over each other, in their endeavours to see something which was going on in the centre.

"'Ere's the 'ed business," said Dick. "Nah, yer've got to push in, or yer won't see nuffin'. Don' mind wot they syes to yer. Come along of me!"

"But hadn't we better just try if we can see before we push in?" I asked reluctantly.

Dick looked at me with an air of disdain, as who should say, "'Ere's a mug!"

"All right!" he said indifferently. "Try, if yer like."

I tried.

"Can yer see anyfing?" he asked drily.

"No, I cannot."

"I told yer so. I knows wot I'm a-doin' of. Nah, push be'ind me. Myke wye there, please! Myke wye there! 'Ere's a gent as wants to get by. Nah, *will* yer myke wye there, please!"

Impressed by the tone of authority, the people gave to right and left, and after an interval of tugging and hustling Dick and I managed to squeeze into the inner circle.

"Look at that!" said a man's voice behind us. "See that! Cool, ain't it? 'E only wanted to get a plyce, that's all! Stall seats, all fer nothin'! You're a saucy young bloke, me lad, an' no mistyke, you an' yer 'Myke wye there'!"

Dick turned round and looked at him.

"'Ello, flat-fyce!" he said genially. "Who's done anyfing to you?"

A roar of laughter followed, and our friend behind subsided. We were now able to turn our attention to the performance which was going on within the ring. A short, spare, grey-haired man was walking about with a huge earthenware jar under his arm—a jar with a big body and a very narrow neck.

"I am Barton, I am," he said, in a thin, cracked voice. "Barton, that's my name. You've most of you heard of Barton. Barton, gentlemen."

After walking to and fro, repeating this formula several times, looking at us meanwhile with great earnestness, he gave a preliminary flourish, and then swinging the jar up, placed it, neck downward, on his head. For a moment he steadied it; then he removed his hands, kissed them to the crowd in the mechanical way of entertainers, and continued to pace to and fro, balancing the jar on his head.

"Barton, gentlemen, that's my name. You all know Barton. You've seen me here before. I've performed in all parts of London, I 'ave. Barton, gentlemen."

Coming to a standstill, he stooped down carefully, holding his head upright under the jar, and picking up a piece of stout board, about three feet in length, held it aloft in his right hand, while with the left he waved another mechanical kiss. Then, stretching his arms upward, he placed the board on the inverted jar:

Another walk round the ring, another repetition of his formula, another mechanical kiss from the finger tips, and then he paused and looked around him.

"What boy 'll come up to-night?" he asked.

There was a sudden commotion, followed by a simultaneous rush of urchins from all parts of the ring. They stood around him, clamouring, gesticulating, pushing each other.

"I was fust, Barton."

"No yer wasn', then. I was fust."

"You shet up, bofe of yer. I was fust, 'cos I touched 'is sleeve afore yer got anywhere near."

Barton looked down at them from under his lowered eyelids, his head still rigidly balancing the jar. He picked out a small boy dressed in a bulging tunic; then he carefully lowered himself till he was on his knees.

"Will some gent kindly put him up to sit on the board?" he said, holding the jar with both hands.

A man stepped forward, and to the manifest delight of the urchin raised him to his seat.

"Right in the middle, *if* you please," said Barton. "No, he en't quite in the middle. A *leetle* more to the left. That's right. Now, will the same gent kindly fetch the two jars as is under the lamp, an' put 'em up on the board, one on each side of the boy, neck upwards? Thank you, sir. Ketch 'old of 'em, my boy. Just put your arms around the necks. Don't move your body, whatever you do. Sit quite straight. Now, gentlemen, Barton is my name. You all know Barton. Barton, gentlemen. See what Barton does."

After a little preliminary steadying of his burden, Barton removed his hands from the lowermost jar. Not only must his skull have been a thick one, but he must have practised the art of balance to a nicety, for there was now an extraordinary structure reared on his head. On the narrow base of the jar's neck was poised the wide jar itself, the piece of board above it, the boy sitting thereon, and on either side of the boy a jar. Swaying a little, but keeping marvellously steady on the whole, Barton rose from his knees to his feet, and



"A gramophone, a weighing-machine man, and an energetic vendor of sweets were bawling."—*p.* 1126.

proceeded to walk round the ring, balancing his strange load. Now he took a little step to the right, now one to the left; now he made a momentary pause to steady himself; now he gently inclined his body to counteract a false movement. Thus he walked on slowly, the crowd watching him in silence. Having twice completed the circle, he again lowered himself to his knees, helped down the boy in the bulging tunic, and removed the various articles from his head without losing his balance for one moment. Then he hastily took his cap, and came towards us, holding it in his hands. Just as hastily the audience began to melt away.

"Remember Barton, gentlemen. Don't go away without remembering Barton."

A few people put coppers in his cap; only a very few; the majority turned away as he came near. I saw his face in the light as he passed in front of us. It was wrinkled and old and anxious-looking. His voice followed us with pathetic insistence as we walked up the crowded street:

"Barton, gentlemen; that's my name. Don't forget Barton. I'm no public-house performer, gentlemen. Don't go away without giving me a bit of encouragement, gentlemen!"

"'E was turned aht of 'is room abaht a monf ago. All 'is sticks was chucked aht into the street," said Dick.

"Why?"

"'Cos 'e couldn' pay 'is rent. 'E was reg'lar off 'is nut, 'cos of 'is daughter."

"Why because of his daughter?"

"She's got consumshin, or somefin' like that, an' 'e 'ad no plyce for 'er to go to till a woman took 'er in."

"You know them then, Dick?"

"'Eard somefin' abaht 'em," said Dick carelessly.

Dick was young, and youth has no cognisance of tragedy.

We walked on for a few hundred yards, and then Dick stopped for a council of war.

"There's a show as you can go to see this wye, or there's a boxin'-plyce the uvver wye."

"What is the show?"

"There's a giant, an' there's a strong man."

I decided on the show, and we crossed to the opposite side of the busy thoroughfare. Here the Saturday night crowd was at its densest. Street stalls lined the pavement, gutter merchants shouted their wares in flat, nasal tones. From the butcher's shop a few yards below our crossing place came a stentorian voice inviting the public to "Buy, buy, buy!" The rattle and boom of the traffic, the flare-lights on the long row of stalls, the surging, jostling crowd on business and pleasure intent, completed a scene of life and din and bustle which was, in its way, intensely interesting. The masses of people around the street stalls and gutter merchants, combined with the flow of pedestrians in both directions, rendered the pavement almost impassable in places. Dick was for going on in sublime indifference, but I was disposed to linger.

"Here, Dick, just wait a moment. What are they doing here?"

People were standing around a stall, eating from small saucers with the utmost solemnity.

"It's only eels," said Dick, with contempt. "That en't a show; yer wants to see the show, don't yer?"

"Yes, quite so," I said mildly; "but let us look on a moment."

Dick paused with an air of weary toleration, while I watched the stall. As soon as one person finished his repast, another slipped in to take his place, and was promptly served by the active man in a cap and apron, who made no more ado than: "Now then, gen'l'men. Another plyte 'ere, gen'l'men. Jellied eels, gen'l'men."

All the eaters plied their spoons without looking either to the right or to the left, and went away with an air of having been engaged in a most serious operation.

As we resumed our way, I caught sight of a large card swinging in front of the stall. Written on it in rough characters was the following legend:

"Come on, come, the people cry,
These jellied eels for to try.
Sixpence a bottle is the charge,
Fresh every day, and nice and large."

"Why do they eat in the street, Dick?" I asked. "Is it because they are hungry?"

"Nah!" said Dick, with disdain. "Only becos they sees 'em an' tykes a fancy to 'em."

I looked back. There was another large card on the side of the stall:

"We always try our friends to please,
This truth must be confessed.
The eels you'll have of ——
Are the largest and the best."

My attention was now distracted by a noisy and densely crowded patch of pavement where a gramophone, a weighing-machine man, and an energetic vendor of sweets were bawling their loudest. Their utterances mingled with each other in ludicrous confusion.

"B'leeve me or b'leeve me not, ladies an' gents, these 'ere sweets is the cheapest an' best as 'as ever been put on the English market. There's nothin' like 'em ter be 'ad anywhere for purity, for quality, an' for taste. They suits all pallits, from the Duchiss down ter the workin' classes. 'Ere they are, as supplied to Roy'lty an' the aristocrissy of the West End. Ho, yus! The aristocrissy is very keen on these 'ere sweets. *They* knows a good thing, I can tell yer, when they tastes it. They knows as there's a wonderful propitty in these 'ere sweets. They knows as if you 'ave a cold they eases it, if you 'ave a dry throat they oils it, if you want a tongue-tickler they fairly melts in the mouth. Why, b'leeve me or b'leeve me not, I tell you as my ole woman, if I takes these sweets 'ome to 'er, she meets me with a smile as almost cracks the lookin' glass, an' if I don' take 'em she meets me with the broom. If you want ter please the pore 'ard-workin' little wife at 'ome, why, take these 'ere sweets to 'er. If yer wants to get yerself in favour with that smart-lookin' gel as you're after——"

"B-r-r-r-r-r-rup. Then—ah, here's to good old England, r-r-r-r, And—ah, here's to her sons so true, r-r-r-r, And—ah, here's to the man that will help a friend, With 'Old pal, I'll pull you through,' r-r-r-r-r-r——"

"It's my belief as that there gramiphone is grumblin' for some of these 'ere sweets to oil its throat," said the sweet-man tartly. "It's 'usky enough an' 'oarse enough for anything. Call that moosic! Bah! Well, as I was a-goin' ter say, whether yer takes these 'ere sweets to yer wife or yer sweetheart or yer grandmother or yer grand-aunt or yer grandchild——"

"Oh, lydy, weigh the byby! Weigh the byby, lydy! Yer can't let such a sweet-lookin' hinfant go by without a-weighin' of it. Look at it a-askin' of you as plain as possible! That's right, lydy. Just put 'im nice an' snug in the corner. That's all right. 'E'll be as comfortable there as though 'e was in 'is cradle. Oh! 'ere's one more to be weighed! Oh! they can't 'elp a comin' to the only correck scales, tested an' stamped by the London County Council. Oh! it makes no diff'rence to hus what it is. We can weigh anythink, from a hinfant up to an elephant. The more the merrier! One stone—three, four, five, six.



"'Six men on the board!'"—*p.* 1129.

One stone six ounces. One stone six ounces exackly. 'E'll 'ave to be a bit 'eavier than that afore they takes 'im for a soldier. There yer are, lydy! On correck scales, all writ down on a card an' all, for the price of one penny. Thank yer, lydy. Bring 'im again, the little darlin'. Bring 'im again, an' see 'ow 'e's gettin' on for the Army. 'Ere yer are, lydies an' gentlemen, try yer weight; now's the time, now's the time! The only correck scales,

tested an' stamped by the London County Council——"

"Are yer goin' to get to that show to-night?" asked Dick curtly, and I moved away.

"It's all so interesting, Dick."

"It's 'all me eye,'" said Dick. "They're only bloomin' spahters. They ain't got nothin' better to offer nor anybody else, only they wants to myke yer b'leeve as they 'ave."

"You're a regular cynic, my young ancient. It is a good thing that all these people are not of the same mind."

Dick snorted, and forged ahead with his big boots.

A string of factory girls, arm-in-arm along the pavement, alternately singing songs and chaffing the stall dealers; a raucous-voiced proprietor of a picture show, who, savage at the lack of custom, informed everybody satirically that if they were all so hard up he would trust them, blest if he wouldn't—as far as he could see them; a vendor of cough lozenges down a side street; these were the chief items that caught my eye as we threaded our way amongst the crowd. Dick kept stolidly ahead, and allowed me no further time for loitering. Dick evidently belonged to the order of people who, when they have got a fixed idea in their heads, require a surgical operation to get it out again.

"'Ere it is," said Dick at last; "an' long enough wiv bin in gettin' 'ere," he added severely.

I found myself in the midst of a crowd of people who were gazing with the greatest interest into the window and doorway of a disused shop. A dingy brown curtain, drawn across the entrance, intercepted the vulgar gaze of those who had not paid their pennies. In front of it sat a girl with a bag suspended from her shoulders, and by her side stood a solemn-looking individual, who, by way of stimulating the curiosity of the crowd, occasionally pulled the curtain aside and allowed them a brief glance at the people who were waiting within. In the window a big poster announced that the great Hibernian giant, who had appeared at the Dome in Brighton before Royalty and the *élite* of the town, challenged the world for height and proportions, clenching the argument by a portrait of the great Hibernian giant himself, a meek-looking, bearded gentleman, sitting in a chair in a meditative kind of way, with a very broad-brimmed silk hat on his head. Our study of this document was suddenly interrupted by a commotion behind the curtain in the entrance, followed by the appearance of an individual in tights.

"That's the strong man," said Dick, with a sudden and remarkable show of interest.

"It's 'all my eye,'" I said.

"No, it ain't," retorted Dick with vigour. "'E's all right, 'e is."

"Now I understand why you were in such a hurry to get to the show, you young shaver!" I said.

Dick was too engrossed to reply.



"By way of contrast."—*p.* 1130.

The strong man drew up his arms to show his tremendous biceps, straightened his legs to show the great muscles thereof and inhaled a deep breath to exhibit his capacious chest. Then he suddenly started on a recitation, delivered in a high-pitched monotone, and at such a tremendous rate that we could barely catch a single phrase. I gathered, however, that the strong man was describing vividly and in detail the marvellous feats he performed. His outburst ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and, swinging round, he disappeared behind the curtain.

"Don't yer go doin' that often," called

out a girl in the crowd, "or yer'll strain yerself."

But the solemn-looking showman was now shouting "Walk in! Walk in!" with great energy, the while he held the curtain aside invitingly, and the girl with the bag was busy taking the money as one after another of the crowd accepted the invitation with a sheepish air. We entered with the rest, and I immediately lost sight of Dick, who had forced his way to the front of the circle which the strong man had already formed.

The atmosphere was heavy under the flare-lights with mingled odours of oranges, stale tobacco smoke, and general mustiness, but it was little the onlookers troubled about the atmosphere. They were intent on the doughty deeds and gyrations of the strong man, who seemed to be going to all kinds of trouble to entertain them. From my position on the outskirts of the thickly packed circle around him I caught occasional glimpses, which showed me that he had in one of his hands a mass of heavy weights, tied together with rope, and was playing with them as though they were blocks of wood, now swinging them about his head in the most alarming way, now holding them out at arm's length, now drawing his elbows in and raising them up slowly until his arm, quivering under the great strain, was perfectly straight above the shoulder, now letting them down with a great crash and clatter on the floor. He held them this way and he held them that, he swung them forwards and backwards and roundabout until I thought he must surely do injury to himself. What the strong man did not do was not worth doing, an opinion which Dick seemed to share, judging from his open mouth and rapt expression when I once caught sight of him. And, finally, the strong man introduced his *pièce de résistance*, his culminating effort. He lay down flat on his back, drew up his feet, put his hands on the floor beneath him, and raised his body, chest well out and head thrown back. A piece of board, long and broad, was then produced by one of the showmen, and was placed, one end resting on his knees, the other on his chest. A groove at the latter end fitted the curve of his chin, and gave him the appearance of a trunkless head.

"Now, gents," said the showman, looking round, "will any two gents oblige by steppin' forward?"

There was an immediate response from two men, who stood waiting for instructions with as grave an air as though they were assisting at an inquest.

"'Ere, if you please, gents," said the showman, putting them in position, one on each side of the recumbent athlete. "Now ketch 'old of each other's right 'and over the board."

They obeyed.

"Now each put one foot on the board. That's right. Now both step up at the same time. Steady, if you please! Thank you, gents. Now, will two other gents kindly oblige? Thank you. You two are about the same weight. One on each side in the same way. Ketch 'ands. One foot on the board. Step up as gently as you can. Thank you. Now two other gents, if you please. Exackly in the same way. Gently, please. Thank you. There you are, ladies and gents! Six men on the board! Six men's solid weight restin' on 'is chest by the strength of the muscles of arms and legs."

A murmur of admiration passed round the assembly, followed by a hearty burst of applause.

"Thank you, gents. Step down together, if you please. Thank you, ladies and gents all. This partic'ler part of the show is over."

The six men stepped down, the board was removed, and the strong man stood up, looking hot but triumphant.

"This way to see the great giant! One penny to see the great Hibernian giant, the tallest man in the world!"

The showman was now standing at the foot of the staircase which led to the upper rooms. The great majority of us flocked in his direction; the remainder went out.

We found the great Hibernian giant seated in state in the upper room—the same bearded, meek-looking, silk-hatted individual whose portrait we had seen on the poster. Dick went up close to him, and coolly surveyed him, as though he had been some rare type of animal. The rest of us stood in a group, and regarded him in mute admiration. There was a short silence, during which the giant looked at us ruminatingly, and tapped his foot on the floor, apparently to demonstrate to us that there was no deception.

"My! Ain't he a big 'un!" giggled a girl at my elbow to her swain. "What a whopper 'e'd be to walk aht with!"

"You ain't got no call to walk aht with 'im, 'ave yer?" retorted the young man, with some acerbity.

The showman came in briskly.

"Ladies and gents, allow me to introdooce to you the great Hibernian giant, acknowledged by Public and Press to be the tallest and biggest man in the world."

The giant rose to his feet and solemnly bowed to us. Then he took three or four strides to show us his proportions; then he turned round that we might investigate his back; then he beckoned to a small young woman, and in a fatherly, affectionate manner placed her at his side by way of contrast—a proceeding which called forth the utmost delight and confusion on her part. Then he picked out a tall man and patted him playfully as he looked down at his head.

These little stock amenities over, the giant raised his hat to us, and said:

"Well, good-night to you, and thank you."

We did not take the hint, but continued to stand staring at him. The giant looked bored, and took another turn down the room. There was a would-be comic man amongst us who had made one or two inane attempts to raise a laugh. He now tried again.

"How do it feel up there, eh?" he asked.

This was an extremely threadbare joke, and no one even smiled. Yet the humorist must needs court another failure.

"I s'pose you was born very young, like meself?" he said, glancing around him for approval.

The giant looked into vacancy, and the crowd were chillingly silent; whereupon the wag gave it up and retired into himself.

"Well, good-night to you all," the giant said again, taking off his hat.

"Good-night, ladies and gents; good-night, good-night, thank you all," said the showman, walking us away in the most insistent manner.

"What's 'is 'ight?" asked one of him as he pressed us towards the staircase.

"I don' know," said the showman, with the most gracious affability. "'E won't tell anybody 'is 'ight."

As we walked homeward the street carnival was at its briskest. The sweet-vendor, the gramophone, and the weighing-machine man were still shouting each other down, and the sweet-vendor was making exactly the same speech, with exactly the same jokes.

"He evidently says the same things over and over," I remarked.

"Yus," said Dick, with scorn. "After finishin', 'e waits a bit an' then begins again to a fresh lot."

The peepshow man, as we repassed, was more wrathful than ever at the lack of customers, and at the ways of the world in general. He walked to and fro before the gaping onlookers, with his hands in his pockets, tossing his head in disgust, clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth, pausing to contemplate the faces around him with aggrieved astonishment.

"Well, I will say this, chaps," he burst forth with scathing irony; "you're a wonderful good-lookin' lot of fellers, but you ain't got much else to recommend you."

His audience stared at him, stolid and unabashed.

He pushed his hat desperately over the back of his head, looked at three or four boy customers whose eyes were glued to the peepholes, and in a fit of frenzy dashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Look 'ere!" he said. "Them boys, *them boys*, mind you, 'ave got more sense than all of you put together. They knows a good thing when they sees it. 'Ere's a choice lot of picters as I've travelled two 'undred miles to show yer, an'—an'—yer won't look at 'em!"

There was no response. The showman walked over to the wheel of the barrow on which his peepshow was resting and laid his elbow on it in speechless indignation.

"Two 'undred miles!" he said, addressing the housetops, "all to show these bloomin' picters! 'Ow do they think I'm a-goin' to do it?"

"Is that 'all my eye' too?" I asked Dick, as we went on.

"Yus," said Dick. "It's only 'is wye of doin' it. 'E gets on well enough."

In the conversation which followed between us, Dick gave his reminiscences of divers other street shows which had visited the neighbourhood within his recollection. He seemed to be a regular walking directory on the subject. He recalled with unction, and with many sage criticisms, the Fat Lady, the Marvellous Tattooed Man, the Fire-eating Nigger from West Africa, and the Great Snake-bodied Acrobat, who tied himself up and undid himself, and generally twisted himself about as though he were made of india-rubber.

"And which do you like best of all the shows you have seen?" I asked.

"The strong man," said Dick, with decision. "'E was a bit of all right, 'e was. Means to be a strong man meself," he added curtly.

I looked at his spare, stunted figure. A strong man! Poor little Dick!



A ROMANCE OF OLD FRANCE.

By Christopher Hare, Author of "Dreams to Sell," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME D'OLBREUSE was well content. Her simple diplomacy had succeeded beyond all expectation, and another deed of charity was added to that hidden record of which the world knew so little.

Early in January her husband had occasion to take a journey to Paris, that he might present a petition to the King on behalf of certain Protestants, and she had charged him to bear news of Mademoiselle de la Féronniere to the Hôtel Maillebois, for the Duke was an old friend of his. He and Gabrielle had rejoiced to hear of Yvonne's safety, and had forthwith sent off a trusty messenger in pursuit of Réné, with directions to spare no cost and not to return until he had delivered the letter with which he was entrusted.

Such was the report which Monsieur d'Olbreuse brought back to his wife, but many days passed before her hopes were realised by the coming of the Chevalier de Beaumanoir. She it was who had told him of Yvonne's retreat by the sea, and smiled on the impatience which sent him in search of her, all travel-stained and fresh from his headlong journey.

But Madame d'Olbreuse could not rest here. She knew that danger lurked on every side, and that no one could foretell what an hour might bring forth. One bold move, and all would be safe. The marriage must take place at once, and the means were within her reach.

It so chanced that the Curé of the parish of Aleigne on the way to La Rochelle, though of another faith, was a man after her own heart, of deep religious thought and learning, a scholar and a mystic. Great things had been expected of Monsieur Benoît in the clerical world, and the Pope himself had taken special notice, during a period of his early life spent in Rome, of his devotion and eloquence.

After this he was for a time the most popular preacher in Paris. Men and women crowded to hear him as he dwelt upon that pure inward worship in which the soul is so united to God that it adores Him in holy joy and sees Him face to face. Outward forms were of small account to him. He dared to think for himself, to point out abuses, until his superiors detected heresy in his doctrine. When, later still, he was found to have carried on an earnest correspondence with Madame Guyon and other Quietists, his fate was sealed, and he was exiled to a remote parish in La Vendée. Yet he still remained true to his opinions, and when the terrible persecution

of the Protestants began he did all in his power to protect them and mitigate their sufferings.

This was the priest to whom Madame d'Olbreuse turned for help. She took him into her counsel, and told him all the story of those two young lovers who, after so many adventures and so much constancy, were thus strangely brought together.

"You will marry them, Monsieur?" she pleaded. "I know that it is much to ask, for it will make you enemies in high places."

"Madame, I pray that no ignoble fear may cause me to shrink from that which my soul approves. I will be ready to perform the marriage at any time you may appoint."

"Ah, Monsieur, I expected no less from you. After matins in the church of Aleigne will you tarry awhile in the sacristy for the next three days? If all be well, we will meet you, for dangers crowd around, and there is not an hour to lose."

So it was arranged, and Madame d'Olbreuse set forth on her homeward journey, with the glad assurance that she had smoothed away the first difficulty, and her courage rose to the task before her.

Both she and her husband felt strongly attracted by the gallant bearing and radiant brightness of young Beaumanoir; he reminded them so keenly of a dearly loved son whom they had lost. As they sat round the great wood fire, when all were once more gathered together in the Château d'Olbreuse, Réné told the story of his adventures with a simple modesty and directness which won all hearts.

Yvonne listened, with breathless interest, to the account of the voyage to Algiers, the reception by the Pasha, the sudden attack so quickly repulsed; but when it came to the parting with Monsieur de la Forêt her eyes filled with tears.

"I cannot bear to think of it!" she sighed. "So sad a martyrdom, far from all who love him."

"Nay, rather, the crown and fulfilment of a noble life," said Madame d'Olbreuse, in a low, grave voice. "To die, as he has lived, for the sake of others. What better fate can we ask for our dear friend?"

There was a deep, expressive silence before the Chevalier briefly told what befell him on his return to France.

"I had searched far and near for my lady in vain, but it may have been that I was not secret and subtle enough. My very eagerness may have betrayed me. Then, after much weary wandering, came the glad day when my sister Gabrielle's letter reached me.

"I was at Poictiers, for at length I had decided to beard the lion in his den and boldly risk all by asking Monsieur de Vaudreuil where he had hidden his niece. He received me with much outward show of courtesy, and assured me on his solemn oath that, doubtless lured by ill advice, she had rashly fled from the safe home he had provided, and that he knew not what had become of her.

"It so chanced that I was still in the audience chamber when the messenger from Paris arrived, having tracked me through the streets, like a bloodhound, to the Hôtel de Ville. In my eagerness I broke the seal and read the glad news at once."

The listeners looked at each other with dismay in their eyes.

"You read it in the presence of Monsieur de Vaudreuil? But you said not a word, you did not betray your joy?" asked his hostess anxiously.

"I see now that I was to blame, but think what that ray of hope was to me, Madame!" he exclaimed. "It was the sudden flooding with light of a dark chamber. I spoke but a word of hasty farewell, and was only bent on making my escape."

There was an ominous pause.

Yvonne gave a little gasp, and said, half under her breath, "Then he suffered you to depart?"

"Yes, and I lost not a moment," continued Réné. "As I passed down the great staircase and crossed the stone courtyard into the street, I found that the wintry daylight was waning fast and a thick, icy mist was rising from the river. I quickened my steps, and as I hurried on, my way to the inn led me through a dark, narrow alley with high blank walls on either side. Suddenly I became aware of footsteps behind me, and the suspicion passed through my mind that I was dogged; but before I dreamt of an attack or put myself on guard a crushing blow on my head struck me to the ground.

"For a brief space I must have lost consciousness, for when I came to myself, still giddy and dazed, I caught sight of a shadowy figure escaping in the distance. I struggled to my feet, but pursuit was hopeless in those unfamiliar by-lanes, and I made the best of my way back to the 'Colombe d'Or,' where after some delay

I found my man and bid him get the horses ready at once. My purse was gone, but I had already lightened it to pay the messenger, and I am too old a traveller to carry all my eggs in one basket. There were gold pieces sewn up in my saddle-bag to pay mine host before we set forth on our journey.

of the sentinels took me to be a young spark who was fleeing from his creditors. All my protests were in vain, and I was locked up in the common gaol. Only after two days of devoted effort on the part of my faithful servant, who proved my identity and threatened the King's vengeance, was I at length set free



"'In my eagerness I broke the seal and read the glad news at once.'"

"When we reached the south gate our safe-conduct was abruptly demanded, and to my horror I found that the satchel containing my papers had been stolen."

"Was the letter from Gabrielle also taken?" asked Yvonne, pale with anxiety.

"Alas, yes, it was gone. I had thrust it inside my doublet, and it may have fallen out in the scuffle, but every word was engraven on my heart, and I knew that I should find you here in safe keeping. The loss of my papers was a disaster; for, by ill-fortune, one

to continue my journey. But I had lost precious time for which no haste could make atonement!"

It was Madame d'Olbreuse who spoke.

"I see it all. Our fears were but too well-founded. You were betrayed, my friend. Every moment of delay is fraught with danger; we must act at once. Monsieur le Chevalier and you, my Yvonne, are you prepared to checkmate your enemy by an immediate marriage?"

A rosy flush overspread the girl's face, but

there was no mistaking the supreme content in her shining eyes.

"Madame, how can I ever thank you?" cried Réné, bending down to kiss the hand of the brave lady who dared thus to befriend them. You have saved my bride, you have brought us together, and now you offer us the crowning joy of all! But in these troubled times how will you achieve it? Where will you find a curé?" He paused.

"He is already found," was the eager reply. "The Curé of Aleigne awaits the wedding party to-morrow in the village church."

Then the Duchess went on to tell of Monsieur Benoît, his large-hearted tolerance and the charity he had shown to fugitives and refugees, hiding them in his own house and braving for their sake censure and deprivation.

But Monsieur d'Olbreuse struck a warning note. He drew young Beaumanoir aside later in the evening.

"Monsieur le Chevalier, there is one matter on which I feel it my duty to speak. Are you aware of the heavy penalty attached to marriage with a Protestant? By the Act passed in 1680 you lose all right of inheritance. As you are an only son, this will touch you closely. Moreover, you will have no hope of promotion, and may not even be suffered to remain in the Royal Navy."

"I thank you, Monsieur le Duc, but I know all," replied the young man, with a quiet smile. "Believe me, no sacrifice will be too great for the prize which I look to win. We have counted the cost, and will gladly face toil and poverty—together!"

A silent clasp of the hand was his friend's only answer, and so the matter rested.

It was Madame d'Olbreuse who kept anxious vigil that night, for on her rested the whole burden of responsibility. To the courage and strength of a man, she joined the tender, sensitive nature of a woman, whose keen imagination goes forward to meet trouble and danger half way.

Through all the long hours of darkness, the rustling wind up the bleak passages and behind the hanging tapestry, the creaking of time-worn timber—every weird sound in the old château was a menace, and never was the coming of a red, frosty dawn more gladly hailed.

The Duchess had given her orders overnight, and in due time the great, lumbering chariot drove across the courtyard to the foot of the broad stone staircase. She had not confided her plans to the servants of the household, or to the Protestant refugees who in disguise still shared her hospitality, and the rumour had spread that Madame was about to set forth on a journey.

A white dress of the fashion of other days had been unearthed from some ancient chest to adorn the bride, and her only companions were her hostess and old Madelon. Monsieur d'Olbreuse and Réné had preceded them on horseback, and in this order the wedding party made their way for some miles along the rough country road until they reached the village church. Monsieur le Curé awaited them with an aspect of calm benevolence, which showed no trace of haste or anxiety, and proceeded to celebrate the marriage according to the rites of his Church. Never had two noble families been united with less pomp and ceremony; it was a contrast, in truth, to the stately grandeur of Gabrielle's wedding at Beaumanoir amid an admiring crowd of friends and kindred.

Times were changed indeed, for scarcely had the last words of the benediction been spoken when the peaceful atmosphere was roused to a sudden awakening. There was a clatter of horses' hoofs without, and at the church porch the bride and bridegroom were met by one who brought an urgent message from the governor of La Rochelle.

An envoy extraordinary had arrived from his Majesty, and M. le Duc d'Olbreuse was besought to come at once, as the matter concerned him closely.

"It may be some new trouble for my poor refugees, if my sister Éléonore has failed in her appeal."

"Heard you any mention of the Duchess of Brunswick?" he asked the messenger.

"None, Monsieur. I know no more than I told you."

"Then I must lose no time!" exclaimed d'Olbreuse, turning to his wife. "It is but a morning ride to La Rochelle, and I look to return before night."

"But you cannot go alone, Alexander, without an escort!" she pleaded.

Réné stepped forward. He gave one glance at his bride, and her steadfast eyes and mobile face answered his mute appeal.

"If you permit me, I ride with you, Monsieur!" he said in a tone of quiet resolve.

The horses were waiting at the foot of the steps, and he sprang lightly into the saddle.

"But I cannot part the newly wedded!"

exclaimed the Duke in dismay. "What say you, Madame de Beaumanoir?" and he bowed low before the girl.

"That he follow you, Monsieur, is the first request I make my lord, and he will not deny me!" she replied, with a proud smile on her lips.

"Spoken like a Spartan wife!" he gaily laughed. "In these days it is well that our ladies are brave as they are beautiful. If trouble should arise, with this young paladin by my side all will be well!" and he bent down on his saddle as he kissed his hand to Madame d'Olbreuse.

Yvonne and Réné exchanged one long glance, in which each read the soul of the other in perfect trust. A minute later and the horsemen had galloped away, without another backward look.

There was a wistfulness in Yvonne's face, which, for all her brave show, betrayed her to the faithful old Madelon. Seeking to turn her thoughts elsewhere, she suggested:

"Now that you are here close by, if Madame permits, will you come with me to see old Jeanne? It would give her great joy to greet you on your wedding day."

Madame d'Olbreuse was quick to understand and approve. "Yes, my child; that is well thought of. She was your mother's maid, I remember, and had tended her from childhood. I will leave you at the cross-ways, by the foot-path, and then pay a visit to my friend Madame de l'Aleigne. You and Madelon will join me at the château, and we will drive home together."

The girl gladly assented. In her own radiant, overwhelming happiness, it was a relief to think of giving pleasure to the dear old woman who had so little in this world.

The cottage of the Hues nestled in a little hollow sheltered by wind-blown trees, at a short distance from the road. Yvonne waved a gay farewell to her friend, who bid her wrap her mantle closely round her, as the air was keen and frosty.

"What a brave girl it is!" mused Madame d'Olbreuse, as she drove on. "Yet I cannot quite forgive myself, for it was through my hasty words that the young lovers were parted on their wedding day. Heaven grant that it be not a bad omen. At least, I am more content to know that my husband has a gallant young comrade by his side. I pray God they be not long delayed, and have a safe return."

The road to the Château d'Aleigne took a long winding turn, and the ruts were deep, so that the lumbering chariot made but slow progress. Suddenly Madame was roused from her absorbing thoughts by the sound of horsemen in the distance. She could not see them owing to the sharp curve in the highway; but her first thought was of intense gladness, in the hope that some unforeseen tidings might have sent her cavaliers back already.

"How happy Yvonne will be!" she exclaimed. "I will send the Chevalier to meet her at once."

A few minutes later, as they reached the corner, the coach was pulled up abruptly, and one of the footmen, springing down, stood white and trembling by the window.

"Oh, Madame!" he gasped, "old Pierre thinks they are brigands!"

"There is no cause for alarm, in broad daylight and on the open road," was her calm reply. "Tell Pierre to drive on."

But the order was not obeyed, for in another moment the carriage was surrounded by soldiers on horseback, armed with pikes and halberts, while a loud voice shouted:

"In the name of the King!"

Then she knew. These were the hateful dragoons whom she had believed to be far away. Resistance was hopeless, and the Duchess sat silent and motionless, like a figure of ivory, while the interior of the coach was searched and her servants roughly questioned.

The leader, who seemed to be in a very bad temper, shook his clenched fist at her, and shouted:

"Madame, where are your companions, those cursed heretics? We have sure information, and demand that you give them up!"

"I do not know who you may be, Monsieur, you who insult a helpless woman!" she answered with quiet dignity, as her scornful gaze rested full upon his lowering face. "Even when M. de la Briquette searched my château with his soldiers, he treated me with the outward respect to which I, the Duchesse d'Olbreuse, am used."

"What do I care who you are?" was the brutal rejoinder. "But we are losing time. You will be conducted back, under a safe guard, to your home, where I will set a watch that no one may enter or leave it."

With that he gave a few whispered directions to his lieutenant, and, taking with him one of the terrified footmen, he galloped off with the rest of his troop.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"AT last, Yvonne! You will not escape this time!"

These were the words which sounded in the girl's ears with a ring of insolent triumph. She looked up, and Adolphe de Vaudreuil stood before her: it was to his presence that she had been dragged with brutal violence by the soldiers.

Ah! She had known it from the first moment, when the cottage had been stealthily surrounded, and Madelon's warning cry had come too late. She was mute with indignation. Her reproachful eyes glittered like stars in the pale, worn face, whose spiritual look was accentuated by the stern simplicity of her antique white dress with its clinging folds.

She might have been some virgin martyr led to the stake.

"Ah, my cousin, you would be glad enough to marry me now!" he jeered. "But I am grown dainty in my taste. I desire a rosy bloom, and a merry tongue, and a dowry of much gold! To-day, it seems to me that you have none of these!" he added, as he caught her by the shoulders and peered into her face.



"The girl's eyes still met his with fearless scorn."

Yvonne shook herself free, with a gesture of horror.

"Must I tell you once more that I would not marry you to save myself from torture or death!" she cried in passionate disdain. "You

come too late, Monsieur, and I thank Heaven for your hate. I am already the wife of the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, and the tie betwixt us none can break."

For one moment he looked at her in dumb fury; then he muttered to himself:

"That was what the serving man stammered out when we tortured him."

If looks had power to kill, the girl would have died at his feet; but he quickly recovered his outward composure.

"You are easy to cheat, Mademoiselle. The marriage was a farce! A Huguenot is beyond the pale, and only the King's word could make it hold. Your brave gallant must have deserted you at the church door!" was the sneering rejoinder. "Well, you must put up with me now. I have you at my mercy, whether it be for love or hatred," he added in a hoarse whisper.

The girl's eyes still met his with such fearless scorn that he could only believe she must have some hidden weapon. He would run no risk.

"Bind her hands!" was his next order.

Madelon had drawn near, and was tenderly wrapping a warm mantle around her mistress. At the words she gave a cry of dismay and horror.

"Stop the mouth of that old woman, who nearly gave the alarm already. One of you must take her on your saddle," said De Vaudreuil. "We start at once, Dubois, see that the horses are brought round. I myself will clip the wings of my lady here!"

Their leader's rude jest was greeted with loud laughter by the dragoons, and the poor girl flushed scarlet with shame Never in the darkest hour of her adventures had she felt so nigh despair. She was held in a grip of iron, and the hot breath of her captor seemed to scorch her brows and cheeks, while she writhed in vain to loosen her hands from the cords which were cutting into her tender wrists.

Adolphe watched her with a pitiless smile, and she quivered beneath his intolerable gaze, for now she was absolutely powerless, and he knew it. Was ever fall so sudden and terrible? In one moment the cup of happiness had been dashed from her lips, and she had been cast down from the gates of Paradise to the lowest inferno.

The agony of mind and body was more than she could endure. Shuddering, she turned aside; a mist seemed to rise before her eyes, and a sudden giddiness came over her; she wavered from side to side, and as she fell swooning to the ground her head struck the side of the door, and she lost consciousness.

It was an awkward moment for Adolphe de Vaudreuil, but he was not to be hindered by so small a matter as a woman's faint. At least, he would not have to face resistance or reproach.

With some difficulty the girl's helpless form was lifted up into his saddle, so that he could support her in his arms. The powerful grey horse was quite equal to the additional burden; and his master started off at once, without compunction, for he had already delayed too long. He quieted any misgivings by assuring himself that the air would quickly revive his unconscious charge. It was most urgent that he should make for La Rochelle at once, as he had a meeting on hand there, of overwhelming importance to him, with an agent from the King of Spain.

To retrieve his ruined fortunes he had plunged deep into plots of the most desperate nature. The Señor Don Diaz de San José was to arrive in the town that very day in disguise, and was to bring him a large sum of money. This was in payment for plans of fortifications and the most private information, secretly obtained, of the intentions of King Louis and the decisions of his Council. De Vaudreuil had been on his way to completing these perilous negotiations, when he received from his father certain tidings of Yvonne's whereabouts, and he had at once made forced marches to secure her person.

It was well to have another string to his bow, for his debts were becoming notorious, and no one would trust him. He ground his teeth as he thought of the time wasted over his father's mild and futile plan of shutting the girl up in a convent and awaiting the slow process of conversion.

"She wants a strong hand like this," he muttered, "and we shall soon bring her to reason now. Of a surety, this marriage will be set aside, and possession is nine points of the law! Then, whatever befalls, we have good hope of her property, unless, indeed, the King should intervene and confiscate it."

So he told himself as he rode on at a steady trot through the frosty air. The road was now on a dead level, across the marshy land, with a broad expanse of sands to the right and

the sea beyond. He began to look out anxiously for the distant view of the towers of La Rochelle, for he was growing uneasy at this long swoon, from which Yvonne did not seem to recover. Her hood had fallen back, and her head and neck were exposed, so he bent forward to draw the cloak around her, and started at the icy touch of her hand. For an instant he blenched with fear. In eager, trembling haste he cut the cord which bound her wrists, but she made no movement.

Had the strain been too much for her? Had she indeed escaped him for ever? Ah, no! He gave a gasp of relief as he felt the throbbing of her heart and listened to her even breathing. He remembered that she had struck her head against the side of the doorway, but he did not know that this strange, heavy sleep was the result of slight concussion of the brain. He looked upon it simply as a faint from which she was marvellously slow in reviving.

To his impatience, this weary ride seemed interminable, but at length they were actually under the walls of La Rochelle. Unchallenged by the sentry, who saluted the King's uniform, they passed through the Porte de la Grosse Horloge, and on into the lower part of the town, built round the inner harbour, guarded by its twin towers of St. Nicholas and De la Chaine. Adolphe here dismissed most of his dragoons to other quarters, for the meeting before him needed to be private and secret. He drew rein before a grimy-looking tavern, with a swinging signboard of the "Moor's Head," and the landlord came out to meet him with a servile bow,

"Is there under your roof a certain foreign merchant of curiosities, awaiting a collector from Paris?" asked the new arrival.

"Yes, Monseigneur; he landed from the harbour this morning, and awaits your pleasure within."

"The rough journey has been too much for Madame," he remarked, noticing the man's look of curiosity at the muffled figure. "Help her to dismount, and see to it that she and her maid yonder have proper service," and he added a few whispered words.

"You may trust me, Monseigneur!" was the ready answer, for the fellow scented an adventure.

Yvonne, who by this time seemed to be slightly recovering the power of movement, was half supported, half carried, indoors by Madelon, with the landlord's wife in close attendance.

Meantime, Adolphe de Vaudreuil gave sharp instructions to the four trusty men whom he had selected to be on guard. Then he hastily climbed the dark staircase, and was ushered into a big, low room by mine host, who scraped a bow and withdrew. A swarthy man with a square, massive face, keen black eyes, and a pointed beard, rose to meet him. He was dressed in a sober suit of dark green, but there was an air of distinction about him which belied his pose as a hawker of foreign wares.

"I must pray you to pardon my delay; but, to tell truth, there was a lady in the case!" began Adolphe with a swaggering air. "The papers are here, as I promised," and he drew a sealed packet from inside his doublet and threw it on the table.

The stranger grasped it in his slim, claw-like hands, tore it open, and greedily devoured the contents.

"Yes; they are all complete. Toulon, Marseilles, Bayonne, La Rochelle, Nantes, and the last plans of Monsieur Vauban—one, two, three," and he counted them on his finger tips. "As for the brief waiting, do not mention it, Monsieur. I have made good use of my time, for this window commands the harbour. See here, my drawing of the towers of defence, the new fortifications; and that line indicates the chain which closes the entrance. Ah, well! Here, Monsieur, is your reward."

He pointed to a strange, massive-looking casket on the ground by his side, and, pushing back a disc of brass in the inlaid pattern at the top, he touched a secret spring, and the cover flew open. Within was what appeared to be a collection of curious daggers and sword hilts, but in reality a part of the cunning mechanism. He raised the false bottom and disclosed serried layers of golden doubloons, over which De Vaudreuil bent with staring, greedy eyes.

He was still gloating over his treasure when, at that moment, the door was abruptly thrown open. With a violent start he sprang to his feet to meet the intruders.

"Gentlemen, I request you to retire. There is some mistake——" he began imperiously.

"So we perceive, Monsieur de Vaudreuil," said a voice which he seemed to have heard before. Looking up, he recognised the foremost of the party as the Governor of La Rochelle, who stepped forward and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"In the King's name, I arrest you for high treason."

Adolphe's first impulse was one of self-defence, and his hand instinctively sought the hilt of his rapier. But at a sign from the Governor two guards silently entered the room and disarmed him. The shock of discovery was so sudden and unlooked for that he was paralysed at the moment, and had not a word to say in defence. Of what avail, indeed, would be idle protest when the papers and plans, the gold, the foreign envoy, were all in full view?

The Spaniard had kept his presence of mind, and with a stealthy movement seized the documents. But he was forestalled by another hand, thin and blue-veined, with hanging ruffles of costly Flanders lace, which grasped him by the wrist.

"Don Diaz de San José, you are a man of the world, and will accept the fortune of war," said a refined, softly modulated voice. "If I might tender advice, I would not in future adventure a strange craft in the harbour of La Rochelle, where yonder sailing boat has been watched since daybreak. Nor would I land the price of treachery in so rare a casket, whose weight is more than a burden for two men!"

Stung to the quick by these errors in judgment thus brought home to him, the Spanish envoy gave a vicious kick at the open chest, which closed instantly and completely, leaving not a sign of lock or keyhole.

"You are like to find it costly enough ere it be opened, for you may pound it to atoms, and it will not betray its secret!" he remarked savagely. "And what concern is it of yours, Monsieur?" he added, taking no notice of the two guards, who stood one on each side of him.

"You have a right to ask," was the suave reply. "I am the Duc de Maillebois, one of the councillors of his Most Christian Majesty of France, on whose behalf I am here."

"The Duc de Maillebois!" gasped Adolphe, unconsciously repeating the name aloud in his utter dismay.

"Yes, Monsieur de Vaudreuil. I was with the King when this matter was brought before him, for you were betrayed by one you trusted. Ah, yes, it is the common fate of traitors to meet with treachery themselves."

A hoarse cry burst from the culprit's lips.

"Who was it? Tell me only that!" But De Maillebois continued, unheeding:

"I never saw his Majesty so agitated, so indignant! The papers with regard to this collusion with Spain were lying on the table before him, but his alarm was more personal. You were reported to have been seen with the Italian, Exili, and the King believes that you meant to poison him."

"It is false, it is a wicked lie! On my honour, I swear it!" cried the wretched Adolphe.

"The less we say of honour the better," was the cold rejoinder. "The King can never forget that on one occasion you put yourself forward to take the place of Monsieur Bontems, the head valet, in immediate attendance on his royal person for a whole day. He believes that you did this for a guilty purpose. I will add that on this point I do not agree with him."

There was a moment's pause, and the accused looked up, with a flash of hope. But the Duke continued, in a grave, steady voice:

"His Majesty, who looks carefully into the smallest matters of State, was also convinced of the serious nature of this conspiracy, but Monsieur de Louvois treated it lightly, and was disposed to throw doubt upon it. When I offered my services to unravel the Spanish plot, the King was so anxious to prove himself in the right that he welcomed my proposal with eager gratitude, and vowed that he would grant the boon I asked—simply a small matter to secure the happiness of two friends," he added in a low under-tone.

At this point there came a sudden interruption. A slatternly maid, with a scared face, put her head inside the door and called out, in a sharp, high-pitched cry:

"M'sieu, M'sieu! My mistress bids me tell you that Madame, your wife, has recovered, and will leave the house forthwith. We cannot hold her back. Ah! ah!" she ended with a scream, as she caught sight of the soldiers, and would have fled, but a voice of command bid her stay.

"Go to Madame, and pray her that she honour us with her presence. The Governor of La Rochelle will see that she come to no harm. We make not war on women."

It was Monsieur d'Olbreuse who spoke. He and Réné had been standing aside in the shadow, for the room was but dimly lighted with one small window towards the harbour. Hitherto they had not felt called upon to take any part beyond being silent witnesses on behalf of the Duc de Maillebois.

But the serving woman's words had awakened vague suspicions in the minds of all present. It was not the custom for a captain of dragoons

to take his wife about the country with him on such an errand as this.

Adolphe de Vaudreuil had been far too much engrossed to take any notice of the Governor's companions. The crushing blow which had suddenly overwhelmed him had killed all curiosity. Yet now that this last crime was about to be brought home to him his very rage and despair nerved him to a sort of reckless courage. He looked up boldly at the speaker, and then for the first time caught sight of the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, who had stepped forward into the light.

It only needed that presence to crown all and set the seal upon his ignominy. He set his teeth and clenched his hands, and would have sprung at his rival, but for a sharp reminder from his guards that he was their prisoner. Fiery words clamoured in his throat, but it suddenly flashed through his quick brain that silence might deal a more deadly stab than speech.

The people at the inn had taken "Madame" for his wife; he would let the unspoken lie do its work.

A hush of expectation had fallen upon that company, so strangely brought together, who shared some dim instinct of mystery and awaited a revelation.

Framed in the sombre doorway, a young girl stood irresolute and dismayed at the sight of all those men. The western rays from the window opposite gleamed full upon her white dress and lighted up the pale face and dishevelled golden hair and deep, wistful eyes. For she was dazed with this sudden encounter, and paused on the threshold, silent and motionless as a statue. Then a great cry rang through the stillness.

"Yvonne, Yvonne! How came you here?"

"Surely by her own free will, Monsieur le Chevalier," replied Adolphe in a low, venomous tone. "Ask Madame if she did not ride hither in my arms without one word of dissent?"

Réné, beside himself, made a blind movement towards his tormentor to choke the foul lie in his throat, but the Governor was swift to forestall him.

"Guards, remove your prisoners here at once; and see them safely bestowed in the Citadel," he sharply commanded.

Old Madelon had followed her mistress, and now, taking her by the hand like a child, she led her towards Réné. In low eager tones she told the story of their surprise and capture, and ended thus:

"See, Monsieur, those soft wrists all bruised and bleeding with the cords, and the mark on her forehead where she fell. Even now she is scarce herself."

In a moment he was on his knees covering her hands with kisses in passionate remorse for one fugitive shadow of doubt; but Yvonne understood not, and she never knew.

It was well, indeed, for De Vaudreuil that, unarmed and a prisoner, he had already passed from the sight of the man whom he had so deeply wronged.

"Madame de Beaumanoir, I have news for you," said the Duc de Maillebois, in the quiet tone with which he would have addressed her in his own *salon*. "Gabrielle has a little son."

Yvonne had started at the sound of her new name. Then all her soul was poured forth in ardent sympathy with this great joy, which had come to her friend—the young child who would transform a palace into a home, and keep the mother's heart warm in the midst of pomp and state.

"Monsieur, I am glad," she murmured.

"It is for my wife's sake, and to give her pleasure, that I am here to-day," he added quickly. "She cannot rest until you and her brother are safe. I have rendered a service to his Majesty, and have been suffered to choose my reward. He has given his royal permission for your marriage with Réné. But the air of France is not healthy at this present for one of your faith. Your husband is therefore appointed to an honourable post in the suite of the new ambassador, who is about to sail for England. Do you consent, René?" he asked.

"How can we thank you, Monsieur?" was the eager reply. "To attain my heart's desire, and to serve my country still—it passes all my hopes!"

He caught the hand of Yvonne and looked in her face. No words could have been half so eloquent as that happy silence, for her smile of pure content was like the sunshine on a river.

[THE END.]



"'In the King's name, I arrest you for high treason."—*p.* 1138.

to take his wife about the country with him on such an errand as this.

Adolphe de Vaudreuil had been far too much engrossed to take any notice of the Governor's companions. The crushing blow which had suddenly overwhelmed him had killed all curiosity. Yet now that this last crime was about to be brought home to him his very rage and despair nerved him to a sort of reckless courage. He looked up boldly at the speaker, and then for the first time caught sight of the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, who had stepped forward into the light.

It only needed that presence to crown all and set the seal upon his ignominy. He set his teeth and clenched his hands, and would have sprung at his rival, but for a sharp reminder from his guards that he was their prisoner. Fiery words clamoured in his throat, but it suddenly flashed through his quick brain that silence might deal a more deadly stab than speech.

The people at the inn had taken "Madame" for his wife; he would let the unspoken lie do its work.

A hush of expectation had fallen upon that company, so strangely brought together, who shared some dim instinct of mystery and awaited a revelation.

Framed in the sombre doorway, a young girl stood irresolute and dismayed at the sight of all those men. The western rays from the window opposite gleamed full upon her white dress and lighted up the pale face and dishevelled golden hair and deep, wistful eyes. For she was dazed with this sudden encounter, and paused on the threshold, silent and motionless as a statue. Then a great cry rang through the stillness.

"Yvonne, Yvonne! How came you here?"

"Surely by her own free will, Monsieur le Chevalier," replied Adolphe in a low, venomous tone. "Ask Madame if she did not ride hither in my arms without one word of dissent?"

Réné, beside himself, made a blind movement towards his tormentor to choke the foul lie in his throat, but the Governor was swift to forestall him.

"Guards, remove your prisoners here at once; and see them safely bestowed in the Citadel," he sharply commanded.

Old Madelon had followed her mistress, and now, taking her by the hand like a child, she led her towards Réné. In low eager tones she told the story of their surprise and capture, and ended thus:

"See, Monsieur, those soft wrists all bruised and bleeding with the cords, and the mark on her forehead where she fell. Even now she is scarce herself."

In a moment he was on his knees covering her hands with kisses in passionate remorse for one fugitive shadow of doubt; but Yvonne understood not, and she never knew.

It was well, indeed, for De Vaudreuil that, unarmed and a prisoner, he had already passed from the sight of the man whom he had so deeply wronged.

"Madame de Beaumanoir, I have news for you," said the Duc de Maillebois, in the quiet tone with which he would have addressed her in his own *salon*. "Gabrielle has a little son."

Yvonne had started at the sound of her new name. Then all her soul was poured forth in ardent sympathy with this great joy, which had come to her friend—the young child who would transform a palace into a home, and keep the mother's heart warm in the midst of pomp and state.

"Monsieur, I am glad," she murmured.

"It is for my wife's sake, and to give her pleasure, that I am here to-day," he added quickly. "She cannot rest until you and her brother are safe. I have rendered a service to his Majesty, and have been suffered to choose my reward. He has given his royal permission for your marriage with Réné. But the air of France is not healthy at this present for one of your faith. Your husband is therefore appointed to an honourable post in the suite of the new ambassador, who is about to sail for England. Do you consent, René?" he asked.

"How can we thank you, Monsieur?" was the eager reply. "To attain my heart's desire, and to serve my country still—it passes all my hopes!"

He caught the hand of Yvonne and looked in her face. No words could have been half so eloquent as that happy silence, for her smile of pure content was like the sunshine on a river.

[THE END.]



"'In the King's name, I arrest you for high treason."—*p.* 1138.

TEXTS AND MOTTOES.

AND HOW TO WORK THEM.

TEXTS and mottoes, when used for decorative purposes, are rarely arranged in a manner that is likely to be permanent. As a rule, they are fashioned so as to give a festive appearance for a few days or a week only, and at the end of that time they are taken down, rolled up, or packed flat, as the case may be, and put away for the next occasion.

The fashion of framing favourite texts and of hanging them on the walls of a mission room, or of the principal rooms of our homes has in great measure died out, but there are still some families who count an embroidered text as one of their treasured possessions, and they like to have the words always before their eyes. For them there is an immense choice of texts to be had ready printed on perforated card. These are by no means the crudities that they were some few years ago, and they are now arely offensive in design, and need not be made so in colouring.

An example of a motto of this kind is given first of all. To many a worker possessed of deft fingers the task of working such a text is not at all disagreeable, and many an invalid has found weary hours shortened by such an occupation. Some of the embroidery threads that are now to be had in so great a variety to imitate silk can quite successfully be used for the work, which is for the most part executed in cross-stitch, though for tracing fine scrolls back-stitch is needed, and borders and straight lines are as often as not followed with a couching of silk. Gold thread may also be employed for outlines and for scrolls. It is not necessary to keep the same make of thread throughout, for, upon a good-sized piece of work, slight disparities are not visible, and odds and ends of all makes of silks or threads may be used, provided that they are about the same thickness and that the shades and colours are harmonious. The cross-stitch may be very quickly worked by carrying one long stitch first straight along the line to be covered, and working back over this with half-cross stitches. It is necessary for these stitches to slant in the same direction in every detail of the work, and it is possible to execute it so evenly that the effect is very much that of tapestry work done upon canvas, except that here the background is left quite clear. Too many stitches would be apt to tear away the card by their weight and by the inevitable dragging that must result from filling in too closely.

But there are other ways of executing mottoes and texts with embroidery that will commend themselves to many workers as being more artistic and quite as bold. The first of these methods will make scrolls and other devices that, being rather limp, are easily rolled up when they are required to be stored, ready for another occasion. Coloured linen is one of the best of backgrounds for these embroidered letters. Naturally, the colours must depend upon the rest of the decorations of the room in which the text is to be employed. Pale green, blue, and pinkish terra-cotta are good backgrounds when pale tints are needed, but there are plenty of darker shades to be had if the letters are to be quite light.

The gift of designing letters for herself is not possessed by every worker, but there are plenty of inexpensive aids provided for her. For mottoes bearing, perhaps, the words "Welcome Home," or "God bless the Bride and Bridegroom," the floral letters that are to be had in transfer at nearly every fancy shop are very well adapted, and, provided that the decorative portion is not executed so heavily as to make the letters themselves indis-

XUM

tinct, they answer admirably. The stitches to be employed for them are exactly such as would be used for any other piece of needlework. Among them are outline, couching, chain, back-stitch, French knots, satin stitch, and others.

In our next example we reproduce a bold letter that is quite easy to work and that looks very well upon almost any background. The whole of the letter is covered with a lattice made of long stitches of white Lustrine or some other coarse twisted thread. All this is easy enough to manage, and with most people no guide is required for placing the stitches. Should, however, the worker be doubtful of the correctness of her eye, she will do well to take a piece of card and make a couple of notches in it to mark the space that is to be left between each stitch.

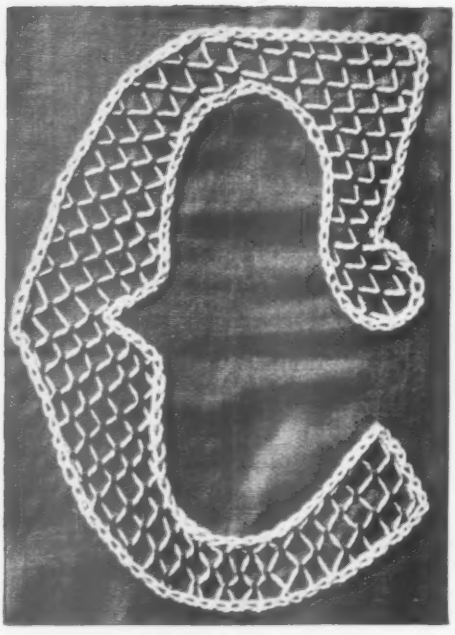
After all the threads have been placed for the meshes of the lattice they have to be caught down, each with a single straight stitch of another colour, which must be carried over the threads at every point at which two lines meet. In executing this part of the embroidery there will be the opportunity for correcting any slight irregularity there may be in the placing of the meshes of the lattice. The stitches must all be the same size and set at exactly the same angle upon the material. When they are all done the letters have to be outlined, either with chain-stitch worked with white, as in the illustration, or with coarse thread couched down, or with fine cord, or with buttonhole-stitch, as the fancy of the worker may suggest. Care must be taken to work without puckering the material, for we must try to give our decorations as professional a look as possible.



AN EMBROIDERED MOTTO ON PERFORATED CARD.

Another good and rather rapid way of managing texts and mottoes is by the aid of *appliqué*, as shown in the letter in our third illustration. Bold characters are required for this style of work, and, as most amateurs know, the letters are cut out of one material and laid on to another fabric of a contrasting colour.

Before cutting out the letters to be applied it is advisable to back the whole of the material with whitey-brown paper, or with thin muslin.



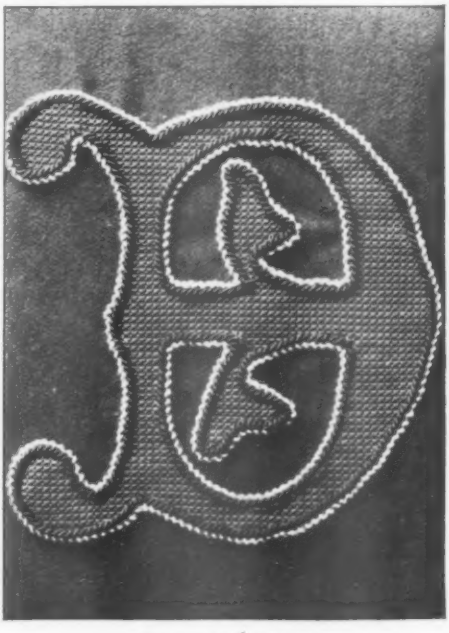
A LATTICE-EMBROIDERED LETTER.

This should be done with a good paste, and the material must then be put under press till quite dry. The letters can then be cut out, and the backing, if properly done will quite prevent the fabric from ravelling along the cut edges. As each letter is cut out, it should be pasted down to the material chosen for the background and put under a weight till dry. The letters have perhaps stuck down so thoroughly that no further fastening is necessary beyond that afforded by an ornamental outline; but if this is not the case, they must be caught down all round the edges with stitches carried over the margin of the applied material into the foundation.

Then comes the great question of ornamenting the edges. When the letters are bold there is nothing better than fine cord of some contrasting colour (see illustration). It must be caught down in such a way that the stitches allow it to hide the edges of the letters and also help to hold them down. Considerable addition to the general effect can be made by working a row of outline stitch with black or some other contrasting colour along the outside edge of the letters. This helps to throw the work into higher relief. A couching of several strands of stout thread may be employed instead of the cord, if more convenient. Fine braid also gives a very good effect, and, if the comparative slowness of the work is no disadvantage, the letters may be simply buttonholed down to the material, the cord of the stitches serving to hide the raw edges.

For *appliqué* it is necessary to have the letters all the same width as far as possible, but any fine work there may be about them must be put in with embroidery stitches, as these details would, in all probability, be too fine to be cut out in the brocade. The letters, of which one is illustrated below, are sufficiently large to allow of two rows of fine cord instead of the outlining, but on smaller characters a single row is quite enough.

After the style of lettering has been decided upon there are many ways open to the worker for making up the texts and mottoes to suit the special purpose for which these are to be employed. If the text is a long one, the letters may be drawn and painted very boldly, or stencilled upon text paper, which, if 13 inches wide, costs only 3½d. per yard. It is to be had at other prices proportionate to its width. Plenty of plain coloured paper is also to be obtained which will serve well for a background. Then there is ribbed or morocco gold paper,



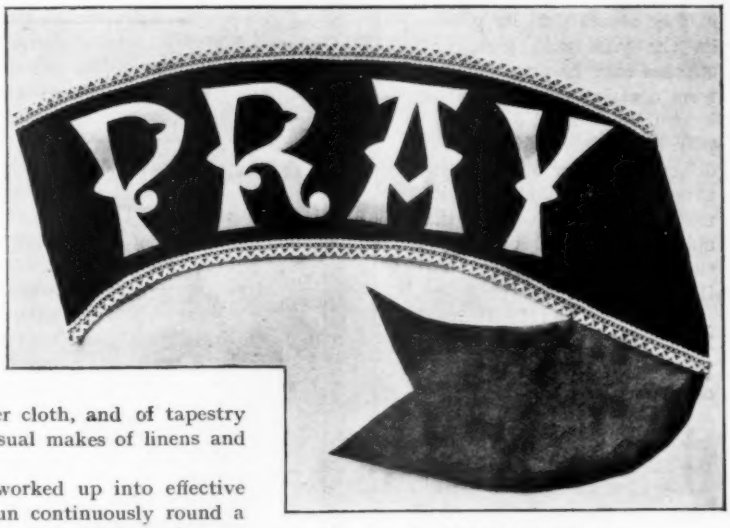
AN APPLIQUÉ LETTER.

22 inches wide and sold by the yard. This, being also continuous, can be used for the longest of inscriptions without a seam. Another useful material is flock paper, which forms a particularly rich background, either in green, scarlet, crimson, maroon, blue, or white. It is also to be had in black and in violet. The four last-named colours are rather more expensive than the others, costing 1s. 6d. a yard instead of 1s. Designed paper, which has a conventional pattern of lilies upon it, looks like brocade, and is well suited for use for texts that are subjected to somewhat close inspection. Amateurs have a choice also of leather cloth, and of tapestry canvas, besides the usual makes of linens and hollands.

All these can be worked up into effective friezes arranged to run continuously round a room, with or without the addition of paper borders. Rainbow stains are invaluable for letter painting and for stencilling, as they look well upon almost any material, are pure and rich in colour, and are cleanly and easily applied. They have the advantage also of being sold in little tubes, so that after a small piece of painting is completed an amateur is not left with any very large amount of colour of which she does not know how to make use.

The letters, unless she who has undertaken the task is clever enough to draw her own, may most successfully be traced from paper or cardboard models cut by professional hands and supplied by the same house whence the papers were obtained. They save an infinite amount of time and trouble and are by no means costly. Small letters can generally be obtained to suit the capitals, and all the alphabets are designed to accord with various styles of architecture.

The portion of a flat scroll with a motto shown on page 1146 illustrates an easy method of arranging such a decoration down the sides of a window or a doorway. The model is intended for the right-hand side, the lath upon which it is mounted being nailed to the wall alongside the frame of the window or door. A similar flat scroll should be made for the left-hand side. A flat lath was employed as a support for the original whence our illustration was taken, but quite as good an effect may be obtained by a rounded rod if this can more easily be procured.



PART OF A RIBBON SCROLL.

A bamboo pole will answer very well, and, as this is too hard to receive nails with ease, it will have to be held against the doorway with a strip of tape secured with a fine tack, much in the same way as that in which fruit trees are nailed to a wall. A few fine tacks are necessary to keep the scroll also in its place. These need be scarcely more than pins, so that they leave no unsightly holes when the decoration is taken down. The lath is scarcely likely to be sufficiently ornamental to be left in its natural condition, unless, indeed, it is bamboo. It can easily be enamelled, stained, or gilded. The useful rainbow stain, Vandyke brown, serves very well for this purpose if the original wood is light in tint.

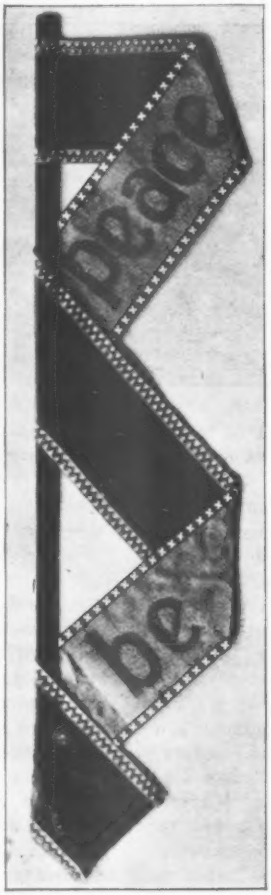
The motto is set upon a long strip of either of the materials mentioned above. The width must, naturally, be entirely regulated by the height of the place it is to fill and the folds of the scroll, in the same way, must depend greatly upon the length of the longest word that is to be placed upon it. It is necessary to back the material chosen for the scroll with

some second fabric that will look well as a lining after the folds have been arranged. A darker tint is always better for this purpose than that upon which the lettering is to be painted.

The strip must be wound round the pole backwards and forwards, as shown in the example. This brings first the right, then the wrong side foremost. The material may be attached to its place on the pole with glue, or stitches may be arranged to form a casing through which it can be run. The latter plan is possibly a little more difficult to carry out than is the former method, but it may be a convenience to be able to take the pole out when the motto is done with and it has to be put away.

After the text itself has been painted on the scroll this requires to have the edges finished off with binding, or fancy braid, which can be glued or sewn on to the material, as is most convenient. Two kinds of braid must be procured, for the portion that is turned over from the wrong side should be of a different pattern from that on the right and lettered side. The scroll may be of any length desired, only a portion being shown in the illustration. The number of the folds need only be two or three, or they may be five or seven, as may be most appropriate to the available space.

Of scrolls the variety in shape and size is unlimited, and a "ribbon" of which we show one end on page 1145 may easily be made of any length required. Indeed, this is about the easiest of all ways of getting an effect with very little labour. In this instance the background is of flock paper of a rich crimson hue. The wrong side, which is brought to the front by the turning over of the end of the scroll, is faced with morocco gold paper. The letters of the words "Watch and Pray" are simply cut out of straw tissue. This material is convenient because, when the characters are at all soiled, they are readily cleaned by having a damp sponge taken gently over them.



A PAINTED SCROLL.

The letters are to be bought ready cut out in accordance with any style desired, and of any size. They, of course, look better when they are rather large than when they are small. The average amateur is always rather apt to err on the point of over-timidity as to size when she is planning out a text or motto, forgetting that it is most likely required to be read from a distance as well as close by. The letters look better also when at least half an inch can be left between them, and the words also need to be liberally spaced.

It is a good idea also to cut the letters out of leather cloth which is of a dull grey colour and to mount them upon flock paper in the same way as are the straw words above mentioned. With the brush and some oil or water colours, and a good medium, letters can be so tinted as to have all the appearance of being set in relief upon the background. A line of black carried round the margin of every letter on the background material will give it a much-raised appearance if judiciously managed.

At the shops at which a speciality is made of church and other decorations many other materials are to be found that can be employed for the preparation of texts and mottoes.

Among these is frosted swansdown, which makes very effective letters if laid upon a coloured or golden background. There is an infinite variety in artificial flowers too, which may be set closely together to form letters, the background scroll or shield itself being bordered with green leaves. If well managed, these have an extremely festive appearance.

DOING "AMEN."

THE STORY MOLLY'S MOTHER HAD TO TELL.

By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.



BITTERLY cold day in March—a day upon which to hurry along and get through your work quickly if you chanced to be walking ; if driving, to turn up the coat collar or fasten more closely the fur, sheltering the neck from the biting wind ; while all the time the thought of home with its cheery fireside would mean comfort of a kind which belongs to these occasions.

Into the bleak and almost deserted street of a small provincial town two little figures turned, quaint, weird-looking, walking slowly, their arms intertwined around each other's neck. Neither hat nor cap rested upon the tangled, untidy hair, arms and shoulders were bare. The elder girl—she was barely nine—wore a ragged apron ; the younger, a child of seven, a soiled pinafore ; in both cases a tattered skirt came down to the heels. That they were sisters could be seen at a glance. Both had dark, curly hair, which did something more than fringe the weird little faces—faces which looked as if "tub-night" to them was a luxury unknown. Both had large, dark eyes, wistful and sad.

As this quaint little couple walked slowly and solemnly in the middle of the narrow road it was evident from their downward glances that they were in search of something. Now and again they stooped, and the hand at liberty picked up from the ground the crumbs of bread with—as a great "find"—a stray piece of broken crust, which some thrifty housewife had thrown to the birds.

It was not always to the mouth of the one who owned the hand thus busy that the picked up morsel found its way. An onlooker would have thought each child fed the other. That both were hungry was all too evident.

A lady watched the children for awhile with tear-filled eyes. "Poor hungry mites," she said, half aloud, as she slowed her steps not to overtake them. Then an impulse seized her. Hurrying forward, she put a hand upon the shoulder of the girl nearest to her, and said :

"Let us go into yonder baker's shop and buy a loaf of bread. I believe you would enjoy a real slice better than these crumbs."

"You bet we would," said the elder of the two, a new light dancing in her eyes, and a rich glow spreading over her pinched little face, blue with the cold.

"Come with me, then," said the lady, as she led the way to the shop indicated.

In a minute or two the children had run off with their precious treasure—a stale quartern loaf—while the lady awaited the change. She was disappointed to find them gone when she turned from the counter. Who were they ? What were their names ?

It was some days before she saw them again. The keen wind had gone. The day was wet and mild. The children were sauntering down the street, less blue and cold, but not less ragged.

Ever and anon they paused before a shop window. The grimy little arms encircling each other's necks would relax their pressure for the moment, and the two quaint little figures would come apart. Then there would be sundry "Oh, my ! Did you ever ! " ejaculations, uttered in tones scarcely above a whisper, while the weird faces pressed the window pane, and the goods espied within met with careful scrutiny and candid criticism.

Mrs. Fairfield had watched the children with interest and amusement. They were enjoying themselves immensely. Another moment and she quite hoped to hear them laugh ; they seemed to be years younger than the day she had first made their acquaintance. But at this instant one turned and recognised her benefactress, nudging her sister to call her attention to the discovery. Sundry little bobs—the mark of the true-born country child—and brightened faces gave kindly welcome to Mrs. Fairfield.

"Tell me your names," she said, anxious to use the opportunity so eagerly longed for in the last few days.

"Please, I'm Molly, and she's Sally," said the elder girl, speaking for both. In size there was scant difference, but the face of the speaker looked several summers older—and then the apron claimed years which the pinafore could not boast.

"But your surname—your father's name ? "

"Fraser—James Fraser. Folks mostly call

him 'Jim,'" said Molly, and her weather-beaten little face broke into a smile.

"And where do you live?"

"Down Belcher's Buildings—leastways, a turning out of there—the three little houses what stand back. Ours is the middle one."

"Where do you go to Sunday school?"

"Nowheres, ma'am; we ain't got no Sunday clothes." This from Sally, who evidently thought it her turn to speak.

"Well, come along, and let us get another loaf of bread," said Mrs. Fairfield as the rain at that moment came down with added force, and she led the way to the baker's shop visited on a previous occasion. She bought the loaf and gave it into the outstretched hands of little Molly; then, having paid for the bread, she turned to follow the children. They were close at hand, sitting side by side on a neighbouring doorstep, and were busy — doing what?

Both little creatures were hard at work picking off the corners of the loaf and pressing their grimy little hands flat upon the muddy pavement, then rubbing them upon the bread.

Angered, hurt beyond measure, Mrs. Fairfield hastened towards the children.

"You naughty, wicked little girls! How *dare* you waste that beautiful bread like that?" she said sharply.

"Please, ma'am," said Molly, and her big eyes were filled with tears, "we don't want mother to sell this loaf, as she did the other; that's why we're making it look dirty. That day we took the quartern home you gave us, mother said she'd borrow a nice knife to cut it, and she went out and—and——" Molly's sobs choked her utterance, and Sally's voice took up the story: "The landlord of 'The White Horse' gave her a quart of beer in place of it, and we never set eyes on it no more."

The memory was painful, and sympathy with Molly overwhelming. Sally broke down completely here, and Mrs. Fairfield felt her own eyes fill with tears hard to be kept back.

It was easy after this to make friends with the children, to bid them come to her house for clothing—she had little children about their size—and to gain their promise to attend the ragged school the following Sunday.

This was the beginning of better days to Molly and Sally. No children were more punctual in attendance, more eager to learn, more responsive to sympathy shown. The efforts to come clean and neat as became the occasion were more marked than effectual, and very quaint were their sayings when Mrs. Fairfield would catechise them herself.

"It *was* nice to think the Lord Jesus cared that much about them that He was sorry for them when they got a 'hiding.'"

"And did He really mind bad words? They'd never use no more—no, not if they had to bite their tongues off to keep them in."

One day Molly's little face was flushed with weeping, and her chest heaved involuntarily with sobs which could not be hushed into silence. Mrs. Fairfield watched her opportunity and inquired the trouble.

Shyly the child told her story. Once when mother scolded her she "sauced her back," but she knew the Lord Jesus would be grieved if she did so *now*. That day her poor drinking mother had "knocked her about a bit," and Molly had hidden in a cupboard underneath the stairs, lest she should get to the end of "holding out" and sauce her mother back. She had gone without her dinner, and cried until she could not cry any more.

Mrs. Fairfield gave the comfort befitting the occasion in hopeful and praise-giving words:

"Mother might one day be better; nothing was too hard for God. He could give her a new heart, and then she would hate the drink which made her cruel. Molly had pleased the Lord Jesus by not saucing mother; for He had bidden us learn of Him, the meek and lowly of heart," and more was said in the same strain—teaching of a kind which could only fill the child-heart of little Molly with tenderness and love.

* * * * * *

And so the spring came and went, and summer found Molly and Sally less weird and more childlike. New thoughts and emotions had come into their lives. Home was the same as aforetime, but they themselves were different. They had tasted the sweet joy which comes alike to young and old when a Heavenly Father's love is accepted as a fact. There had risen in their childish hearts the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His beams, and all unconsciously they basked in the warmth and expanded and grew in heart and character, as others have done before them.

It was late in July that Mrs. Fairfield met the two, the day after the school treat which had given Molly and Sally one of the most blissful days of their lives. They were hurrying along, with furtive glances to right and left, lest unfriendly eyes should note their movements. Each carried in her hand—for once

the sisters walked apart, no encircling arm linked either to the other—the toys won in the races the previous day.

"Well, little people, and where are you going?" said Mrs. Fairfield cheerfully. A loving look came into little Sally's eyes—no fear of misunderstanding, no lack of sympathy with "their lady"—as she whispered, glancing up into the kind face bent over her:

"We're going, Molly and me, to hide our presents in a dear old hollow tree which grew a-purpose in the Spring fields yonder."

"But why? Will they not be too far from home for you to enjoy? How can you play with them at that distance?" Mrs. Fairfield inquired, to be told by Molly:

"We'll manage it somehow on half holidays. We're most afeared to have them at home. They'd be so handy, see, for father or mother to chuck about when they got throwing things at each other."

"Poor mites!" said Mrs. Fairfield, as she bid them hurry on their way and "have a real good time in the hollow tree."

She had long wondered if such parents could be won to better things by ordinary means, and had found her way to the house on more than one occasion, but only to meet with rebuff; and fear to endanger the children's movements, Sunday by Sunday, had made her refrain from further aggressive measures.

And then the unexpected happened. Mrs. Fairfield was at home to callers one day late in the following September, when her maid told her—as she happened at that moment to be alone—that little Molly's mother wanted to see her.

"Show her in, Hannah. Let us make a lady of her for once, and see if coming into the drawing-room may help to soften her."

Hannah's smile was something more than sympathy or appreciation of a good mistress; it was suggestive of pleasure in being herself associated with such a happy scheme. She hurried away to find the visitor, mentally planning to place the Indian basket chair for her to sit down upon and so spare the upholstered ones.

But Mrs. Fraser had no intention of sitting



"'There was Molly teaching the twins to say their prayers.'"—*p.* 1150.

down, even though pressed by Mrs. Fairfield to do so.

"Please, I'd rather stand, ma'am. I really would. I feel almost choking, but I must tell you my story. It beats anything ever wrote in a book."

It would spoil the telling of that story to put it into other words; it was so distinctly from beginning to end Mrs. Fraser who spoke.

"Bless me, ma'am, but I wasn't always what you know me to be to-day. I guess I was as smart a girl as ever trod shoe leather when I was kitchen-maid at the Squire's. I kept my place for well-nigh seven years, and then, silly like, left to wed Jim—a trim young fellow in those days, but, you see, a rare one for giving his opinions to his mates when his day's work was over. That's what took him to the public, and me often along with him. I kept myself respectable enough, but, of course—and that's the pity of it—drink is drink, and it gets a sort of hold of you that nothing else does. I never *meant* to like it too much, but there, I never stopped soon enough.

"And that's how things have gone on—well, ever since my big lad of sixteen lay a smiling infant in his cradle. I've buried five between him and Molly—you see, there's only Molly and Sally and the twins I call in-hand like. Harry's in a good place miles from here, and the aunt who lives in John Brown Street is very good to the twins, so I needn't to worry when I go out for a day's work. But Molly—I will say that of her—she's a good child to put the twins to bed of nights if I'm not there. As the church clock strikes six she starts them off upstairs.

"Well, this brings me to my story. Yesterday I was doing a day's work at Mrs. Doctor Bank's, and as things ought to have gone I shouldn't have been home until eight. But in the afternoon the missus' baby took a fit. They've served him cruel this many a day. I never thought he'd come out alive yesterday, I didn't. Of course, we couldn't go right forward with the work when the house was all in confusion; so when the doctor—he's a nice gentleman, ma'am; do you happen to know he? He's got a name, too, for being mighty clever with the kiddies—when he came in and attended the little one—there, he bathed him as if he'd been a woman, such tender hands and such insight into everything! Well, when the young gentleman was out of his fit and inclined to doze, his ma came to me and says she, 'We'll not have any ironing done to-day, Mrs. Fraser; come round in the morning for a couple of hours.' And then she took to thanking me for my little bit of help in assisting cook to get the bath water ready.

"Well, the church clock struck six as I put my shawl on, and it didn't take me above ten minutes to get home. When I came to the door I expected to see someone about, but the house was as silent as the grave. I stepped inside softly and listened, but I could hear voices upstairs. It would be Molly putting the twins to bed. I thought I'd creep up gentle-like and give them a bit of a surprise, as I wasn't expected for nigh upon two hours; but I had only taken one step up when I stopped dead-like: there was Molly teaching the twins to say their prayers. She went right through the hymn, 'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,' and it did sound pretty. You see, ma'am, it was you who taught Molly to pray; I never did. May God forgive me. And me that had the make of a good mother in her if it hadn't been for that hateful drink. Well, when they'd done the 'Tender Shepherd' hymn they started along with the 'God bless' prayer, and—and—it's that—that beat me."

Mrs. Fraser stopped and wiped some very genuine tears from her eyes. It was a moment or two before she found her voice to continue her story.

"They said just after Molly, word for word, the beautifullest prayer I ever heard tell of; and it was for me—for me, ma'am, bad, wicked woman that I was. It was something like this—excuse me crying; how can I help feeling it? It's that touching that I don't believe I've ever had anything happen like it since my poor old mother died. The words Molly said were something like this, ma'am:

"'And please, Lord Jesus, bless our poor dear mother, and don't let her take no more drink, and then she'll be our *good* mother. Lord Jesus, you can do it. It ain't too hard for you. There's four of us a-asking, you know—Molly and Sally and Bobby and Erny—and you won't forget, for we'd like our prayer answered quick, as we're all a-aching in our hearts for our *good* mother to come home and live along with us.'

"There, ma'am, that's as near as I can remember, word for word; and—and I said 'Amen' then, I did, and now I want to *do* 'Amen.' I've come to sign your pledge book. Never shall a drop of that nasty stuff pass my lips again, God helping me!"

The Golden Street of the Heavenly City

By the late Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

"And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."—REVELATION xxi. 21.

IN the interior of one of the most magnificent churches of Rome, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, or the "Liberian Basilica," as it is often called, there is an immense nave, whose wide span of roof is elaborately carved and gilded with the first gold brought to Europe from South America and presented to Pope Alexander VI. by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. It is one of the most gorgeous roofs in the world, and every panel and ornament is loaded with the glittering splendour of the precious metal. You gaze up at it, soaring high above your head, in awe and wonder. It must have cost many thousands of pounds; but after a little your emotion subsides, and your first feeling of admiration changes into one of repulsion as you remember how that gold was obtained and to whom it was given. You have all read the dreadful story of the conquest of Mexico and Peru by Cortes and Pizarro and their Spanish troops; and you recollect how they tortured and slew the poor inoffensive natives in crowds, and destroyed their homes, in order to wring from them the golden spoil which they possessed. Every ounce of the precious metal cost the lives of hundreds. This was the way in which the gold that adorned the interior roof of the great church in Rome was obtained; and it was bestowed in a way equally reprehensible. It was sent by the King and Queen of Spain as a present to the infamous Alexander Borgia, the poisoner, adulterer, and perjurer, in whose veins flowed the very worst blood of Spain, and who sought to have his monstrous crimes and vices condoned by this gift to the church. These are the awful memories which the gorgeous golden roof of Santa Maria Maggiore recalls to everyone who knows its history. Instead of admiring it, one longs to pull it down and destroy it as a hateful memorial of one of the most dreadful pages in the history of human guilt.

The first places of worship which men constructed were open to the wide heavens. They were roofed only by God's blue sky, with its bright sunshine and beneficent clouds, and tender dews, and constellations of stars, receding into the illimitable depths of space, suggesting only thoughts of mercy and goodness infinite as the universe and as He Who made it. But here, in the later ages of the religion of Him Who proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill to all mankind, a Christian church is roofed over and shut out from God's wide world of goodness and grace by the hard gold which speaks only of man's inhumanity to man. It is thoughts of judgment, and not impulses of worship, which such a golden roof suggests. It seems to contract and suffocate the soul, instead of enlarging and ennobling it, and enabling it to soar to the heavenly places. Standing beneath it, and going over in imagination all the terrible events connected with Spain's conquest of the Western Hemisphere, her long reign there of intolerable cruelty, oppression, and corruption, since that first fatal gold came to her shores and was employed to adorn this Christian church, and in this way to receive the consecration of the Christian religion, one feels a profound satisfaction in the thought that the day of reckoning, so long postponed, has come at last; that He Who said, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," has employed the newest Power of America to wrest from the oldest Power the last of her possessions on that continent, and drive her from the fair lands which she had made desolate. The gold on the roof of the church seems dimmed and tarnished by the breath of anguish which rises up to it from the poor Indians who said of their Spanish oppressors, as they tore their

gold from them, "What a god must he be who has such hell-hounds for his servants and children." Such gold should never have been laid upon God's altar, for it is the price of blood. It is a Corban gift substituted for the justice and mercy of God's law—a gift of devotion to God bestowed at the expense of cruelty to man. Such gold should never have been exalted above the heads of the worshippers, to draw up their imaginations and desires to the heaven which it limits and pollutes, and altogether misrepresents. It is utterly out of place in such a position, where the associations should be of an altogether different kind.

On the outer roof of St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg, the most magnificent of all the Russian churches, the tiles are thickly plated with gold, which dazzles the eye by its effulgence when the sun is shining upon it. The golden roof alone cost more than a million sterling. It was presented by one of the most cruel and despotic of the Czars, Ivan the Terrible, whose ruthless deeds make us shudder to read of them. The golden roof represented the grinding taxation wrung from the starving peasants. Each tile speaks of the groanings of the poor and the down-trodden peasants, whose cry went up to God, for vain was the help of man. And, oh, the awful mockery of it! That gold, wrung from the wants and sufferings of the poor, was employed to uselessly adorn the house of the God of the poor and the oppressed!

Such are the uses to which man has put gold. He has exalted it to the heavens, he has roofed his most sacred buildings with it, he has made a religion of his love of it. The golden image which Nebuchadnezzar raised on the plains of Dura, compelling men to kneel to it on pain of death, has often been raised up since, and thousands have bowed down the knee to it, and thousands have cast themselves or been cast by others into burning, fiery furnaces of pain and want and misery of every kind because of it. Multitudes have given to it the whole love of their hearts, and the whole devotion of their lives, and for the sake of their idolatry they have been guilty of the greatest cruelties and crimes.

Has it ever struck you what a different place God has given to gold in the heavenly kingdom, and what a different use He makes of it? He has put it, not above man's head, as something to look up to, to aspire after, to bow the soul to, but beneath man's feet, as something which man is to use and to stand upon as a support, but which he is to hold always below himself.

In the heavenly city it is not employed in the ornamentation of churches and palaces; it is used only for the paving of the street. It is put beneath the feet of the heavenly inhabitants. It is strange to think that the thing which is most valued and loved on earth, which is made an idol of—put, as it were, on a lofty shelf for men to reach up to, and strain with all their powers of body and mind and heart to attain—should in the celestial city have the lowest place of all assigned to it. We are apt to think that the expression in the text refers only to the glory and splendour of the New Jerusalem. It is so magnificent that its very streets are constructed of gold. The most gorgeous image of earth is used to represent heavenly things. But while this, no doubt, is the primary reference, we may nevertheless see in the image a deeper significance, for the words of God are more comprehensive and expressive than appears on the surface, and I think it is lawful to see in the symbolical language this other meaning as well.

It has been suggested that the natural objects that are the rarest in this world are the commonest in other worlds, and that objects that are of no use on earth find fullest use in the orbs of heaven. There are metals which were first discovered by the spectrum analysis of some star, and have subsequently been found in small quantities on earth. Materials that are sparsely diffused throughout our globe may be the most abundant of all materials in the stars and planets. There may be other worlds that are composed altogether of diamonds and other precious gems, where the gold and the silver, as in Jerusalem in the days of Solomon, are as stones for abundance. The gold that exists in such small quantities on our earth, and is therefore so highly prized on account of its scarcity, may be so common that it may be thought nothing of in heaven, and be used only for paving the street with. In a world where all the materials were gold, a common stone would be the most valuable thing; and amid the superfluity of gold in heaven we should not be surprised to see it turned out to the street, and be of no use save to be trodden under foot. You have heard the story of Midas, how the magic power was given to him to convert anything that he touched into gold, and how miserably he lived because in his case the power we possess in daily life of converting

XUM

gold into bread was reversed, and the bread that he touched turned into gold. What would Midas think of the magnificence of a street of pure gold? He would greatly prefer a golden cornfield whose ears he could pluck with impunity to feed his starving body in the midst of his vast and fatal riches! And if the streets of heaven are of pure gold, surely one would soon be satiated with the splendour and find the gorgeous wealth a mere commonplace, and prefer instead to be led by the Lamb into the green pastures and beside the living fountains of waters, that are softer to the tread and more refreshing to the soul. The standards of the heavenly Jerusalem will be altogether different from the standards of our earthly cities. The Kingdom of Heaven here and now reverses the worldly ideas of men. It blesses poverty, meekness, persecution, godly sorrow, and hunger and thirst after righteousness—qualities which the world despises. The treasure that we lay up in heaven is not the gold we accumulate here, but the good deeds we have done and the good dispositions that we possess. Our gold is left behind; it perishes with our perishable bodies; but our true riches of heart and soul endure and go with us to enrich us for evermore beyond the grave. Surely, then, if the cross is the crown of our world, its highest glory in the estimation of heaven, the gold that we esteem so highly here, for which we sell not only our own souls and bodies, but in many cases the souls and bodies of others when we have the power, is good only for making the street of the celestial city. Its only purpose is to furnish a footway!

And, so understood, the expression of my text shows to us that what we think is the grandest thing in heaven is the meanest and lowest, and should teach us what the true position and use of gold should be in our own world. It should always and only be used for the construction of a street. It is simply and only a way of living, a means to an end. It should never be regarded as the end itself, as the living itself. It is only a way by which we obtain the means of life and carry on the purposes of life, hold intercourse with one another, and maintain the commerce by which our common wants are supplied. It is good only for standing upon, walking upon, reaching our end upon. It should ever be kept beneath our feet; it should never get higher than that. It should never dominate our hearts or our heads.

Man's world is full of work; God's world is full of fruits. How much of man's work is for hire, the fulfilment of a bargain, which gold repays. But in God's world we come into a much higher region. There the fields are golden with harvest, the trees are golden with fruit, the very buttercups give their ministry of beauty to gladden the world, and they seek no reward save the blessedness of their working and their use to God's creation. What a wonderful thing it would be if there were more of this fruiting instead of working in our world—fruiting because we cannot help fruiting, spontaneously, freely, gladly; if the beggarly elements of the world's golden currency were changed into the pure, transparent gold of loving, free-hearted, and free-handed service! What a change would take place in our world if, instead of gold, love were the medium of exchange; if human beings did everything for each other for the sake of love, instead of for the sake of gold! Everything has its price; but what would it be if the services we require at each other's hands were priceless, could not be bought with gold, but only with love? As it is, the services we value most in this world are those which are not paid for, but are given free from the heart. An office-bearer of my church came to me once, and when I had gone over with him some hard and useful work he had done for the congregation, I remarked that he ought to be paid for giving so much time and skill and labour to our interests. He replied almost indignantly, "I would not do it at all if I were paid for it." He found the labour itself its own reward. And what would it be if that were the case universally: if we toiled for each other, and ministered to each other in ignorance and sickness and feebleness and old age, and did the whole work of the world, owing no man anything but to love one another? The joy that people have here and now at rare intervals in giving freely with all their heart to a noble cause, and which is the purest and loftiest of all human joys, might be distributed over all the work of the world, and be experienced every day and in everything. There is no one, if he trusted to the instincts of his own heart, but would prefer infinitely the experience of the philanthropist who spends his life in doing good without return, to that of the rich man whose wealth, selfishly acquired, is so enormous that the law will be called in to administer it when he dies. Man's selfishness is not native. It is the devil's poison in his blood. Divine charity expels it. It would be the millennium on earth if this divine charity were everywhere

and at all times practised, so that all the labours of human beings, secular and religious, would indeed be works of faith and labours of love.

That will be the case in heaven. Gold will not be the medium of exchange or service there. The work of heaven will not be paid for. Gold can never more purchase the necessaries of life, for the redeemed shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. As God's people on earth they were redeemed, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. They bought from God during the course of their redeemed life on earth, wine and milk, the blessings of grace, without money and without price; and now in heaven God gives them freely to eat of the tree of life; gives them all that is needed to maintain their glorified life in the highest efficiency without any golden equivalent. Gold in heaven is only of use in paving the streets of the New Jerusalem. It is only a symbol of that which the redeemed have finally triumphed over, the covetousness of their hearts, through the overpowering love of Christ. It is now beneath their feet. They have got a magnificent victory over their avarice for ever. They have been made conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that loved them.

But you will say that all this is ideal, worse than Ruskinesque! It is the great charm of wealth—if by wealth we mean a modest but secure provision for all reasonable needs, which everyone should aim after in a world constituted as this is—that it sets a man free to serve his neighbours for nothing. That, indeed, is what God gives it for, if He gives it at all. And one of the greatest trials of poverty or reduced circumstances is that it prevents or restricts such free service for others of money and help. God means gold to be a golden street that we are to use for the service of our neighbours and for the benefit of the world. Lord Palmerston said that dirt is only matter in the wrong place, and money becomes dirt when we suffer it to get into the wrong place. And it does get into the wrong place when it gets into the chief place, when it gilds the roof of our religion and of our life, instead of paving the street along which we do our daily work of faith and labour of love.
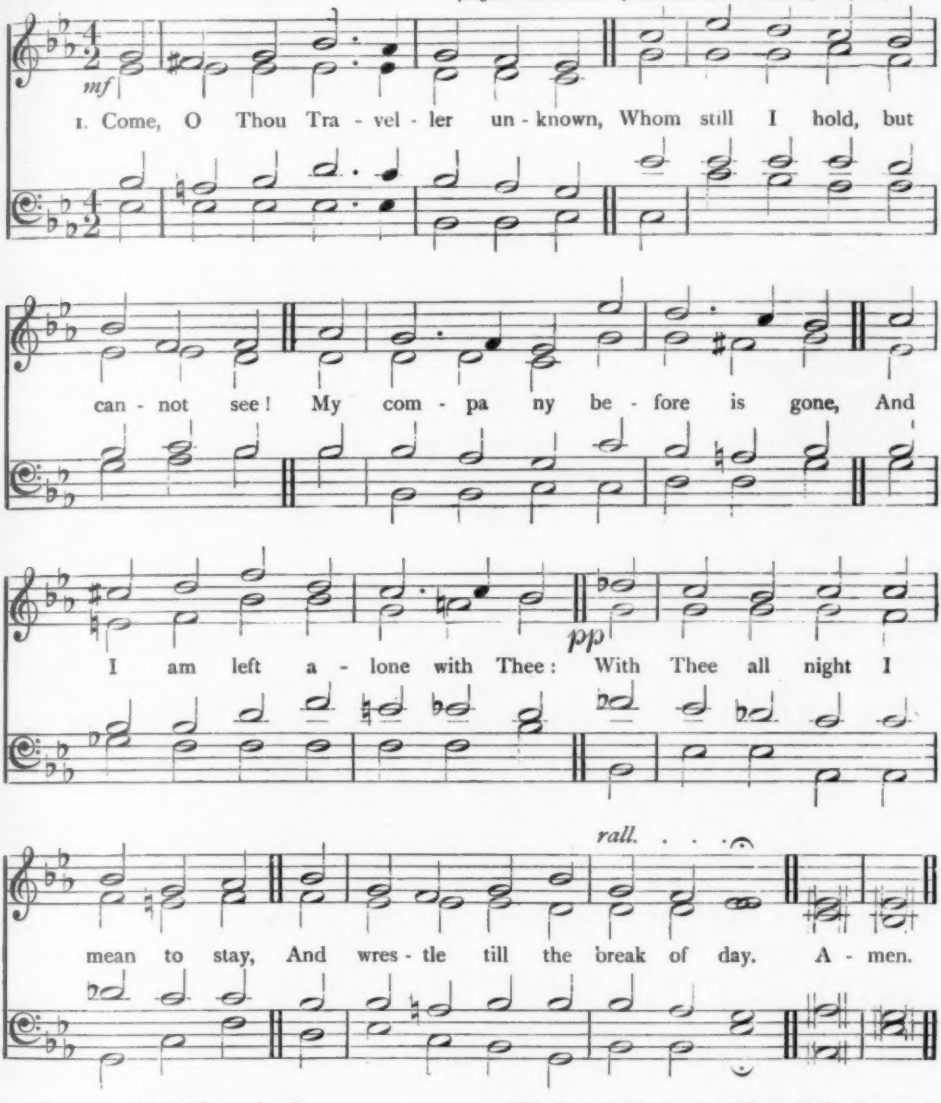
The gold of the street of the New Jerusalem is pure gold, "as it were transparent glass." There is no sordidness in that gold, no avarice, no selfishness. It is the symbol of the honesty and uprightness of the redeemed. They are pure in heart and clean in hands, and their feet, washed in the blood of Christ, are worthy to walk on the golden street of God's heavenly city. The gold of heaven is transparent as glass. We can see through it down to the bottom. It is like the gold of the crocus blossom that is shining in the sun, and which, like a piece of opaque porcelain, you can see through if you hold it up to the light. The gold of earth is opaque. It blinds people. It causes selfishness and dishonesty, and impurity of thought and deed, and everything that makes life opaque. But the gold of heaven will be as transparent as the gold of the first Paradise, of which it is said in the Bible, "The gold of that land was good." It was good to get, and good to give. It neither harmed oneself nor did harm to others. No one who is loaded with the opaque gold of this world can hope to enter into Paradise restored. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man who is cumbered and made opaque to the higher things of his life by his riches to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. None can walk that golden street who has not cleansed his ways here and kept his feet alike in the house of God and in the market-place. We want to make our life pure, bright, and beautiful; but we are conscious that we have contracted many pollutions by wandering in the world's miry ways. He Who washed the disciples' feet will wash ours and free us from all our stains; and we are to keep our way clean by doing our work for God, by doing it as God would have us do it, in a faithful, honest, and generous spirit, not for the sake of the money that we are to earn by it, but for the sake of the good that we are to do by it; by using our gains for noble ends, for our neighbours' benefit as well as for our own; by renouncing any gain which we can only get through cheating or injuring a fellow-creature; by making all men feel that they can trust and depend upon us because we love God and walk by His will. So living, so walking, here below we shall be counted worthy to stand at last on the street of pure gold, "as it were transparent glass," above.



"Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown."

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music by H. DAVAN WETTON, Mus.D. (Dunelm).
(Organist and Director of the Music at the Foundling Hospital.)



2. I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name—
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

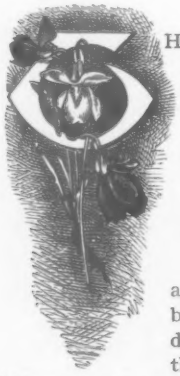
3. 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee—
Pure, universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love!

Amen.

THE LITTLE LADY.

by Mamie L. Bleby.

A Complete Story.



THE Rev. Arthur Macneil, minister of the largest Nonconformist chapel in the town, was walking slowly down the High Street of Duneaton, his eyes bent to the pavement below him and his thoughts busy with next Sunday's sermon. An hour ago it had been raining fast, but now the high wind had driven the clouds far asunder, there were large patches of blue in the sky overhead, and the afternoon sun was shining bravely and brightly. But the Rev. Arthur heeded none of these things, so intent was he on his sermon as he strode thoughtfully on, perfectly oblivious of the fact that most of the passers-by turned to glance again at the tall figure and handsome, cultured face of the minister. Suddenly, however, he was called back to earth in a very practical fashion; a straw hat came flying gaily along the pavement, and settled itself onfidingly at his feet. Stooping down, he picked it up and looked round for the rightful owner.

She was standing quite close to him—such a tiny little lady, so slender and fragile, that he almost wondered that the wind had not blown her away entirely instead of merely taking her hat. The same mischievous wind had ruffled her luxuriant hair, till it strayed all over her face in loose, wavy tendrils of a deep, golden-brown colour.

As the minister picked up her hat she broke into a low laugh, which reminded him curiously enough of the musical tinkle of the little stream which flowed close to his childhood's home, and in which he had often paddled as a truant in the long summer days.

"Allow me to—that is——" And then he also laughed, infected by her merriment, for she was still laughing

"I beg your pardon—indeed, I do," said the little lady presently, when she had recovered her self-control. "But it is too absurd, and I feel so undignified."

Whereupon they both laughed again, and the Rev. Arthur told himself that there was nothing so attractive as a musical laugh, especially when the owner was a dainty little person with beautiful sunny hair.

"Allow me to hold your umbrella while you put on your hat," he said courteously.

"Thank you," she replied simply, and with a little impatient gesture she pushed back her hair and replaced her runaway hat, while he stood beside her, holding the umbrella.

"Thank you again," she said with a smile as he restored it to her. "'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Good afternoon."

He raised his hat and paused for a moment to watch her as she passed quickly up the street, walking with a dainty grace which reminded him so forcibly of the movements of a bird that he smiled to himself again.

Then he, too, went on his way rather more quickly than before, but he had forgotten all about his next Sunday's sermon.

That evening, as he sat in his study, the Rev. Arthur felt decidedly lonely. It was, on the whole, a novel sensation to him, and not particularly pleasing. Once or twice he pushed the writing materials from him, and, rising from his desk, paced restlessly up and down the room, pausing now and then to gaze blankly up at ponderous theological volumes which seemed to look reprovingly down at him. Presently the door-bell rang, and it was with a distinct feeling of relief that the minister turned to greet one of the officers of his chapel.

XUM

Perhaps Mr. Crowley—an extremely business-like and practical man—was a trifle astonished at the warmth of his greeting this evening and the readiness with which the minister assented to the looking-through of several papers he had brought with him; but after a while he certainly noticed that the minister seemed pre-occupied and absent-minded, and that he frequently had to repeat a question before he received any answer. At length he rose to leave, and his host accompanied him to the front door, and stood there for a few moments discussing final arrangements.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Macneil," said his visitor, turning back suddenly after taking his leave, "how would you like the bills printed for Monday's meeting? What colour lettering would be suitable?"

"Golden-brown," replied the Rev. Arthur, in a tone of conviction.



"'I was not aware that I was under any obligation to sing to you, Mr. Macneil.'"—*p.* 1159.

On the following Sunday morning the Rev. Arthur Macneil solemnly ascended his pulpit stairs as usual, and glanced down at the assembled congregation before kneeling in prayer. His gaze fell full upon a little lady who sat half-way down the chapel in a pew belonging to a well-known member of his congregation. The minister bent his head reverently, but his silent prayer was, to say the least, unusual, for its closing sentiment was a wonder as to how so much sunshine had got imprisoned in that hair and face—which, perhaps, proves that there is not so great a distance between the pulpit and the pew as many people think.

On the next afternoon the Rev. Arthur Macneil paid a visit to that most highly esteemed member of his chapel—Mrs. Irvine—and was introduced by her to her sister, Miss Eva Wright.

"Eva has come to pay me a long visit, Mr. Macneil," she explained, "and I am quite counting on her help at the different teas and meetings this winter. What are you two laughing at?" And Mrs. Irvine broke off in amazement.

"We have already met under ridiculous circumstances, Edith," said the little lady, and the minister thought once more of the low murmur of the stream as it flowed over the shining pebbles in its bed.

After this the Rev. Arthur saw a great deal of Eva Wright. Mrs. Irvine was a very energetic worker in the chapel, and her sister now entered with her usual vigour and brightness into her works and plans. So it came to pass that the minister saw Eva Wright at all kinds of functions, and it was not long before he grew to watch eagerly for her coming, and to see her pass out with a curious feeling of desolation. Everywhere her bright face and sweet laugh won friends for Eva, and no tea or meeting was quite complete unless she was there to set flowers on the tables and to be the sunshine of the dismal and crotchety. The Rev. Arthur would walk home after these affairs with a strange throbbing at his heart and a great desire surging through him. There was a little tender name which he had almost unconsciously learnt to apply to her, he could not tell when for the first time. But it seemed to suit her so exactly and it haunted him with its sweet sound, although he scarcely dared to whisper it even to himself alone in the seclusion of his study. "Wee wifie"—no other name could be more expressive of the dainty little lady, and deep down in his inmost heart the minister treasured it silently, and with it a hope which brought a strange glow into his eyes when they rested on Eva Wright.

One evening there was a children's tea at the schoolroom, and the Rev. Arthur, as in duty bound, went down early to make himself useful. As he entered the room he caught sight of Eva's slender figure surrounded by a little group of girls who carried off to the distant tables the plates of cake she was busily arranging. The minister stood for a while talking to various ladies and watching from a distance the deft movements of the little hands and the bird-like turn of the golden-brown head, until he could resist the fascination no longer. He crossed the room and took from her hand a plate she laughingly extended to him.

"If you come here you must work, Mr. Macneil," she said, gaily. "I will have no idlers near me."

"How energetic you are," he sighed, in mock despair. "Are you never tired, Miss Wright?"

"Not often," she confessed, shaking her head reprovingly at a refractory piece of cake which would persist in tumbling down from its exalted station.

"Mr. Macneil," she added suddenly, "would you be good enough to eat that piece of cake; there is really no other way out of the difficulty?"

"With pleasure, if you will have half of it," he replied obligingly.

"Very well," and Eva cut it in two and offered him one-half as she took the other.

"It is really very shocking of you to be so greedy, Mr. Macneil," she said, severely. "I am ashamed for anyone else to see what a hurry you are in for your tea."

He laughed lightly at this. "I am afraid you have no respect for my ministerial dignity."

"No, I haven't much. But then I haven't much awe of anyone. The bump of veneration does not exist on my head, Mr. Macneil, while the bump of mischief is enormously developed. The spirit of mischief comes over me in spurts, and at such times I am terribly naughty, and occasionally I repent later on of my evil deeds, but not often."

"Well, they are waiting for me to say grace," and the minister moved reluctantly away.

After tea there was a short concert in one of the adjoining rooms. The Rev. Arthur lingered in the larger room in the hope that Eva would come into the concert with him, and he might

get a seat by her. Presently, however, she came towards him.

"I am singing to-night, Mr. Macneil," she said, "so I must sit towards the front. Would you mind looking after the little boys at the back of the room?"

The minister took up his station in the required position, and waited eagerly for the coming song. It made his heart beat faster than usual as he thought of it; and when Eva ascended the platform, amidst loud cheering, the glow deepened in his eyes. A moment later he bent quickly forward, a great hush fell upon the room, and in the stillness an exquisite voice rang out in rich and marvellous melody as she sang a children's lullaby. Every syllable floated pure and sweet to the minister, and he almost held his breath for fear that he should lose one sound of that wonderful voice. He had heard the music in her laugh many a time before, but this—this was something to soothe the weary, to draw tears from unaccustomed eyes; and it went straight to the minister's heart. In the moment's silence which followed the song the Rev. Arthur vowed a sacred vow, and as he let himself into his silent home that night he told himself that his life was a very lonely one, and that there was one little woman who was the sweetest and loveliest woman in the world, which two facts did not strike him as being in the slightest degree irrelevant.

It was about a week later that one evening Mr. Macneil called upon Mrs. Irvine to discuss with her the advisability of starting some new club. He was shown into the drawing-room, and for a moment he stood at the door, loth to disturb the pretty picture before him. The lights were turned low in the room, but there was a very large fire on the hearth, and on the rug before it, seated on a low stool, her head resting against the back of a chair, sat Eva. Mrs. Irvine's little four-year-old daughter had fallen asleep with her head in her Auntie Eva's lap, and the ruddy glow of the firelight lingered caressingly on her fair curly hair before it danced up to rest on Eva's head and touch it into living gold. As the Rev. Arthur advanced into the room, she held up silently a warning finger and smiled at him, as Mrs. Irvine with a whispered greeting drew forward a chair.

"Eva has been singing to Doris," she said softly, "and now she is fast asleep. We can talk quietly, Mr. Macneil, and I expect she will sleep till nurse comes for her."

But the minister did not talk much that evening; he leaned back in his chair, and from under the hand which shaded his eyes intently watched the woman he loved, scarcely heeding Mrs. Irvine's low-toned conversation.

Eva, too, was unusually silent; her eyes had a far-away look in them as they rested on the fire; but every now and again her little hand moved gently over the head on her lap. Once the quiet watcher thought he saw the glimmer of unshed tears in her eyes, and again he was nearly certain that something bright and glittering fell on her dress, only to be brushed quickly away with a noiseless movement.

After a while, Doris, still asleep, was carried off to bed, and Mrs. Irvine, begging to be excused for a short time, followed her.

"Eva will entertain you, Mr. Macneil," she said, as she turned the lights higher.

But Eva did not move from her lowly position or seem inclined to enter into conversation. At length, leaning forward slightly, he said:

"I am going to ask a favour of you, Miss Wright."

She moved her head towards him, and her lips relaxed a little.

"Well?" she said questioningly.

"Will you sing to me as you have been singing to Doris?"

"I am sorry to refuse, Mr. Macneil, but I cannot sing any more to-night." Her voice sounded weary, and he noticed it instantly.

"Are you tired?" he asked anxiously, and perhaps there was some strange note in his tone which made her rise hastily and begin to make up the fire.

"No, I am not at all tired," and she gave the fire a vigorous poke.

But the next moment the poker was gently taken from her hand, and Arthur Macneil was standing close to her and looking straight down into her face.

"Then why do you refuse my request?"

The little lady drew herself up to her full height with a proud little gesture.

"I was not aware that I was under any obligation to sing to you, Mr. Macneil." She looked full at him, and her tones, though perfectly polite, conveyed a distinct snub. He laid the poker down quietly before he turned to her again.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wright," he said coldly, and at that moment Mrs. Irvine came into the room. For the rest of his visit he avoided speaking to Eva, and she withdrew to a distant armchair and busied herself in dressing a doll for Doris.

It was late in the evening before he took his

leave, for Mr. Irvine arrived and would not hear of his departing before they had had their usual discussion on politics—a discussion to which Mrs. Irvine listened with a tranquil smile, and did not notice that Eva had slipped out of the room. But Arthur Macneil noticed it, and his heart grew heavy within him, and his answers to his opponent grew more and more confused, till at length Mr. Irvine gave up in despair.

"I believe you are half asleep to-night, Macneil," he said, as the minister rose to leave. "If you will wait a moment I will put on my coat and come with you as far as the post-office."

At that moment there was an indistinct cry from upstairs, which made Mrs. Irvine, with a quickly murmured "Good-night, Mr. Macneil," run hastily up to her wakeful little daughter. So it came to pass that the minister was left alone in the drawing-room.

He was quite startled when the curtain which separated it from the conservatory was noiselessly drawn aside, and Eva slipped in. She held her hand out to him, and he could see quite plainly that her eyelashes were wet.

"I owe you an apology and an explanation," she said simply. "I could not sing to-night to you because I was too sad. It is the anniversary of a dear friend's death. Good-night, Mr. Macneil," and without another word, she glided quietly out before he could speak to her.

That night Eva Wright stood in her room alone before her mirror, and angrily surveyed her crimson cheeks and shining eyes.

"You are a great stupid, Eva Wright," she said at last, aloud. "Still, I think you may be forgiven for this once," and she turned the gas out.

A day or two later the Rev. Arthur was summoned away from Duneaton on business, which detained him for a fortnight in London, and three weeks had elapsed since his visit before he saw Eva again.

Then one bright wintry afternoon, as he walked rapidly down the High Street, a slender little figure emerged from a shop and passed lightly down the street before him. Under his ministerial coat his heart gave a great leap, and the blood tingled madly through every vein. With a few rapid strides he had overtaken her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Wright; this is an unexpected pleasure."

At the sound of his voice she gave a little startled movement and glanced up at him with an additional glow of colour in her cheeks, which might or might not have been brought there by the cold, sharp air.

"Are you glad to see me?" The question slipped almost unconsciously from his lips, but it was destined to receive no answer. The colour deepened in her cheeks and her eyes fell suddenly under his gaze, to glance up quickly again as a voice close to them exclaimed:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Macneil; and you, too, Miss Eva. Eh, dearies, but you are a pleasant sight for my old eyes." And one of Eva's favourite old women stood holding out her hand before them.

Eva took it silently, without glancing at her companion; but Mrs. Martin, who was devoted to her dear Miss Eva, did not notice this.

"You are bonnier and brighter than ever, dearie," she went on admiringly, and, turning to the minister: "She is just a bit of sunshine, isn't she, Mr. Macneil? I think there couldn't be a better name for her."

Then a sudden bold inspiration flashed into the mind of the Rev. Arthur. He cast prudence to the winds, and leaning forward, said quietly as he looked at Eva:

"Yes; I know of a sweeter name for her than that, Mrs. Martin."

"And what might that be, sir?"

"Wee wifie," said the Rev. Arthur, in a tone of firm conviction.

It was fully five minutes later before he dared to speak to Eva again. She was walking very swiftly with her head turned away from him, so that he could not see her face. But as they entered a quiet street, he bent his head lower, and whispered penitently: "Sweetheart, will you forgive me, because I love you?"

And a moment afterwards the little lady looked up at him with shining eyes. "Oh, Arthur," she murmured; "it was terrible of you, and you must never say it again."

Which thing the Rev. Arthur faithfully promised, and broke his promise six times that very afternoon.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

By Miss May Crommelin.

A MORNING ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



HAT is the Mount of Olives like? Those who have never crossed sea hitherward often picture it to themselves a small hill, thickset still with the gnarled grey trees most of us know so well from friendly acquaintance with those in Southern Europe, or from pictures. Not so. The real mountain forms the end of a long hill ridge, dominating the city of the seven hills. It slopes steeply to the valley of Jehoshaphat, where Jewish gravestones lie thick and white as sheepfolds. More steeply still rises opposite the high eminence, almost cliff, crowned by the city walls, wherein the Gate Beautiful is set, but walled up.

Stand with me on the brow of the Mount, and the Temple area across the valley seems so near that with field-glasses one can easily discern each figure crossing its open courts, now given over to Mohammedan worship.

A PANORAMIC VIEW.

The view from here is panoramic. Come over the hill-top, and look! There lies outspread the hill country of Judæa, wild, almost arid, to your very feet. To right, to left, the eye ranges over brownish, greyish, yellowish, or even whitish hills, to where in a long-drawn valley leftwards can be traced in its green setting Jordan flowing down to the Dead Sea. Their meeting of waters is easily seen from hence; and how gloriously blue is the sea! Pity that the beauty of its expanse is broken by hills blocking the view. Still further lie those tantalising mountains of Moab, their summit a splendid tableland, they say, who have entered the edge of its borders; full of Roman ruins, its interior yet unexplored, roamed over by tribes of lawless, even fierce Arabs.

BETHPHAGE.

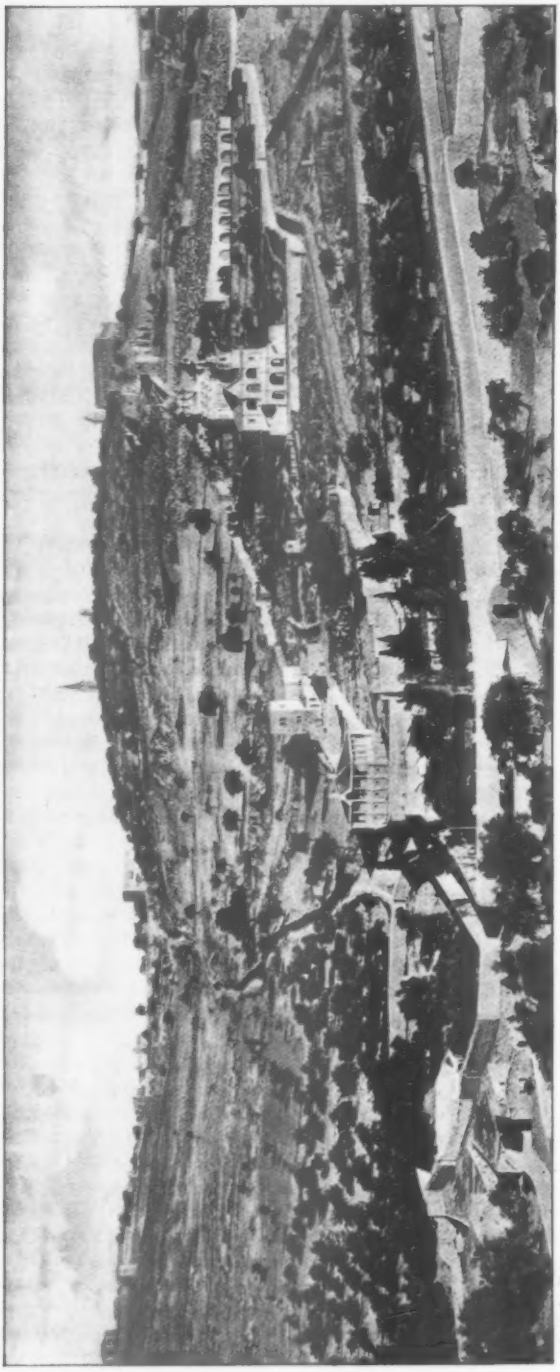
Come along the hill ridge now, to the grove of fir-trees around the tall, needle, bell-tower of the Russians, and standing on the hill-brow, look down into the lowland. There lies far below a white building—that is the site of Bethphage. It lies in a tumbled sea of hills, here still greenish, leftward more and more arid, until only sand waves and peaks border the plains of ancient Sodom and Gomorrha. What a valley of desolation! A little way behind us stands a red-roofed building—Galilee, it is called, for this reason: here, tradition says, in the days of the Jews until the time of our Lord, the Galileans, who came yearly up to Jerusalem to sacrifice, were wont to camp. Certainly, if not here, it was quite near to this spot. Therefore some people believe that Jesus meant to speak of this place on the Mount of Olives when He bade His disciples to "go before Him to Galilee." And yonder small mosque, once the Church of Saint Helena, is likewise believed to mark the site of His Ascension. It is a round shrine with pillars beautifully carved. The Mohammedans guard it, but they are tolerant, and Christians are allowed to enter in to pray.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

A little further is a cluster of beehives, most original to our Western eyes. A dozen earthen jars laid on their sides have been built into the side wall of a small house. Their mouths are flush with the stone-work, bees fly in and out, so owners and apiary are housed under one roof. Hard by a carob tree spreads its thick foliage. Pull some of its bean-pods, and try the fare of the Prodigal Son; for these are "the husks which the swine did eat" wherewith he filled himself.

THE RUSSIAN TOWER.

Let us linger awhile near the high Russian tower, an obelisk-like landmark that is seen in every view of this side of Jerusalem. Unbeautiful in itself, and not useful either—for, though a belfry, its bells are unneeded, and its tower rocks in a strong wind dangerously—one wonders why it was built. Yet perhaps those who reared it meant it as an offering from devout hearts. And the simple piety of the Russian pilgrims hither is very touching. Each year some five to six thousand of really poor *moudjiks* leave Russia, crowded like cattle on board ship, joyfully. Once they are landed in Palestine, they tramp all through the country for days, even aged men and women. And when they reach at last Nazareth, or Bethlehem, or the Holy Sepulchre, then—bearded old men weep like little children! The women seem transported with love and gratitude. One



PANORAMA OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

feels that this fire was what burned in the Crusaders' hearts, and we look at them, regretting how much older, colder, we Westerns in Europe have grown.

These pilgrims are said to spend each about ten pounds during their stay in the Holy Land. They go back laden with shrouds made in Jerusalem, with bags of earth, with tins of Jordan water. And they smilingly give to every beggar, to each extortionate demand.

For their simple, pious sakes, let us look down the side of the Mount of Olives at their great church not unkindly. There it stands, with garish blue walls, with gaudy gilded domes, to us spoiling the scenery of rock slopes and aged olives. But in their eyes it is glorious.

What a pleasant shade is cast this hot May morning by the young fir-trees and the tower! Let us enjoy it gratefully and sit awhile on these stones, while a lizard whisks out his head to watch us. But hark! What is that strange humming sound, droning through the warm air? Distinctly human, or one might imagine it meant to lure bees swarming, as pots and kettles are beaten with us. My companions, who are dwellers in the land, listen a moment, then say:

"It is children. They are practising the Song of the Bride. Come this way and let us watch them. It is quite curious."

Curious, indeed, to me. For, thinking themselves unobserved by tiresome strangers, a group of Arab boys and girls are at play, *pretending*—like children all the world over. The game is that a wedding is imagined about to pass, and it is therefore their duty to greet the bride with the accustomed chant. This all are doing more or less gravely, with the full might of their lungs—the elders with an

eye on the youngsters, whom they stop at moments to reprove shrilly, with renewed demonstration of "how it should be done."

A difficult feat truly, for with both hands clapped to their sides, as if on parade, the small



Photo: Bonfils.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

teachers strained their necks forward, making long-drawn sounds, whilst their tongues kept clicking faster than any bell-clapper. So fast they quivered that how the singers kept their breath, or whether those small tongues would not be too tired for speech during the following day, was a matter of wonder to the watchers. It was no surprise to me when one of the latter whispered:

"The children are taught to begin young, as later on they could never learn it. Of course, they think it great fun, so we often hear them practising together their Song to the Bride."

Now is this ancient Eastern custom one that the Jews of old used, but which they dropped in time when exiled wanderers in foreign lands? The reason that one thinks it might be so is that the Arabs—sons of Ishmael—have retained many other habits of life that were once practised by their kinsfolk, the sons of Isaac. For instance, among most of the followers of Mohammed a bride is never seen unveiled by her husband until after marriage, unless she be of the poorest peasant class, a fellah-girl, used to work in the fields. The bridegroom is escorted to the bride's room by his "best man," or greatest friend. The latter waits outside the door, and custom ordains he should pretend or feel the liveliest anxiety as to whether his chosen comrade will be pleased with the life partner who sits within, all shrouded like a covered statue. The bridegroom enters, draws aside her veil, and gazes for the first time on the face of his wife.

Then—as custom from immemorial time likewise ordains, unless for strong reason to the contrary—the happy youth gives a loud exclamation of joy at the sight of the young girl's features. And his friend, who is waiting without, hears the bridegroom's voice, and rejoices accordingly. Can we doubt that this is other than the marriage custom referred to by our Lord, as familiar to His hearers, and that is still kept up in the almost unchanging East?

LIZZIE CHEVELEY'S MISTAKE.

by C. Edwardes.

A Complete Story.

IT was a black day for Rachel Proctor, this 4th of January, though the snow lay white on the unnatural hillocks round the hard-working little slate-roofed town of Wixcote—black to her as the smoke and smuts from the many tall chimneys and the flaming furnace shafts of Wixcote's famous smelting and iron works.

Until the morning she had cherished hopes that Alfred Dover loved her. It was true even then that she had not liked to think of Lizzie Cheveley's disappointment in the matter, for Rachel had a heart of gold. Lizzie might be all her father and others said she was—the most unscrupulous little man-hunter in the town, and never so well pleased as when she was the centre of a group of young men, all eyeing her longingly. She had several strings to her bow, whereas for Rachel there was only one possible sweetheart in all the world. This was Rachel's great and precious secret, yet not so much of a secret that Lizzie Cheveley of the corner shop had failed to get at it, and, with characteristic impudence, had challenged Rachel to dare to stand between her and the handsome young stranger who had come into Wixcote not six months ago, and was now one of the most trusted and rising engineers in the Wixcote Iron Works.

"You're sly, like all you quiet ones, Rachel Proctor," Lizzie Cheveley had said to her; "but it will be bad for you if your slyness gets hold of *him*."

To which Rachel had said nothing. What could she say? She could only look at the pretty Lizzie, and blush both for herself and her rival; wonder, too, what Alfred Dover would think if he could see Wixcote's belle with such an ugly light in her beautiful blue eyes.

And her very silence had only the more exasperated Lizzie Cheveley with the consciousness that, however she might excel Rachel in beauty, for real goodness Rachel was worth ten of her.

This had happened in the last week of the old year, after a certain memorable evening when Alfred had taken Rachel home from a concert. What bright dreams she had dreamed that night! And how she had wondered, when the New Year chimes rang out in the murky Wixcote air (with the hooters bellowing in the works)—how timidly she had wondered, with clasped hands, if the year now begun was to bring the supreme happiness into her placid life!

But it was all over on this black 4th of January.

Lizzie Cheveley had come to her father's house almost as soon as he had gone to his work, and fluttered her laurels in her face.

"Look at this, my dear!" she had cried to Rachel, holding up the hand with the ring on it. "I don't want to be nasty, only to put you properly out of your misery. And you needn't be down in the mouth, Rachel, for I've left you plenty to choose from. There's Tom Gossett and Harry Crowe for you to begin with. They'll both be in the blues about it, and if you've only the pluck to do it you might catch on with either of them at once. They'll have had enough of my style to be ready to jump at yours, perhaps. Men are awfully soft, aren't they, dear—just big children? I don't care if they are; they're very amusing, if you know how to manage them. I've got the best of the bunch, and you're welcome to all the others. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

This was Lizzie Cheveley to the life.

Rachel felt like fainting. But after the first hard fight to keep herself together, that trouble went; and then she did a braver thing still.

"I hope you will both be very happy," she said. She even smiled, with no very obvious effort.

"No, you don't," retorted Lizzie. "You know that's a lie. You'd give your ears to have this ring, instead of me, and so don't pretend you wouldn't. I hate such meek-and-mild falseness."

"Well, then," said Rachel, no longer smiling, "you'll let me say that I'll *try* and hope you may both be happy. But I should think better of you, Lizzie, if you wouldn't tell me about it quite like this."

That finished Lizzie Cheveley.

"All right," she said with a brazen laugh. "I'm sure I'm so much obliged for your bad opinion of me, and I won't keep you from your pots and pans any longer. Good-bye, and I'll promise you one thing—you shall be asked to the wedding."

She went off humming a tune.

And Rachel took up again the thought of her father's dinner as if nothing had happened to rob this of its importance. She clenched her hands, and determined that she would do her duties just the same. Indeed, she was so particular at the butcher's that the butcher said good-humouredly, "Why, Miss Proctor, you *are* hard to please this morning. The weather, I reckon!" And she nodded, and agreed that it probably was the weather.

But at eleven o'clock her father came rushing from the works, with terrible words on his tongue, and there was an end to all her make-believe. The Proctors' house was the first in the main street of Wixcote, and the nearest to that mass of chimneys and sheaves of darting flames and acreage of sheds which made up the great ironworks of the town.



"Another minute and he was clinging to her hand."—*p.* 1168.

"An accident, my girl!" he said hoarsely. "They're bringing him here. I told them to. The poor fellow can't be taken to his lodgings. He'll die more comfortably here. Let them carry him up to my room."

Rachel's face showed deep sympathy and pain.

"Yes, father," she said simply. But the

next moment an intuition came to her cruelly. Her father had mentioned lodgings. The sufferer was not a regular workman then; nor yet one of the boys, for all these had homes of their own. Alfred Dover, however, lived in lodgings, with a retired schoolmistress of the town.

"Who is it?" she asked, with a pale face.

But instead of answering, Mr. Proctor went out towards the solemn procession of men now approaching with something on an ambulance between them.

Rachel waited. She *knew* now. Her instinct prepared her for the rest, so that she neither screamed nor fainted, nor showed any weakness when the men brought Alfred into the house. His head was roughly bandaged, and his eyes were shut. The dismal light of the winter day helped to make him look like a dead man. Yet though the tears were waiting to stream down her cheeks, Rachel did all that could be done, as if it were quite a matter of course. She held her father's bedroom door open for them to pass, and even supported the poor crushed head until it was gently on the bed. And then she went downstairs to prepare warm water and linen for the surgeon who might next be expected. There was a gabble of voices outside, mostly women's, for the Wixcote wives and daughters had a very personal interest in these occasional accidents at the works. To-day it was one woman's husband or son or brother; to-morrow it might be any one of theirs

But the sound of rushing feet and a shrill voice now broke above the subdued chattering, and Lizzie Cheveley declared herself.

"I don't believe he's all that hurt," cried Lizzie, "and I won't *have* him left here."

Rachel sighed and went out to the girl who had shouted her triumph in her face only an hour ago.

"Oh, Lizzie," she began, "I'm so sorry——"

"It's a lie! Where is he? He's got to be shifted, and——"

Happily Dr. Bass now strode up, accompanied by the messenger who had fetched him.

"Hush! hush!" he said, staring at Lizzie Cheveley's flushed and angry face, as he passed into the house.

And then, in a passion of tears—not all of them worthy tears—Lizzie turned aside from the door The others present guessed what it meant. The ring on her finger was bright in the gloom, and with Rachel they closed about her to comfort her. But she soon made them see that she wanted none of their words. "I don't believe it," she exclaimed again, when one of them said that young Dover was as good as dead already.

Rachel stole away after that, stole upstairs and heard the doctor's report from her father. A nurse was sent for. There wasn't any hope, the doctor said, but the nurse had better come. And hearing this, Rachel told her father about Lizzie and her especial claim for consideration, and begged him to go to her.

This Mr. Proctor did. He told her that in all likelihood young Dover would die without recovering his senses; and he asked her if she would like to see him. Lizzie went upstairs with eager eyes, breathing very fast. She stood and gazed at her sweetheart, trembled, and turned aside.

"How dreadful!" she whispered; and five minutes later she was back at the shop, her mind actively engaged with her future, in which Alfred Dover was to have no part, after all.

There was tranquillity in the Proctors' house now. Throughout the rest of the day Nurse Amy watched her patient, who lay so still, and yet did not die.

She and the doctor had discussed things, and Rachel had been brought into the interview. Would she help Nurse Amy with her work of mercy? she was asked. *Would* she?

But though her heart throbbed with joy in contemplation of such a task, she hesitated, and then spoke of Lizzie. She did not think Lizzie Cheveley would like it. Perhaps Lizzie would prefer to do it herself.

The doctor soon settled her objections.

"I wouldn't trust that girl with anything more precious than a ribbon," he said; "but I tell you what I will do. Miss Proctor. I'll tell her about it, so that she may say 'No, thank you' in the regular way. That's what she *will* say, or I don't know her."

And to Rachel's amazement the doctor was right. The doctor found Lizzie amusing herself with Harry Crowe at her father's counter, her ring already locked up out of sight.

"Should I do any good, sir?" she asked, plainly begging for a "No." And quite curtly he gave her the answer she wanted. "I understood you were engaged to Mr. Dover. That's the only reason I called. Miss Proctor will do the work much better than you."

"What do you think of that, Harry?" demanded Lizzie, when the doctor had gone.

"The *idea* of thinking I was engaged to Mr. Dover."

"Poor chap!" said Harry Crowe. "It wouldn't do him much good if you were."

"No, it wouldn't, would it?" she retorted, as if glad of the suggestion.

She called at the Proctors' in the evening, and saw Rachel. It was difficult even for her to say what she wanted to say.

"Rachel," she whispered, "I told you a fib this morning—about poor Alfred Dover and me. He—didn't give me that ring. We were friends, of course, but only that. I thought I'd tell you, because it might seem so queer my not helping to nurse him, you know. Don't say anything about it, please."

Rachel promised. Wixcote might think what it chose, and so would Rachel herself. She read Lizzie only too plainly, but that night, sitting and watching her heart's treasure in the silent hours, she forgave her her treachery as she had not been able to do before. And she prayed and prayed—first that Alfred would get well, and secondly that, if he did, he might not feel this other blow too severely.

Alfred Dover did not die that night; no, nor the next day either.

On the third day the doctor began to express hopes. He said the brain was not hurt so badly as he had feared, and having said this, on his own responsibility he called in a celebrated consulting surgeon from Manchester, and an operation was arranged for.

And now, with this sanguine news spread about the town, what must Lizzie Cheveley do but rush to Rachel again and, in the most shameless way conceivable, deny her late denial.

"I'm not going to pretend to be better than I am, Rachel," she said carelessly. "Of course we are engaged. Didn't I show you the ring? I—thought he hadn't a chance, and naturally I didn't want to waste my time. A girl's young only once in her life. And—you are so good-natured that I'm sure you'll help me all you can."

For once, however, Rachel did not seem good-natured.

"I—can't!" she said. "And oh, Lizzie, how could you be so wicked?"

Lizzie shrugged and laughed as if it were nothing to what she could do if she tried.

"Well, I don't care," she said. "If he gets well, I'll soon have him again. I reckon I understand men. I'm not afraid of you now. Tell him all the lies you like, and I'll still have him."

She went off, tossing her pretty head.

The operation took place the next day. It was a critical one, and for many hours Dover lay on the borderland, poised between life and death. Nurse Amy and Rachel never left him for a moment.

"We'll save him, dear—you take my word for it," said Nurse Amy to Rachel during one of these joint watches. She did not say what was in her thoughts, but her smile was as mysteriously cheering to Rachel as an angelic whisper of hope. For she and everyone in Wixcote now knew more or less completely the story of Lizzie Cheveley's base and audacious truckling with fortune, and of Rachel's special interest in young Dover

But though Rachel's heart was lightening within her in the belief that Alfred would get well, she did not dare to think of anything better still. Enough if he recovered and perhaps thanked her for doing what she had been so proud to do for him.

It was late in the evening of the day after the operation that Alfred Dover opened his eyes and sighed as he realised that he was alive.

Nurse Amy had gone out for an hour, and Rachel was alone with him.

"Oh," whispered Rachel, with heaven's own joy on her face at the sight. "Thank God, at last!"

He smiled his recognition of her, showed faint surprise, and then seemed to fall asleep again. Tremblingly Rachel touched his pulse—she knew much about pulses by this time. It was no longer a very weak man's pulse. And then, with clasped hands, Rachel looked at him until the nurse returned. She stole from the room to proclaim the great news immediately.

Nurse Amy accepted the situation with professional calmness.

"I told you he would, dear," she said. "Go and let Dr. Bass know."

The doctor was as delighted (almost) as herself.

"You've saved him, between you, Miss Proctor," he said; "and that's the first bit of Wixcote information I shall give myself the pleasure of telling him."

Rachel could not return home there and then. She wanted to get among the fields and rejoice in solitude. And she did so rejoice under the early stars; nor troubled to ask herself very closely what her great joy meant.

Back at the house in time to give her father his tea, she heard more news. Alfred had begun to ask questions, and the doctor had

even told Nurse Amy that he might be encouraged thus to exercise his brain in moderation.

And now there was no more nursing for Rachel. She kept away from the sick room for a whole day and a night. Her heart was troubled again, for Lizzie had declared her intention of coming to see her sweetheart.

"Nobody shall stop me, now he's got his senses back," she said, and the threat had drifted to the Proctors'.

"*Will* she?" said Nurse Amy, when she heard the news; and she squared her shoulders and smiled in that confident way of hers which always made Rachel wish she had such composure of mind.

She told the doctor about it, and he laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"It will take her all her time, the hussy!" said he; and from his patient he drove straight to the corner shop and gave Lizzie a lecture which would have broken the spirit of nine girls in ten. But it didn't much affect Lizzie Cheveley.

"You'd better mind your own business, Dr. Bass," she said, "and leave me to mind mine."

But the doctor had the best of it with the last word.

"Just so," he said. "I am anxious that you *should* mind your own business—in the shop. You'll be sorry if you attempt to interfere with my patient—very sorry, my girl."

Lizzie decided that she would postpone her visit until the next day. Then all Wixcote should not keep her aloof.

But in the meantime something happened.

Nurse Amy brought Rachel several messages from Alfred.

Why didn't she come to him? Was it because he had been quite enough of a nuisance already? And—didn't she want to help him to get well any longer?

Rachel's answers were easy, but they didn't satisfy him. And now, on this second evening, Nurse Amy came with an imperative request.

"Go to him, dear. He'll have a relapse if you don't."

Another minute, and he was clinging to her hand and she was blushing and breathing very fast and looking at him with happy tears in her eyes.

"You must tell me at once," he said. "Did Lizzie Cheveley tell the truth when she said you had told her that—you disliked me?"

Rachel's eyes answered, not her tongue.

"That's enough," he said. "Kiss me if you love me, and then—see how fast I'll get well. I—know all about Miss Lizzie's tricks now, and I'm ashamed of myself as well as her."

"*Won't* you kiss me?" he pleaded, when she made no movement. "Don't you love me, then? I—used to hope you might, some day."

"Did you?" she whispered.

This time she yielded to the constraint of his hand. His murmur of "My *true* sweetheart!" after the kiss almost transported her; but she sat and listened to him in silence while he told her more about his love and his fear that she was too good ever to love him; and he held her hand fast all the while.

The doctor caught them thus together.

"Don't get up, Miss Proctor," he said cheerily. "I'm enchanted, just enchanted; and, upon my word, Dover, you're a lucky man. That accident is about the best blessing that could have come to you."

"I know," said Alfred Dover.

What must Rachel do then but lift Alfred Dover's hand to her lips and glide away.

"You *are* a lucky fellow, my boy!" said the doctor afterwards; and again Alfred Dover whispered, "I know I am."

Once more the good doctor called at the corner shop. This time he talked to Mr. Cheveley as well as Lizzie, and, as he said, fairly brought the young minx to book. The next morning an envelope was delivered to Alfred Dover containing the ring; and that same afternoon Lizzie had the audacity to tell Harry Crowe that she was glad it was all quite over now between her and Dover.

"I never really cared for him, Harry," she said. "It was just the sport of making him fall in love, you know."

Harry Crowe *didn't* know, however, and he soon left her, feeling that he, too, might be being sported with in this same cold-blooded way.

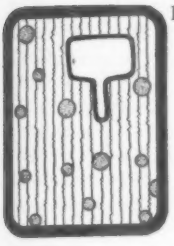
And when, only three months later, the Wixcote bells pealed for the wedding of Rachel and Alfred Dover, Lizzie Cheveley was at the counter of the corner shop without a sweetheart at all. Glad of it, too, if she was to be believed; and determined that Wixcote should soon see the last of her. She had made up her mind to go to one of the large towns in the neighbourhood and begin all over again.

XUM

PATIENCE

By the Archdeacon of London.

"In your patience possess ye your souls."—ST. LUKE xxi. 19.



THE whole life of our Lord was in contrast to the bustle, anxiety, worry, fussiness, and impatience of the majority of Christians. He was the highest conceivable example of quiet, faithful endurance throughout His earthly career, both public and private. Although He might have held that if He had begun His mission many years before He finally appeared amongst His countrymen, the result would have been greater and wider, He was content to wait in absolute obscurity till He was thirty. His mission is believed only to have lasted three years. It ended in apparent disappointment and failure: rejection by the authorities of His country, the scattering of His little band of followers, His own early death. He was willing to be misunderstood, misinterpreted, misjudged. He knew that the result which He desired would come in the end, and for the present He was absolutely indifferent to all the storms of calumny and hatred, the bitter taunts about failure and madness. "When He was reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously." "For the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame. Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."

Besides His example, our Lord leavened all His teaching with lessons of meekness and endurance; and here, in one of His farewell discourses to the apostles, in which He warns them of the troubles, dangers, and disasters through which they will have to pass, He gives them the great secret of true Christian philosophy, the condition on which the other Christian virtues will be able to produce their due effect of personal happiness, but without which they will be soured and weakened. "In your patience possess ye your souls."

St. Paul and the other apostles necessarily make much of this essential quality of the Christian life. "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience," says St. Paul; two necessary stages in the growth of the soul. The Christian hope depends not only on the comfort administered by the revelation of God's will in Holy Scripture, but also on the patient habit of mind. God Himself is described as "the God of patience and comfort," not the God, as we might have expected, of victory and certainty. In all the numerous convincing signs by which St. Paul had commended his apostleship to the Corinthians, the first was his patience. Twice he insists on this—at the beginning and the end of the second epistle. When he is writing to the Colossians, and prays in magnificent and soul-stirring language that they may be strengthened by God with all power, according to the might of His glory, what is the object? It is unto all patience and long-suffering. So he tells the Thessalonians that he remembers before God without ceasing their work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ. The hope is not yet seen. All alike have in patience to wait for it. Patience and faith—those were the qualities in the same people for which St. Paul in his second epistle gloried about them in all the churches. Six were the points of conduct to which St. Paul exhorted Timothy, and one of them was patience. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells his readers that they have need of patience, that having done the will of God

they may receive the promises. Familiar to all is the celebrated passage in the same writer, "Let us, seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us." St. James, at the very beginning of his epistle, urges that "the trial of faith works patience; let patience, therefore, have its perfect work." In St. Peter's catalogue of the stages of the Christian life, self-control is to be added to knowledge, and to self-control patience.

We are sometimes inclined to suppose that the founders of religious belief, the illumined teachers of the Old Testament, had much more overwhelming proofs of what they believed than we can claim. I do not think that this was so. Patience, or waiting, was a constant attitude of their minds. "They all died in faith," says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar, and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," said the dying Jacob. "All the days of my appointed time," said the afflicted Job, "will I wait till my change come." "Thou art the God of my salvation," said David; "on Thee do I wait all the day." And again, "Wait. I say, on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." And again, "They that wait on the Lord shall inherit the earth." And again, he asks himself, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee." Once more: "I am weary of my crying: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God." And another Psalmist, "Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eye of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until He have mercy upon us." And another, "I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning—I say, more than they that watch for the morning." And Solomon: "Wait on the Lord and He shall save thee." And Isaiah: "I will wait on the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him." And again: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." And Jeremiah: "Art not Thou He, O Lord our God? Therefore will we wait upon Thee, for Thou hast made all these things." And again: "The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." And Hosea: "Turn thou to the Lord; keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually." And Micah: "I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me." And Zephaniah: "Therefore wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey."

So the prophets waited. They possessed their souls in patience. They believed God, they uttered what the Spirit put into their minds, they could not understand it fully, they did not see its fulfilment or realisation. Still, they went on speaking and writing what they discerned in the dim glory of their spiritual visions. They went down to the grave without seeing the result of their words. Their reward came when the Spirit of Jesus entered the land of the departed and gave them the good news that the salvation which they had foreseen was now accomplished. What better words could they have found to express their gladness and triumph than what Isaiah had said so long before: "Lo, this is our God. We have waited for Him that He should save us. This is the Lord! We have waited for Him; we will rejoice and be glad in His salvation!"

There are two kinds of impatience which do us harm—one of the intellect, the other of the temper. I will speak first of impatience of intellect or faith.

Although we know so well God's message to the world, and the truth of the hopes of man in Christ Jesus, yet we are still waiting. It is the law of our being that we should be looking forward. If we had the feeling of absolute certainty, that there was nothing more to learn or see or know, it would probably not be good for us. We should become too complacent, arrogant, quiet, and perhaps idle. There is always something unrealised, something unattained, something to struggle for, something to reach after. One of the new traditional sayings of our Lord, discovered lately in an Egyptian papyrus, is most profoundly true, and illustrates in a remarkable way what I am saying: "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find;

and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom of Heaven; and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall have rest." Searching is the best for us here; sometimes we shall have glimpses that will fill us with delightful wonder; but still we must search; that is all that we can expect. Now we see through a glass darkly. Now we know only in part. Now the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body. There is nothing really to daunt us in the fact that we are still waiting. Rather this feeling of imperfection, yearning, and expectation, proves to us that there is something to which we have not yet attained. We should rather be rightly suspicious about the truths of God if we felt that there was nothing to wait for.

The fact is, that God in His great wisdom has surrounded our hold on His eternal truth with something of trial and difficulty, simply in order that before we pass away into the unseen world we may be stablished, strengthened, settled in our faith, firm and fixed in our resolutions, solid, steady, and ripe in our character, not after the manner of the evil angels likely to cause disturbance, trouble, discord, and rebellion in the peaceful regions of Heaven. One of these trials is familiarity with religious ideas. Season after season comes round, the lessons which they bring are so simple and plain, we know them so well and think of them so regularly, and yet nothing happens. The world goes on just the same, and we receive no message from the heavens. I ask you whether this is not at first sight a trial? It acts in two ways: it makes some people careless about religion altogether, and it makes other people impatient. They want certainty.

It is of no use to speak about the duller sort of people, who are content to do without the thought of God altogether, because they are not here. You, thank God, have at any rate escaped that great danger, and you are gathered together anxious to know all about God and His truth that you can possibly learn. But it is not at all unlikely that some of you may feel yourselves exposed to that other trial of which I spoke, and that is the feeling of impatience. You are sometimes inclined to exclaim: "Let Him make speed and hasten His work, that we may see it; and let the counsel of the Holy One draw nigh that we may know it!" It is a very common feeling. It was so in the time of Jeremiah: "Behold, they say unto me: Where is the word of the Lord? Let it come now!" It was the same in the time of Ezekiel: "The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Son of man, what is that proverb which ye have in the land of Israel, saying, The days are prolonged and every vision faileth?" It was a feeling which our Lord foresaw, and He described the impatient servant saying, "My lord delayeth his coming." It is a state of mind which had already become well known when St. Peter was writing his second epistle: "In the last days there shall come scoffers, walking after their own desires and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

And perhaps you did not see any great harm in this state of mind. It is possible even that you thought this feeling of impatience was rather a compliment to the Almighty than otherwise. Ah! but depend upon it, He knows best. When Christ taught us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come," He did not mean that we were to pray for anything so awful as the last day. That dread decree will come in God's own good time. He knows when it is necessary. In the meanwhile, we may well wait and bear our burden of not seeing God except through the veil, and not yet entering into His rest; waiting in quietness and patience for the sake of the improvement of the world and the conversion of sinners until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

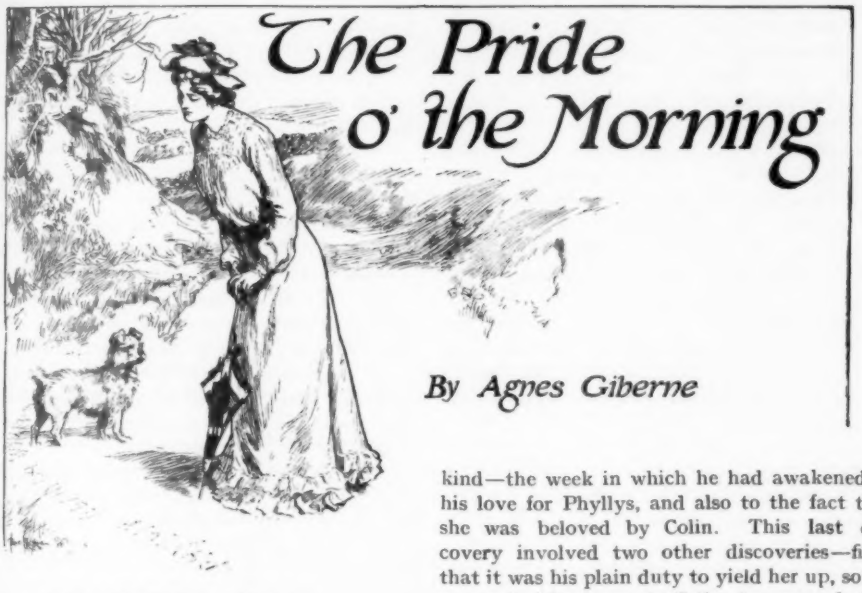
Impatience is treason to God. Next to Martin Luther, the German, the greatest of all the reformers was Calvin, the Swiss. "I have not so great a struggle," said Calvin, "with any of my vices, great and numerous as they are, as with my impatience; my efforts are not absolutely useless, yet I have never been able to conquer this ferocious wild heart." One of the greatest of English preachers was South, chaplain to King Charles II. "Impatience," said South, "is a quality sudden, eager, insatiable, which grasps at all and admits of no delay; scorning to await God's leisure and attend humbly and dutifully upon the issues of His just and wise providence." Impatience is not likely to improve our case with our Almighty Creator. "Impatience," said Hippocrates, the greatest of Greek physicians, "only makes the mediciner more severe in his treatment." It is only to the pure in heart

that God thoroughly reveals Himself. Who can say that his heart is sufficiently clean and single to deserve the unveiling of the Unseen? Depend upon it, God allows us to know and see as much about Him as is good for us; and it is neither wise nor becoming in us to ask Him to let us know more of Him than He has willed, or to hasten the day when He will come in flaming fire, taking vengeance of all His enemies.

To some the present age seems a special time of difficulty. Foundations appear undermined, authorities clash, discipline in the Church hardly exists, familiar traditions are discarded, and strange ideas are invoked. It is our comfort to know that many of these troubles affect only what is accidental, and the foundations remain in their eternal truth and security. "Sire," said Beza the reformer to Henry, King of Navarre, "it belongs to God's Church rather to suffer blows than to strike them; but be it your pleasure to remember that the Church is an anvil that hath worn out many a hammer!" For the rest, we are well content to believe that one day we shall see face to face, and shall know even as we are known.

The other kind of impatience is that in temper. Here, indeed, there are many trials. We seem so helpless, and yet we see the way in which the evils which surround us could be cured. There are so many things that we could do, but neither time nor strength avail us. Friendship, on which we had reposed so much trust, is found absolutely useless in time of need. Even love, which had vowed fidelity in all circumstances, deserts us. Those whom we had thought ideals, certain to guide and help us in every possible difficulty, are discovered to be strictly limited, and indeed useless. We try in vain to mould the people with whom we have to do after our own ideas. They will not be moulded; they have as much right to their own individuality as we ourselves. What we think their faults remain as prominent as ever. Their view of ourselves is probably the same. There can be no social or family life without a very large amount of give and take—far more give than we probably think reasonable—but it must go on to the end. Sometimes there is persecution by those who zealously dissent from our principles. Often the weapon of slander is used by those who would regret to see our influence established. Sometimes, even, there is treachery on the part of those to whom we had entrusted our confidence. Often our hopes in life are blighted. We forget that at each period there can be but one Prime Minister, one Primate, one Lord Chancellor, one Commander-in-Chief, put at the head of each of the great departments and professions of life. We find our strength failing before we have done what we wished. We are but commonplace, after all. We are not necessary; our situation can easily be filled by others. All these thoughts are selfish and unchristian. God has many ways of fulfilling His purposes. We are not individually necessary. Let us be thankful if we have any useful part to perform in life. All time is alike to the Eternal Spirit, and if He works slowly, let us, at any rate, rejoice if we are permitted to co-operate with Him in ever so small a degree. "'Pray' and 'stay' are two blessed monosyllables," said Donne, the Poet-Dean of St. Paul's in the time of James I. "Patience is but lying-to and riding-out the gale." "Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold! Hold fast! Hold out!" If you can get from God the gift of patience it does many wonderful things: it sweetens temper and stifles anger: it extinguishes envy, and subdues pride; it bridles the tongue, and refrains the hand, and tramples on temptation; it endures persecution; it produces harmony in families and societies; it comforts the poor, and disciplines the rich; it makes men humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; it teaches the forgiveness of injuries, and ever to be first in asking pardon of those whom we have injured.

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.
There's quiet in that Angel's glance!
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.
Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still
And make our own our Father's will!
O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers 'Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!'"



The Pride o' the Morning

By Agnes Giberne

CHAPTER XXII.

OF RENEWED FIGHTING.

"IN the lives of most men there has been a week, at the memory of which ever afterwards a dark cloud comes down, and makes a possibly sunny world momentarily a place of gloom." So says that forceful writer, "Linesman."

Such a week had Giles known earlier; a week followed, indeed, by weeks and months of pain, but in itself alone sufficient, when recalled, to bring a dark cloud, taking his "possibly sunny world a place of gloom." The blackest week, the sorest loss, the most passionate remorse, though they may promise to shadow all life's future, yet, from the very nature of things, in the course of time, sink into the background and fail to quench all hope, forming, indeed, a burden, but one to which the shoulders have grown used. Still, there in the background the memory and the burden are, at seasons making themselves felt.

That heavy time, the recollection of which could never grow dim, and the results of which could never cease to be, belonged to boyhood.

Since those days recently, he had lived through another stringent week, different in kind—the week in which he had awakened to his love for Phyllys, and also to the fact that she was beloved by Colin. This last discovery involved two other discoveries—first, that it was his plain duty to yield her up, so far as was in his power, to Colin, because of that dark passage in their boyhood—and, secondly, that he had not power to do it. In the strife, his sense of duty succumbed before the passion of his love.

But, as British soldiers know, to be beaten is not necessarily to be conquered. Nay, to be twice beaten, thrice beaten, may still lead to final victory. With human beings generally, a defeat weakens permanently the moral fibre, lessens permanently the power to resist. Yet there does exist a stamp of soldier, notably in the British Army, with whom defeat seems to stiffen the moral fibre, to strengthen the will, so as to render more resolute and resistless his next onset.

Something of this might have been visible to watching angels, themselves unseen of men, gazing upon the solid tall figure of Giles Randolph, with his sombre blue eyes and austere gravity, as he went to and fro those autumn days at Castle Hill. He said nothing to anybody. It was not his way to talk about himself, to make appeal for sympathy. During weeks he fought his bitter fight alone, neither understood nor aided by others.

Days passed thus, and a telegram arrived from Mrs. Keith, dated at Dover, simply saying: "Not well; will get home this afternoon, train arriving 5.5."

"In England!" he said in surprise. Then Phyllys, of course, had gone to Midfell. Some

complication must have arisen. The plea "Not well" made no great impression. He was too much accustomed to hearing it, with or without reason. Mrs. Keith was not strong, but also she never hesitated to be "not well" for a purpose.

Had she and Phyllys quarrelled? Surely not.

A thrill tingled through his powerful frame. Was it possible that Phyllys might come with Mrs. Keith? He negatived this idea at once. Nevertheless, he told the housekeeper to have the best spare-room ready, just in case—But, of course, she had gone north.

It was a chilly day, and he went to meet the travellers in the closed landau. As the train drew up, and he glanced along the windows of first-class compartments, that tingling recurred.

For Phyllys was there!

Was this to mean fresh defeat? At the moment when he had victory in view, was he to be hurled back and conquered?

Phyllys to stay a fortnight at Castle Hill! He was to be with her, day after day; within sight, within hearing, within touch, yet debarred from winning her! Debarred by his own resolve in the past never to stand in the path of Colin's happiness; debarred by his own resolve in the present to let Colin have the first innings. If Colin failed, then would come his chance. But Colin would not fail. And now, meanwhile, a fortnight of this long-drawn agony! To make matters worse, he read in Phyllys' face something of joy at their meeting. Though Colin was absent, she was glad to be here, glad to be with him again.

Not glad only, but sweet to a degree which even he had not known in her before. She had developed of late. He saw this, as the old Vicar had seen it, though from a different point of view. He was conscious of something new; something below the surface, carefully held down, which had not been there before. He was dimly aware of power over her, recognising, as once earlier he had recognised, that he would be able to sway her, to win her, to do what he would with her, Colin being out of reach.

Giles was a strong man, a man of iron will, yet it might well be questioned whether his strength would be equal to this terrific strain. There are forces before which iron bends and snaps like tin. In her beloved presence he knew himself to be weak. But in that very knowledge lay safety. Because he felt his own strength to be inadequate, he laid hold upon Divine strength.

She was up betimes next morning, and indulged in a ramble through the garden before breakfast. Coming back, to be in time for the gong, she met him in a side-path.

"This is too soon for you after your journey," he said gravely. He had no choice but to turn and walk by her side.

"I'm as fresh as possible—quite rested. I don't think *you* are well," she said.

"Quite, thanks."

"I fancied something was worrying you—like Mrs. Keith. She so often seems troubled. It is her way, isn't it? But not your way!"

Giles hardly followed the words. He was thinking of herself more than of what she said. She ventured cautiously another question:

"I suppose Mrs. Keith really has not any particular great sorrow or trouble—something that would make her unhappy?"

Giles looked surprised.

"She seems sometimes to be so upset—almost as if she expected things to go awfully wrong. But you would know if she really did. I don't want to be interfering, only I have been so sorry for her lately."

"She is excitable—a tendency to hysteria," explained Giles. "Nothing to be anxious about. She could hardly have any serious trouble without my knowledge. There is"—and he hesitated—"a tendency to exaggeration. One must always allow for that. I am sure she is not fully aware of it herself."

Then he abruptly changed the subject.

"Colin had a week with you at Midfell lately, before you went abroad."

"Yes; he wanted to finish the bust, and it is done. It is said to be a great success. He ought to be a famous sculptor some day—don't you think so?"

"No question as to his gift. The doubt is as to his physical power."

"Midfell seemed to suit him. He was well there."

"Well, because happy. He was with you."

Phyllys made no reply.

"He may have a career before him," continued Giles in a suppressed voice. "He ought to have. Much depends on whether he marries the right wife. If he should wish to marry, there will be no difficulty as to means. He and Mrs. Keith often talk as if he were a poor man, dependent on his art. It is not so really. What belongs to me belongs to him. What is mine is his. I have felt that I ought perhaps to name this to you, that you might understand."

She knew what he meant, and her face was

turned resolutely away from him. He went on patiently, slowly, trying to explain.

"It is not merely that we were brought up together, and that we have always been brothers. It is more. Years ago I made up my mind that, whatever at any time he might wish, if it were in my power to give, he should have it, even though it might cost me—might cost me——"

The hesitation, the reiteration, the suppressed suffering, told her more than he meant to tell, let slip that which he had intended to hide. She kept her face turned away, and said quietly:

"Yes, I see. I think it is quite beautiful of you."

"Not beautiful at all. You misread my meaning. It is a matter of simple duty."

"For yourself perhaps. But Colin would be wrong to let you."

"You would not think so if you knew everything," he replied sadly. "I owe to him all—more than I can ever repay."

They were nearing the house, and only a few seconds remained. Phyllys' heart beat fast, for she saw now, knew now, that he loved her. But with the knowledge came, womanlike, on her part, a wish to hold back, not to betray her own feelings too readily, not to be won without effort. Words were on her lips which she felt ought to be said, only she feared that he might understand too much, if she could not say them easily, looking in his face—and to look now might tell all. Yet, not to say them—to let him go on under the delusion that she cared for Colin—was out of the question.

She thought she would wait till the last moment, till there should be no time for a response on his part.

Unknowingly he helped her. He said in a low voice, "I hope you will not mind my having said so much. I have a purpose. I have been thinking that if Colin could come home in a day or two to take my place——"

The sentence remained unfinished. Phyllys allowed six seconds to pass; then she glanced up and asked, "What for?"

"You hardly need to ask that."

She delayed again till they were close to the side-door, and her next words were, "Please don't!"

A sudden passion of hope shook him.

"I mean"—and she spoke with smiling unconcern—"that if you have any sort of fancy about Colin and me—anything of *that* sort—it is altogether a mistake. Please don't send for him, if you meant to do so. It would be better not."

Giles had grown white as chalk. He stood before her, motionless.

"I can't help seeing what you have in your mind," she added. "But it would be wrong of me to let you. For Colin's sake, it would be wrong—if ever he has had any such fancy. I don't believe he has. I believe"—and she laughed—"he is above all that sort of weakness. He is a sculptor, and nothing else."

"You do not think that you could in time, perhaps——"

"Never!" she said decisively, and she ran indoors.

Giles did not follow her. He could not face other people immediately. His joy had to be met as his sorrow had been met, alone. Not the smallest element in his joy was the knowledge that victory had been won before the dawning of this radiant hope.

He knew now at least that she would not be Colin's, and that the coast lay clear for him to seek her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE LOST HEIRLOOM.

IN a corner of the gallery Phyllys gazed with interest at the space once occupied by an ancestral portrait. She knew the spot, though during her former visit her attention had not been drawn to it. She hardly wondered that the vacant space had not been sooner perceived. It was so much out of sight, the oak-panelled wall was so dark, the pictures around were so similar in tint to the panelling, that the disappearance might easily have gone unnoticed. As she thus cogitated, a step made her glance round.

"Fine afternoon," remarked Mr. Dugdale. "Kathleen wants you for a drive. She will call here at half-past three."

"That picture has never been found yet," said Phyllys.

"No. Extraordinary!" And he knitted his brows.

"But if the thief took it——"

One word came in reply—"Humbug!"

"You don't think it was a thief?"

He looked round to see that they were alone, and lowered his voice. "That is all humbug. No more a thief than I am a thief. I'd wager a hundred pounds it is Mrs. Keith's own doing. Don't tell anyone I say so. There would be no end of a rumpus."

Phyllys was startled, despite her own suspicions. "But why? What could make her?

What was the picture like?" She had often wished to ask this.

"Young fellow in the dress of somewhere about two hundred years ago. Pleasant face, blue eyes, strong look of Colin—which she hates like poison to be told. That is why she has hidden it—if she has, which I for one don't doubt. Of course, I can't say that to Giles or Colin." There was in Mr. Dugdale a distinctly feminine element, apparent at this moment.

Phyllys absently assented. He seemed to be describing the oil-painting which she had accidentally seen.

"Fact is, she detests being told that Colin is like the young fellow in the picture, simply because *he* was a sculptor, and a successful one in his day, and she always has set herself against Colin's love of modelling. Reason? No reason. A woman never needs a reason. Anything that tends to encourage in him the taste displeases her."

"What sort of man is her brother?"

"Jock Reeves? Judging from a photo I once saw—a big-made, substantial man, rather jolly-looking, not in the least her style."

Phyllys pondered much that afternoon on the singular ways of Mrs. Keith. That the hidden portrait really was the lost heirloom, she could no longer doubt. It was *not* the likeness of Mrs. Keith's brother, but of a young sculptor, ancestor to Giles, who had lived two centuries earlier, and whose gift, resembling that of Colin, had perhaps developed in him the same cast of face and expression as Colin's. Mrs. Keith's extreme dislike to the resemblance being noted arose, of course, as Mr. Dugdale intimated, from her intense and illogical aversion to sculpture.

"A sort of brain oddity," decided Phyllys. "But what shoals of lies she has told!"

When she went to bed she thought it all over again, and then was dropping peacefully to sleep, letting these entanglements slip away. Giles' face came up, and she smiled to see it. She all but forgot herself, and came to, and floated off again into semi-dreamland, when, like a flash of lightning from the mist-clothed Niesen, an extraordinary conjecture seized her.

It was a conjecture so vivid, so startling, so far-reaching in its involvements, that in a moment she was wide awake, sitting up in bed, staring into the darkness.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" she said aloud.

But the possibility grew. It laid hold upon her imagination. Looking back, she saw scene after scene, heard utterance after utterance, more or less perplexing at the time—all now met, all unravelled, all explained, by this new scathing suggestion—all lending support to it.

"No, no, no!" she said energetically. "I'll never let myself think such a thing again. Oh, *no!* Impossible! It is absurd; it's ridiculous! It's out of the question."

The resolve was powerless. She could not stop the thinking. Again, again, again, that dread possibility leaped up, and *would* be faced, *would* assert itself. It cast a lurid light on past, present, future. It made all perplexities clear. It set her brain whirling.

But, of course, it could not be. It was too wildly improbable. She was mad to imagine such a thing. Absurd! Ridiculous! She said those words over and over, but they had no force. She could not divest herself of a growing belief that things were so. And yet—to imagine that she alone should see, and that everybody else had been blind! Preposterous! But, if it were so——

She tried to laugh. "It's a nightmare. I'll go to sleep, and forget."

Sleep, however, had fled.

Two or three days later Mrs. Keith stood, after the fall of dusk, at the open window in her bedroom. Giles, before her return, had invited to dinner the Vicar and Dr. Wallace, and these invitations remained uncancelled.

She was in one of her restless moods, frequent moods of late. She had dressed early, and had dismissed her maid, planning to secure half an hour alone. Yet when she found herself thus, she wished she had not done so. Solitude was seldom welcome.

A letter had arrived that afternoon, not in the ordinary way, but forwarded under cover from her London bankers, being marked "Immediate." It was written by one whom she ought to have welcomed gladly to Castle Hill, whom, for no fault of his own, she was determined to keep away. The writer knew this, and in a tone of serious remonstrance he argued against the resolve, trying to make it clear that she wronged both herself and him thereby.

"He shall *not* come," she repeated aloud more than once.

She turned from the open window, through which blew, unheeded, a cold breeze.

"He ought to know that I would not act so without good reason. He ought to understand. My motives are no concern of his. I told him



"'Never!' she said decisively."—*p.* 1175.

it had to be, and that should be enough. After all these years, what can it signify to him? But, at any cost, stay away he must—*must!*"

Standing before the large mirror, in her brocaded black silk, she pictured to herself what his arrival on the scene would mean. She saw him come in, saw the faces around, heard the inevitable exclamations; realised to the tips of her fingers what would be felt, thought, uttered; and with that conjured-up vision a sick terror seized her. She leant against the table on the verge of fainting.

A slight tap at the door roused her, and Phyllys appeared in a new evening frock of pale blue, a present from herself. There was a touch of constraint in Phyllys' manner, though she tried hard to be precisely as usual. She did not accept, but could not forget that midnight suggestion.

"I want you to see how nice my dress looks," she said. "It is early still. Nobody will come for another twenty minutes." But, contradicting her own words, "Why, there is a carriage already." She went to the window and peered out. "Not a carriage, but a railway fly."

Mrs. Keith sat upright, her eyes wide and staring, and the faintness vanished. If this, indeed, were the worst, she would brace herself to meet it.

"Colin has come," exclaimed Phyllys.

"Nonsense! He is in Scotland."

"I saw him plainly."

Mrs. Keith leant back, shaking like a leaf. The momentary terror, courageously met, had been awful, and reaction was severe. She had for an instant felt certain that the deferred possibility of years was a present reality.

The dinner went off as small dinners commonly do, being kept up to the mark in conversation by Mr. Dugdale, who, at least, never failed to contribute his share.

Mrs. Keith was, as always, well dressed; but she could not to-night have been complimented on her looks. Her face was pale with a spotted pallor, drawn, and deeply lined. Colin evidently noted her appearance as unusual. His eyes travelled repeatedly in her direction.

Giles observed no difference in her, simply because his mind was occupied elsewhere. He saw only Phyllys—and Colin in connection with Phyllys.

He could not yet flatter himself with having made much way since her arrival. For Colin's sake, now that he knew Colin's supposed quest of her to be hopeless, he would fain have brought matters quickly to a point, and have kept Colin away by announcing his engagement. Thus far he had failed. Phyllys was in what Colin would have called an "elusive" mood; entirely charming, but by no means to be promptly "landed." She held him at bay and fascinated him at one and the same time.

Colin's return was unexpected. The avowed cause, something to do with his modelling, did not satisfy Giles, who suspected Phyllys to be the true reason. He seemed in good spirits, but looked ill, as he always did after travelling.

Not long after Mrs. Keith and Phyllys left the table they were joined by him. For once the elder lady went off to write a note, leaving the two together, and in a minute or two Phyllys found him to be speaking of Giles in high praise. She wondered after how he had introduced the subject.

"One of the best fellows that ever lived," was his declaration. "Honestly, I believe there is nothing in life he would not give me if he thought I wanted it."

Phyllys' reply was impulsive. "Yes; he said so to me. 'At any cost.' I wondered what he meant. He said he owed you so much."

She was aware of a drawing back.

"Pretty of him. Unfortunately, the indebtedness lies the other way."

"But Giles must know," she insisted. "He told me he never could repay what he owed to you. He did not explain, and, of course, it is not my business." But it *was* her business, she added to herself, if he was to be her husband.

"He rather likes to put things strongly. Sounds effective! Don't make too much of it" Colin's tone was evasive "Some boyish escapade in his mind"

"It didn't sound so. It sounded very real."

"Giles was talking nonsense."

Was he? Phyllys knew him to be a man not addicted to light or careless speech. What he had said he meant.

Perhaps Colin did not wish to be questioned further, for he moved away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OF A POSSIBLE COMPLICATION.

At her open window, gazing into the darkness, knelt Phyllys, sorely troubled.

Another suggestion had come, touching her far more acutely than the first, which was correlated to it, and far more terrible.

That earlier flash of light on Mrs. Keith's

past had been lurid in aspect, had thrown a scathing gleam on things which seemed simple and natural enough. It had been since a weight upon her spirits. Still, she was with Giles; she was increasingly sure of his love; she felt perfect confidence in his rectitude and truth; she knew that, whatever happened, he at least was dependable. Nothing, she had told herself, could shake that security.

Hitherto no thought of blame to Giles had occurred to her. She had looked upon him as the unconscious instrument of another's evil deed; as no less ignorant of it than the rest of the world. Provisionally she had condemned one person, hoping still that her conjecture was mistaken, trying to find for that person extenuating circumstances, should the conjecture prove true.

But if Giles were implicated, if for years *he* had acquiesced, there could be no excuse, no extenuating circumstances.

She glanced back, in her thoughts, to a certain conversation with Giles, and his words spoken with regard to Colin recurred strongly—

"He and Mrs. Keith often talk as if Colin were a poor man, dependent on his art. It is not so really. What belongs to me belongs to him. What is mine is his. . . . You misread my meaning. It is a matter of simple duty. . . . Years ago I made up my mind that, whatever he might wish, he should have it; even though it might cost me—might cost me—— You would not think so, if you knew everything! I owe to Colin all—more than I can ever repay."

He had said this earnestly, from his heart. And Colin could say that he had been talking nonsense!

Some boyish escapade to win words like these from a man of Giles' stamp! That explanation would not hold water.

Then it was that the first dart of the new conjecture came, sharp and dagger-like—

"*Did Giles know?*"

Colin, of course, did not. No such suspicion had ever occurred to him. But, was Giles in ignorance?

She laid her face on the window-sill, clutching it in her distress. "Giles, you too, untrue!" she whispered, with scalding tears.

Then the recollection of her own future demanded attention—the all but certainty that he would ask her soon to be his wife. If things were so, how could she? Marry a man whose life was one long fraud!

If things were so. They might not be. It was only a conjecture—a suspicion. His words might bear some other interpretation. Even though her earlier imagination should prove correct, *he* might be innocent as a babe of complicity. Without most ample proof she would not believe him capable of such conduct. She would wait for further light. But she would hold him off, would not allow him to propose, till she should know more.

Giles, meanwhile, had resolved to lose no time, and difficulties strengthened that determination.

One whole day he had to be absent on business, and the next morning he found himself constantly eluded. He was aware of a change in Phyllys. She seemed constrained, no longer brightening with joy at his approach. His hopes sank, but he would not delay.

After luncheon she retreated to Mrs. Keith's boudoir; and presently, glancing up from her work, she found Mrs. Keith gone and Giles in her place. Before she knew positively whither his speech tended, it was done. He had offered her himself and all that he had—his love, his life. She whispered, "Please don't!" but he would not be stayed. He pleaded in short vehement phrases.

"Give me some hope, Phyllys"—for her face was almost hidden in the sofa cushion—"one word——"

That averted face struck like ice.

"Have I spoken too soon? This cannot be a surprise to you."

Still, she would not let him see her look. The silence was more than he knew how to endure.

"It is life or death to me," he said hoarsely. "Life without you *is* death. I did not know till I saw you what it was to live. Give me hope—if not now, for the future."

She had drawn her hand away, and he took it again. "Phyllys, my darling! if you knew what you are to me! One word——"

But when she lifted her head, she was joyless and pale, her cheeks drenched with tears.

"I *can't!*" she said, with a sob.

"Cannot—love me?"

"I can't say anything!"

"You want time. Dearest, I will wait any time. Only give me hope."

"No." She mastered herself with difficulty. "I can't. It can't be. Not now!"

"But by-and-by—when you know me better. I can wait if only I may hope."

"Oh, I don't know. Don't ask me, please."

He sat beside her, dazed and pained.

"Please—try to forget."

"Forget you? Never!"

He kept her hand, and she did not again draw it away.

"My darling, what can this mean?" he asked passionately. "Not that you do not care for me! That you don't feel you might—some day——"

"Perhaps—but, oh, not for years——"

"But why wait? Why put me to this terrible suspense? Every day is a year till you are mine. Why wait—if you think you might learn to love me? Would it take so long?"

She burst into such heart-broken tears that he could not misunderstand, and joy leaped into his face. "My Phyllys! My own!" he broke out. "You do love me!"

She put him off with both hands. "No, no! I can say nothing now. It is quite impossible. You must not think of me for a long, long while. I shall go home, and you must forget."

"Never!"

"You must! You are free."

"Free! But this is awful. Free till when?"

She could only sob, and he took a sterner tone.

"You have not treated me fairly. You have given me reason to hope."

"I know," she whispered. "And if I had seen——"

"Then you thought you could. You did not see earlier—this that stands in the way. It is something new."

"Yes."

"Since when?" She made no reply. "You cannot be refusing me for Colin's sake—after what you said." She shook her head. "I cannot conceive what other obstacle exists. You *do* care for me."

He spoke masterfully, and she was again silent. To give him a decisive "Yes" or a decisive "No" seemed equally out of the question. He gathered a grain of hope from the downcast face.

"One thing at least you will allow. I may speak again. How soon?"

"Oh, not for a long, long while, please!"

He covered her hand with kisses. She burst into fresh tears, and hurried away.

CHAPTER XXV.

OF A FLARE-UP AND ITS SEQUEL.

LITTLE more was seen of Giles that afternoon. But, disappointed and distressed though he was, he could not be described as hopeless. At least he knew with almost certainty that his love was returned, and he did not regard the refusal as final

Colin had been all day invisible—not fleeing from the pain of seeing Phyllys. He had come home, aware what it meant for himself, bent upon freeing Giles from the measure of doubt which, with his keen insight, he had detected in the latter's correspondence. Giles had won his way to victory through defeat; but in Colin's case there was no defeat, and no man knew of his strife. He loved, and at one time he had hoped; but so soon as he read clearly what Phyllys was to Giles, he drew back. He would not stand, if he might, in the path of Giles' happiness.

But he had in trouble a resource denied to less fortunate mortals. For weeks he had gone without any inclination to model. Now, suddenly, in the midst of many interests, a "new idea" had come to him, with its compelling force. And, Phyllys or no Phyllys, love or no love, it would not be denied. Disappointment, longing, languor, fled before it. In the absorption of shaping his vision through plastic clay, all else was forgotten, or was seen as a dim dream. Hours flew as he worked, and when he stopped, it was not from mental inability to continue, but from physical exhaustion.

Resisting the impulse to fling himself on the sofa, he went to the drawing-room, wondering what others had been after all day.

"All alone?" he said, in surprise, as he entered.

Phyllys met the remark composedly. "Yes, Mrs. Keith has something to do upstairs. A note came, and perhaps she is answering it."

"And what has become of Giles?"

"He had to go out."

One swift glance deciphered her. She poured out tea and brought it to him, with a "Don't move," as he started up. It had been an endless day with her, not flying on wings as with him. She went to the window, to gaze into the dusk, and an exclamation all but left her lips at the sight of Giles standing under a great cedar tree. It *was* Giles. She saw distinctly the outlines of his large, solid figure, and pity welled up in her heart. Poor Giles! She knew how miserable he was, and it was she who had had to make him so. Tears came, and she stayed where she was, seeing nothing through the mist. When it cleared, he was gone.

Mrs. Keith's voice sounded faintly in a long scream, shrill and drawn out, like that of some wild animal in a trap. Colin was in the hall before a word could be spoken, Phyllys flying after him. From the floor above came cries of "Fire!" and there was a smell of burning.

Thither rushed the two, followed by butler and footman. From the shut door of Mrs. Keith's room issued a low moaning.

The door was locked—a strong one, not easy to burst open. Colin flung himself against it, without success. He signed the men forward as they came up, but before the three could act in concert, the key was turned from within, and a large figure emerged, wreaths of smoke pouring out with him, through which darting flames were visible. He carried the helpless form of Mrs. Keith, having flung a wet towel round her face and another round his own.

"Giles!" whispered Phyllys. He must have gone round to the front of the house, and have climbed in at the bedroom window over the porch. As this conjecture flashed up, she recalled having seen a light ladder near the porch that afternoon.

"Take her—sharp!" He thrust the limp lady into her son's arms. "Not burnt! Frightened! Water—plenty—quick!" in peremptory tones. "Keep this door shut, or you'll have the house in a blaze! Hurry, men! Not a moment to lose! Water——"

He banged the door to, and could be heard furiously tearing down curtains within, while butler and footman rushed for cans of water, and Colin half-carried, half-dragged, his mother to another room. Phyllys went too, disturbed by fears for Giles. Colin delayed a few seconds, to satisfy himself that Mrs. Keith had not been touched by fire, then asked Phyllys: "Would you mind staying with her? I must go. Send for Dr. Wallace if needful."

"Yes. Don't wait. Giles may want you. I hope he won't get hurt."

She found plenty to do, even with Mrs. Keith's capable maid to the fore. For some time the rescued lady was barely conscious, and when revived to her surroundings, nervous terror overpowered her, causing a return of faintness. By the time she came out of this, Colin reappeared, looking white and used up.

"Is the fire out?" asked Phyllys anxiously.

"Yes." He leant against the chimney-piece. "Much wrong?" with a glance towards the sofa.

"Only upset, we think. She is beginning to talk. Is anybody hurt?"

"No one hurt; but a good deal of damage done. We've been within an ace of something very much worse."

"How did it happen?"

His gesture showed ignorance.

"A big box lying open just between bed and window, and a pile of clothes flung on the ground, which seem to have caught first, and made a regular bonfire. I suppose the breeze from the window carried the curtains within reach, and, of course, they flared up. Bedding all reduced to ashes. In two minutes more the woodwork would have been alight. I don't understand why she did not give the alarm sooner."

"Is Giles there still?"

"I can't say. I've been filling cans at the cistern, sending the men to and fro."

He went to the sofa, and Mrs. Keith, speaking indignantly, turned to him. "Will you please attend to me? No one will listen. Where is Giles? They tell me I can't go to the room yet, and I must go. I intend to go. I don't care what you say."

He sat down by her side, asking: "How did it come about?"

"I'm sure I don't know. How can I tell? I had put a candle on the floor for a moment, and there were some things out of a box, and then I heard a horrible roar, and the whole pile blazed up. I rushed to the door, and it would not open, and I forgot I had turned the key. I thought I should be burnt to death, and I think I lost my senses, for when I came to I was down on the ground, and the room seemed full of smoke and flame. I suppose I called out, and somebody picked me up, and threw a cloth over my mouth, and I heard Giles' voice. It was dreadful."

"Was that the box in your cupboard, ma'am?" asked her maid.

"Yes; you wanted a ruffle out——"

"You said the key was lost, ma'am."

"Of course; but I found I had a duplicate key, so I just got it out to look. Colin, I don't choose that anybody should meddle with that box. There are things in it of my own. I *must* go and see. I want it put back, exactly as it is, into the cupboard."

She was starting up, but the touch of his hand restrained her. "Not now. The room is not in a fit state, and you must keep quiet. I will see to it for you."

"The box is to be put back into the cupboard *immediately*," she reiterated. "Nothing in it is to be touched."

"I understand. It shall be done at once." He would not suggest to her that probably its contents existed no longer.

Phyllys made her escape with him, and they went together into the once pretty bedroom, now a scene of desolation. The smell of fire

was strong, curtains had vanished, blackened remains of burnt goods lay about, and water had been flung in lavish streams over walls, floor, and furniture.

Mr. Dugdale stood at the centre, surveying the wreck. He had just arrived.

"*You* look considerably the worse," he remarked to Colin, who paid no heed to the remark, but shoved an empty and fire-blackened box into the cupboard.

"What has become of the fellow who rescued your mother?"

"What fellow?" inquired Colin. "Giles brought her out."

"Giles was not here till later. Says so himself. A stranger, John says—just arrived in Castlemere on his way to call here. By the time anybody had leisure to attend to him he was like a sweep, and he went off to make himself respectable; coming later, he said. One or two seem to have mistaken him for Giles."

"I did, oddly; but it was a mere glimpse. He was gone before I came back."

Colin went away, and Mr. Dugdale, moving a step or two to examine the old carved bedstead—a valuable article of furniture, badly charred—uttered a short exclamation. He stooped to lift a picture, which had been put aside, leaning against the wall.

"My goodness!" burst from him. Then, "Didn't I say so?"

Phyllys came nearer.

"It's IT!" in tones of intense wonderment. He turned towards her a black-framed oil-painting. She saw a calm face, with familiar, clear, blue eyes.

"*Well!*" uttered Mr. Dugdale, as if words failed him.

Phyllys put a grave question. "Is that the lost picture?"

"Yes."

It was also the hidden portrait, declared by Mrs. Keith to represent her brother, Jock Reeves.

Nothing could long keep Mrs. Keith quiet. She was unable to rest. Twenty minutes after Colin had left her she went to her room, after dismissing her maid, only to find the door locked. Extreme anxiety to know whether the picture in the bottom of the box had escaped observation oppressed her, but she dared not make direct inquiries. She knew that the dresses heaped on the floor had been consumed, but she hoped still that the thick woollen shawl covering the picture might have been left undisturbed.

Failing to allay her suspense, she made her way to the library, where others were gathered, discussing the event of the day. When she appeared, Colin remonstrated with her for being about, and they tried to turn the subject, but she could speak of nothing else.

Three minutes after her appearance the stout butler came in, composed as always, but with curved eyebrows of amaze.

"The gentleman is here, sir, that got in at the window. He asked to see Mrs. Keith."

"Bring him at once. We all wish to thank him for his help," spoke Giles.

A dread seized Mrs. Keith. She rose, and put out protesting hands. But it was too late. With more than usual emphasis the butler gave forth:

"Mr. Jock Reeves."

Solid of figure and heavy of step, in walked a more elderly but most exact repetition of Giles. It was Giles in figure, Giles in bearing, Giles, when he spoke, in voice—but Giles as he would become years later, somewhat stouter, with streaks of grey in the hair. In an instant Phyllys knew that she looked upon the Giles whom she had seen at Interlaken.

Nobody spoke. The whole circle seemed stricken dumb. Giles, Colin, Mr. Dugdale, knew not what to say, what to think. Phyllys read confirmation of her midnight suggestion. Mrs. Keith hardly breathed. This was the moment that had hung before her imagination as an awful possibility through years.

Feature for feature, he was Giles Randolph. And his name was Reeves. He was not related to Giles in the most distant degree.

He took two steps forward, and cheerfully accosted the latter.

"How d'you do, Colin? I've taken you all by surprise. But no mistake is possible," with a jolly laugh. "You and I might be son and father! Glad to find my nephew so perfect a chip of the old block. Well, Cecil, my dear, I made up my mind at last to take the bull by the horns."

He glanced round, and spoke again to Giles.

"I've put up for a good while with your mother's fantasies, Colin; but, really, it was getting beyond a joke. I couldn't stand it any longer. So I thought I'd come and see for myself, and I was in the garden when I heard her shriek, and got in over the porch, using a ladder luckily there. Excusable, I hope, in such an emergency."

Giles murmured an assent.

"You, of course"—looking at Colin—"no mistake there either. How d'you do, Randolph?" putting his broad hand on Colin's shoulder; "No mistaking *you* for any but a Randolph. Not the athletic type. You're the image of your uncle Jem—died young, you know."

So far he talked on carelessly. But the silence made itself felt. He looked round with curious eyes.

After these years of unquestioning acceptance, in one moment light had flashed on all three men. No doubt the way for such illumination had been prepared. Many a perplexity, put down to Mrs. Keith's "oddity," now rose with confirming and convincing power. Mr. Dugdale's eyes expanded with astonishment. Colin's face, already pale, grew a shade more ivory-like. Giles flushed darkly, whether with guilt Phyllys could not yet determine. By comparison she cared for nothing else.

The silence was brief, measured by seconds, yet to all there it seemed long. To Mrs. Keith it meant years of anguish compressed into a point.

Colin broke it. In soft slow tones, dragging more than usual, he informed the newcomer: "You are making a slight mistake—pardon me. I am Colin Keith; that is Giles Randolph."

The other spoke his incredulity by a short laugh.

"It is true," chimed in a deeper voice. "*I* have always been Giles. He has always been Colin."

Mr. Reeves looked at the last speaker. "No, my dear fellow. You don't humbug your uncle in that style! Not quite!" He turned upon his heel, with a gesture of disdain.

"I don't fathom your object in trying to take me in," he said. "But I promise you, you won't succeed. Look here!" He placed himself beside Giles, opposite the long mirror—both tall, substantial in make, upright, with red-brown complexion, straight features, and blue eyes dragged downward at their outer corners.

"Look there, and tell me that again if you can. I believe"—and he glanced again round the room—"I believe you mean it. You are *not* humbugging me. But how in the world you have been taken in passes my comprehension. Does it need any telling? Look for yourselves. This is my nephew. You"—grasping Giles' arm—"*you* are Colin Keith; that other is Randolph. It is written in your faces, plain as daylight. Ha, now I know why she tried to keep me away. Afraid of its coming out." He spoke with increasing emphasis. "So this is your work, Cecil! That's what you've been up to. A pretty business. You dare to tell me that all their lives those two have gone under the wrong names? Colin for Giles! Giles for Colin! Then I say it is iniquitous! scandalous! disgraceful!"

Mr. Dugdale made a move. He went to a corner of the room, brought thence an oil-painting, and held it up beside Colin. Hardly more remarkable was the resemblance between Giles and Mr. Reeves than the semblance between Colin and this Randolph ancestor.

"See?" demanded Mr. Dugdale of the company. "Now we know why it has been hidden."

Giles strode forward and stood facing Mrs. Keith. She cowered before his look. Phyllys' heart bounded with joy, and then there was quick self-reproach that she could be so happy when another was so miserable.

"Will you please to tell me the truth, Mrs. Keith? Am I, or is Colin, your son? Is my name Randolph—or Keith?"

She shrank lower and lower, till her bowed head almost rested on her knees. In that shame-stricken form they read the truth. But Giles repeated sternly:

"My name, if you please. Randolph—or Keith?"

And as if the word were dragged from her against her will, she murmured, "Keith."

One low word—"Mother!"—was heard from Colin.

But the crushing shame, the overwhelming sorrow, of Giles' look silenced all lips. He stood with folded arms, bent head, lowered eyes. Mrs. Keith broke into a storm of hysterics, and had to be carried from the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OF READJUSTMENTS.

BRIEFLY stated, this was what had happened.

Twenty-eight years before this date, James Randolph, then owner of Castle Hill, lost his wife in the south of France, and, broken-hearted, went to travel in the East, where a few months later he too died. Before starting, he gave over his infant son, Giles, to the charge of young Mrs. Geoffry Keith, friend of his wife, and widow of his brother-in-law, Geoffry Keith, whose first wife—his own sister—had died years earlier.



"'My name, if you please. Randolph, or Keith?'"

Mrs. Keith, a handsome and attractive woman, had one baby-boy of her own, and she was charmed to have the second infant to bring up with him ; the more so, since she had been left at the recent death of her husband in almost destitute circumstances ; and so long as little Giles should be in her charge she would receive an allowance of eight hundred a year.

This arrangement, made by the widowed father, continued indefinitely after his death.

A second winter was spent by Mrs. Keith in the south of France, and in the spring, when the little boys were about sixteen months' old, she was assailed by the great temptation of her life. Giles fell ill, and was ordered north ; and, as she travelled by slow stages, their nurse broke down with some severe ailment, and had to be left behind. Two stages later, Giles grew markedly worse, and the German doctor, hastily called in, pronounced him to be dying.

Mrs. Keith knew what that meant. If Giles died, her income ceased. The Castle Hill estate would pass to a distant relative, and she, with her little boy, would be unprovided for.

She shrank with dread from the thought, and then came a suggestion of evil. Why not transpose the boys' names ? Put Colin for Giles and Giles for Colin ? She was in a strange place, among strangers. No one would know. If Giles recovered, she would at once revert to the old order of things. If die he must, why should not her boy, as Giles, enjoy the wealth which otherwise must pass to a stranger ?

The temptation was sore, and she was not a woman of high honour or strict integrity. She had never been truthful. The change seemed simple. She only had to write and dismiss the nurse they had had, only had to give the doctor the transposed names. She had always called them by pet terms, "Mop" and "Top," so little difficulty existed in that direction. Both were blue-eyed, and, though unlike in make, they had been called alike in colouring.

When the doctor called again, though she had not made up her mind previously, she found herself claiming the sick boy as her own, and talking of the other as "her charge."

All night Giles seemed to be dying, but with morning came a rally ; and when a young English doctor, Wallace by name, passing through the place, offered his services to a countrywoman in trouble, he took a more favourable view, which proved to be right.

Mrs. Keith then found herself in a terrible position. The little fellow could not be moved for weeks, and all around believed him to be her son. On her first arrival she had written a line to Mr. Penrhyn, Giles' guardian, naming the severe illness of, not "Giles," but "Colin." A trained nurse had to be engaged, and she, as well as the doctors and some kind English residents in the place, all had heard the same false statements. She had woven a web round her own feet, from which she found no escape. Mr. Penrhyn, the guardian, came out to see the child, and insisted on his being brought up thenceforth in England.

Nothing short of frank confession could undo what she had done ; and to a proud nature such as hers confession seemed to lie beyond all bounds of possibility.

So, hoping against hope for some method by which she might undo the tangle, without betraying her own act, she let matters drift—a fatal policy. She did not then see how inevitably difficulties must thicken as time went by. The very idea of reversal without confession became gradually a hopeless dream ; and all idea of restitution was relegated to a dim distance. Things were thus ; and thus, she told herself, they had "for the present" to remain. No one now spoke of the boys as alike. Colin — the true Giles — was greatly altered by his severe illness ; and Giles—the true Colin — grew month by month more hardy, more robust, more sturdy.

In early days she had not felt anxious on the score of family likenesses. That fear dawned later, when she saw "Colin" fast developing into a reproduction of the Randolph ancestor, inheriting also the gift which she loathed because it was a Randolph characteristic ; when, too, she saw her own son growing into an exact copy of her brother Jock Reeves.

The latter had been so long on the other side of the earth that she had ceased to fear his return, when suddenly he came. From the marked resemblance in his handwriting to that of his nephew, she had always taken strict precautions never to have his letters seen. When he returned he did not announce his coming beforehand, and on learning from her London bankers that she was abroad, and that any letter from him was to be sent to a certain Thun address, he promptly followed her to Switzerland. Thus the letter discovered by Mr. Forsyth gave Mrs. Keith her first intimation that she was no longer separated by oceans from the terror of half her life.

When next day she saw him at Interlaken, he found himself hysterically forbidden ever to show his face to her son or her son's friend. He

argued in vain against the senseless prohibition, as it seemed to him, and at length he resolved to break through it. With his appearance at Castle Hill was levelled to the ground in one crash her elaborate structure of deceit, built up through twenty-eight long years.

They had not been happy years to her. She had a conscience, though she did not obey it; and hundreds of times she had bitterly regretted her own mad folly. But no way out of the tangle had ever presented itself, save the one way which she refused to face.

Perhaps all through the deepest dread in her mind had been lest Giles, her own boy, should despise his mother. Anything rather than that! *His* contempt she could not endure.

But the look in those sombre blue eyes which broke her down was not disdain. It was the crushing shame, the overpowering sorrow, that touched her heart and led her, though not at once, to true repentance. She knew that she, his mother, had brought it all upon him; and she recognised how her tale must look in the sight of the one being for whose sake she could almost have died. Not quite! A woman of her calibre dies—quite—for nobody. Self always ranks first. Still, she did love him passionately; and when she thought of her little child's clinging arms, when she realised that she might have kept his loving esteem and trust in ever-growing measure to life's end, she could have cried with one of old, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

She had an interview with her son next morning, and of that interview no human being heard the details.

An hour later Giles was on his way to the library, oppressed by a dazed consciousness that in no corner of the house had he a right to stay. The shock to him had been tremendous, the upheaval of feeling immense. A few words, early uttered by Colin, had been significant. "You have often said to me that what was yours was mine. This only means the same reversed—that what is mine is yours." But Giles felt that he could not consent to such generosity from one whom he had so long and deeply—though unwittingly—injured.

It was, indeed, no light matter for one of his proud nature to step in a moment from the position of benefactor to benefactee—to pass from the landed country gentleman to the impecunious adopted brother. It tried him beyond words.

Worse still, he knew that he no longer had a home to offer Phyllys. To give up the hope of winning her would be worse than death; yet what choice had he?

In the library he found her, and she signed to him to move softly. Colin was asleep in the inner room, worn out. "He won't hear if we speak low," she said, and then Giles found her with tears in her eyes apologising for something that she had suspected or imagined. He did not quickly take in her meaning, and she had to explain more fully—to quote his own words about Colin.

"I don't wonder that you were puzzled," he said at length, dejectedly; not vexed with her, as he might have been with another. "I ought to have said less or more." Then he gave the clue she had required. "His ill-health is my doing—my fault. It is through me that he never is, never can be, like other men. *I* spoilt his life for him."

He alluded to the tale, which Phyllys had heard earlier, of the cliff accident, when Elsye Wallace was killed, and when Colin had received severe injury. "You know so much"—as if relieved not to have to tell the whole. Then, lower: "It was my doing. Not intentionally, but in a passion. I was jealous—angry—and I gave him a push. He overbalanced, or she started back—no one knew how—and they both fell. Now you understand what I meant; why I can never make up to him for all he has suffered. And as if I had not harmed him enough—*this* in addition."

He looked wonderingly at Phyllys' hand, laid on his knee, and his own came on it.

"You are sorry for me. But I have my way to make and my mother to support. She will live with her brother—that is settled; but I cannot let her be a burden on anyone but myself. Even if you could say 'Yes,' it would mean years of waiting."

"And if I don't mind waiting?" she murmured.

His face changed, the sombreness dying out of it.

"But—there was a barrier!"

"There is no barrier," a quiet voice asserted by his side. "You have a home, for Castle Hill is your home. I cannot do without you. Be my agent—my referee; anything you like to call it—and name your own income. And the sooner you can persuade Phyllys to come and be the perpetual sunshine of the place the better for us both!"

Phyllys' smile looked as if she might not be hard to persuade.

[THE END.]

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

AMBROSE THE STATESMAN.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.



N Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, we have a completely different type of Churchman from anything that before had appeared in that first hundred years after the victory of Christianity in that wonderful fourth century which produced those great ones who moulded and shaped the religion of a persecuted sect into the religion of the civilised world—the world of Rome.

The group we have been sketching were *all* preachers, *all* theologians; but each had his distinguishing characteristic. Jerome was the profound scholar; Basil of Cæsarea was the organiser of the monasticism which was so largely to influence mediæval Christianity, the builder up, too, of the edifice of the far-reaching Christian charities, the hospital, the homes of the weary and heavy laden of every degree and kind; Gregory Nazianzus was *the* theologian *par excellence;* John Chrysostom the first of Christian preachers. Ambrose was scholar, organiser, theologian, preacher too; but, first and foremost, he was the pioneer of the distinguished band of Church-statesmen—the spiritual ancestor, he has been termed, of the Hildebrands and the Innocents of Rome—of men like Lanfranc of Norman England; of Suger, the Minister of Louis VII. of France; of à Becket, the Archbishop of Henry II.; and of many another statesman-ecclesiastic whose portrait hangs in the long gallery of illustrious Churchmen belonging to many ages, from many peoples.

The early story of Ambrose was uneventful. Everything that fortune could bestow was his. Descended from a noble Roman family of large possessions, his father was, besides, one of the great officials of the Empire, the Prætorian Prefect of Gaul. The young noble, after a careful education, rapidly passed through the lower grades of the imperial civil service, and when still comparatively young was appointed as Consular Magistrate of the provinces of Liguria and Æmilia, Milan being the seat of his government. There he gained general respect and admiration for his administrative talent, for his industry, and scrupulous love of justice; and when the bishopric of the great See was vacant he was designated by universal acclamation for the vacant post. The young statesman, reluctantly it seems, accepted the ecclesiastical dignity; but at once devoted his great natural abilities to fit himself for the important work for which he had received no previous special training.

We have a picture of his daily toil-filled life after he had assumed the weighty charge of the Milan episcopate. He began his long day early with prayer, and then for hours he sat at his study table working at the Holy Scriptures with the aid of such books as Origen's voluminous commentaries and Basil's sermons on the Bible. His doors were ever open to those who sought his counsel and his direction. He would lay aside study for the moment, would reply, and then plunge again into his scholar's work. Scarcely would he pause even to eat. Far into the night the restless toil went on. Augustine tells us how several times he penetrated into that study chamber at Milan and watched him working, and longed to speak to the great Bishop, but could not find the heart to interrupt him. Every Sunday Ambrose preached in the splendid Basilica of Milan. Crowds went to listen to his sermons; they did not possess the varied picturesqueness of Basil, whom he especially loved to imitate, or the wondrous dramatic power of Chrysostom, or the marvellous lucidity and depth of the dogmatic teaching of Gregory Nazianzus; but they had a strange charm of their own. The spirit of the eminent Roman judge—hard, practical, vigorous—lived in the preaching of Ambrose, and men came from far and near to listen to him.

The Emperor of the West in the early years of Ambrose's episcopate was the young Gratian. His father, Valentinian I., before he died had especially commended his son to Ambrose's care, and Gratian from the first lived in the closest intimacy with the great Bishop, whom he loved to consult and advise with, not only on spiritual matters but on state questions.

The influence of Ambrose over Gratian is

shown in the marked hostility of the young Emperor to the Pagan party, still a living power in the state. It was Gratian who first formally declined to be invested with the ancient insignia of the Pontifex Maximus, as official head of the old Pagan cult. Before him the Christian emperors had on special occasions worn these. It was under his orders that the time-honoured "Altar of Victory" and the famous statue were removed from the Senate House in Rome; and when Symmachus the Senator, the acknowledged chief of the Pagan party, in consequence of this order sought an interview, the Emperor declined to receive him. A series of edicts, strongly favouring Christianity, was issued, too, from the Court of Milan between the years 379 and 382.

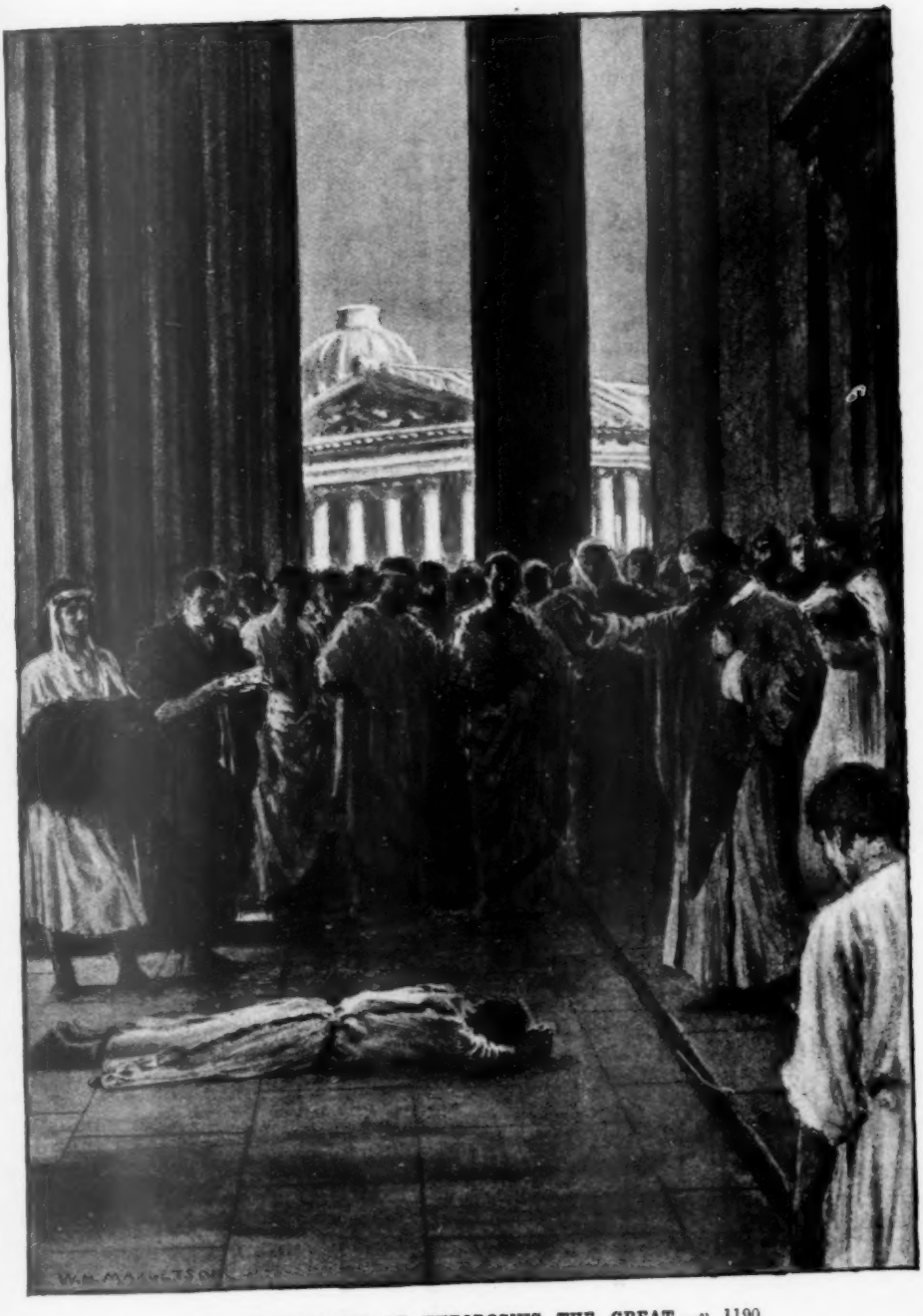
In the year 383 Gratian was assassinated during a residence at Gaul, in a military revolt, by Maximus, one of his leading generals, who assumed the purple and the government of the vast Gallic provinces.

Gratian's young half-brother, Valentinian II., who had been associated with him as joint Emperor of the West, was at once placed by his mother, Justina (Valentinian I.'s second wife) under the guardianship of Ambrose, whom she rightly deemed the most powerful personage in Italy. This was in some respects a notable act, and shows how Ambrose was regarded even by those bitterly opposed to his religious creed, for the Empress Justina was a strong Arian. Valentinian II. and his guardian, Justina, took up their residence at Milan, virtually under the protection of Ambrose. The statesman-bishop we next hear of as ambassador of the boy Valentinian II. at the court of the usurper Maximus at Treves, negotiating an agreement between Maximus and the Milan Court. For a time he arranged what was virtually an armed truce between the master of the Gallic provinces and the young Emperor Valentinian II. Returning to Milan, Ambrose was soon engaged in a bitter controversy with the Arian Empress-mother, who, forgetting her deep obligation to the Bishop, endeavoured to procure for her Arian friends the possession of the most important of the Milan churches. Ambrose firmly resisted this encroachment, and the people of Milan sided with him. His resistance to the Court was a protracted one. It is a somewhat long and confused story, but it is clear that, in spite of the strong leaning of the Empress in the direction of Arianism, the deadly heresy made no way in Milan, and Ambrose, with the Orthodox party, remained in possession, not only of the churches, but also of the hearts of the Milanese. He also obtained an extraordinary influence over the young Valentinian.

But the bitter disputes of the Catholic party with the Court and the Arian faction had emboldened the usurper to press his designs upon the dominions of the boy Valentinian II. Again Ambrose undertook the office of Ambassador to the Court at Treves. The mission, however, was fruitless, and Maximus invaded Italy, and Valentinian and his mother fled to Theodosius, the Eastern Emperor. The pretensions of Maximus were finally disposed of by the armies of Theodosius, who defeated and crushed the formidable rebel, and once more the Eastern and Western Empires were united for the last time under the great military Emperor Theodosius.

For several years (roughly from A.D. 388 to A.D. 391) Milan was the centre of the whole Roman Empire, both of the East and West, the seat of the Imperial Government, and the residence of Theodosius. Ambrose was now brought into immediate contact with one of the greatest of the Roman emperors. His ascendancy over Gratian and Valentinian II., the young sons of Valentinian I., who successively had reigned over the West, was undoubted, but the new master of the Roman world with whom he had now to do was a person of very different calibre from those youthful and impressionable princes. A consummate and brilliant military leader, Theodosius was, besides, a wise and far-seeing ruler of men, and has well earned the title of "Great" generally bestowed upon him by all historians. For Ambrose to have successfully asserted his ecclesiastical authority over such an Emperor was indeed a strange victory for the Church, and one which has exercised over her fortunes a far-reaching influence.

During the three or four years of the residence of Theodosius at Milan, Ambrose continued his intimate and trusted friend, and on several memorable occasions asserted the supreme majesty and power of the Church in which he occupied so dignified a position. One of these occasions deserves a more detailed mention. Theodosius, wise and prudent monarch though he was, was liable to uncontrollable bursts of passionate anger. A terrible expression of one of these was his conduct on the occasion of a disgraceful outbreak at Thessalonica, when the Governor and his staff of imperial officers were cruelly murdered by an



THE HUMILIATION OF THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.—*p.* 1190.

excited populace. By order of the Emperor a terrible vengeance was determined upon, and an inhuman massacre of a very large number of the Thessalonian inhabitants by the soldiers of Theodosius was the punishment exacted for the wild uprising and the consequent cruel insult to the imperial Majesty in the persons of the Governor of the city and his staff.

The horror of Ambrose when he heard of the inhuman deed perpetuated by the orders of his friend the Emperor was profound. He at once separated himself and his clergy from all communion with the Court, and for some eight months refused to allow Theodosius even to cross the threshold of a church; and only on the great Emperor undertaking to publish an edict prohibiting all capital punishments for thirty days after conviction, and so preventing for the future such terrible results of imperial passion, did Ambrose consent again to admit Theodosius to communion with the Church.

But the Bishop required more than the promise to publish a merciful edict. He demanded from Theodosius a public profession of contrition as a condition of his being admitted to worship as in old times; and the Roman world was startled at the sight of the irresponsible master of the vast Empire, stripped of his purple and his diadem, prostrate on the bare pavement of the Church's porch, in tears, beating his breast and imploring forgiveness of his great sin. Then, and not till then, did Ambrose grant the Emperor absolution for his great sin.

Nothing of this kind had ever happened before in the story of Christianity. During the eighty or ninety years of the public profession of Christianity by the Emperors in Rome, in Constantinople, in Cæsarea, in Antioch, men like Basil and Gregory Nazianzus with all their power and prestige had never dreamed of asserting so awful a power over the master of the world. Christian Emperors like Constantine the Great and his son Constantius, Valentinian and his brother Valens, and even Theodosius until he met with Ambrose, had treated the Church and its chief ministers as they treated other subjects. The Emperor was absolutely supreme, and the great majority of the Church leaders were content to acknowledge this supremacy; but by Ambrose a new claim was asserted. "The Church," he wrote, "was not in the Empire, but it was the Emperor who was in the Church"; and Christianity now gradually assumed a totally new position in the world. The Emperor, equally with the meanest of his subjects, acknowledged the right of the Christian Church to sit in judgment upon him and to enforce obedience to her laws in matters which involved the eternal principles of justice and mercy, when those eternal laws were flagrantly disregarded as they had been in the massacre at Thessalonica, perpetrated by direction of Theodosius.

For a second time in Ambrose's public career an awful tragedy swept across and desolated his busy, beautiful life. It happened in this wise. In A.D. 391, after some three to four years spent in the Western Empire, mostly in Milan, the great Theodosius judged it expedient to return to the East and Constantinople, leaving the still youthful Valentinian II. as the Western Emperor, under the guardianship of Ambrose in religious and civil matters and of Arbogastes, a tried soldier of ability, in military questions. Arbogastes proved unfaithful to his trust, and in the course of a visit of Valentinian II. to his Gallic dominions basely procured his assassination. Arbogastes was of barbarian extraction, and not desiring to array himself in the imperial purple, set up a puppet Emperor in the person of Eugenius a scholar and rhetorician. The body of the murdered Valentinian II. was brought back to Milan; and Theodosius, from his Eastern capital, directed that the last rites should be rendered with all possible ceremonial and state. The sorrowing Bishop preached the funeral oration of the murdered Prince whom he loved well—a pathetic monument of eloquence and heartfelt sorrow, and then quitted Milan, as he could have no dealings with Arbogastes and his creature Eugenius.

Theodosius, worn, not with age—he was only fifty years old—but with a life of incessant toil and weary struggle, after some delay marched against Arbogastes. This campaign could not be avoided, for not only was his carefully built up Empire endangered by the revolt of Arbogastes and the elevation of Eugenius, but the Christianity of the West was gravely imperilled; for the policy of the usurper during his brief tenure of power, which lasted only two or three years, had thrown him into the arms of the Pagan party, still very influential in Rome. Again the "Altar of Victory" was restored in the Senate House at Rome, and many of the closed idol temples were reopened. One brief but dangerous campaign, however, averted the danger. Once more

Theodosius was completely victorious. The forces of the usurper were routed, Eugenius was put to death, and Arbogastes, in despair, committed suicide.

The Eastern Emperor, again the undisputed sovereign of the Roman world, reentered Milan as a conqueror, but at the same time as a dying man. Literally worn out, he succumbed to a dangerous disease a few months after his decisive victory over Arbogastes and Eugenius (A.D. 395). Those who stood by the death-bed of Theodosius thought they heard the name of Ambrose trembling on the lips of the Emperor as he passed away.

Once more in that strange public life of his, Ambrose was asked by his dying friend to watch over the heirs of the awful Diadem of Rome. But, alas, for Arcadius and Honorius, the two young sons of Theodosius, the eminent servant of God, who, had he lived, might have done so much for them, might have trained those sadly wasted lives to aim after ideals nobler than merely selfish pleasures, only survived his well-loved friend and Emperor two short years. The end came for Ambrose in A.D. 397.

When the great and good prelate was lying, as men too truly feared, sick with a mortal sickness, a group of the leading men of Milan, knowing what an irreparable loss the Bishop's death would be to Italy and the Roman world, asked Stilicho, the Vandal soldier to whom Theodosius had entrusted the Regency of the West during the minority of Honorius, to beg Ambrose to pray himself for the prolongation of his life. The answer of that true saint of God to the curious request is memorable. "I have not so lived among you," replied the dying Bishop, "as to be ashamed to live, but I have so good a Master that I am not afraid to die."

Other pathetic memories of Ambrose's death have been preserved for us by Paulinus, his secretary, who was with his master at the last, and who, at the suggestion of St. Augustine, subsequently wrote his life. For instance, Paulinus tells us how some of those who were watching by the bedside of the Bishop whispered together how, perhaps, one Simplicianus would be his successor to the See. To their dismay the dying Ambrose heard the low whisper, for they heard his faint voice immediately mutter three times, as though their surmise interested him, "An old man, but a good man." Just before the end his friend Honorius, Bishop of Vercellæ, who had left Ambrose for a short time and was resting in an adjoining room, fancied he heard the dying Bishop call him. He hurried in and offered him the Sacrament, Ambrose received it, and as he was praying, went home to God.

Although pre-eminently a statesman, and largely occupied for the best and most active years of his life in imperial and public duties, the friend, as we have seen, and the trusted adviser of three reigning Emperors in succession, Ambrose has left a large collection of writings, consisting of expositions of Scripture, learned and valuable treatises on doctrinal questions, and other miscellaneous works bearing on theology: among the latter two very remarkable and eloquent funeral orations delivered on the deaths of the Emperor Valentinian II. and the great Theodosius. Many of his works obtained a wide and well-deserved and even an enduring popularity. The voice of Christianity associates him with Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory the Great of Rome as the four Latin doctors of the Church.

Among the questions carefully treated by Ambrose, his views on "Death" are specially interesting and important, and deserve, even in so brief a study as this, to be quoted. They are set forth in his treatise, "De bono Mortis" and "De fide Resurrectionis."

To this eminently practical saint it appeared that death was something to be earnestly wished for, and not only by the good and righteous, *but by all*. With him the terrors of the future state, so earnestly dwelt on by later mediæval theologians, poets, and artists, largely disappear. He does not deny that punishment in some form will be the lot of the wicked, but even to these unhappy ones death is a gain.

HEART ROSES.

A Complete Story by Rita Richmond.



"'Will you tell me, if you please, what roses do mean?'"—*p.* 1195.

I.

"TAKE it, please!" he said, and, thrusting it awkwardly into her hands, hurried past.

The other girl laughed out, showing her white teeth mischievously in the sunshine, and the sound jarred on Anne.

"Don't!" she said sharply, jerkily, as she lifted the crimson glory of the roses to her face.

"Well! Whoever did see such a way of giving a woman flowers? If he does admire you, and it shows his bad taste when I am by"—with a saucy glance—"he might show it in a more dignified manner. 'He—here's a bag; here's a bouquet,' says your man."

"Your man! Mabel! the hopeless vulgarity of——"

"Yes! I know I'm slightly underbred; but it was really such a very tiny shop grandpapa had—though Mamma calls it a warehouse now—that you can't wonder at the smallness of it tainting my blood a little."

"If," continued Anne, in a severe, measured

sort of way, "if a man of slightly unconventional nature and little studied in women's ways happens to resolve a kindly passing thought in a kindly if rather hasty action——"

"The thought is first imaged in the astral light, and then projected into action," said Mabel seriously; "very much and suddenly projected, that image of Austin Holt's——"

"No," said Anne, still with a judicial, controversial air, "nothing at all strange in Mr. Holt's giving me these flowers."

"They're lovely!" said Mabel, drawing in a long breath of the delicious fragrance, that seemed to create a different atmosphere round the two, walking amid the smoke and "stour" of the city; and then she looked up innocently into Anne's grey, soft, honest eyes.

"What do roses mean, Anne?" she added, and laughed till the bluebells in her pretty hat seemed to tinkle as the other shook a puzzled, wondering head at her in silence.

"Ask Austin Holt," she advised mischievously over her shoulder, as she darted into a shop and left Anne with her roses.

The glow of them warmed her heart long after she had parted from Mabel Wingham and trudged away to her lonely lodgings in an unfashionable quarter of the town. The sunset was more golden because of them; the damp pavements glistened to her absent eyes like a silvery road to a beautiful dreamland; the mystery of the spring, with its restless heart-stirring breath, was understood of her; the little drab town sparrows that hopped about the street brought visions to her of wa ing branches and of deep waterpools in velvety shadows of woodland greennesses; of cries of curlew over red-brown moors; of "larks in the sky and ploughboys o'er the lea."

Even the meeting, by evident appointment, of gaudy-tied shop-boy and neat, trim-waisted shop-girl took on an illusive romance in Anne's eyes this evening that she could not have clothed it in yesterday, and as she watched the sunset fall upon the two young, laughing faces turning towards the west in the usual evening arm-in-arm saunter, she smiled a little.

"They are gathering the roses," she said, and then she added softly, as she climbed the long, weary stairs that led to her lonely lodgings, "I too—I too have had my roses—all the sweeter, perhaps, for being late ones; sweet, though they be only, as I know they are, roses of friendship; but they are so ruddy, so richly red"—looking musingly down at them—"they might be heart roses."

II.

"LISTEN!" began Miss Wingham. She had a way of beginning sentences very frequently in this fashion.

"I am listening," replied Anne hastily, and with rather a guilty air. The fact was, the sudden whirl of her young friend into her rooms this evening had disconcerted her a little; for Anne was busy, as it happened, thinking—and it is a process that craves solitude—thinking over her friend hip with Austin Holt.

Anne was one of the unexacting women of the world—not one of those who must hold a relationship of love or friendship up to the light to see if there be flaw in it, or demands exact change for every silver coin of kindly act or word she spends upon her friend; and when others wondered at any woman's friendship with such a strange, silent, unexpansive person as Austin Holt, she only smiled a little. It was enough for her that she divined the gold lead under the unpromising surface where others saw but hard rock. He was her friend; he had made her understand in his quiet, undemonstrative fashion that he was so; and the roses he had given her that day seemed to her to set the seal and sign upon their friendship. It was enough for her.

Now the roses were withered a week. One or two had been carefully dried and laid between the leaves of Anne's favourite volume of Christina Rossetti. Anne had idly noted the poem against which they lay as she placed them haphazard in the book, and a strange little pang somehow struck her as her eyes ran over the words:

"All things that pass
Are woman's looking glass;
They show her how her bloom must fade,
And she herself be laid
With withered roses in the shade.

* * * *

Unlovely, out of reach
Of summer joy that was."

She had shut the book suddenly then, and sat down by the fire, a cruel thought, born of the poem, rising in her.

Was friendship one of those passing things? Was he tired of it already that he let his roses wither a week ere he cared to see her again? Had he grown careless, forgotten her? And she so wearily missing her friend. Were the roses too late, after all?

Perhaps her bloom was faded. She never had much at best, she knew.

Was she to find herself "out of reach of summer joy," after all? And then Mabel's ring at the door-bell, Mabel's rush into her room, had scattered these melancholy musings to the winds.

"I am listening," repeated Anne meekly, shaking off the last trace of absent-mindedness and sitting up in her chair as the other looked at her unbelievingly.

"You'd better!" said Mabel meaningly, lifting her veil, "because it's about that dear brown bear of yours, Austin Holt."

Anne flushed; a little line formed between her eyebrows. It was not often she grew angry with the reckless-tongued Mabel, but to-night the speech irritated her.

"I beg you, Mabel, to remember that Mr. Holt is my very good friend, and that I can't allow you——"

"Only your friend?" queried Mabel keenly, tipping her hat back from her feathery fringe, and giving Anne a searching glance out of her forget-me-not orbs. "Only that, and nothing more?" she repeated, half anxiously.

"Only that," replied Anne, with dignity, her soft, grey eyes deepening into darkness.

Mabel sat back in her chair, and a little sigh of relief escaped her.

"I'm glad," she said simply, and yet there was something in the words that made Anne suddenly turn like a white ghost in a grey gown, as she rose from her seat and grasped Mabel's two slender arms in a hard grip.

"What is it?" she asked quietly, while her heart leapt in her throat.

"It doesn't matter so much to you," replied Mabel, looking curiously up at her; "and I'm glad it doesn't. I heard to-day that Austin Holt has been very ill with pneumonia in his lodgings, with nobody but his old landlady to nurse him, and there's a fear——What in the world are you doing, Anne? Where are you going?"

"Going to him!" Anne was tearing open her bedroom door, and Mabel sprang from her chair and followed her.

She was putting on her outdoor things, pinning on hat and veil with a steady hand, buttoning her jacket.

Mabel shut the door—and set her back against it.

"Anne, are you mad?" said Mabel solemnly. "How can you go at eight o'clock at night? It's getting dark. You say you are only his friend. You can't!"

"I can!" said Anne stolidly, advancing to the door. "Let me pass, Mabel."

But Miss Wingham's back was obstinate. She was strong, stronger than Anne, and she forced the pale, slender woman back.

"The school will hear of it, and then where are you?" said she sternly.

"I don't care," replied Anne. "Let me pass."

Suddenly Mabel stood aside.

"All right," she said carelessly; "go to the man who has never asked you to come to him. Go and throw yourself at the head of that grim, unemotional bit of rock, and see how he receives your devotion. I wish you joy of your visit. Well! why don't you go? I shan't hinder you. Ah, my dear, you know a woman's love must wait upon her prudence in a case like this," she added pityingly, as Anne faltered, glanced uncertainly at Mabel's scornful face, and then all at once sank limply down upon a chair and covered her face with her trembling hands.

* * * * * *

"All the same, I'll help her in the only way I can," Miss Wingham was saying to herself as she rattled home in an empty 'bus about half an hour later.

"Nobody need tell me," nodding at her reflection in the opposite panes, "that Austin Holt meant nothing when he gave her those roses. He knew what they meant as well as I do, else why give her roses when the shops now are fuller of other flowers? He is such a strange, silent brown bear of a man, I believe it was the only way he could manage it; and then, on the other hand, if he didn't attach such meaning to them, my sending him a bunch of roses, then, in Anne's name, with kind inquiries, won't do any harm."

III.

"YOU'RE better, then? I'm so glad." The same banality does duty equally for our thankfulness for a friend snatched from the jaws of death, or for his recovery from a toothache or a cold in the head.

They were walking on the sunny side of the street, as behoves an invalid to do when taking his first constitutional after severe illness, and the sun was shining very brightly on the invalid's sallow face and lighting up his dark eyes under his soft, grey hat. On Anne's cheeks the sun had brought out faint blossom-

ing roses that were not due merely to the reflection of the pink parasol she carried over her shoulder.

"At last!" said Austin Holt, looking down at her with a glad smile that lightened his dark face wonderfully. "At last, Anne," he said softly, and suddenly, under cover of the wing of the big grey cloak he wore, Anne felt her hand clasped firmly in a big, strong clasp, and she looked up at him, half startled. Was this her quiet, undemonstrative friend of old? And did—did friends past the ages of ten and twelve go walking hand-in-hand along quiet, tree-shaded crescents? And yet how brightly the sun shone, how buoyantly the blood leapt in her veins, and how pleasant it was to walk thus hand-in-hand! But, after all, this was not Arcadia; and Anne, recognising the fact, strove to draw her hand away, in vain.

"Don't!" said Holt, clasping it tighter. "It helps one to talk. Perhaps if I had dared to take your hand in mine before, I had said what I wanted so long ago to say already."

The change in his way of speech struck Anne into wondering silence. There was a new touch of fluency—a note as though some barrier had been broken down between them. Not so had he spoken in the days before his illness, with slow, hesitating remarks and laconic answers, with stiff utterance and unready speech. What had changed him?

"You know—who better knows my wretched, boorish inability in talking to women?—you know my loneliness of life and how it has dried up any readiness of wit or speech in me that other men have; how I have envied them talking to the woman they loved, so easily, so acceptably, and I tongue-tied with you by my side! How I wondered at your being able to bear with me—and so I gave you the roses." Holt paused and laughed a little to himself, and tightened the handclasp ere he continued, "It seemed the act of a raw youth; in fact, it was a youth from whom I heard for the first time of the idea of flower language, and then I said to myself, 'I will give her roses. She may understand what I cannot force this clumsy tongue of mine to tell her.'" He paused a moment, and looked down at the face beside him. The sun was filtering through leafy branches and casting little lights and shades on the soft pink cheeks. "And then I doubted. You would never think of their meaning—till that other bunch of roses came, and then I knew you must have understood, and had sent me the same sweet message I had given you. Ah, my dearest, can you imagine the rapture of a sick man when those roses came?"

"Stop!" said Anne faintly. "Stop!" She looked up at him with wide, half-frightened eyes. "I—I sent you no roses."

He dropped her hand, and the light that had so changed his face flashed out and left it cold and dark.

Then he stood still on the pavement facing her. "You sent no roses?" he said slowly, with the old, stiff manner upon him as he leant upon his stick and looked down at her.

"No," replied Anne, hanging her head, and the pink roses in her cheek had paled to white ones.

"Forgive me. I thought you had understood, and had answered me so. Forgive me!" he said, passing his hand across his brow in a dazed way. "It must have been a trick someone played upon me." Then he turned back by the way they had come; there was no use walking further now. The sun had dulled, the trees were grey, not green; the very tap of his stick on the pavement had a slow, weary sound that it had not a few minutes before. "I must have seemed a most presumptuous idiot, talking in this way; but, you see, I thought you sent them"—repeating himself with a mournful, weary sort of wonderment—"I thought you knew what they meant."

Suddenly Anne stood still and laid a hand on the wing of the grey cloak. Her face was white, but determined; her eyes, raised to his, shone with a steadfast light.

"Mr. Holt!" said she. "Mr. Holt, will you tell me, if you please, what roses do mean?"

He stood still, looking down at her a moment, and then his eyes evaded hers. A slow flush rose to his brow; the old awkwardness, the old tongue-tiedness was on him; and his gaze was fixed on the trees over her head as he answered slowly and with difficulty:

"They mean, 'I love you.'"

Then a sparrow, encouraged by the silence and immovableness of the two figures, hopped close to their feet and eyed them pertly ere Anne spoke again.

"I could—I could send you the roses still if you wished," she said, in a very faint, trembling whisper, and her face was quite hidden under the pink parasol; and then the sparrow flew away, with an indignant flirt of his tail, startled by the sudden impetuous movement of one of the figures he had imagined to be harmless statues.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

"PURE religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Mr. A. F. Pryke is a man who has saturated himself with the spirit of this Apostolic deliverance, and for some years past he has found a congenial sphere for the exercise of his sympathetic gifts in the work of the Good Templar and Temperance Orphanage at Sunbury-on-Thames. He is the Hon. Secretary of this Institution, and the boys and girls which it shelters and trains for the battle of life, know that they have in Mr. Pryke an unfailing friend. He is a life abstainer, and as a lad constantly attended the Lambeth Baths Temperance Meetings conducted by the late Mr. G. M. Murphy. He joined the Good Templar Order at Wimbledon thirty-two years ago, and has filled nearly every office in the Subordinate Lodge, and has also been Assistant Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England. Mr. Pryke has taken a keen interest in Juvenile Templary, and for nearly a quarter of a century has superintended St. John's Hill Juvenile Temple. As Hon. Secretary of the Metropolitan Templar Federation and Hon. Secretary of the National Lodge of Good Templars, meeting at Exeter Hall, he has long been in the forefront of aggressive Temperance work in London. He is an excellent speaker, and has the happy knack of looking on the bright side of things and finding out the bit of blue sky even on the darkest day.



(Photo: Leighton, Brixton Road, S.W.)

MR. A. F. PRYKE.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

For nearly thirty years the Temperance Orphanage has carried on its merciful mission. Its noble work is, however, constantly checked by the lack of adequate support. Its income barely touches £1,500 a year. An increase of a few hundreds per annum would materially benefit numbers of orphan children who are worthily entitled to sympathy. One or two typical examples of the cases now housed in the Orphanage will illustrate the nature of the work:—

"G.B. and C.B. (Cornwall), aged nine and six respectively, are the children of a postman, who died at the early age of thirty-two, leaving a widow and eight children, the youngest being but five months old. The father was a life abstainer, and a member of the I.O.G.T., and the mother also is a life abstainer."

"W. A. S. (Iver), aged seven, is the son of a working gardener, who left a widow and six children totally unprovided for. Both parents were earnest members of the local Lodge of the I.O.G.T."

"W. C. G. (Harringay), aged eleven, is the child of a painter, who left a widow and seven children, the eldest of whom was but thirteen years old. He was an abstainer for twenty-four years, and a prominent member of the Rechabite Order. The mother has been an abstainer for twenty-two years."

"Give the child a chance" was the plea with which the philanthropic Canon Major Lester used to move Liverpool folk when pleading for his great Ragged Industrial School. We echo his cry to-day. Are there not many temperance families who could afford to pay for the keep of one orphan in the Temperance Orphanage as their own especial charge? "The Child: What will he become?" asked John Cassell. It all depends very much upon what chance the child has.

"WHAT WE CAN DO."

Some years ago a Temperance rhymer wrote a couple of verses commencing:—

> "Oh, what can we do, my brothers,
> To speed the cause along?
> We can speak a word to others,
> We can cheer them with a song."

And few have done better or braver work in the "cheering with a song" line than Mr. A. H. Rogers, of Ware. He was among that small but earnest band of musical Temperance folk who rallied to the call of the late James A. Birch, Gentleman of H.M. Chapels Royal, when

he founded the National Temperance Choral Union. Mr. Rogers is a life abstainer, and has for many years been prominently identified with the musical part of Temperance work. Mr. Birch often fell back upon Mr. Rogers when a deputy conductor was required, and he has travelled all over England and Wales rehearsing choirs for the festival demonstrations. In 1898 he was unanimously elected Secretary of the National Temperance Choral Union, and he has discharged the onerous duties with great zeal and unfailing courtesy. Year by year his re-election has been most cordially approved, and his heart is so thoroughly in the work that one cannot imagine the Union without this model Secretary.

A TRIBUTE TO A TEMPERANCE WORKER

A noble tribute to the life-work of the late Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, has been paid by the partial restoration of St. Alkmund's Church, Shrewsbury, of which parish Mrs. Wightman's husband was the honoured vicar for so many years. It will be remembered that it was in this parish that Mrs. Wightman carried on her great Temperance work, the story of which is so graphically told in her popular books, "Haste to the Rescue" and "Arrest the Destroyer's March." Upon her deathbed Mrs. Wightman expressed the wish that any memorial to her life's work should take the form of the restoration of the parish church, and this desire has now been happily carried out.

GOOD NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

The earlier closing of public-houses in Glasgow on Saturday nights is being watched with the keenest interest. Already it has been made abundantly clear that the experiment is reducing considerably the amount of drunkenness. Here is a practical reform ready to hand for any other city to adopt. The motto "Let Glasgow Flourish" will carry a fresh meaning presently for all who have "eyes to see and ears to hear."

WATCHING THE NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

It is early days yet to say what course of action the Temperance forces should take with regard to the most recent liquor legislation; but it is not too early to express the hope that our Temperance leaders will keep a watchful look-out on the practical working of the Act. Defects in the administration, weak spots in the particular bearings of the provisions of the Bill on special localities; and, above all, the extent to which the new enactment will effect a reduction in the number of licensed houses—these are among the points which should be carefully noted. The collection of solid facts, rather than the expression of individual opinion, seems to be the course best calculated to advance the Temperance cause.

THE WINTER'S WORK.

Nearly every temperance worker has a pet plan for showing how things ought to be done, and, if the truth be told, I have mine. Let us return to first principles. Let us remember that our business is to make men and women and children abstainers. At every meeting,



(Photo: A. Foster, Hertford.)

MR. A. H. ROGERS, HON. SEC. NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CHORAL UNION.

large and small, "recruiting we must go." There are many drones in the Temperance hive; they must be "hustled out," or, better still, transformed into workers. There are many ornamental members in every society; they must be cajoled or persuaded into becoming fighters in the ranks. Little petty personal differences of opinion must be relegated to the background, and we must all begin again afresh to do our very best for the furtherance of the best of all good causes. "This one thing I do," should be the definite resolution of every Temperance worker.

A NEW TEST FOR SOBRIETY.

Walking a chalk line, or saying "Truly rural" are familiar tests of whether a man is drunk or not. Quite recently a man appeared in the Thames Police Court charged with drunkenness, and wound up a long speech by saying there was no one to "krober—krobs—krobberate" the policeman's evidence. Mr. Cluer, the stipendiary magistrate, quietly observed that he should recommend the police to use the new word as a test of sobriety. Unfortunately, the author of the word was ignominiously fined 5s. and costs.

THE STORMY-FOOL.

A Canadian Story for the Youngsters by Howard Angus Kennedy.



A SMALL boy raced down from the white folk's house, roaring and screeching "like a runaway engine-lion," dashed into the middle of the Indian snowshoe-makers on the river bank, and began a furious war-dance for their admiration. A few of them stopped work for a moment to look on, without a smile, but most of them only glanced under their eyelids at the little stamping feet, and Chief Ossawippi wouldn't even do that. The coolness of his audience froze up Rennie's excitement; a war-dance without anyone caring seemed silly, and he stopped short, nearly crying.

"G-g-guess what I am," said he to Ossawippi.

"A little white boy making a big black dust," said the chief.

"Wrong," said Rennie; "I'm the Thunderer."

"The Thunderer never made a fuss like that," said Ossawippi. "He rode on the clouds and made the thunder; but it was Puck-puck that made the storm and did the mischief."

"I never heard of him," said Rennie. "Tell me all about him."

"That would take too long," said the chief, "because he was making mischief for thousands and thousands of years before he was stopped."

"Then tell me how he got stopped," said Rennie.

So Ossawippi, going steadily on with his work all the time, told this story :—

He was a dreadfully mischievous fellow, Puck-puck was. He couldn't keep his hands off anything. Some people called him the Stormy-fool, because he made such a mess and noise, and was so silly about it; but his real name was Puck-puck, or something like that. He used to steal round after the Thunderer, hiding behind the clouds, and when the Thunderer thundered, Puck-puck used to start shrieking and dancing up and down and round and round, kicking up the dust like a little white boy, and blowing the birds' feathers inside out, and upsetting their nests, and making the trees so giddy that they tumbled down and couldn't get up again.

"You'll come to a bad end if you go on with your mischief," said his mother one day. His mother's name was Mrs. Whirlwind.

"Pff, pff!" said Puck-puck, pouting out his lips. "What do you go on with your own mischief for?"

"Because I can't help myself," said his mother. "I was made that way, and I can't stop. I wish I could."

"And I was made that way, and I can't stop, and I *don't* wish I could," said Puck-puck, "because it's good fun tearing things up and teasing people." And off he whisked out of his mother's cave in the mountain, to tease the mountain-chickens.

Now the mountain-chickens were the Thunderer's great pets, and he loved to stroke their feathers and scratch them on the head and make them sing their purring song on his shoulder when he came home tired. Puck-puck began by dropping stones down the little mountain-chickens' throats, when they opened their mouths and shut their eyes, thinking he was going to feed them; and then, while they were spitter-sputtering to get the nasty stones out again, he turned the nest upside down, and the poor little mountain-chickens tumbled down to the ground. Then the mother of the mountain-chickens heard them crying, and came flitter-fluttering through the trees to find out what the matter was.

"It's Puck-puck," said all the little mountain-chickens at once, coughing and sputtering on the ground. "He put nasty stones into our mouths, and then he tumbled us out like this, and hurt us so much we can't get up again."

"Never mind, my dears," said their mother, picking them up and dusting them, and putting them carefully back into the nest. "I'll go and tell the Thunderer."

So away she flew, over the river and over the meadow and over the foothills; and then she rose higher and flew over the birch-wood; and higher still, and flew over the pine-woods that grow where the hills end and the mountains begin; and when she had rested a minute on

the top of the tallest pine-tree, she flew straight up into the sky ever and ever so far.

"It's about time I could see the top of the mountain," she said to herself. And so it was, only the Stormy-fool had pushed a big heaping cloud on to the top of the mountain, so that it was all covered up. The mother of the mountain-chickens didn't like getting wet, but she was very brave. "Never mind," she said to herself; "I'll fly right through the cloud. I think I can fly straight, even if I can't see my own nose in front of me." And straight at the cloud she flew.

When the cloud saw her coming so bravely, it was afraid of that sharp beak of hers and began to get up and move off.

"Sit still, you stupid thing!" shrieked the Stormy-fool. "Closer! Closer! Sit down heavy and thick, and smother her!"

The cloud didn't quite know what to do. It was more afraid of Puck-puck tearing it to rags than it was of the mountain-chicken's beak; but it knew that the Thunderer was watching from the other side of the mountain. So while it pretended to stop, it really went on, rising very, very slowly, till there was just a few inches of blue sky showing between it and the mountain-top. The mountain-chicken darted in and squeezed her way underneath, and though she scratched her feet on the sharp rocks and got her back feathers very wet with the edge of the cloud, she got through all right, and flew down the other side of the mountain to where the Thunderer was lying asleep in the bottom of his beautiful valley.

"Hush! hush! hush!" sang the mountain-chickens perched on the Thunderer's shoulder. "Don't wake him up. He's just come home, and he's very tired."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother-bird, "but that rascally Puck-puck has been tormenting my little ones, and if he isn't caught quickly he'll kill them."

"Oh!" said the perching mountain-chickens, "if it's to save the little ones, I daresay he won't mind."

"Of course he won't," said the Thunderer, getting up and shaking himself, and spilling all the mountain-chickens into the air. Then he put on his big white wings and flew up to the top of the mountain.

When the cloud saw him coming, it jumped up in such a hurry that it broke in two, and one piece rolled off one way and the other piece another way, and they both rolled so far that they never found each other again, and the sun melted them into nothing. And when the Stormy-fool saw the cloud roll away in such a hurry, he flew off in a terrible hurry himself and perched on the North Pole, and there he sat shivering and shuddering with fear till the North Pole waved about like a tree in the wind.

The Thunderer flew up and sat on the top of the mountain, and called out, very loudly and angrily: "Where's the rascal that's been teasing my mountain-chickens?"

All the birds heard the thunder roar, and stopped short in the middle of what they were singing; and all the beasts heard it, and crouched down as close to the ground as they could flatten themselves; and all the fishes heard it, and poked their noses up out of the water to see what the matter was. But Puck-puck didn't say a word, though he shivered and shuddered so hard that the North Pole cracked, just like the sapling your father put up on the school-house last Queen's Birthday.

"Come here!" shouted the Thunderer.

If he hadn't gone the North Pole would have shaken him off, for fear he would break it with his shivering and shuddering. But he went. Oh, yes, he went, for he didn't dare disobey, with such an order rattling in his ears. He went very slowly; and when the echo of the order had died away he stopped and looked round, as if he wanted to escape. But the Thunderer just said, "Come!" and Puck-puck went on in a hurry till he came to the hills looking down into the mountain-chickens' valley; and then he sat down on a rock and waited, shivering and shuddering all the time, because he was afraid he was going to be whipped. He loved tormenting other creatures, but he couldn't bear the least thing himself, he was such a coward.

"Don't you dare touch my mountain-chickens again," said the Thunderer, calling out across the valley.

"I w-w-won't," said the Stormy-fool between his chattering teeth.

So the Thunderer flew back into his own valley, and went to sleep again.

Puck-puck thought he was lucky to get off without having his ears boxed. I think if I'd been the Thunderer I'd have boxed his ears till his head came off; but the Thunderer was very tired, and wanted to get to sleep again as quickly as he could.

"So that's all," said Puck-puck, chuckling to himself. "Well, I suppose I've got to leave his mountain-chickens alone; but I'll be revenged. I'll be revenged!"

He got up and danced on the hillside till he



"He caught hold of one of the Stormy-fool's prickly wings."—*p.* 1202.

had trampled all the grass into the earth, and stripped all the leaves off the trees. Then he hopped across the valley, trampling down a thousand flowers at every hop, and hopped up the mountain at the other side, pushing and rolling a little cloud up in front of him. When he came near the top he crept into the middle of the cloud and rolled along inside it. It wasn't very comfortable for him, just like rolling along inside a barrel; and it was very uncomfortable for the cloud, just like the wolf that swallowed the crab, and made it so heavy that it got all its edges torn by scraping against the rocks. But they rolled on together till they got half-way down into the Thunderer's valley, and then they rolled into a hollow, and hid there till the Thunderer got up.

The Thunderer slept a long time—weeks and weeks—he was so very tired. Puck-puck got soaked through and dreadfully cold, but he didn't dare to come out. At last the Thunderer yawned and got up, and shook off the mountain-chickens, and they perched on the nearest trees they could find and went fast to sleep that minute, because of course they'd had to keep very wide awake and watching out all the time the Thunderer was taking his nap. Then the Thunderer put on his big white wings, and came flying up the mountain-side.

"Oh, dear!" said Puck-puck. "He's coming to find me."

But he wasn't. He was just going to feed his pet raven, Flying Night, who lived in a cave in the cliff.

The raven flew out of his cave, and perched on the Thunderer's shoulder, and rubbed his head against the great one's chin. "Take me with you," he croaked. "Take me with you. I'm afraid something's going to happen."

"No," said the Thunderer. "I'm not going to take you this time. You make the sky so *very* dark, and I'm not going to make big thunder to-day."

The raven whimpered a little, but he knew better than to say another word when the order had been given; so he hopped back into his cave, and went on with his dinner, while the Thunderer flew away to the south.

"Now's our chance," said Puck-puck to his cloud. "Roll down in front of the raven's cave and block it up."

So the cloud rolled down and stopped up the mouth of the cave. The raven thought it was getting very dark, but it wasn't till he had finished his dinner that he looked up and saw what had happened. He usually went to sleep again as soon as he had eaten his dinner, and he didn't really want to go out at all, but as soon as he saw he couldn't, he wanted to very much. He turned his head first to one side and then to the other, till he had nearly twisted it off; and he flew up to the top of the cave door and then down to the bottom; but the cloud blocked it all up, every bit.

"Now roll right in, and cover him up," said Puck-puck to the cloud, "and I'll catch him and wring his neck before he can bite so much as a pinch of skin."

"I daresay he won't bite you," said the cloud; "but every time he snaps his black jaws he'll be biting me, and it's bad enough having a Stormy-fool like you in my inside without having a snappy raven too."

"Get in, I tell you!" said Puck-puck, kicking with both legs at once.

The cloud squirmed, and pushed in as quickly as it could.

When the raven saw the cloud rolling in he gave a great frightened croak and dashed out through the middle of it. The Stormy-fool clutched at him as he passed, and caught hold of his tail, and all the tail feathers came out in his hand; but the rest of the raven flew croaking down into the valley to where the mountain-chickens were snoozing on the trees.

"Wake up!" croaked the raven. "Something dreadful's happened."

"What *is* the matter?" said one of the mountain-chickens when it had got one eye half-open.

"There's a nasty cloud in my cave," said the raven, "and he's pulled out my tail-feathers."

"I'm only dreaming," said the mountain-chicken to himself, "because clouds don't really do such things." And he went fast asleep again.

"Lazy things!" croaked the raven; only as he couldn't wake any of them up he went to sleep himself, sitting on a stump right in the middle of the mountain chickens, where he was pretty sure no robber cloud would dare to come.

In the evening the Thunderer came flying home from his travels, and perched on the mountain-top looking down into his valley.

"All fast asleep," said he to himself, "and Flying Night in the middle! What does that mean, I wonder?" So he plunged down into the air.

As soon as the mountain-chickens heard the flapping of the Thunderer's wings, they began

to flap their own wings, dreaming; and then they woke up and sang the welcome-song. The raven woke up too, and tried to sing it, but he was too hoarse. Besides, he was so miserable about losing his tail that he couldn't have done anything but croak.

The mountain-chickens hopped on to the Thunderer's broad shoulders and purred in his ears, just like a comfortable cat. The raven tried to fly up too, but he couldn't steer himself very well without his rudder, and he tumbled about in the air till the Thunderer put out a hand and caught him.

"Flying Night," said the Thunderer, "what have you done with your tail?"

"A dreadful catching cloud came into my cave," croaked the raven, "and when I flew through it to get out, it caught hold of my beautiful tail feathers and pulled them all out."

The Thunderer frowned terribly. "I know what that cloud was," he said. "Which way did it go?"

"I didn't see it go at all," said the raven. "I was in such a hurry to go myself, I didn't look behind me once."

The Thunderer didn't say a word, but he shook off the mountain-chickens, and told the raven to sit on his shoulder and hold tight, and flew up to the cave.

Now Puck-puck had come out of his cloud and stretched himself in the sun for a nap when the raven had flown away; but when he heard the Thunderer flying up over the trees, he awoke and jumped into the air like a lacrosse ball. The Thunderer reached out a hand and caught him by the hair; but Puck-puck jerked himself away, and left his hair in the Thunderer's hand, and jumped clean over the mountain.

The Thunderer was in no great hurry; he knew that wicked ones would always be caught some time or other. He looked round for Flying Night's tail, but the Stormy-fool had carried it off.

"Never mind," said the Thunderer, "we'll make him punish himself." So he rolled the Stormy-fool's hair in his hand, and turned it into the largest and strongest black feathers you ever saw; and he stuck some of them into the raven's poor stump of a tail, so that it was ever so much finer than before; and he stuck the rest into the raven's wings, so that they were bigger and stronger than an eagle's. Then he flew away over the mountains, and the raven flew along under his feet.

They flew all night, and they flew all day, and all the next night too, till they'd left the mountains all behind, and saw the great flat plain stretching away below them, and there was Puck-puck scudding away in front as fast as his mischief could carry him. The Thunderer flew faster and faster, and stretched out a hand and caught hold of one of the Stormy-fool's prickly wings; but Puck-puck jerked himself away, and left his wing in the Thunderer's hand, and dropped like a stone to the plain, and kicked up such a dust that the Thunderer had to stop and wink the dust out of his eyes; and when the dust was gone, Puck-puck was gone too.

"I see him," said the raven. "He's gone back to the mountains."

So the Thunderer flew back to the mountains too, and the raven flew under his feet.

When Puck-puck saw them coming after him again, he knew it was no use trying to escape, but he tried all the same. He couldn't fly with only one wing, but he could run like a thousand rabbits; and he ran till he came to the first maple tree on the foothills, and climbed up the tree, stripping off the bark with his horrid sharp fingers as he went, and hid among the leaves, shivering and shuddering. But the raven saw him and told his master.

The Thunderer flew straight at the top of the tree; but when he saw the poor tree bleeding sap from all its wounds, he stopped and turned the Stormy-fool's wing into strips of bark, and mended the tree with them. Before he had finished, Puck-puck had jumped out of the tree and hopped away up on to the rocky mountain-top; and there he stamped and stormed, and stormed and stamped, and broke the rocks into splinters at every step, and sent them rattling down on the trees below.

When the Thunderer flew up to catch the Stormy-fool, the poor broken mountain cried out as he passed, "Stop and mend me, Thunderer! You mended the tree down there. Stop and mend me too!"

"Yes," said the Thunderer, "I'll mend you too." But he didn't stop. He flew faster and faster, and stretched out his great hand and caught Puck-puck in it, as I would catch a fly, and gave him one squeeze, and there was nothing left of Puck-puck but his bones. Then the Thunderer turned the bones into monstrous rocks and mended the mountain-top with them, so that it was ever so much finer and rockier and higher than before; and that mountain's been called Puck-puck's Tombstone ever since.

So you see what happens to people that storm and stamp, little Pinkface!

XUM

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

OCTOBER 16TH.—Elisha and the Shunamite.

Passage for reading—*2 Kings iv.* 35—37.

POINTS. 1. A sorrowing mother.
2. A praying prophet.
3. A restored child.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Sorrow and Joy.** "There came to us last night at sundown a poor pilgrim, named Sorrow, who for the first hours of night sighed and wept so sorely that it seemed as if she were breathing her life away. For the last two hours she seems to have fallen asleep, for there is silence in her chamber, and it would be cruel to awake her." "Sorrow? Ah! I know her well. My name is Joy. Sorrow and Joy have had the world between them ever since it was made; but now, look in your room. You will find it empty. I met Sorrow an hour ago on the other side of the hill. She told me that she had slipped silently away, and that I should be just in time to smile 'Good morning' to you from my bright face while she went on her way towards the dark valley of Death. Sorrow will not come here again to-night, for I shall stay. Sorrow goes west towards the darkness, and I go east towards the light. We often meet and then part. But I have heard it in the land of light from which I come, and Sorrow knows it too, that there is a good time coming when even she will not know how to weep, 'For the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.' This weary world 'shall obtain joy and gladness' at last, and 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'"

Power of Prayer. Just as a shoemaker makes a shoe, and a tailor a coat, so also ought the Christian to pray. The Christian's trade is praying, and the prayer of the Church works great miracles. In our days, wrote Luther the reformer, it has raised from the dead three persons, viz. myself, having been frequently sick unto death; my wife Catherine, who was lately most dangerously ill, and Melanchthon, who was at the point of death. And though their rescue from death be but trifling miracles, yet they are signs to those who will see that God does work wonders in answer to His people's prayers.

Prayer Answered. Philip Henry, after praying earnestly for two of his children who were dangerously ill, remarked, "If the Lord will be graciously pleased to grant me this request concerning my children, I will not say, as the beggars do at our door, 'I will never ask for anything again,' but, on the contrary, He shall hear oftener from me for ever, and I will love God better and pray more earnestly than ever as long as I live."

OCTOBER 23RD.—Elisha and Naaman.

Passage for reading—*2 Kings v.* 1—14.

POINTS. 1. A great man—but, a leper.
2. A slave girl's good advice.
3. A cure in answer to humility.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Instability of Greatness.** Cæsar was cruelly assassinated in the height of his power and glory. Casimir, the wealthy King of Poland, died in the act of raising a jewelled cup to his lips. Charles XII. of Sweden descended from the position of a conqueror to that of a forlorn exile among the infidels. Charles I. laid his royal robes aside to die as a malefactor at Whitehall. Napoleon on one day was the "arbiter of the destinies of Europe," and the next was defeated and dethroned. So passes the glory of the world. Naaman's greatness and glory could not keep away the leprosy.

Good Effects of Advice. In Mr. Gladstone's household there was an elderly widow who had a son inclined to go wrong. His mother remonstrated, but in vain. At last she caught at the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand, he might perhaps be saved. In trembling and anxious tones she made her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once, and though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, he had the lad sent to his study, and with his usual genuine simplicity spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and then knelt down and prayed God to help him in the work of reformation and redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad was saved.

Humility the Road to Exaltation. Our humiliations work out our most elevated joys. The way that a drop of rain comes to sing in the leaf that rustles in the top of a tree all the summer

long, is by going down to the roots first and then ascending to the boughs.

OCTOBER 30TH.—**Elisha at Dothan.**

Passage for reading—*2 Kings vi.* 8—23.

POINTS. 1. Elisha's danger from enemies.
2. His deliverance by angels.
3. His generous treatment of foes.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Boldness in Danger.** The Prince of Condé being taken prisoner by Charles IX., King of France, and put to his choice, whether he would go to Mass, or be put to death, or suffer perpetual imprisonment, his noble answer was that by God's help he would never do the first, and for either of the latter he left it to the King's pleasure and God's providence.

Angel Guards. Our protection is in other hands than our own. In the way of duty we are as safe as in heaven. Not only in great dangers, but in little ones we are secure if we are in the right way, for we are kept from stumbling stones as well as from fiery darts. Our guards are such as no enemy can resist, for they are strong; such as no evil can escape, for they are swift; such as no weariness can tire, for they are never weary. We have a body-guard of Immortals, each one of them invincible, unflagging, loyal, loving, and full of fire. Each angel may truly say, "A charge to keep I have." And keep it he will till the Lord of Angels Himself shall receive our spirit.

Love of Enemies. The venerable Dr. Duff once read the Sermon on the Mount to a number of Hindoo youths, and when he came to the passage, "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you," so deep and intense was the impression produced on one of them that he exclaimed in ecstasy, "Oh! how beautiful, how divine! This is the truth, this is the truth!"

NOVEMBER 6TH.—**Joash, the Boy King.**

Passage for reading—*2 Kings xi.* 1—16.

POINTS. 1. The royal infant protected.
2. The youthful heir crowned.
3. The queen-mother put to death.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **God's Protection.** When Felix of Nola was hotly pursued by murderers he took refuge in a cave, and instantly over the rift of it the spiders wove their webs; and seeing this, the murderers passed by. Then said the saint, "Where God is not, a wall is but a spider's web; where God is, a spider's web is as a wall." (*Dean Farrar.*)

Providence an Inheritance. Richard Boyle, generally called "The great Earl of Cork," is said to have outlived most of those who had known the meanness of his beginning; but he delighted to remember it himself, and even took pains to preserve the memory of it to posterity in the motto which he caused to be placed on his tomb, viz., "God's Providence is my inheritance." A noble motto truly!

A Just Retribution. A bishop said to Louis XI. of France, "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was accordingly made, this awful instrument of punishment. After a while the same bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was imprisoned in that same cage, and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." (*Talmage.*)

NOVEMBER 13TH.—**Joash Repairs the Temple.**

Passage for reading—*2 Kings xii.* 4—15.

POINTS. 1. Liberal offerings.
2. The Temple repaired.
3. Work faithfully done.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Child's Offering.** A little girl, seven years old, died in Philadelphia. When the doctor told her she could not live, she asked her mother to send for the pastor of the church, and when he came she gave him her little savings-bank box. "Open it," she said. There were four dollars and a few cents (about seventeen shillings). "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for poor people—poor people, mind, who now sit in the back seats of our church. They must not pay anything. I want all the seats to be free." The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said solemnly, "it shall be done, with God's help." When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the money it contained on the pulpit and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering. Children came, women came, and the poor with their pence. It was not long before the completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God Who willed that the poor little child's offering, like the widow's mite, should not fail of its reward.

A Powerful Argument. A church in the West Indies was being restored. The minister called on all the people to give what they could for the repairs of their own church. A working negro came forward amongst others, and putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out some silver, which, when counted, was found to amount to £2 10s. When asked if he could spare so much he said, "God's work must be done, and I may soon be dead."

Faithful Performance of Common Duties. Philip Henry one day, calling upon a tanner, found him so busy tanning a hide that he was not aware of his approach until he tapped him on the back. The man, starting in confusion, exclaimed, "Sir, I am ashamed for you to find me thus." "Nay," replied Philip Henry, "may the Lord Jesus, when He comes, find me discharging, with the same faithfulness and zeal, the duties of my calling."

Short Arrows

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

OUR COMING SERIALS.

WITH the number for November THE QUIVER breaks fresh ground, and the Editor thinks that a brief sketch of the contents of that number will show that the high position of THE QUIVER as a magazine for the Christian home and for every member of the home circle, is being well maintained. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction by Rembrandt photogravure of the fine painting by Mr. Arthur J. Black, entitled "Volunteers,"—representing that constant heroism and self-sacrifice which are characteristic of our lifeboat men. The opening chapters of two powerful new serial stories will be found in this number, the first being "The Sword of Gideon," an engrossing tale of the days of Marlborough's wars—that critical period for British Protestantism—from the pen of Mr. J. Bloundelle-Burton, the author of "The Scourge of God" and many other thrilling historical stories. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is new to the pages of THE QUIVER, but his reputation stands high for the production of stirring narratives of sustained interest and lofty motive, and in this new story the Editor ventures to think the distinguished author will be seen at his best. Our second serial story in the November number is "The Sea Between," by Miss Amy Le Feuvre, author of "Probable Sons" and other stories which are well known to our readers, who already know their author as a contributor to our pages, although she has not hitherto given us so long or important a story as this new tale of love and devotion.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

MR. J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

(Author of our new serial "The Sword of Gideon.")

Other Features.

IN addition to the opening instalments of the two new serial stories, the November number will contain four shorter complete stories of varied interest, by Ethel Heddle, J. K. Leys, and other popular writers. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") and Dr. Chadwick, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, contribute devotional papers, and a number of the leading authorities in the foreign missionary world (Bishop Montgomery, the



(Photo: Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.)

MISS AMY LE FEUVRE.

(Author of our new serial "The Sea Between.")

Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, Mr. Eugene Stock, Mr. A. H. Baynes, and others) join in setting forth "The Missionary Outlook for 1905." Illustrated articles are devoted to the following, among other subjects: "Hospital Housekeeping," which lets the reader into the inner working of these great households of relief and comfort; "Nonconformist Public Schools," a subject of special interest in these days, when the great question of education is absorbing so much serious attention; "The Oldest Inhabited City in the World," which our readers will see is associated with more than one important event recorded in the Bible; and the practical topics of "Action Songs" and "Winter Gifts for the Poor," this last paper being illustrated by suggestions of methods of working various stitches useful to ladies in this charitable labour of love. THE QUIVER Mission Boats Fund appeals to young and older readers alike, and for the musical will be found a new hymn tune, for Sunday School teachers a helpful set of anecdotes illustrating the International Lessons, and for all the "Temperance Notes" and the "Short Arrows." In conclusion, the Editor earnestly hopes that these efforts to continue the recognised mission of THE QUIVER as an attractive and effective agency for the spread of genuine religious thought and enterprise throughout the English-speaking world will receive the wonted support of his innumerable friends at home and abroad, who for many years have thus co-operated with him as fellow-missionaries in this important field of Christian work, not only by reading the magazine themselves, but by warmly commending its perusal to others. The new features of the next issue will afford an excellent opportunity for promoting a still further expansion of these efforts.

"Members One of Another."

ON the day before the victory of Solferino, on June 24th, 1859, the vast army which conquered was marching wearily and despondently through a country densely shrouded by shrubs and small trees. Each soldier could only see a small company of his fellows on either hand, and a depression of loneliness fell upon the host. But at length they reached a wide and open plain, and their wise commander marshalled them in such a way that the whole army stood together, and the setting sun flashed upon long miles of the glittering panoply of war. The men grew exhilarated and enthusiastic, and the new spirit put victory within their reach. It seems a pity that insignificant trees and shrubs of misunderstanding should hinder the mutual recognition of many earnest Christians while spiritual Solferinos are waiting to be won.

Jehovah-jireh.

ROMANCES might be written concerning the many mottoes and sentiments inscribed by means of diamonds upon window panes. But we do not know a more effective incident in this connection than a fact related about the late George Müller, founder of the famous orphan homes at Bristol. This man of faith was going through one of his many experiences of pressing need. Funds were unusually scanty, and he did not know whence to provide food for his hungry and numerous family, and to carry on the work of his institutions. At this crisis a lady was suddenly moved to send him, with other articles of jewellery, a superb ring set with diamonds, which she desired should be disposed of for the benefit of the homes. The proceeds were found sufficient to procure food for the many mouths for a whole week, and to pay the salaries of the helpers. But before selling the diamond ring Mr. Müller inscribed with it upon the window of his private sitting-room this special Old Testament title of the Almighty, "Jehovah-jireh," "The Lord will provide."

"The Quiver" Heroes' Fund.

THE Editor will be glad to hear of well-authenticated instances of personal bravery in the saving of human life at the imminent risk of the rescuer. Properly substantiated cases will be carefully considered with a view to their recognition by the award of a bronze or silver medal of THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund.

The London Spectacle Mission.

OF all the trials that an industrious bread-winner is called upon to endure none is greater than the loss of power to work. It may mean the break-up of home and starvation to those dearer than life. It is eighteen years since the late Dr. Waring, C.I.E., discovered that a multitude of tailors, printers, seamstresses, and persons of the same class were falling out of the ranks of independent, self-respecting toilers simply on account of failing sight, and that their great burden of trouble could be lifted by the gift of a pair of glasses. The numbers were beyond the compass of one solitary individual, so he devised a scheme to supply those whose lot made it impossible or painfully difficult to pay for them. After Dr. Waring's death, his friends and those who remembered his services for humanity in India enlarged the London Spectacle Mission as a memorial in his honour; and his daughter, Miss C. Waring, undertook this work, and has been ever since hon. secretary. As a result of the charity becoming known, and of careful organisation, it has increased to such an extent that four centres have been opened. Subscribers recommend the cases. A subscriber of 5s. receives four cards for distribution, one of 10s. ten cards, and so on. The primary object is to supply spectacles to needy persons over the age of twenty-five. The sight of applicants is tested by experts; those suffering from affection beyond the help of

glasses are recommended to a hospital, and may obtain special spectacles through the mission if ordered by the ophthalmic surgeon. During the last eleven years 12,305 applicants have been helped in London alone, and coloured and other glasses have been sent to sufferers in the leper settlements in India, South America, and Demerara. Old clerks have been enabled to keep their situations, and



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

COMPANIONS IN AFFLICTION.
(A photograph at the British Home for Incurables.)

widows supporting themselves and families by needlework have been relieved from anxiety by this society. It earns the name of mission by the effort to care for the souls as well as the bodies of applicants; each one of them is supplied with something good to read. We are sorry to learn that, for the first time in its existence the society is unable to meet the increasing demands upon its resources.

What Love Can Do.

It is a fact hard to realise that the last century was half over before England possessed an institution for persons hopelessly incapacitated by infirmity, and without the means to obtain necessities of life, still less comforts that make illness endurable. One of the oldest institutions of this kind is the British Home and Hospital for Incurables. It was founded in 1861 by a few good and generous men, who gave pensions of £18 per annum and skilled medical attendance to five out-patients. This small beginning rapidly developed, and they took premises in Clapham Road for in-patients. The auspicious year when the Princess Alexandra of Denmark became the Princess of Wales opened a happy era for this home; she consented to become Patroness, and has supported it ever since with constant interest and liberal gifts. In 1863 the directors took possession of the house at Clapham Rise formerly occupied by the British Orphan Asylum, and adapted and furnished one half for in-patients. All sorts and conditions of men fostered and encouraged its healthy growth until it became of age; then, on its twenty-first birthday, our King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, received special gifts on its behalf. In 1895 the lease of the old premises having run out, a new Home was built on Crown Hill, Streatham Common, to accommodate 300 patients. Care was taken to carry out the kind and characteristic wish of the royal patroness that everything should be made as homelike as possible. The windows are so low that even the bedridden can see something of the outer world.

All candidates must be at least thirty-five years of age, and must belong to the respectable middle class. Neither imbeciles nor persons unfit to share the room with other patients are admitted. Sufferers from cancer and epilepsy are, however, eligible for pensions. The oldest inmate, who has been for thirty years in the Home, is an exquisite needlewoman. All the women who can use their hands at all do some kind of knitting or fancy work, which is sold once or twice a year, and brings them in a little pocket-money. Here, in cheerful rooms, sweet with flowers—the gifts of thoughtful friends—or in a terraced garden, suffering toilers rest from the hopeless struggle to maintain themselves. A cheery old sea captain tells his tales of adventure, sympathy in misfortune draws the white heads of two paralytics together, and many others by their lives preach patient thankfulness. The late head-mistress of a large school, who before her affliction earned £200 a year, is amongst the younger patients. Her cheerful face is a proof that utter helplessness is not sufficient to destroy happiness. She can be lifted from her bed to a couch, which may be raised so as to vary her position, and the long hours are beguiled by books on a reading-stand. Love to the wounded or half-dead neighbour, if it cannot heal, may at least relieve the suffering body and lift the burden that weighs down the spirit.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from July 29th, 1904, up to and including August 30th, 1904. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* Mrs. L., 5s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* A Mite, 1s.; Anon., 5s.; N. L. E., £2; Mrs. Gooddy, 10s.; A Constant Reader of "THE QUIVER," Brighton, 5s.; M. L. Penrith, 10s.; M. Smith, 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," 2s., £1 15s., 4s., £1, 3s. 6d., £3 12s. 6d.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; Omneswood, £1; "God's Tenth," Rotherham, 15s.; A "QUIVER" Reader (Bermondsey), 10s.; Thankoffering (sent direct), 5s.; "Alpha" (sent direct), £1.

For *The Work of the All Nations' Missionary Union Among the Lepers:* A. G. (sent direct), 5s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East:* M. L. Penrith, 10s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

133. What sad event happened to the woman at Shunem who had provided a lodging for Elisha?

134. What caused Naaman the Syrian to pay a visit to Samaria?

135. What act of humility was required of Naaman before he could be cured of his leprosy?

136. What lesson do we learn from the little Hebrew slave in Syria?

137. What happened to the soldiers whom the King of Syria sent to take the prophet Elisha at Dothan?

138. By whom were they entertained?

139. How did God deliver Samaria from the army of Syria?

140. What terrible event happened in the kingdom of Judah at the death of King Ahaziah?

141. What young child was happily saved?

142. How did the people express their gladness at the coronation of King Joash?

143. What was the first public work of King Joash?

144. In what manner were funds collected for the restoration of the Temple?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1120.

121. Amos is supposed to have been a native of Gilgal, in the time of Jeroboam II., by occupation a herdman, whom God called to prophesy against Israel, for which he was driven from his home and took refuge at Tekoa, a village about twelve miles from Jerusalem, where he wrote his prophecy. (Amos vii. 14, 15, and i. 1.)

122. Bethel, Gilgal, and Beersheba. (Amos v. 5.)

123. Persecution of God's servants. Taking bribes for the perversion of justice, and oppression of the poor. (Amos v. 12.)

124. Amos speaks of "the seven stars and Orion" as part of God's work in creation. (Amos v. 8; Job ix. 9.)

125. Psalm ciii. 13; St. Matt. vii. 9–11.

126. By forgiveness of sin, by preservation of life and health, and by a continued supply of temporal and spiritual blessings. (Psalm ciii. 3–5.)

127. There was an ancient idea that the eagle was able in some way to renew its vitality from time to time, so that it lived to a very old age. By this the Psalmist foretells that God's goodness would revive again the glory and greatness of Israel. (Psalm ciii. 5.)

128. The healing of the watersprings at Jericho, the water of which was of no use for fertilising the soil. (2 Kings ii. 19–22.)

129. A victory of the Kings of Judah and Israel over the Moabites, when God in a miraculous way flooded the country with water. (2 Kings iii. 14–24.)

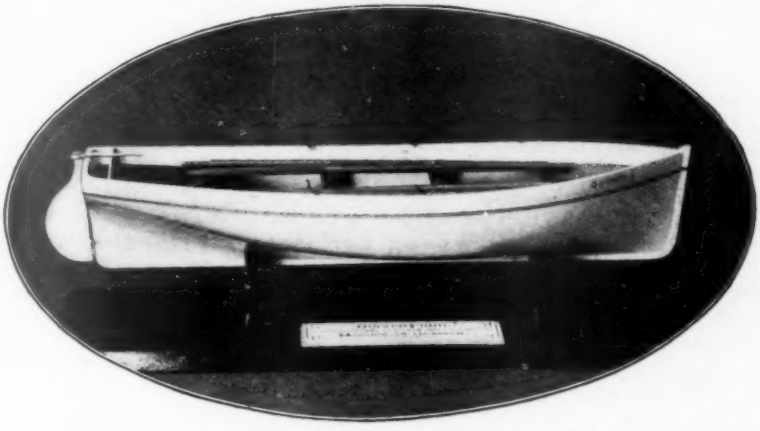
130. The children of one of the sons of the prophets at Jericho. (2 Kings iv. 1.)

131. 2 Kings iv. 1–7.

132. A very rich and pious woman prepared a little room on the wall of the town so that Elisha might rest there when passing that way. (2 Kings iv. 8–10.)

XUM

"THE QUIVER" MISSION BOAT FUND.



A MODEL OF ONE OF "THE QUIVER" MISSION BOATS.

(One of three offered as prizes to the collectors of the three largest amounts in the Children's Section.)

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Aunt Grace.

THE object of the Children's Section of "The Quiver" Mission Boats is to provide ten row-boats at a cost of £25 each. These boats are to assist the larger Mission Boats founded by the "grown-up" readers of THE QUIVER, for very often a small boat can make its way through the masses of shipping in port, and bring the seamen books and cheering words, when larger boats cannot penetrate. So far two boats have been given—one by the proprietors of THE QUIVER—this is called "*Quiver No. 1*"—and another by a lady in memory of her little daughter; this is called the "*Mildred.*" We are now working for the third row-boat.

MY DEAR READERS,—

By the time these lines reach you most of you will have returned from your holidays, and school and lesson books will be the order of the day. All the long winter months lie before you—all those nice, long, cosy evenings with drawn curtains, bright lamplight, and glowing fire, which make up in some degree for the outdoor joys of summer and which give you more time to think of and work for others than those hours of open-air life. I hope, therefore, that you will employ some of your time in working for our next "Row-Boat." Next month I shall give you some suggestions; meanwhile I daresay many of you can find some ways of helping for yourselves. And remember that I shall be delighted to hear from any of you and to receive any suggestions from you. Do not be shy of writing to me. I daresay it seems rather strange at first to write to someone you have never seen, but when you see your names in my little corner, "Answers to Correspondents," which I shall set aside for you every month, you will not feel we are strangers any more. And, moreover, do not be afraid of sending in small sums. Every penny, every sixpence is welcome. So I look forward to a budget of letters and collecting cards in time!

As I write these lines I have the sound of the sea in my ears, and when I lift my eyes I can see the long grey lines of waves rolling towards the shore. It is a wild and stormy day, and the sea, which yesterday looked as blue and sunny and calm as a lake, is forbidding enough now.

The contrast, too, between yesterday and to-day sets me thinking again of the varying sides of a sailor's life. How many scores of boys after a fortnight by the sea, when all looks plain sailing, sunshine and dancing waves and a clear sky, declare: "A sailor's life for me!" They have no idea of the hardships and trials which await the men of the Merchant Service. I read a story the other day which pointed this out in a very amusing chapter. The book was written by an American, Mr. Joseph Lincoln, and was called "Cap'n

Eri." Captain Eri lived with two other friends, Captain Jerry and Captain Perez, and all three gained their livelihood by fishing, and were lifeboatmen, too. You could not meet if you travelled the world round three honester, quainter "old salts" than these. Now Captain Perez had a nephew whom his sister had confided to his care. Josiah—that was his name—was what is popularly known as a "handful." In fact, he was more than a naughty boy, he bade fair to become a disgrace to his relatives, for he began to take pleasure in bad company. Poor Captain Perez was very distressed, and he consulted his friend Captain Eri. What was to be done? Well, Captain Eri pondered: "Josiah wanted to go into the Navy, didn't he?" Yes. Well, then he would take him on his first trip, just to get him accustomed to the sea and lick him into shape. Captain Perez was pleased but rather doubtful. Captain Eri would not be too hard on Josiah? He had promised his sister that the boy should not be severely treated. Captain Eri reassured his friend, and Josiah himself was



(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

GIFTS FOR THE CREW.

questioned. Oh, yes, he was willing to go. Josiah thought not a little of himself, and considered that "Cap'n Eri" was lucky to get hold of so fine a fellow.

When they embarked, Josiah was as perky as could be—quite patronising, in fact—till he received some orders from the Captain which didn't please him. Likewise the rolling of the boat, the raw coldness of early morning, the smell of fish, began to tell on him; and last, but not least, a pipe, which he was attempting to smoke. He became mutinous; the Captain firmly "stuck to his guns." Josiah had to obey, protesting, furious, till the Captain was merciful and allowed him to go below, overcome by sea-sickness. Alas! for the "able seaman"! The way Mr. Lincoln describes Josiah's sufferings and feelings, and how, after many tussles, the boy becomes quite obedient and full of admiration for the Captain, would delight you. Josiah begins to feel he is nothing more than an ignorant boy when he sees the Captain guide the little boat through mountainous seas, which make the "able seaman" tremble. In the end it is a very different Josiah who returns to his uncle Perez—a Josiah determined to make the best of his life and to become a very "able seaman."

These experiences of Josiah's are not unique. Strict obedience in fair weather or foul, rough food, a rough life, are the rule, especially for the lads of the Merchant Service. Small wonder, then, that they appreciate to the utmost any kindly words, any messages or gifts that fall to their share. It is in your hands to send these to many a sailor man and lad—to cheer the good, to encourage the less deserving. Could there be a finer work?

I long to hear that you are ready to help the "Cap'n Eris" and the "Josiahs," and that I may rely on a band of willing workers.

The illustration this month represents one of the three models of one of THE QUIVER Mission Boats which will be presented to the three contributors who send the largest sums towards a boat.

Adieu now till next month,

Ever your affectionate

AUNT GRACE.

Collecting cards will be found attached to the magazine. Please send these with all communications to

AUNT GRACE,
c.o. The Editor of THE QUIVER,
La Belle Sauvage,
Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

EVANGEL'S ADVENTURE.

EVANGEL was lost. She was not a London child to be taken in charge by a friendly policeman, but a boat bearing a suggestive name, and for the present borne herself by a relentless tide far from shore and anchorage. Whither, it was hard for her solitary oarsman to say, for a sea fog enveloped the landscape and the November day was drawing in. This much he knew—the estuary of the Medway with its winding reaches, strong eddying currents, treacherous mud-banks and risks of colliding crafts surrounded him. The house-boat which he had left must be six miles behind, and Baxter's Oyster Fishery, Cole Mouth Creek, where he had promised to hold an evening service, about four miles in advance. No sound of barges or steamers broke the silence, and he had no compass to direct him. To pull, though it might be—and probably was—in a circle, was necessary for life, if only for warmth. One thing at least was clear in the gathering darkness—the chance of a service at Cole Mouth Creek on this Monday night was becoming more and more remote. Visions of supper and a night's lodging gradually gave place to contemplation of a vigil in an open dinghy. But suddenly gloomy forebodings and even the thick vaporous shades seemed to divide with the shout of a friendly voice.

"Boat ahoy! Are you lost?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. I feared the fog would catch somebody. Pull slow in towards me."

Truly, as H.R.H. the Admiral of the Fleet declares, the brotherhood of the sea is independent of tongue, nationality, or any bars that divide the landsman's social life. The Missions to Seamen chaplain obeyed orders with confidence. Presently the same voice inquired:

"Can you feel the bottom?"

Yes, the welcome river mud was within the depth of the oar.

"Well, you have a quarter of a mile to go. Keep your starboard oar touching, and pull slow after me. I will make as much noise as I can."

Could that long pull with ears strained to catch the direction of the sounds in front be only a quarter of a mile? It was over at last as the voice of command called:

"Now pull straight in."

The boat touched, and the atmosphere was clear enough to discern a gigantic figure with a gun on his shoulder standing on a sea wall. This sturdy friend in need helped to secure the boat and then conducted its occupant to a mussel fishers' colony.



(By permission of the Missions to Seamen.)

A DECK SERVICE.

The Rev. Jacob Thompson introduced himself. For years he had had charge of a Mission on the Medway extending from Maidstone to the Nore. He had gone beyond the limits at both ends of his thirty-mile parish, once a year having a service at Tonbridge, and as opportunity offered navigating the estuary of the river where it loses itself in the capacious mouth of the Thames. Yet until this moment the very existence of this mussel fishers' colony had been unknown to him. The colonists made him very welcome. Supper was spread, and they brought out the very best they could afford. Their visitor soon learnt the affairs of their little world which revolved on its own limited orbit. Was their soul's desire for united worship of God starved to death? By no means; they were ready there and then to appropriate the religious service which had been intended for their brethren in the more distinguished oyster fishery. The fervour with which they took part in it was at least equal to their hospitality, and there was little

doubt that the gratitude they expressed was sincere.

The moon rose; the fog lightened slightly, and the chaplain said good-bye. It was now eight o'clock; Stoke Creek lay a mile further on; once through that opening, there would be no other until he reached Cole Mouth, so if he only kept the port oar touching, he thought he could not miss the way. Well, if duty bade him go on, the headman would at least put him in the way to Stoke Creek. Soon after this the allied forces of a veiled enemy and a powerful current proved again too much for *Evangel*. She was lost for the second time. So was a barge with which she came in contact about midnight. The barge man made his fellow-wanderer very welcome, and found a place for him by the fire, where he lay until the morning. It was day, though as dense as ever, when once more *Evangel* started to explore. A pull of two hours led to nowhere; but at last she discovered Cole Mouth Creek and from there groped her way back to the house-boat. The fog cleared by mid-day, and revealed the friendly barge not five minutes off. The oyster fishers had their promised service that night. After all, it was only twenty-four hours late, and the *Evangel's* involuntary voyages of discovery were not barren of results. It was arranged that from this time both the mussel and the oyster fishers' colonies should have Divine service once a month, as well as the coastguard stations.

The *Evangel* is one of three boats which minister to them on the Medway; she occupies the useful if uninteresting second place, the *Oriel*, a steam launch, taking the first in importance, and a humble punt the third. Varying tides, varying duties, and unlimited opportunities make the work beyond the compass of any one kind of boat in particular. It is not surprising to hear that Mr. Thompson's successor, the Rev. R. Griffiths, would like a fourth, a small motor, to thread its way amongst the shipping anchored thick in the three miles space between Strood and Chatham. Fifty thousand seamen annually frequent the Medway. Their perpetual liability to peril leads them to realise that the time is short, and to solemnly consider the realities of life and death.

Perhaps no men have more time for quiet thought than those in lightships and lighthouses. Certainly to none are friendly visits more grateful. When they recognise the mission vessel afar off, they hoist the Trinity House flag, crowd the side, and prepare a welcome. Eight lightships, which send out their beacons to guide the greatest amount of shipping in the world, are in the spiritual charge of the Medway Mission.

The Medway Mission is only one of an aggregate which make up the Society known as The Missions to Seamen. Every harbour has its own character and peculiarities, but there is scarcely one that does not offer work—which it is humbly believed God will bless and reward—for a strong steamer, a swift little motor, and a row-boat. The May number of THE QUIVER made known a serious fact connected with the Queenstown Mission. The *Messenger* sailing boat was worn out with thirty years of hard work. The need of a vessel to fill her place was urgent; it has now become desperate. Through the summer the *Messenger* managed fair weather trips; she can do no more than this with safety. Autumn is here, and will soon melt into winter. None can say what issues of life and death to soul and body hang on the possibility of obtaining a new vessel. The Editor of THE QUIVER has confidence in his readers that, if they only know and will make known the call for help, the Fund opened for a Mission vessel will be speedily completed.

A third list of contributions, comprising amounts received after July 29th, 1904, up to and including August 30th, 1904:—

ADULTS' SECTION.

	£	s.	d.
Amounts previously acknowledged	**201**	**6**	**6**
A. Tiplady	0	2	6
A Friend, C. S.	0	10	0
Norman Coulson	0	14	1
Mary Gordon Cooke	0	5	0
E. P. Watts	0	10	6
A. M. Elliott	1	0	0
S. Burchall	0	9	0
Anon.	0	5	0
Ann Bennett	0	10	0
C. Pearce	0	2	0
Anonymous	1	1	0
W. Montgomery	0	14	0
Lady Musgrave	0	10	6
Alice Lelean	0	13	0
F. L. Ball	0	18	0
Bertha Stocker	0	1	0
Miss Oliver	0	10	6
B. M. Scribbins	0	7	1
Wilfred J. Mills	0	5	0
A "QUIVER" Reader (Bermondsey)	0	10	0

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Amounts previously acknowledged	**55**	**6**	**5**
Ernest Keeping	0	2	2
S. Burchall	0	8	0
Ann Bennett	0	4	6
W. Montgomery	0	2	6
F. L. Ball	0	7	0
B. M. Scribbins	0	3	11
John Bullock	0	5	0

PRINTED BY CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

XUM